THE REPUBLICAN.

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FLOATING SOAP

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For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

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Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

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A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

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COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

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PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

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Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out: if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach;** loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

(PURELY VEGETABLE)

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

Endorsed by the use of **7 Millions** of Bottles, as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for **Children,** for **Adults,** and for the **Aged.**

ONLY GENUINE

has our **Z** Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS. **Price, $1.00.**

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Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

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Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,

Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,

9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

DEFYING THE FATES.

BY MAY HUNTLEY.

"I think it is too awfully provoking, Laurie,"

Kittie Casiee sat on the top rail of a zig zag fence, swinging her straw hat by the ribbons, and beating an impatient little tattoo on a lower rail with her dainty foot. Not a very significant beating, but Kitty, with her mischievous, piquant prettiness, never looked ungraceful or out of place anywhere. Her hair was a fluffy mass of silken brown threads. Beating about a saucy, sparkling face, and her dancing stars with the shadow of a pettish cloud coming over them as she addressed the very young man leaning moodily against the post at her side.

"I shall be more unhappy than you—but there is no help for it."

"All our fun will be spoiled. We can not row on the river, or ride or drive, or hunt geological specimens, or fish or—anything, just because of a lot of stupid company that no one want's to see."

"Oh, yes, my respected aunt will be delighted, and I am expected to go into ecstasies of bliss. You know this Miss Cordelia Ledyard, who is coming with her highly cultured mamma, to pay my aunt a visit, is a distant relative, and designed by the fates to be my wife, and this time the fates are represented by Aunt Talcott and Mrs. Ledyard."

"Oh! Then I suppose you will soon be married. I hate married men."

"But I do not want to marry her. I would rather be with you, Kittie. Will you miss me very much in your rambles if I can not join you for awhile?"

"Oh, no. I have no doubt I shall enjoy myself very much. If I need any assistance in rowing or gathering shells, Allen Thorpe will be only too glad to accompany me."

"Bother Allen Thorpe! How can you endure him? I am going to run away. I shall have very urgent business in L——, and I shall ride out to see you every day."

"You will do nothing so ridiculous, Laurie Talcott. Go and help your aunt entertain her guests, and, if you fall in love with Miss Ledyard, marry her—when you are a few years older—and live happily ever afterward."

"But I never will marry her, that's certain."

"What! displease the kind aunt who has brought you up—who is going to establish you in business, and leave you all her property when she dies? Do you want to give up your favorite tailor, your boat, your horses and dogs, and make brooms or sweep chimneys—live in a hut without windows, and eat black bread and bean soup three times a day?"

"It's a doleful picture, isn't it, Kittie? I wish Miss Ledyard would refuse me!"

Do you really? Well what kind of a lady is she, and what kind of people does she like?"

"Oh, she is a nice enough little person, as I remember her—haven't seen her for three years, you know. She has been made the victim of all her mother's literary hobbies, and has been kept at books until she is a walking encyclopedia of information, and frightens me when I try to talk to her. But it has had the effect of making her hate other students. I have heard her say nothing could ever induce her to like a literary or studious man. She despised them; they were always so lean and learned and solemn. I was considerably bookish in those days myself, trying to get through college creditably, and I wondered then if books would be my ruin."

"Then, if you really wish her to refuse you, turn bookworm. Get a pair of wise looking spectacles, acquire a studious frown, brush up a lot of profound phrases and incomprehensible words, and never be found outside the library, or without a book in your hands."

"I'll do it! and I say, Kitty, you won't let Allen Thorpe hang around you too much, will you? Wait till I am safely rejected, and I'll devote the rest of my life to you."

"Don't worry about me till you are rejected. Now help me down, and then go home. My mamma will want me."

When Mrs. Ledyard and her daughter arrived, Laurence was nowhere to be seen. When he appeared, after repeated calls, it was with disheveled hair, inky fingers, a pair of near-sighted glasses over his nose, a big open volume in his hands, and a very absent-minded air withal.

Miss Ledyard was lying on the sofa in a very languid and exhausted attitude and barely looked up as he entered, exposing herself in a faint voice, because of her weak state.

"An invalid! Worse than ever!" thought Laurence, "the very thing that makes me most unhappy. Miserable it is a sickly woman. I never know what to do with them. Not much invalidism about Kitty, bless her vigorous little heart."

Aunt Talcott looked in surprise from one to the other of her favorites.

"What is the matter with you two? Laurence, what have you been doing to yourself? And, Cordelia, when did you become an invalid?"

"Cordelia has seemed to be ailing for several days," said her mamma, anxiously. "I scarcely know what to think of her case. I am hoping your country air will benefit her."

"I have never been strong, mamma," answered the invalid; "but of late I have found it impossible to dissemble,"

"My poor daughter!" and she hastened to place the pillow more comfortably, and to smooth her brow.

"I deeply sympathize with my afflicted cousin. My dear aunt, are you not aware that the greatest portion of my time is occupied in scientific research! I occasionally resort to Nature's limitless sanitarium for essential exercise; but every available moment is spent in study."

"First I've heard of it," said Aunt Talcott, curtly, and Miss Ledyard might have been heard to ejaculate under her breath:

"A bookworm! Oh, oh!"

Laurence played his part well. He was seldom seen without one or two dreadful volumes about him, an abstracted look, and a studious stoop, and only spoke in polysyllables.

Miss Ledyard appeared to pass her life in a reclining position, to favor wrappers at all times of day, and usually kept her pretty head effectually covered with a black silk shawl. In vain her mamma entreated her to "make an effort" to put more life in her conversation and her countenance, to allow herself to be becomingly dressed, and in vain did Aunt Talcott scold Laurie and urge him to be more attentive and agreeable. The elder ladies could do nothing with the incorrigible young people.

Laurence found many a stolen opportunity to visit Kittie, and her rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and buoyant spirits were decidedly refreshing after the hospital like constraint of the old mansion. He began to realize more than ever before how deeply in love he was. One day he decided to live to himself that he might give vent to his suppressed vitality, and announced at the breakfast table, "that a matter pertaining to a recent scientific discovery rendered a journey to the city imperative."

He managed to steal away unobserved, as he was wearing his favorite loose sailor suit and straw hat—went after Kittie and took his boat for a trip seven miles up the river to a celebrated hill dignified by the name of Cramer mountain. The ladies at home little suspected that his researches were made in a trim sail-boat or on the top of a green mountain, in company with a vivacious girl, who did not care an iota for science, and that the researches were continued by the side of the same maiden as in the golden stillness of a summer afternoon they floated down the stream and whispered the old, old story, ever new to each successive generation.

He had promised Kittie's mamma to bring her home early, and from there went directly to his own home, forgetting that the city train was not due for two hours yet. Careless and happy-hearted he dashed into the library with his straw hat on the back of his curly head, his eyes bright with gayety and his mouth puckered in a merry whistle, little resembling the spectacled, black-capped, stoop-shouldered student who had been haunting the library for several days past.

His progress and his tune came to a sudden stop as his eyes fell upon an occupant of the room.

A graceful figure in fleecy white, occasional knots of pale pink ribbon preventing it from floating away in a mist, altogether, was perched on the top of a step-ladder, examining the title of the books.

A pretty face turned partly from him, brightened by a delicate glow on cheeks and lips, and shaded by a wealth of golden-brown curls shone out from the shadows in the old room. A silvery voice trilled out a roulade of musical notes and presently a bound landed the young lady at his feet—in person, Cordelia Ledyard.

They gazed at each other in silence for a whole minute.

"Then you are not an invalid? Or has there been a miraculous cure?" Laurie asked, presently.

"You do not look very dreadfully learned just at present. Have you acquired all knowledge, or have you given up in despair, and concluded to be just careless, gay young man and nothing more?"

"It is no use pretending, Delia, I was playing a part."

She laughed merrily,

"For the same reason, I wonder, that I have been making myself so uncomfortable?"

"And were you dissembling, too?" Laurence asked, with rather an aggrieved air.

"Was I not? Candidly, I was never in better health in my life. You may imagine I must have been desperate to resort to making myself hideous in the eyes of a good-looking young gentleman like yourself. You know we have been taught to believe we were made for each other, and I have had it impressed upon me for years that I must not refuse you when you asked me to marry you. There is a somebody else who says"—this with a droop of the head and a blush—"that I was made for him instead, and I am inclined to think so, too, and so resolved you should never ask me. I remembered a certain repugnance you used to possess for invalids, or weak, complaining people, and this explains my very weak and exhausted state since my arrival. And you it seems, dividing my dislike to bookish people, have assumed a studious role, so that I should refuse you when you propesed. Well, we need be afraid of each other no longer."

"Well said, dear coz, I like you immensely, and I beg your pardon for being afraid you would accept me. We will be jolly good friends hereafter, and I will introduce you to the dearest and best girl in the world; you can't help but like her and she will make your visit pleasanter than I could alone."

"I understand and love her already but what shall we say to our respective fates, if we thus thwart their decrees?"

"Say that we both love another and could not resist a stronger fate than theirs. Say that we are good frends, but never can be lovers, and if they turn us out into the world to wander like bakes in the wood, we will go, and depend on the robbins to feed us. But I know they love us too well, and am certain it will end in a 'lived happily ever afterward.'"

Laurence was right.

His Lavatory.

"Have you a bath room in the house?" asked a Boston guest of a Western Landlord.

"A what?"

"A bawth room, a-a lavatory."

"Blamed if I know what you're driving at."

"He wants to clean up," said a bystander, better versed in polite language.

"Aw, that's it," said the landlord. "You'd ort to have said so at first, come along with me."

And he led the man from Boston out in the back yard, where there was a rusty tin pan and a pail of "roily" water on the stump of a butternut tree.

"There ye are," he said proudly; "splash away all yer mind to. I'll send the towel out soon as them folks up stairs gets done with it. Pitch in; there ain't no extra charge fer the lavatory, as you call it; and there's a bucket of soft soap on that bench. Use all you've a mind to of it."

California, says the *Chicago News*, has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, President of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 189 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 of currants and gooseberries, and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner $100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth $400,000.

The stone is hard and the drop is small, but a hole is made by the constant fall.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

Only from day to day
We hold our way.
Uncertain ever,
Though hope and gay desire
Touch with their fire
Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day
We grope our way
Through hurrying hours;
But still our castles fair
Lift to the air
Their glistening towers.

And still from day to day
Along the way
Beckon us ever,
To follow, follow, follow,
O'er hill and hollow,
With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,
The bugles play
And trumpets sound
From out those glistening towers,
And rainbow showers
Bedew the ground;

Then "sweet, oh, sweet the way,"
We smiling say,
And forward press
With swift, impatient feet
And hearts that beat
With eagerness.

Yet still beyond, the gay
Sweet bugles play,
The trumpets blow,
How'er we flying haste,
Or lagging waste,
The hours that go;

Still far and far away,
Till comes the day
We gain that peak
In Darien; then, blind
No more, we find,
Perchance, what we do seek,
—*Nora Perry, in Harper's Magazine.*

SKATING FOR LIFE.

Remarkable Escape of a Confederate Prisoner.

The snow, which had been coming down for hours, gradually ceased, the soft flakes changing into an icy sleet, stinging the faces of pedestrians, and converting the feathery covering of the streets into a sheet of glass, over which locomotion was becoming more and more impracticable. The leafless branches of the trees along the sidewalks swayed in the rising wind, dropping fragments of ice upon the heads of the passers-by, and occasionally, no longer able to sustain their icy burden, coming down with a sharp crash on the pavement below.

The office of Messrs. Simmes & Harcourt, Attorneys at Law, presented a cheerful contrast to the dreary scene without. A huge bed of coals glowed in the open grate, and lit up still more brightly the crimson rug and curtains. The two gentlemen, themselves the only occupants of the room, seemed to fully appreciate their agreeable situation, as seated before the fire, they allowed newspapers and chat to supersede, for the nonce, briefs and lawbooks.

"Skating at the Park,'" said Mr. Simmes, the junior partner, as a street car bearing the announcement in large letters rolled by within sight of the window. "That little flag will bring joy to the hearts of the skaters."

"I confess," said Mr. Harcourt, folding up his newspaper, "that I still enjoy the sport as much as the young people. It puts young blood in the veins—skimming over an icy floor, through an icy atmosphere. Now this roller-skating is a miserable substitute. I suppose that is the only kind you ever enjoyed, Simmes, in your benighted section, where you can hardly save ice enough to cool your summer drinks."

"You are very much mistaken, my dear fellow," rejoined his companion, returning from the window where he had been viewing the arctic scene below. "In *my* section, as you call it, I have felt as cold weather as here—perhaps I'll except the present 'blizzard.' You remember I came from Kentucky. We had splendid skating almost every year."

"Indeed! You indulge in it here, then, I suppose."

"No," said Mr. Simmes, "never. I have not skated," he continued, reflectively, "for twenty years: and then I skated for my life."

"What!" exclaimed his friend, "were the wolves after you?"

Mr. Simmes smiled. "Yes," he said, "the wolves were after me; and nearly got me, too."

"My dear fellow!" cried his companion, lapping him upon the shoulder, "is it possible I've known you so long, and you've never told me such an adventure! Here, sit down! We have nothing specially important on hand this afternoon, so suppose we devote it to the recital."

"Well, if you are willing to run the risk of being bored. But perhaps your sympathies will be on the side of the pursuers."

"What! the wolves!"

Simmes laughed. "They were not beasts," he rejoined, "they were human wolves; or perhaps that is too harsh a term to apply to them. They were simply doing their duty in trying to catch me."

"You are growing mysterious, Simmes. I guess the sheriff and his posse were after you. Was it arson or murder that you had committed?"

"Neither. In fact I had committed *no* crime, that I was aware of, and yet I was escaping for my life, and my pursuers were perfectly right in endeavoring to capture me."

"Well, no more riddles, if you please. My curiosity is sufficiently whetted, so proceed:" and Mr. Harcourt settled himself comfortably back in his chair in the attitude of a listener.

His partner sat meditating for several moments. "Twenty years ago," he said; "that is a long time, Harcourt. It makes me feel quite elderly to think that I was twenty-four years old then."

"Well, I was nearly thirty then." Mr. Harcourt vouchsafed this comforting piece of information, and his companion continued.

"It was in the winter of '65, when the whole country was involved in war. The fortunes of the Confederacy were looking pretty gloomy—at least it seemed so to us, poor fellows, who were spending the winter at Johnson's Island."

"Johnson's Island?" His listener leaned forward attentively.

"Yes, 'in prison on Lake Erie.' Once the lake was frozen over, and our guards and the prison employes amused themselves by skating; and as we were taken out to go through our daily exercise we were allowed the privilege of watching them. I don't think there was a man among the prisoners, besides my myself, who had ever had on skates; and the guards urged, and even insisted on our trying them, for the diversion our awkward attempts afforded them. The poor fellows were nothing loath to engage in any thing that broke the monotony of prison life, and loud and many were the shouts of laughter that echoed over the lake as the luckless tyros, one after another, came to an ignominious fate.

"In my Kentucky home I had been accustomed to the sport every winter, and was accounted the champion skater of the neighborhood. Many a time had I distanced a whole party of young people in a race up the river, and I prided myself on my accomplishment. This, however, I kept a profound secret; for the wild thought had entered my brain, 'why not make my escape in this way?' Once across the lake and in the woods, pursuit would be next to impossible; and I trusted to luck—and pluck—to work my way home.

"If my skill and speed were only equal to what they once were, I felt sure the thing was feasible. But I had not been on skates for three years, and months of prison fare and inactive life had greatly weakened me. However, I gladly seized the opportunity of trying, but always feigned reluctance and timidity whenever I ventured out; and many were the awkward slips and tumbles I purposely made. I would have given any thing to have dared, just for a few slides, to give my powers full play, just to satisfy myself that my old skill was as good as ever; but this would betray me, so I affected to be as awkward as the others; yet all the while the old familiar feeling would come back to me at each step I took, and I felt sure, if I once plunged forward, I could skim over that lake like a bird.

"We had been amusing ourselves thus for two days, when, on the third, as we were marshaled out to our daily exercise, the guard remarked: 'Guess there'll be no more skating after to-day, boys. There'll be a thaw pretty soon, so you'd better make the most of it this morning.'

"I felt the blood rush to my face as he spoke. Should I dare to try it to-day? It was my last chance. I thought of my old mother at home, who was wearing away her heart for her boy, and I resolved to make the attempt.

"There were no signs of a thaw yet, as we came down to the lake, but the temperature was decidedly milder than it had been for several days. I watched the boys buckling on their skates, and then slowly put on mine. I examined them carefully, to see that they were sound in every respect, buckle and tongue and all, good for a two or three mile race.

"As good luck would have it, none of our guards accompanied us on the ice this morning, so secure did they feel of our inability to get beyond their reach, but sat or stood around in the sun, prepared to enjoy to the utmost our awkward feats.

"Well, I started off at last, very cautiously at first, as though afraid to trust my insecure footing. My object was to get as far as possible from land and the armed guard before I made a dash for freedom. I would go a few paces, then fall and roll over, apparently, in the most helpless manner imaginable. But I managed at each tumble to get a little farther away, till at last I was about fifty yards from the shore, and quite a distance from the rest of the party before I attracted any attention. Then a loud voice from the guards sung out:

"'Hello! you there, Johnny Reb! Come! tumble back this way, and be quick about it.'

"I immediately 'tumbled,' but not in their direction. 'I'm coming,' I cried, 'if I can ever stand on this plaguy slippery thing;' and sitting down I commenced to slide around in the most awkward and grotesque fashion."

Here the narrative was interrupted by a sudden laugh from Mr. Harcourt. "What a figure you cut—must have cut," he said.

"Yes, indeed; and the guard on shore greeted my maneuvres, and those of my equally graceful companions, with shouts of laughter, and such complimentary ejaculations as 'bull-frog,' 'terrapin,' etc.

"I slowly scrambled to my feet, and, while apparently endeavoring to steady myself, rapidly took in the situation. I was fully sixty yards from the shore. Not one of the guards was on the lake, and it would take some moments to buckle on the skates. They would have their guns, too, which would impede their progress. As all this flitted through my mind, I was slowly shuffling back and forth, as though making my way toward them. I saw that at the moment their attention was diverted from me by the gyrations of the other prisoners. I wheeled and sped up the lake like a shot.

"Oh! the delicious sensation that tingled through every nerve and fiber of my frame as I flew like a bird over the ice. In a moment I was on the river at my old Kentucky home, leaving my competitors far in the rear. But now the race was for freedom—for life—and I felt all my old skill and fleetness return to me fourfold at the thought.

"But loud cries, followed by rapid shots, now came from the shore. I glanced back and saw the guards scrambling into their skates, while the prisoners were staring in stupid amazement at my flying form. So great was the exhilaration of my physical nature I could not realize the tremendous danger I was in. I laughed aloud and clapped my hands in an ecstacy of excitement. I felt as though I had wings, so smooth and rapid was my flight—wings to my heels, if not to my shoulders, as I fled on, like a modern Mercury.

"I instinctively bent my course toward the mainland lying some half-mile away, but of course had no idea of attempting a landing until I had quite distanced my pursuers; for only on the ice could I hope to prove a match for them. That they were following in eager and enraged pursuit, I felt sure; for 'Halt! Halt!' was borne on the wind, and shot after shot came whizzing through the icy air.

"I glanced back. Five or six of them were in full chase, and they were fine skaters, too, for I could see the speed at which they came. But for the good start I had made, I had surely been overtaken. On and on I sped. Trees and other objects on land, which I gradually neared, flew by me like figures in a kaleidoscope. The cold wind whistled through my hair and clothing, but my whole body was aglow with the rapid motion and excitement.

"I suddenly remembered the guard's remark about the coming thaw. What if I should come to thin ice, and find a cold and watery grave! Oh, that there only were 'Danger' signals ahead! But the danger signals behind me were sufficient to drive me on to any that might lie before.

"On I flew. What distance I was making I could hardly guess, but certainly two or three miles must now lie between me and my prison home. But at last the long continued and unwonted exertion began to tell on me. My breath came short and quick, and my heart beat to suffocation. I could not keep it up very much longer, I felt sure. Again I looked back. Far in the distance four or five men were still struggling on; but, away in advance of them, one resolute fellow was rushing toward me with headlong speed. Though I kept steadily on, as I looked I saw, to my dismay, that he was gaining on me. He was near enough for me to perceive by his dress that he was an officer, and not being encumbered with heavy fire-arms was thus able, I suppose, to make the time he did. I gathered up all my energies to make one last and desperate effort to distance him. My limbs began to tremble. Months of prison life and prison fare had made me weaker than, in the first spurt, I had realized.

"Halt!" came within fifty feet of me, and a pistol-ball whistled through my hair and took off my hat. At the same moment a crackling sound came from under my feet, I staggered, lurched violently to one side, then lost my balance and rolled over and over on the yielding ice.

"'All is over now,' I thought; for I felt too utterly exhausted even to attempt to rise. But, just as all hope forsook me, a loud crash aroused me, and I turned my head just in time to see my pursuer go down in the treacherous chasm in which I had been so nearly engulfed. Then I knew that I was saved; and with suddenly renewed strength I got to my feet again and made off. I continued for a half-mile further up, and then made straight for the shore. There I unstrapped my skates and took refuge in a deep thicket, and in a few minutes was in a profound sleep.

"I wonder, now, that I had not frozen to death; and had not the weather moderated greatly in the last few hours, I am sure I would have done so. When I finally woke, I was stiff with cold, and ached from head to foot."

Here Mr. Simmes paused, and gave a retrospective shiver as he leaned over the fire.

"And what became of the poor fellow who went under the ice?" asked Mr. Harcourt.

"Drowned, I suppose; I hoped so at the time, at any rate. I never saw him again. Well, that is the last time I skated," continued Mr. Simmes, rising, and standing with his back comfortably turned to the fire. "I've never had the least fancy for the exercise since."

"But pray continue your narrative," said Mr. Harcourt, as he rose and stood on the rug beside his friend. "I can't bear to think of you in that thicket with frozen limbs and aching bones."

"Haven't I bored you enough already? You know I only promised to tell you my last experience on the skates."

"Indeed, I have an intense curiosity to know how you got along afterwards."

Mr. Simmes resumed his seat, and continued: "When I awoke it was almost sunset. I was in a dense wood, with no sign of habitation within sight. That I should find food and shelter for the night was imperatively necessary; so I slowly got to my feet and looked around. There seemed to be no outlet, not even a cow-path. I commenced my journey inland, however, making my way through the thick underbrush and over frozen streams, till, finally, after an hour's weary walking, I came across a little path. This I followed for some time, when, at a sudden bend, I saw, a few rods before me, a comfortable farm-house, lights gleaming from the windows, and a general air of hospitality pervading the whole premises.

"I approached with considerable trepidation, for I judged that my forlorn, bareheaded appearance would be decidedly against me. My timid knock at the door was answered by a young girl, whom I thought the most beautiful creature I had ever beheld, having been thrown for so many months into the society of rough men only. In the most graceful manner that was possible under the circumstances, I begged for a night's lodging, saying I had lost my way. The young lady questioned me closely, and I suppose I must have made some very inconsistent statements; for at length, to my surprise and dismay, she said: 'You are an escaped prisoner, are you not?'

"I was speechless, and could only look at her beseechingly. She laughed heartily, but, in a moment, said gravely: 'Don't be afraid, I will help you; but father mustn't know it, for the world. Come in!' and I followed her into a cozy sitting-room, where an elderly lady was preparing a table for supper. She introduced me to her mother, and, after telling who I was, between them they hastily devised means for secreting me for the night.

"As the man of the house was expected at any moment, I was conducted to a little room somewhat apart from the rest of the house. Here this angel-girl brought me my supper. 'You must be off by daylight,' she said, 'but I will see you again.'

"It was hardly dawn when a tapping at my window roused me. After hastily dressing I came out. Would you believe me! there stood my lovely hostess with a bundle in her hand, and a horse, saddled and bridled, beside her.

"'You must be right off,' she said. 'Here are some things you might need, and money;' thrusting a purse into my hand. 'And this horse is my very own. You must take him, and may return him "when this cruel war is over."'

"She hardly gave me time to thank her I was overwhelmed by her kindness, as you may imagine.

"'I will most certainly return,' I said, pressing her hand. Then she gave me directions as to my course, and I departed.

"It would be more tedious than interesting to tell how, after a long journey across the State of Ohio, I finally crossed the river and reached my Kentucky home. From exposure and long imprisonment, I fell very ill. When I was at last able to report for duty again, the fortunes of the Confederacy were about decided. News of the surrender at Appomattox reached us just as I was planning a way to join General Lee's army." Here the narrator ceased.

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Harcourt, "I am heartily glad to hear of the successful termination of your adventure. I have always had quite a curiosity as to your ultimate fate."

"Always?" Mr. Simmes looked up inquiringly.

Mr. Harcourt indulged in a long, low chuckle. "Yes, ever since I came out of the icy bath I got on your account. You don't recognize the officer who pursued you 'to the bitter end,' and I tell you it was bitter cold under that ice. Well, of course twenty years does make a difference."

Mr. Simmes looked blankly in his companion's face. "What!" he gasped. "You? You don't say so!—and you weren't drowned after all?"

"No, but I came pretty near it. If some of the men hadn't seen me go under, and come up as quickly as they did, I would not now have had the pleasure of listening to your interesting story and congratulating you upon its fortunate issue."

"Well," said Mr. Simmes with a laugh, as the quondam foes involuntarily shook hands, "we long ago agreed to 'clasp hands over the bloody chasm,' and we'll now do so over the icy chasm."

"And how about your return?" asked Mr. Harcourt. "Did you ever see your little Yankee friend again? And did *she* ever see her horse?"

Mr. Simmes smiled. "Early in the autumn, when my health was fully restored, and the smoke of battle had quite cleared away, I mounted that trusty steed and made a pilgrimage back to the fair owner."

"And how did she receive you? I am really quite interested in the little heroine, disloyal though she was."

"Yes, she was shockingly disloyal," resumed Mr. Simmes, "for the 'aid and comfort' she gave the rebel prisoner, I pursuaded her to continue during life. Well, the long and short of it is, my dear fellow, the 'little Yankee heroine' is now my wife, Mrs. Simmes, whom you have often had the pleasure of meeting."—*Gretna Green, in Demorest's Monthly.*

THE NATIONAL BIRD.

Story of Two Eagles on Exhibition in a Norwich (Conn.) Store.

The Legislature in 1883 enacted a law making the penalty for the offense of killing an American eagle a fine of from $25 to $50 and the cost of prosecution, or an imprisonment of not more than thirty days. Having adopted the statute, it was at once placed in the archives of inert laws, in the number of which Connecticut is distinguished above other States, and the American eagle was shot with reinvigorated impunity. With characteristic spirit, country hunters who prior to the passage of the law had not cared much about shooting American eagles, neglected no opportunity to bring down the bird of freedom.

For reasons not understood by local ornithologists the Thames river valley has always been a favored haunt of the national bird. In the past fifteen years every eagle that has been killed in the State, with the exception of one or two shot in Fairfield County, has been killed in this valley. Almost daily an eagle may be seen above this river, sometimes a mere speck against the blue dome, often hovering over a valley farmstead to find out whether the farmer has any thing good to eat in his poultry yard, or winging his way treacherously under the banks, looking for a chance to rob an industrious fishhawk of his fresh fish. From the valley the eagles sometimes journey over to Stonington, and even to Rhode Island in search of meat, fish and clams on the long, lonely beaches.

It was the intent of the eagle statute to preserve the Thames river valley as a breeding place, the legislators being moved by a laudable fear that if the destruction of the bird went on there would not be eagles enough left in the State after a few years for Fourth of July celebrations and other patriotic purposes; but it is apparent that the American eagle can look out for himself without the help of Hartford and in spite of lawless hunters. Within a week or two four handsome birds have been shot in this part of the State, three in the valley, and one near Westerly, by a small boy with a rusty musket. The handsomest bird, which is a giant, has been set up, and is now on public exhibition in a store window in this city, in undesigned evidence of the efficacy of Connecticut statutes. It is not so bald as the bald eagle of Westchester, but its feathers are very thin on the top of its head, and there is a beautiful cape of white feathers under its wings, with a band of white about the neck.

In the window it is in the distinguished company of a golden eagle—a rare bird in New England—which was captured in a steel trap in Preston in the ignoble business of stealing chickens from Mr. Guile, of that town, a few weeks ago. It had a habit of dropping into Mr. Guile's yard daily and carrying off a hen or a turkey, and it had got away with about a dozen of his fowls before the steel trap fastened to its legs. It is a much bigger and an immensely stronger bird than the bald eagle, with a great spread of pinions that could easily carry away a full-grown turkey or a lamb. Mr. Guile has no doubt that it could have flown away with a baby if it had been fond of country babies in the rough.—*Norwich (Conn.) Let'er.*

HOW TO SLEEP WELL.

A Plan Which Should Be Tried by All Victims of Insomnia.

Take exercise. Get out of doors if possible and walk before bed-time till you are physically weary. Give your hips, legs, feet and toes something to do. Let them know that one of the uses they are for is to call the blood down from your overworked brain and pumping heart, into your flabby extremities till the upper machinery can be relieved of some of the pressure you have forced upon it, and then turn in and have some rest.

If you keep the hot, feverish blood jumping and boiling through blood vessels in the head, as you would keep a fire under a tea-kettle you wished to cool off, how can you expect to settle down to a slow rate and enjoy blessed, refreshing sleep. Idiots sleep well, but fools who refuse to give their brain a rest, have lots of fun keeping awake and thus letting the dog-fight go on.

Work less and accomplish more. Do not give your stomach all it will hold and thus keep the boy on the hay mow working all night with his fork to throw back what you have pitched up, or into him. Do not go home mad, and then sit and read, read, read, till your brain does not know whether it is a human brain or a junk wagon into which every thing is slung.

Romp with the children. Play with them. Play checkers, bean bag, fox and geese, or some other game with your wife or some one else.

Never undertake to study at night. Never permit your children to study after sundown, as to do so is to bring on headaches, backaches and heartaches. You can rest assured that you can not fool Nature or put her in a good nature by insulting her, outraging her, finding fault with her, making her drunk, or keeping her up nights and taking in freight, when she wants to get her harness off and enjoy a few hours' vacation.

Do not try to finish all your work today. This was never yet accomplished and never will be, though millions of candidates have been called out of the convention for attempting so senseless a thing.

So long as life here on earth is the going to your own funeral, don't be in a hurry unless it rains. The slower you travel the greater distance you will journey, the more you will see, the more fun you will have and the more there will be of you when you get there.

Try our plan and let us know how it works.—*Quincy (Ill.) Journal.*

MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

Indifferent to Their Tales and You Will Soon Be Rid of Them.

Trouble-makers flourish in all classes and conditions of society. Their chief business in life seems to be the creation of discord among people or members of a family who, but for their interference, would be in harmony. It doesn't take much to start them in business. A thoughtless word, inadvertently dropped, is all they require to put at variance a whole neighborhood. They never repeat a thing exactly as they hear it; they are always sure to add something to it, if not in words in inflection, so there will be no mistake made in understanding just what they mean you should. For fear you might be in doubt they are always eager to explain just what they are positive the person meant who uttered it. To be sure they do not intend to make trouble. They wouldn't make trouble for the world. They really don't like to repeat such things, and they do hope you won't feel hurt, but they think it is only right that you should know just what people say, so as to be on your guard. Only they are your friends, they say they wouldn't think of telling you. These people have a very vague idea of what constitutes a friend. Friends never wilfully hurt the object of their friendship by carrying mischievous stories. Only on rare occasions will they repeat any remark heard, in reference to their friends, to the person upon whom it was passed, and when they do so there are always good reasons that they should. They never repeat a remark simply for the sake of showing you that other people don't think as much of you as you seem to think they do, which is the usual motive of the trouble makers. Friends usually work under the good old adage, "What you don't hear will never hurt you," and this is, certainly, one of the most sensible rules known for any one to live up to.

Some one makes a thoughtless remark about some one not present, very often in a joke, and were the person there at the time the remark would, very probably, have been made just the same, and passed over as a joke by all present, the object of it enjoying it as much as any one. But when the person referred to is not present then comes the opportunity for the trouble-maker. She soon finds time to run to Mrs. C——'s, to tell her what was said about her at Mrs. B——'s the last time she was there, usually adding something to the remark passed on her own account. Mrs. C——, indignant and hurt, very often, in the heat of the moment, says something that ten minutes later she would give any thing if she had not uttered. This is the trouble-maker's chance, and she does not hesitate long in improving it. Hurrying to Mrs. B——, she repeats what Mrs. C—— said, at the same time withholding from her the provocation that brought out the angry words, and adding to this something of her own coining to make it apply closer. It does not take many of these visits to make these two women the bitterest of enemies. They meet on the street and pass each other with scarcely a look of recognition. Neither of them has openly said to the other any thing that would cause things to be in this state. Each one feels as though she, alone, were the injured party, and the other had willfully wronged her. Both were excellent friends until the trouble-maker came between them, and, with her stories and insinuations, gave each the impression that the other was her greatest enemy. When this result is reached the trouble-maker is satisfied to let them get along as best they can, and turns her attention to the severance of some other friends.

The above woman is bad enough in her way, and creates a great deal more trouble than is ever remedied, but when she is once known, people who have had any dealings with her are careful not to give her a chance to again work mischief among their friends. There is another kind of woman who is really more dangerous than the above, and creates more mischief, though perfectly oblivious, at the time, of doing so. She is the thoughtless woman who repeats every thing she hears, simply for the sake of talking. She is perfectly honest and open, and never intends hurting anybody. She wants to be on the best terms with everybody, and she usually is. She always feels grieved when any words of hers have caused trouble, and always winds up her regret with: "I declare, I shan't repeat another thing, for my tongue always runs away with me. I just feel like biting it out." This resolution doesn't last long, and in a little while she has done more mischief with her thoughtless remarks, and so she continues and will continue, for it is as natural for her to talk as it is for her to eat. A woman of this kind is hard to match. She is so perfectly free from any intention of creating trouble, that a person is apt to be careless in what they say before her, even though she may have unintentionally made trouble many a time.

It is too bad that such women as these should come between either friends or relatives with stories to separate them. Whether intentionally told or thoughtlessly told, unless the relater is trustworthy, they should never for a moment be given a thought. Treat them all with an utter indifference, and they will very soon die out. When the professional trouble-maker finds you are indifferent to her tales she will soon cease to visit you, for as far as you are concerned, her occupation will be gone.—*Boston Budget.*

—They call the connubial tie a bow-knot in Chicago, because it pulls out so easily.—*Life.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Few people carry the head erect; that is to say, perfectly balanced on the end of the spine, like the end of a walking-stick. It is always leaned to one side or the other.

—Missouri copper mines that have been idle for two or three years are being operated, and valuable bodies of ore are being opened up. Foreign capital has recently taken hold of several neglected mines.

—The higher of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro, the loftiest mountain in Africa, has just been ascended by Dr. A. Meyer, of Leipsic, who places its height at nearly 20,000 feet.

—The hypothesis has lately been advanced that if sounds do not actually possess colors, that sound is at least intimately connected with color; and this idea is supported by the fact that "there are persons who are endowed with such sensibility that they can not hear a sound without at the same time perceiving colors."

—A noted archæologist who has been exploring the ruins of Uxmal, Yucatan, claims to have discovered the remains of three dead cities, the vestige of the first being many feet down, on the same site. The relics indicate civilization much superior to that of the present day, and that the city must have flourished twenty thousand years ago.

—Prof. Sachs, the great German botanist, has discovered that the ultra violet and invisible rays of the solar spectrum especially promote the development of flowers, the growth of which is exceedingly feeble when the rays are suppressed, although that of the other parts of the plant is very luxuriant.—*Public Opinion.*

—Are shooting-stars ever the cause of mysterious fires? This question is suggested by Mons. Charles V. Zenger, of the Paris Academy of Sciences, who thinks that forests, and even buildings, may have been set on fire by burning meteors. Investigation shows that many fires, the origin of which could not be explained, have occurred at the seasons of periodical showers of shooting-stars.

—Starfish have done great damage this year to the oyster-beds of Fair Haven, Conn. Some entire beds, valued at $20,000 each, have been destroyed, and it is estimated that $300,000 worth of damage has been done. To meet the undoubted demand for something to destroy the starfish, a Yankee has invented a dredge which takes the starfish and leaves the oysters, and several owners of beds are using it.

—Magnesium, the metal which produces such an intensely bright light while burning, and which has been most generally used in ribbon-shaped strips, is now being made use of for the purposes of instantaneous photography. For this a magnesium powder is now manufactured, which, when ignited by the electric spark, makes a brilliant and instantaneous flash. The subject having been posed and the camera arranged, the powder is ignited, and an instantaneous photograph is the result.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The fellow who asks how to know a bad egg must have lost two of his five senses.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

—When a washerwoman changes her place of residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now" without using slang.—*Ex.*

—It has been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose in a given period four times as often as any other woman.

—Stranger—"Is Mr. Blinks in?" Hotel Clerk—"Yes, he's in his room." "Tell him Mr. Schwifferwitzenouterheim——" "Front, tell 126 a gentleman from Cincinnati wishes to see him."—*Omaha World.*

—Away with superstition! A Michigan girl has found 2,125 four-leaf clovers, and isn't married yet. An Omaha girl who found out how to make pumpkin pie was married in three months.—*Omaha World.*

—A great many men who insist upon having their grocers send everything they buy to their homes are perfectly willing to carry home a large load rather than inconvenience the saloon-keepers.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—"How it all comes back to me," murmured the poet sadly, as with practiced fingers he estimated the thickness of the portly package of MSS. which he had just taken from the post-office.—*Ex.*

—A man who will spoil a fifty-cent pair of suspenders to hang himself with when a whole clothes-line can be bought for fifteen cents, can not expect this economic generation to remember his other virtues over Sunday.

—Gold-handled umbrellas are coming into fashion. The handle is so arranged that it can be taken off. This is an improvement on the old style, where the entire umbrella was taken off.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Farmer Bascom—"I do wish the threshing machine would come around this way." Johnny Bascom—"O, pa, that reminds me! Teacher wanted me to tell you he was comin' to our house to board next week."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The "Previous Question."—"Clara, I love but thee alone. Indeed I speak the truth." He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek. She let him draw her near; scarce for emotion could she speak. Yet still she asked, in accents meek: "How much have you a year?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Miss Prime—"Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?" Doctor (meditatively)—Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest is generally between twenty-nine and thirty. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthday."—*Judge.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A Connecticut dairyman tried warming the water for the cows to drink in winter, and the increase of butter in ten days paid the expense of piping the trough.

—In the three years from 1884, the corn crop of Dakota has more than trebled in quantity, with the certainty of constantly increasing, in the future, this established ratio of progress.

—Do not be economical with the bedding material. There should be enough to completely absorb all the liquids, as they are worth more than the bedding material.

—Ham Salad: One pound of boiled ham, chopped fine; one-half dozen small pickles, chopped fine also; add little chopped celery and serve with a dressing as for a chicken salad.

—A thick coating of whitewash on the walls of the cellar will be as productive of benefit now as during the warm season. It will also make the cellar light and cheerful, and greatly assist in preserving the purity of the atmosphere.

—It is claimed that the average production of farms is less than that of twenty years ago. This shows that our system of farming has not improved, and condemns the growing of grain on large areas. The remedy is, smaller farms and better cultivation.

—There is no reason why farmers should receive less than the regular prices for any kind of produce. If they will ship articles in good condition, and allow nothing to leave the farm except that of the best quality, they can always find a ready sale for all classes of produce.

—Spice Cake: One cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of sour milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful nutmeg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, three cups of flour.

—The age of a cow has much to do with her value as a milker. A cow with her first calf never milks as well as with her third or fourth one, and for a dairy animal, as a rule, is unprofitable. For this reason care should be taken in buying cows for the dairy, to obtain those with their second or third calves, not with the first one.

—Tongue Cheese: Take one beef tongue, two calves' livers, three pounds of salt pork, and boil until thoroughly cooked. Mince together very fine, season to taste with spices, press the mass into a pan and allow to get cold. Slice thin and serve upon a napkin in a lunch dish.

—Pocket for Crochet Needles: This is a very useful and ornamental pocket to hang on the wall or inside a large work basket. It is made on a foundation of cardboard. Cut the back six inches long and two and a half inches wide and shape the top any design you like. Make the front three inches long and three and a half wide. Cover the card with blue satin, bind with narrow ribbon, sewing on a gold bead for each stitch in the front of the binding. A row of gold beads is placed on the front about one inch from the edge all round. Sew the front to the back and ornament with bows of pale blue and coral-pink ribbon.

CURE FOR COLD FEET.

Some Medical Advice Furnished by a Genuine Buffalo Humorist.

After long and careful research in hitherto unexplored fields of medical science, and moved by a spirit of genuine philanthropy, we herewith submit to suffering humanity the following remedies for cold feet.

With the understanding that you are a cold-feet martyr, place a piece of rough sand paper inside your stockings and sprinkle freely with red pepper. You will find this the nicest warming-pan you ever saw.

If after wearing the stockings, or rather the sand paper, a couple of weeks, your feet are still cold and pulseless, place the flat of them against the backbone of a sleeping friend and, as he begins to feel his spinal thermometer running down towards zero, he will, if he is a responsive soul, grab you by the hair of the head and attempt to twist your head off.

Four or five twists, properly twisted, will cause the blood to circulate and your feet will warm up accordingly. Dose, one twist every second. A cure guaranteed.

We said we would guarantee a cure. We meant in all but extreme cases, or cases of extremities—cold extremities.

There may be, now and then, an unfortunate who has tried the above-described exhilarating process with little or no success.

The backbone generator may have refused to work, or it may have worked too freely.

The probability is, however, the patient is suffering from what we shall here be pleased to term pedal paralysis, or chronic encrustation of the feet, and in that event the feet must be dipped in hot water, not too suddenly or too frequently, so as to surprise the feet, but gradually, say every fortnight, till they become accustomed to their novel surroundings; then every week, and ultimately daily.

The patient may deem this mode of treatment horribly severe, almost barbaric, but let him remember it is the last resort.

Nothing will cure pedal paralysis, or chronic encrustation of the feet, but water.

If the patient shrinks with loathing at these brilliant suggestions and refuses to employ a little water semi-occasionally he may expect to stub along through life with a couple of poor, miserable non-conductors, an object of no special interest to his friends and a burning reproach to himself.—*Drift.*

CHIPS FROM CHINA.

How the Celestials Treat Their Gods When They Send Too Much Rain.

Bret Harte is chiefly responsible for the American belief that the Chinese are peculiar for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, but that they are peculiar all travelers agree. It may be that they are right in their ways and we are wrong, but that is a matter of opinion. For instance, can any one tell why the Chinese wear cotton-cloth shoes? They are not more comfortable than leather nor cheaper, nor as healthful. They cling to their old shoes because they have always worn them, and because they always stay indoors when it rains. A Chinaman dreads water more than fire, and a steady stream of cold water, delivered from a two-inch nozzle, would disperse the most violent mob in China in five minutes' time. Rain will ruin his cotton shoes and soak his cotton clothes, and therefore the Chinaman goes indoors, and stays there until the rain ceases.

The Chinese are very practical in their religious ideas. If a god whose business it is to bring rain overdoes it and causes a deluge, they take him out of the Joss-house and set him down in the shower. If this fails to make him dry up, they go to the extremity of towing him behind a boat in the river to convince him that too much of a good thing is as bad as too little.

In China, artificial oyster culture is largely practiced. Bamboo oyster-fields are constructed by attaching old shells to poles which are planted on mud-flats between high and low water mark, but subject to strong tidal currents. The oyster spat adheres to the shells and soon develops into tiny oysters. Then the bamboos are transplanted. In six months they are found to be covered with well-grown bivalves, which are then marketable.—*Golden Days.*

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

The Sensation Created by a Japanese Peasant Woman.

A young Japanese peasant woman has created a genuine sensation in the medical circles of the east with a new theory and cure for rheumatism.

Her theory is that it is caused by a small insect under the skin, that gnaws and bites the muscles and thus causes the twinges of pain and the untold misery of that ailment.

A grizzled and skeptical sea captain placed himself under her care and, after foot baths of bran and hot rice brandy, she nipped from his knees small white insects by the dozen.

The regular practitioners were skeptical about this new theory, and put one of the insects under a microscope. They decided that by its organism it never could have lived under the surface of the skin.

The Captain insists, however, that the Japanese woman has taken the insects from his knees and ankles by the hundreds, in his sight, and killed them, and that he grows better after each treatment!

This theory, absurd as it seems, is really not much more so than the theories formerly held by the medical fraternity. It used to be thought a trouble of the joints, and was treated as such until it was demonstrated that the treatment brought no lasting results.

Then, as the muscles were affected, it was set down as a muscular disease; but the same unsatisfactory results followed. Now it is universally acknowledged to be a "fiery condition of the blood caused by the presence of uric acid in the system."

To cure it the uric acid must be driven out of the blood, which is done by putting the kidneys in a healthy condition with Warner's safe cure, and "putting out the fire in the blood" by Warner's safe rheumatic cure. These remedies, taken in alternation, as they should be, drive out the uric acid already in the blood, and prevent further accumulation. James Wight, of 37 E. 19th St., New York, was for many years a victim of rheumatism, and tried various remedies and cures without avail. Sept. 8, 1887, he writes in praise of the remedies named, and says: "I am now free from the arrow stings of the dreaded inflammatory rheumatism. I have and always will recommend Warner's rheumatic remedies to all sufferers of the disease."

The Japanese peasant woman's theory will not be likely to stand the test of time and scientific investigation, but the thousands of cures made by the remedies mentioned above prove their merit beyond all question.

WHEN the corn crop is a failure, it doesn't amount to shucks.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

WHEN a law suit is put off it is by no means always worn out.—*New Haven News.*

OLD point lace is Old Point Comfort to a woman.—*Puck.*

BACK TALK—ancient history.

BAD-IN-AGE—chestnuts.—*New Haven News.*

FULL of orders—any nob'eman.—*Puck.*

MARRIAGE is the hitching-post on the road of life.—*Boston Courier.*

THE world owes us a living, but we have to enforce payment.—*Elmira Tidings.*

A DECEITFUL woman is like a counterfeit postal card—a fraud on the males.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE dishonest butcher is always willing to meat his customers half weigh.—*Boston Transcript.*

A DROP too much—The one on the scaffold.—*Puck.*

A CHOKING sensation—The latest gag.—*New Haven New.*

SOME acrobats are fresh, and somersault.—*Puck.*

A GALLEY slave—The fellow who has three girls at a time.—*New Haven News.*

NO MATTER how big the job the printer will always stick it out.—*Drift.*

EVIDENCE is the only thing a stingy man can give without repining.—*Philadelphia News.*

IN a nut-shell—The worm.—*Puck.*

TRIED by fire—Lard.—*Boston Bulletin.*

You can't raise a window by simply planting a pane of glass.

RIPENING corn is a golden carer.—*New Age.*

SPIRITUAL manifestations—the rise and fall of the mercury.—*Boston Post.*

EIGHTY-EIGHT's favorite flower—the poppy.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

NOTICE of appeal—Invitations to an apple paring.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

For Only Twenty Cents

You can get a beautiful picture ("A Message of Love") that can not be distinguished from a fine water color worth $25. A full size paper pattern worth 25 cents—design and size of your own selection—besides the finest magazine published. Send for the February number that contains this wonderful picture and pattern order. Price, 20 cents. Or ask your newsdealer to get it for your inspection. Tell him if he sends for it for you to see, he will probably sell hundreds of them. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. Now is the time to subscribe and get ten times the value of the $2 per year.

ALL heirs are interesting, but the most interesting is the million heir.—*New Haven News.*

A Fair Dream of Women.

Tennyson, in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of woman-kind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

SOME years ago writing story books for a living was regarded as a novel industry.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So ran the fire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!!" And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

A FACETIOUS old pedagogue being asked what business he followed, said he was in the collar-and-cuff line.

A Great Chance.

If you wish a beautiful picture, that can not be distinguished from a water color worth a large amount of money, you should get Demorest's Monthly Magazine for February. It is simply wonderful how such an elegant picture can be furnished in a magazine that only costs twenty cents. If your newsdealer has not got it, ask him to get it for you, or send to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East Fourteenth street, New York.

THERE is a big difference between getting on well in life and getting well on in life.

Are You Going to Travel?

If so, and in whatever direction, or by whatever route, have a sufficiency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with you. Then you may bid defiance to sea sickness, brave the influence of a malarious climate or abrupt transitions of temperature, avoid dyspepsia, and the stomachic pangs begotten of bad food and water, and counteract an unexpectedly developed tendency to constipation, biliousness and rheumatism.

A POET sings, "Two Chords I Struck." Perhaps he struck because he was too lazy to saw them.—*Philadelphia Call.*

An Enormous Business for Dull Times.

The great house of R. W. Tansill & Co. are now shipping their famous "Tansill's Punch" 5c Cigar to their Chicago house in car-load lots. A single shipment of 525,000 arrived on the 7th inst. via B. & O. R. R.

IT is a good deal easier to learn to write than it is to learn not to write.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

A WELL-WISHER is one who invests in oil territory.

LIKE Oil Upon Troupled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Price's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

IT is a cloth's rub for the washerwoman on Monday.—*Boston Bulletin.*

OFFENSIVE breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A POSTAL NOTE—the carrier's whistle.—*Puck.*



CURES and PREVENTS
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Asthma, Bruises, Sprains,

quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Will Afford Instant Ease.

Internally, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sick-ness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in its various forms cured and prevented. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST,**
Mexican Mustang Liniment

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

If you want the best garden you have ever had, you must sow

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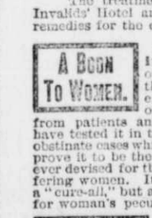
There is no question but that Maule's Garden Seeds are unsurpassed. Their present popularity in almost every county in the United States shows it, for I now have customers at more than 22,500 post-offices. When once sown, others are not wanted at any price. More than one-quarter of a million copies of my new Catalogue for 1888 have been mailed already. *Every one pronounces it the most original and readable Seed Catalogue ever published.* It contains among other things cash prizes for premium vegetables, etc., to the amount of $2500, and also beautiful illustrations of over 500 vegetables and flowers (*15 being in colors*). These are only two of many striking features. **You should not think of Purchasing any Seeds this Spring before sending for it.** It is mailed free to all enclosing stamp for return postage. Address

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
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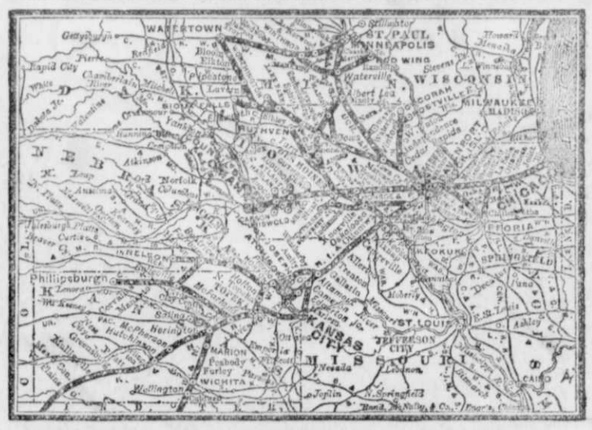
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UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



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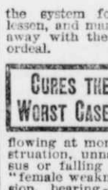
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DURANG'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY
will positively cure rheumatism when everything else on earth fails. It is taken internally, and cures quickly and thoroughly without ruining the stomach. Price, one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars. Sold by all druggists. Send for free 48-page pamphlet to R. K. HELPRENSTINE, Druggist, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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THE ONLY GUARANTEED CURE FOR **WOMEN.**



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The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded, is DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A POWERFUL TONIC. **As a powerful, invigorating tonic,** it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A SOOTHING NERVINE. **As a soothing and strengthening nervine,** "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

A MOTHER'S CORDIAL. **In pregnancy,** "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription"** is a **positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, pain and inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause,* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.,* says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured,* and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. Mrs. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California,* writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good works."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.,* writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

"Favorite Prescription" is Sold by Druggists the World Over! Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages, paper covers) on Diseases of Women.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.,* writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—Mrs. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.,* writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Pursative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

THE REPBULICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1888.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union is securing signers to a petetion praying the removal of the internal revenue tax on whiskey.

Additional names of victims of the late storm are received each day, and the number so far known to have perished is 237. South Dakota shows the longest list, North Dakota being apparently outside of the storm belt. and the number of fatalities there being comparatively few. What will be revealed by the melting of the snow no one can tell.

The estimates, as made at Yanktown of the loss of life throughout the Territory of Dakota by the blizzard figure up over 1,000. The counties where the casualities were the largest are: Bonhomme, 100; Hutchinson, 14; Lincoln, 13; Beadle, 25; Spink, 12; Hand, 10; Ward, 15. The northern and central parts of the Territory have not been heard from fully.

Legislature Notes.

In the House a bill has been introduced to reimburse Garrett county for an installment of the State school tax withheld in 1887, and authorizes the comptroller to apportion the installment known as the April installment for 1888, being the apportionment made to that county on the 15th of March in each year. Delegate Friend, who introduced the bill, explained that Garrett county was not asking for an appropriation, but the apportionment that was already due the county. Garrett county, he said had paid her proportion of the State school tax into the State treasury, and was entitled to her share of the school fund. The county, he said, was poor on account of having built her courthouse, jail and new school buildings had become involved, and was unable to keep her schools open seven and a-half months, as required by law.

Rev, Dr. Charles Baldwin, of Washington, and Rev, John M. Davis, of Oakland, were at Annapolis Friday of last week, in the interest of the Mountain Lake Park Association, of Garrett county, of which Mr. Davis is the Superintendent. Two bills were given in charge of Senator Browning. One of them provides for municipal incorporation of the town of Mountain Lake Park, and to exempt certain property from taxation on the ground that it is used for religious purposes; the other amends the charter of the association so as to change the time for election of Stockholders from September to July.

Senator Browning was robbed of his twenty-five dollars' worth of postage stamps during the weekly recess.

From the information at hand the bills before the Legislature affecting this county, in addition to those already noted are as follows:

To appoint a county treasurer. By whom the appointment is to be made we are not informed, but take it as a matter of course that it will be by the Governor, which is the only way to insure the appointment of a Democrat.

To provide for the appointment of school commissioners by the Governor. The bills to reduce the fees of sheriff and State's Attorney will have passed both houses by the time this paper is issued. We do not know the provisions of these bills, nor of the bills in relation to the compensation of Surveyor and Court Crier.

There is a regular stampede of Georgia colored people in the direction of Athens, Atlanta and other cities where the free school system prevails. Many farmers are being deserted by every hand, and one farmer in Oglethorne county, who runs forty plows, has not a colored hand to-day on his farm, the last one having left for Athens. Whole neighborhoods have been deserted by the blacks, and every shanty in the corporate limits of Athens swarms with half-starved colored people. There is nothing in Athens for them to do, there being more men than there is work or room for. The farmers say that they would not listen to propositions looking to contracts for another year, but intend all to move to towns where their children can be sent to school the year round without any money.

A Few Thoughts on the Tariff Question.

JANUARY 20th, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The public mind has been consiberably exercised for sometime past, upon the tariff and revenue questions, no doubt quickened by the President's late message, which, by a large class of practical and thinking people, is belived to be in the interest of free-trade, so known. True the message is very general and theoretrical in its statements and void of direct recommendations or even suggestions as to how and where revenue reform should be applied. We have not been told what imported articles bearing duties should be put on the free list, or the customs thereon reduced, but that there is too much revenue that needs reduction by taking off or reducing tariff rates. The message on account of its free-trade theories has a more general approval in England and France than at home,

The old theory—it is not an argument—was, and still is, that impost duties on foreign articles imported into this country is a tax paid by the consumer. This is plausible, but not true in fact or argument. If it were true we should now have very high sugar, as according to the Secretary of the Treasury's report, we are paying a tariff rate of 78 per cent. on all the sugar and molasses we consume from abroad except that which comes from the Sandwich Islands free under a reciprocity treaty. $50,800,000 were paid into the Treasury last year on those two articles of necessity, yet sugar was never cheaper, notwithstanding it has born a war tariff for over 25 years. Coffee and tea were on the free list when the late war came on, but they were made to pay a heavy duty as a war measure in 1861. In 1872 they were put on the free list and the revenue reduced about $20,000,000 annually, but the consumers did not get any benefit. The consumers of coffee and tea still pay the old war price. Just here let it be remarked, if the revenue reformers really believe we have an injurious surplus, and that the consumers pay the tariff rate or tax on the imported articles, why not at once strike off the $58,000,000 duty on sugar and molasses, and thereby bring sugar down to 3 or 4 cets per pound to the millions of consumers? But we hear little or nothing from the reformers about free sugar. They are willing to see it severely protected to benefit the few producers in Louisiana, of about $9,000,000 worth of the article.

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Protection is no new thing in the history of our Government; it began with the government itself, with Alexander Hamilton as its author. The ends of all just governments are not merely to rule their people, but to *protect* them as well, though such may be done in somewhat special manner, that general good may ensue. Money subsidies are granted to enterprises by all enlightened governments in the interest of general public good. What else is this but *protection?* By the act of 1878 our government is obliged to purchase and coin not less than $2,000,000 standard silver dollars per month. Were it not for this protective act of Congress the silver product of this country—over $50,000,000 per year—would be a demonetized metal, and valued accordingly. Here is protection to silver producers, still much of it has to be shipped to India for a market.

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J. B.

Clergyman's Wife (at an evening party)—I am glad to see, my, dear, that you do not dance.

Omaha Maid—I am afraid to.

"Yes, indeed; I wouldn't take such a risk for anything. When did you determine to stop?"

"When I found my bustle was loose."

The President and the Pope.

The Pope of Rome recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the priesthood in his church, and the various sovereigns of the civilized world sent him presents, some of great value and some merely significant as a recognition of his position. Some were sent *con amore* from Catholic potentates, as from Spain and Austria, others simply as so much "taffy," as from Bismarck, Queen Victoria and President Cleveland.

The two latter have been a good deal taken to task on account of their gifts by numbers of Protestants and Protestant newspapers, who allege that inasmuch as the Pope is not a temporal sovereign, although claiming to be one, their gifts were neither respectful to the King of Italy, who claims the Pope for a subject, nor to the prevailing religious sentiment of their own countries. They allege that inasmuch as he is merely the head of a church and occupies a purely ecclesiastical position, that therefore his anniversaries are to be no more recognized than those of the primates of the English or Greek Churches, both of which are rival churches in the sense of claiming to be the original church.

Queen Victoria is accused of trying to propitiate the Pope in favor of her Tory police in Ireland, and President Cleveland is accused of having his renomination and re-election in view.

As for Bismarck, his object is well known. He has been for a good while at work conciliating the Vatican, using the power of the church in and out of the Reichstag to checkmate the Socialists, of whom he has in the last two or three years become decidedly afraid.

The Sultan of Turkey, who is clear outside of any sort of religious sympashy with the Pope, pretty near bankrupted himself in order to send an expensive present expressive of his high consideration. Like Bismarck, he had a well known object in view, which was to secure influence at Vienna and throughout the Catholic provinces of Germany, against his mortal enemy, the Russian bear.

Thus we see that everybody had an axe of some kind to grind. Even Austria and Spain felt that the influence of the Pope is a good spoke in their wheels, and that it pays to put him under a little sense of obligation, inasmuch as there is no knowing when they may be involved in a complication with the other powers. So they like to have a little credit in bank at Rome to check on in a possible day of trouble.

Now so far as our beloved President is concerned, he touched the business somewhat lightly. We suppose he did not feel justified in drawing on the contingent fund of the State department for anything very expensive, nor on the other hand did he care to go down very deep into his own pocket. So he sent to the Pope a handsomely bound and inscribed copy of the Constitution of the United States.

This interesting volume was formally presented to the Pope by Archbishop Ryan a day or two ago, and certainly when our two hundred and fifty pound President read that speech of the Archbishop he must have felt that he had his money back with interest. We presume that he never knew so well before what a good man he is, nor how worthy to sit in his exalted seat.

Of course every rose has its thorn, and now Grover is catching it fresh in sundry resolutions and newspaper articles, all accusing him, in substance, of bending the hinges of his knee that "thrift may follow fawning." The fact that he holds a pew in the most elegat Presbyterian church in Washington, and attends services there with tolerable regularily, counts for littie. He is nevertheless suspected of casting his net into the sea for fishes. Or, in other words, of courting sympathetic support in New York and other large cities.

We feel bound to say for Grover that this is his "first offense," (of the kind,) and that we must not wholly ignore the presence of rivalry with Governor Hill in New York, which is more or less formidable, and that after all, considering the size of his present, he cannot be regarded as smitten with any great personal or ecclesiastical affection for the Pope.

The Pope understands this matter.

The Archbishop has explained it all privately. He has told him that a prominent Republican candidate for the Presidency, who will probably contest the next election with Grover, has an immense following among his friends in the United States, and that therefore this "little anchor to the windward" was really a political necessity on the part of the President.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Old lady (very much shocked); "Little boys, what are you playing 'shinny' for on the Sabbath day?" Little boys: "We're playin' fer fi' cents a game."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23, 1888.—For do-nothingness, the present Congress is a long ways ahead of all its predecessors. The House Committee on commerce have the subject of the Reading railroad now before them. It has been informally discussed, and the fact developed, that about one half the committee are opposed to any Congressional investigation, believing if any is necessary, it is within the province of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to make it. The question will be called up again to-morrow, when a delegation of Knights of Labor who want a Congressional investigation, will endeavor to get a hearing.

Congressional investigations are always popular with a certain class of Congressmen, particularly if the corporations and individuals happen to be wealthy. Impecunious Congressmen want all the opportunity for fat pickings that they can get, and they are sure to make the most of their opportunities. The latest proposed investigation is that provided by Mr. Mason's bill, which proposes to empower a Congressional committee to investigate all the trusts and combines that have been entered into by firms, corporations, and individuals in coal, sugar, mining and kindred subjects. The House Committee on Manufactures has unanimonsly agreed to report this bill favorably and they are expected to do so early this week. Then these impecunious Congressmen will begin to indulge in champagne and terrapin stew, and to ride to and from the Capitol in coupes instead of the plebeian street cars and herdics.

It is said there is a strong lobby with unlimited cash behind them who are here with the express purpose of opposing this bill. If it were not for this lobby it is extremely doubtful whether the investigation would ever have been proposed.

Just why Secretary Vilas, late Postmaster General, should have been willing and apparently anxious to go down a grade in official dignity as he did in accepting the portfolio of the Interior Department, has been quite puzzling to a great many people, The whole matter is explained, however, by the following official order which was made public on Saturday:

"Secretary Vilas has relieved Assistant Secretary Muldrow of the care of supervising land decisions, and in the future he will devote his personal attention to them." Which means in plain English that from this time on, the entire public land system of the United States is to be manipulated in the interest of Cleveland's re-election. Keep your eye on Vilas and his land decisions between now and next November.

The Postoffice Department has issued a circular giving the construction that the Department will put upon the new law concerning the amount of printing or writing that may be placed on the wrappers of second class mail matter. This new law received the President's signature on Saturday.

The anti-Randall Democrats in Congress are wild with joy over the defeat of the Randall candidate for the chairmanship of the Democratic State Central Committee, of Pennsylvania, and the passage by that committee of a resolution strongly endorsing Cleveland and commending his recommendation for reducing the tariff. Mr. Randall keeps cool, and says the result will not change his legislative course one iota; but he does not intimate what that course will be during the present session of of Congress. But it is safe to say that his opinion on the tariff has not undergone any change since the adjournment of the forty-ninth Congress, It is claimed by internal men that Randall is with them in their extremest measures, while others will tell you that he only favors the abolition of the tobacco tax, and still a few, very few, others will tell you that he will favor the bill for reducing the tariff, that will be reported by the Committee on Ways and Means. The fact of the matter is, no one knows what Randall intends doing. He has not committeed himself. His enemies think that his defeat in Pennsylvania will deprive him of some of his prestige and power in the House. We shall see.

Propagating and Protecting Fish.

Fish Commissioners G. W. Delawder and E, W. Humphreys make an elaborate report for the year ended December 31, 1887. They say their principal work is in the propagation of shad, rock, perch and herring though brook trout and German carp are largely hatched and freely distributed throughout the State. Besides Druid Hill Park for trout and locked salmon and carp, three other hatcheries are kept up for the other sorts of fish and located respectively on Tuckahoe river, Caroline county, on the Nanticoke river, and on the Wicomico at Salisbury. The report claims that the work of the Commission is no longer experimental, but a necessity. But for this work the shad would be unknown in our waters. The commissioners think it is surprising that any shad ever reached the spawning grounds, considering the great number of and improved methods of catching them, beginning at the mouth of the bay and continuing to the head thereof, and on every river of the Eastern and Western Shores. They say that in spite of these numerous enemies the numbers of shad have largely increased, as is evidenced by the greater numbers caught every year, and that the numbers of rockfish and perch caught have also largely increased. As for the herring, they have been so numerous that acres of them were stranded on the flats of the Susquehanna, and that it was not profitable to catch them. The commissioners ascribe all this to the work of the fish commission and estimate the product of the fish taken every year in our waters at $1,000,000 annually. Without artificial aid every species of fish that run up the rivers would in a few years disappear entirely. The report complains of the large increase of fish traps, pound nets or fykes, and recommends that the size of meshes in nets should be regulated by law; that the sale of small perch and rockfish should be prohibited in the markets; that all fishing should be prohibited on Saturday sand Sundays of each week during the months of April and May; that more effectivs protection should be adopted for the upper Potomac, where wardens should be appointed to destroy all fish pots and other devices of the sort placed in the river.

Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review, say: Business throughout the country is rather quiet, even for the season. Fairly active jobbing trade is reported at several points where wholesale business is distinctly dull, and a prevailing feature seems to be indisposition to take quantities in view of the unusual uncertainties in many markets caused by strikes, by speculation, and by legialative speculation deliberations.

Collections are fairly satisfactory at nearly all points and money generally is in fair supply, though rather close at Denver and Cleveland. Though actual deliveries of anthracites are larger than for the same weeks last year, operators and retailers vie with each other in putting up prices. Poverty of miners causes a serious apprehension among traders, who remember that their losses after the strike of 1875 were three-fourths of their account. But for activity in ship, bridge and car building, the iron trade would be less hopeful. The Thomas Company has sold No, 2 foundary for pipe at $17, and sales of 20,000 tons of rails are reported, but prices do not change. In wool, the little improvement recently seen has vanished and the market favors buyers again. The demand for woolen goods is moderate, but more frequent inquiry gives hope, and the range of prices, is, on the whole, but little below those of last year.

Nearly all the speculative markets have been weak. Stocks weaken in spite of large reported railway earnings and an advance of 10 per cent in east bound rail rates. The Reading strike and reported liquidation of a pool in the stock have caused some decline, and in other stocks the absence of any public demand is felt, The average price is $150 per share lower than a week ago.

Another Blizzard.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 24.—Another blizzard has broken loose northwest of here. A Neche (Dakota) special to the *Pioneer Press*, says: The mercury went down to 60 below, and the wind reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour last night. It is still blowing, and trains are ten hours late. Brainerd reports that the storm reached there this morning. A heavy fall of snow has set in, and the wind is blowing a gale. The snow is drifting badly. The *Pioneer Press* learns from Brown's Valley, Minn., that the fuel there is not only used up, but provisions are also getting low. Should another storm prevent the opening of the road within a few days, great suffering can hardly be avoided, particularly among the farmers along the line.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, JAN. 28, 1888.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union is securing signers to a petetion praying the removal of the internal revenue tax on whiskey,

Additional names of victims of the late storm are received each day, and the number so far known to have perished is 237. South Dakota shows the longest list, North Dakota being apparently outside of the storm belt. and the number of fatalities there being comparatively few. What will be revealed by the melting of the snow no one can tell.

The estimates, as made at Yanktown of the loss of life throughout the Territory of Dakota by the blizzard figure up over 1,000. The counties where the casualities were the largest are: Bonhomme, 100; Hutchinson, 14; Lincoln, 13; Beadle, 25; Spink, 12; Hand, 10; Ward, 15. The northern and central parts of the Territory have not been heard from fully.

Legislature Notes.

In the House a bill has been introduced to reimburse Garrett county for an installment of the State school tax withheld in 1887, and authorizes the comptroller to apportion the installment known as the April installment for 1888, being the apportionment made to that county on the 15th of March in each year. Delegate Friend, who introduced the bill, explained that Garrett county was not asking for an appropriation, but the apportionment that was already due the county. Garrett county, he said had paid her proportion of the State school tax into the State treasury, and was entitled to her share of the school fund. The county, he said, was poor on account of having built her courthouse, jail and new school buildings had become involved, and was unable to keep her schools open seven and a-half months, as required by law.

Rev, Dr. Charles Baldwin, of Washington, and Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland, were at Annapolis Friday of last week, in the interest of the Mountain Lake Park Association, of Garrett county, of which Mr. Davis is the Superintendent. Two bills were given in charge of Senator Browning. One of them provides for municipal incorporation of the town of Mountain Lake Park, and to exempt certain property from taxation on the ground that it is used for religious purposes; the other amends the charter of the association so as to change the time for election of Stockholders from September to July.

Senator Browning was robbed of his twenty-five dollars' worth of postage stamps during the weekly recess.

From the information at hand the bills before the Legislature affecting this county, in addition to those already noted are as follows:

To appoint a county treasurer. By whom the appointment is to be made we are not informed, but take it as a matter of course that it will be by the Governor, which is the only way to insure the appointment of a Democrat.

To provide for the appointment of school commissioners by the Governor. The bills to reduce the fees of sheriff and State's Attorney will have passed both houses by the time this paper is issued. We do not know the provisions of these bills, nor of the bills in relation to the compensation of Surveyor and Court Crier.

There is a regular stampede of Georgia colored people in the direction of Athens, Atlanta and other cities where the free school system prevails. Many farmers are being deserted by every hand, and one farmer in Oglethorne county, who runs forty plows, has not a colored hand to-day on his farm, the last one having left for Athens. Whole neighborhoods have been deserted by the blacks, and every shanty in the corporate limits of Athens swarms with half-starved colored people. There is nothing in Athens for them to do, there being more men than there is work or room for. The farmers say that they would not listen to propositions looking to contracts for another year, but intend all to move to towns where their children can be sent to school the year round without any money.

A Few Thoughts on the Tariff Question.

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"When I found my bustle was loose."

The President and the Pope.

The Pope of Rome recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the priesthood in his church, and the various sovereigns of the civilized world sent him presents, some of great value and some merely significant as a recognition of his position. Some were sent *con amore* from Catholic potentates, as from Spain and Austria, others simply as so much "taffy," as from Bismarck, Queen Victoria and President Cleveland.

The two latter have been a good deal taken to task on account of their gifts by numbers of Protestants and Protestant newspapers, who allege that inasmuch as the Pope is not a temporal sovereign, although claiming to be one, their gifts were neither respectful to the King of Italy, who claims the Pope for a subject, nor to the prevailing religious sentiment of their own countries. They allege that inasmuch as he is merely the head of a church and occupies a purely ecclesiastical position, that therefore his anniversaries are to be no more recognized than those of the primates of the English or Greek Churches, both of which are rival churches in the sense of claiming to be the original church.

Queen Victoria is accused of trying to propitiate the Pope in favor of her Tory police in Ireland, and President Cleveland is accused of having his renomination and re-election in view.

As for Bismarck, his object is well known. He has been for a good while at work conciliating the Vatican, using the power of the church in and out of the Reichstag to checkmate the Socialists, of whom he has in the last two or three years become decidedly afraid.

The Sultan of Turkey, who is clear outside of any sort of religious sympashy with the Pope, pretty near bankrupted himself in order to send an expensive present expressive of his high consideration. Like Bismarck, he had a well known object in view, which was to secure influence at Vienna and throughout the Catholic provinces of Germany, against his mortal enemy, the Russian bear.

Thus we see that everybody had an axe of some kind to grind. Even Austria and Spain felt that the influence of the Pope is a good spoke in their wheels, and that it pays to put him under a little sense of obligation, inasmuch as there is no knowing when they may be involved in a complication with the other powers. So they like to have a little credit in bank at Rome to check on in a possible day of trouble.

Now so far as our beloved President is concerned, he touched the business somewhat lightly. We suppose he did not feel justified in drawing on the contingent fund of the State department for anything very expensive, nor on the other hand did he care to go down very deep into his own pocket. So he sent to the Pope a handsomely bound and inscribed copy of the Constitution of the United States.

This interesting volume was formally presented to the Pope by Archbishop Ryan a day or two ago, and certainly when our two hundred and fifty pound President read that speech of the Archbishop he must have felt that he had his money back with interest. We presume that he never knew so well before what a good man he is, nor how worthy to sit in his exalted seat.

Of course every rose has its thorn, and now Grover is catching it fresh in sundry resolutions and newspaper articles, all accusing him, in substance, of bending the hinges of his knee that "thrift may follow fawning." The fact that he holds a pew in the most elegat Presbyterian church in Washington, and attends services there with tolerable regularily, counts for littie. He is nevertheless suspected of casting his net into the sea for fishes. Or, in other words, of courting sympathetic support in New York and other large cities.

We feel bound to say for Grover that this is his "first offense," (of the kind,) and that we must not wholly ignore the presence of rivalry with Governor Hill in New York, which is more or less formidable, and that after all, considering the size of his present, he cannot be regarded as smitten with any great personal or ecclesiastical affection for the Pope.

The Pope understands this matter.

The Archbishop has explained it all privately. He has told him that a prominent Republican candidate for the Presidency, who will probably contest the next election with Grover, has an immense following among his friends in the United States, and that therefore this "little anchor to the windward" was really a political necessity on the part of the President.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Old lady (very much shocked); "Little boys, what are you playing 'shinny' for on the Sabbath day?" Little boys: "We're playin' fer fi' cents a game,"

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23, 1888.—For do-nothingness, the present Congress is a long ways ahead of all its predecessors. The House Committee on commerce have the subject of the Reading railroad now before them. It has been informally discussed, and the fact developed, that about one half the committee are opposed to any Congressional investigation, believing if any is necessary, it is within the province of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to make it. The question will be called up again to-morrow, when a delegation of Knights of Labor who want a Congressional investigation, will endeavor to get a hearing.

Congressional investigations are always popular with a certain class of Congressmen, particularly if the corporations and individuals happen to be wealthy. Impecunious Congressmen want all the opportunity for fat pickings that they can get, and they are sure to make the most of their opportunities. The latest proposed investigation is that provided by Mr. Mason's bill, which proposes to empower a Congressional committee to investigate all the trusts and combines that have been entered into by firms, corporations, and individuals in coal, sugar, mining and kindred subjects. The House Committee on Manufactures has unanimonsly agreed to report this bill favorably and they are expected to do so early this week. Then these impecunious Congressmen will begin to indulge in champagne and terrapin stew, and to ride to and from the Capitol in coupes instead of the plebeian street cars and herdics.

It is said there is a strong lobby with unlimited cash behind them who are here with the express purpose of opposing this bill. If it were not for this lobby it is extremely doubtful whether the investigation would ever have been proposed.

Just why Secretary Vilas, late Postmaster General, should have been willing and apparently anxious to go down a grade in official dignity as he did in accepting the portfolio of the Interior Department, has been quite puzzling to a great many people, The whole matter is explained, however, by the following official order which was made public on Saturday:

"Secretary Vilas has relieved Assistant Secretary Muldrow of the care of supervising land decisions, and in the future he will devote his personal attention to them." Which means in plain English that from this time on, the entire public land system of the United States is to be manipulated in the interest of Cleveland's re-election. Keep your eye on Vilas and his land decisions between now and next November.

The Postoffice Department has issued a circular giving the construction that the Department will put upon the new law concerning the amount of printing or writing that may be placed on the wrappers of second class mail matter. This new law received the President's signature on Saturday.

The anti-Randall Democrats in Congress are wild with joy over the defeat of the Randall candidate for the chairmanship of the Democratic State Central Committee, of Pennsylvania, and the passage by that committee of a resolution strongly endorsing Cleveland and commending his recommendation for reducing the tariff. Mr. Randall keeps cool, and says the result will not change his legislative course one iota; but he does not intimate what that course will be during the present session of of Congress. But it is safe to say that his opinion on the tariff has not undergone any change since the adjournment of the forty-ninth Congress, It is claimed by internal men that Randall is with them in their extremest measures, while others will tell you that he only favors the abolition of the tobacco tax, and still a few, very few, others will tell you that he will favor the bill for reducing the tariff, that will be reported by the Committee on Ways and Means. The fact of the matter is, no one knows what Randall intends doing. He has not committeed himself. His enemies think that his defeat in Pennsylvania will deprive him of some of his prestige and power in the House. We shall see.

Propagating and Protecting Fish.

Fish Commissioners G. W. Delawder and E. W. Humphreys make an elaborate report for the year ended December 31, 1887. They say their principal work is in the propagation of shad, rock, perch and herring though brook trout and German carp are largely hatched and freely distributed throughout the State. Besides Druid Hill Park for trout and locked salmon and carp, three other hatcheries are kept up for the other sorts of fish and located respectively on Tuckahoe river, Caroline county, on the Nanticoke river, and on the Wicomico at Salisbury. The report claims that the work of the Commission is no longer experimental, but a necessity. But for this work the shad would be unknown in our waters. The commissioners think it is surprising that any shad ever reached the spawning grounds, considering the great number of and improved methods of catching them, beginning at the mouth of the bay and continuing to the head thereof, and on every river of the Eastern and Western Shores. They say that in spite of these numerous enemies the numbers of shad have largely increased, as is evidenced by the greater numbers caught every year, and that the numbers of rockfish and perch caught have also largely increased. As for the herring, they have been so numerous that acres of them were stranded on the flats of the Susquehanna, and that it was not profitable to catch them. The commissioners ascribe all this to the work of the fish commission and estimate the product of the fish taken every year in our waters at $1,000,000 annually. Without artificial aid every species of fish that run up the rivers would in a few years disappear entirely. The report complains of the large increase of fish traps, pound nets or fykes, and recommends that the size of meshes in nets should be regulated by law; that the sale of small perch and rockfish should be prohibited in the markets; that all fishing should be prohibited on Saturday sand Sundays of each week during the months of April and May; that more effectivs protection should be adopted for the upper Potomac, where wardens should be appointed to destroy all fish pots and other devices of the sort placed in the river.

Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review, say: Business throughout the country is rather quiet, even for the season. Fairly active jobbing trade is reported at several points where wholesale business is distinctly dull, and a prevailing feature seems to be indisposition to take quantities in view of the unusual uncertainties in many markets caused by strikes, by speculation, and by legialative speculation deliberations.

Collections are fairly satisfactory at nearly all points and money generally is in fair supply, though rather close at Denver and Cleveland. Though actual deliveries of anthracites are larger than for the same weeks last year, operators and retailers vie with each other in putting up prices. Poverty of miners causes a serious apprehension among traders, who remember that their losses after the strike of 1875 were three-fourths of their account. But for activity in ship, bridge and car building, the iron trade would be less hopeful. The Thomas Company has sold No, 2 foundary for pipe at $17, and sales of 20,000 tons of rails are reported, but prices do not change. In wool, the little improvement recently seen has vanished and the market favors buyers again. The demand for woolen goods is moderate, but more frequent inquiry gives hope, and the range of prices, is, on the whole, but little below those of last year.

Nearly all the speculative markets have been weak. Stocks weaken in spite of large reported railway earnings and an advance of 10 per cent in east bound rail rates. The Reading strike and reported liquidation of a pool in the stock have caused some decline, and in other stocks the absence of any public demand is felt, The average price is $150 per share lower than a week ago.

Another Blizzard.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 24.—Another blizzard has broken loose northwest of here. A Neche (Dakota) special to the *Pioneer Press*, says: The mercury went down to 60 below, and the wind reached a velocity of 40 miles an hour last night. It is still blowing, and trains are ten hours late. Brainerd reports that the storm reached there this morning. A heavy fall of snow has set in, and the wind is blowing a gale. The snow is drifting badly. The *Pioneer Press* learns from Brown's Valley, Minn., that the fuel there is not only used up, but provisions are also getting low. Should another storm prevent the opening of the road within a few days, great suffering can hardly be avoided, particularly among the farmers along the line.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

8 6 td

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—D. E. Offutt will exchange goods for cross-ties.

—One of Mr. Handy Gibson's twin babies died Wednesday afternoon.

—Saturday night the thermometer registered 16° below zero in Oakland.

—Quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church, Terra Alta, Saturday and Sunday.

—A sleighing party of seven couples from Oakland took supper at Shaffer's hotel, Aurora, Monday night.

—CHEAP COAL.—Mr. John Sines has leased the Diehl coal mine, on Miller's run, and is prepared to furnish coal at the mine at 4 cents per bushel.

—Married, at the M. E. Parsonage, Friendsville, Jan. 21st, 1888, by Rev. A. S. Arnett, Mr. Franklin Humberson and Miss Annie Guard, all of Garrett county, Md.

—On and after March 1st, 1888, all my open accounts and notes will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

1 28 3t T. W. CASTEEL.

—Married, Jan. 19th, 1888, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Faulkner, by Rev. A. S. Arnett, Mr. Alexander M. Chisholm, and Miss Sarah A. Faulkner, all of Garrett county, Md.

Church Services--Sunday.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Removal.

Having removed our stock to the building lately occupied by J. A. Grant, we will be pleased to see all our old customers and as many new faces as possible. Call and see us in our new quarters. We will try and make it pleasant for you, and at the same time make you feel as though you received the worth of your money. To our old customers on the hill we would say, if they will still continue their patronage their kindness will be greatly appreciated, and we will at the same time try and remunerate them for the extra walk.

Respectfully,
O. HART & SON.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of John B. Brant, deceased, are hereby notified to settle up at once, for the especial benefit of the mother of said deceased. When I am out of town the books will be left with my son at the Postoffice.

1 21 3 WM. HINEBAUGH, Admr.

Fresh Meat.

Having rented the Casteel butcher-shop on Main street, I will open the same on Saturday, January 14th, with a full supply of fresh meat, pudding, sausage, etc. After this date this will be open every forenoon during the week, and on Saturdays all day. Terms positively cash, unless by special agreement, and no indulgence longer than 30 days. We pay cash for beef, and must receive the same in order to give you something to eat. The shop corner Oak and Third streets is open at all times. Prices: Best steak, 10 to 12½c.; fresh sausage, 10c.; smoked sausage, 12½c., and everything else in proportion.

All persons indebted to me are requested to settle promptly, or their accounts will be placed in hands of an officer for collection.

Thanking the public for past favors we respectfulyl solicit a continuance of their patronage.

1 14 4 A. NELSON, Agent.

Valuable Property for Sale.

The undersigned is authorized to sell the valuable property on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md., at private sale. This property consists of a large boarding house (Smithman's), a small two-story frame dwelling, large barn and three lots. The best of water on the premises (well and spring). Will sell all together or seperately, to suit purchasers. This is conceded to be the best location in town for a hotel or boarding house. Easy terms. Apply soon.

1 21 4 JOSEPH SMITHMAN.

New Year Party.

Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, the members of the Young Girls' Christian Friendly Society, of Deer Park, gave a very enjoyable entertainment to their young friends, in Mrs. Dr. Laughlin's spacious parlor, "Mountain Home," their new building next door not being yet ready for their reception. Almost fifty young persons were present, the members of the society being nearly half that number, and including young ladies of Deer Park and vicinity, of whom Misses Georgie Hoye, Ella Laughlin and Clara Freeland constituted a committee of arrangement, with the assistance of Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield and Mrs. F. S. Thrasher as associates. Though the wind was keen without in the bright, beautiful moonlight, and the snow and ice covered the mountains around with a matchless mantel, worthy of winter, a warm welcome awaited the merry young people as they gathered to receive the greetings of their fair friends within and enjoying their kind hospitality.

After the arrival of the guests Mr. Wm. D. Hoye, of Deer Park, on behalf of the young ladies of the society, delivered a very appropriate and cordial address of welcome to the visitors, stating that the object of the occasion was an evening's enjoyment of friendly intercourse and refinement, free from frivolity and the baleful influences of the ball-room and other objectionable features.

Mr. H. H. Van Meter, in responding, thanked the young ladies and their friends, on behalf of their guests present, for their kind invitation extended to them, and the exceedingly pleasant welcome with which they were greeted to the good cheer which awaited their happy gathering, and hoped that it might give their bright eyed entertainers as great pleasure as it did their guests.

The programme which followed was well arranged and full of interest and enjoyment, enlivened by charades, music and conversation till late in the evening, when the young ladies treated their guests to delicious ice cream and cake, which attested to their skill in the arts which make a happy home.

At the close it was announced that the society would hold an oyster supper on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, Feb. 23d and 24th, in the dining-room of the Wing-and-Wing, for the benefit of the charitable fund.

In concluding this report it might be well to explain briefly the character and workings of the Society.

The Y. G. C. F. S. was started by Mrs. J. W. Williams, of Philadelphia, in November, 1886, with only three members at the first meeting. In less than a month the number had increased to 19. Thirty have been admitted to membership, and there are 23 names on the roll now. The meetings are held weekly, where instructions are given in various kinds of fancy as well as more useful work. They have a library of from 70 to 80 volumes of most excellent books, and also a fine stereoptican, which is used for exhibitions for the benefit of the public in general, some of the members exhibiting and describing the views, all of which were presented by Mrs. Williams, who is erecting a memorial building for the benefit of the Society, which is to be opened in the spring.

The officers of the Society are Mrs. J. W. Williams, of Philadelphia, its projector and patron, President, and her daughter, Miss Annie Williams, of Philadelphia, Mrs. F. S. Thrasher and L. H. Schoolfield, of Deer Park, Associates, all of whom are deserving of the highest praise and truest gratitude of the community for the noble labor of love.

Would it not be well for every neighborhood to have such an organization for the good of the girls who are growing up among us to become the wives and mothers of the future, and to wield an influence for weal or woe which will form the future of our county. Let the christian fathers and mothers of our land do all in their power to foster the purity such societies seek to promote. No greater good can they accomplish.

Mr. Nicholas Merrill on Fruit Culture.

Some important facts in answer to our queries:

Mr. Merrill, we understand you have bought the trees for several acres more of an orchard; do you think it will pay?

Pay, it can't help but pay. A ten year old apple tree, well cared for, will average five bushels, which, at fifty cents, means *one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars* off of ten acres. Now, Mr. Hayden, is there a farm in Garrett county of *one hundred* acres which yields that sum? Besides, other fruits, though more trouble to raise, generally pay still better than apples, Winter pears, for example, bring four to six dollars per bushel, and pears do well in Garrett county. Mr. Sweet, who has traveled extensively, selected this section for late fruits in preference to Michigan, New York and Tennessee and is putting out 1,000 apples and thes ame of pairs, besides as much more of other sorts of fruit.

But, Mr. Merrill, if all go to setting, will it not lower the price?

No danger of that for statistics show that city people now only get about four apples apiece each year, and it is plain we have but just begun to ship apples to Europe. As soon as we have enough fruit to bring them here, the buyers will be competing for our crop, even on the tree.

But you have to wait ten years before any returns.

Not if you properly set and care for your trees; however, this waiting is just why all will not go into it, and why it will always be profitable. The doctor looks down your throat and charges you a dollar. The poor man is glad to work hard a whole day for that much. "Why is this?" for the same reason that fruit growing is more profitable than to grow buckwheat. Because money and effort are unremunerated for several years. The multitude want quick returns and glut the market with their labor and their crops; the few manage to wait and in the end reap a rich reward.

You have been branding some of the fruit agents as rascals; I wonder you found any one you could trust.

Oh, I have had my eyes open for honest men as well as rascals, and this same Mr. Sweet, who is setting the largest orchard in the county, is starting a small nursery. To meet the expense of all this he has had to sell trees, and, from all I can learn, has been furnishing the lower part of the county the best stock they have ever seen, and at reasonable rates. He gets his stock from a nursery endorsed by the head of the National Grange, and as every dollar he gets goes to building up a home industry for which Garrett county was made and especially set apart from the foundation of the world, he is my man.

Well, Nicholas, you seem to have the floor, so let's shake and call it square, but don't forget the editor's sanctum when the trees begin to bear.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 23, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I have received many letters from youug men in Garrett county asking me to get them employment here, which I would be delighted to do, but they will not measure up to two of the leading requirements, namely: business experience and city acquaintance. There are always here hundreds awaiting employment in business houses, who understand business and have a thorough acquaintance in the city and its many suburban towns. The only thing for a young man to do, if he is determined to come to the city, is to take anythig that he can get and work up by degrees.

CHAS. F. FRAZEE.

Franklin Mines.

Work at the mines has slacked off.

Hon. Geo. T. Michael is the proudest man in Garrett county. He says his name shall be Grover Cleveland Michael.

Mr. John Laughlin, father of Daniel Laughlin, who has been suffering with a nervous affection for two years past, has been very bad for a couple of weeks, but we are glad to state is now somewhat improved.

The Firm Rock school is flourishing, with Miss McAndrews and Miss Allen as teachers. Miss Bridget McAndrews is one of Garrett county's most efficient teachers, and the trustees did well in securing her services.

Mr. Thomas D. Michaels has erected a saw mill on the Brady place, with Mr. Thornt. Sliger as sawyer. He is sawing lumber for use principally at the mines.

Everybody is pleased with our new constable. I am sure he will prove an efficient officer.

The weather is desperate cold and slippery, making travel almost impossible.

REMUS.

Laurel Run.

Plenty of sledding here now.

Our farmers are all busy hauling limestone and coal.

Mr. C. J. Otto is shipping quite a nice lot of lumber to Frostburg this winter.

Some of our friends who have had the Western fever for sometime have got partly out of the notion since they read the reports of the western storms.

Cleaning Out of Winter Styles.

We are now offering our Millinery goods at a great loss, but they must go. Ladies' Felt Hats, formerly $100 now 50c, Feathers half-price, Tobogganns and Hoods half-price, Cloaks way down, splendid 5-Hook Corset 35c., Dr. Warner's Caroline Corset 85c. Have a few Indian Robes and Blankets yet. They are very desirable.

1 14 M. L. SCOTT.
Baltimore Store.

Deer Park.

We have been having weather that has given the ice cutters work. All the ice houses in the place are filled, or in process of filling.

Col. E. C. Tilson left last week for New Jersey to visit his daughter, Mrs Hoffman. He was accompanied by Mrs. W. R. Davis, of Piedmont, and will visit New York and other eastern cities before his return.

Mrs. E. F. Droege leaves to-day for Baltimore, having received intelligence of the serious illness of her mother, who is over ninety years old.

Mr. B. B. Savage, the principal of our school here, received news on last Thursday that his father, who lives at Sang Run, was very low with pneumonia, and left for his home on the following day. He has not yet returned.

Mrs. D. F. Graham is in Piedmont, on a visit to her parents.

Mrs. A. Freeland fell on the ice one day last week and cut her face very severely, but fortunately escaped any more serious injury.

The Young Girls' Christian Friendly Society, gave a New Year's party to their friends on Thursday, 19th inst. A very pleasant affair.

Mrs. Droege entertained a number of her friends at supper on the same day, and in the afternoon little Nellie Hoye gave a birthday party to some of her juvenile companions.

Miss Jennie Maysilles, daughter of the U. B. Pastor, has been visiting at Mr. P. W. Connell's. *—*

Hurrah! Everything at Cost!

Just read this, if you please:

I will offer my entire stock of goods at first cost, for the next three months, consisting of one grand piano, manufactured by Chas. M. Steiff, one of the best make in America, my price is low, $150.00, one splendid organ for $55.00, a sweeter toned organ cannot be found, first-class violins from $2.50 up to $8.00, accordeons from 75 cts. up to $5.00, Ladies' and Gent's solid gold watches, from $17.00 up to $75.00, Ladies' and Gent's gold-filled watches, open face or hunting case, $20.00 up to $25.00, the best in the world, with Elgin stem-winding movements, guaranteed for 21 years, 6 oz. silverore watches from $5.00 up to $12.00, solid silver watches as low in proportion. All watches warranted. Splendid 8-day clocks for $3.75, others lower and some higher. Besides all this I have a splendid assortment of all kinds of Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, etc., etc. These goods are new and latest styles, but as I have a very large stock on hand, I propose to clear it out and get lots of room for a large stock in the spring. Come and get something good and cheap while you have the chance. I mean business and never advertise anything unless I expect to back it up.

Terms positively cash.

Hoping to be favored with your kind patronage as heretofore.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
1 21 tf Jeweler, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—Agent for the Victor Safe & Lock Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. The best safe in the world for the money. Largest size 800 lbs., price $60.00. Circulars and all information free on application. F. G. H.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

They are thankful for past patronage and solicit a continuance of th ame. 10 29 tf.

Booming Kansas.

The champion liar (a Kansas man, of course) gets in his work on Kansas as follows:

It has been discovered that Western Kansas is the Eden from which Grandfather Adam and Grandmoth-Eve were driven for fooling with Goodman's winesaps. The stump of the identical tree under which Mrs. Adam was beguiled is just south of the river in Hamilton county. The flaming sword that guarded the tree of life has been stolen by the Indians or cow-boys, but the fig tree is there from which Mrs. Eve manufactured her fashionable but somewhat scanty wearing apparrel. It is dead now—probably winter killed—but like our flag, it is still there, and furnishes evidence which the oldest inhabitants dare not dispute. The soil is as fertile as in ye olden time, and produces prodigiously. Sunflowers can be seen that will make a dozen fence-rails and a whole lot of cord wood. Potatoes grow so big that they can only be roasted by building a fire on the windward side and when one section is done, waiting for the wind to change. Cabbage leaves are used for circus tents, and hop poles are made out of timothy stalks. Jack rabbits grow as large as horses, and tail feathers of wild geese make excellent fence posts. The wheat is larger than the corn in most States and it is daugerous to plant rye, as the roots have to be grubbed out before the ground can be plowed. A man planted a turnip one mile from the railroad last summer and the company sued him for obstructing the way before the middle of July. Pie plant makes excellent bridge timbers, and pumpkins are in excellent demand for houses and barns. Pea-pods are used as ferry boats over the Arkansas river, and onion seeds are much sought after for walling wells and terrace work. Rye straw properly connected makes superior drainage and the husks of the berry when provided with rockers, make unique baby cradles. North of Coolridge are several lakes of strained honey, and we have seen showers of rose water and cologne water in the early part of the year. This settling of Western Kansas is restoring Eden to its first estate.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 24th 1888.

The Board of School Commissioners will hold a meeting on

Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1888.

for the examination of Teachers' Reports for the term ending Jan. 5th, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
1 28 2t Secretary, &c.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8,) on the Wood road, and running thence to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JAMES CONEWAY,
JOHN BLAMBEL,
1 28 5 ISAAC W. ABERNATHY.

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS AND STONEMASONS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 25th, 1888.

SEALED PROPOSALS Will be received by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland, at their office in the town of Oakland, until two o'clock P. M. of the 28th day of February, 1888, for the construction of a single truss, wrought-iron bridge over the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport, in said county, on the site where the old bridge stands. Proposals will be received at said time and place, for the proper repairing or rebuilding of the stone piers or abutments at said place. The required length of said bridge will be about 200 feet; height about 12 to 16 feet, and a roadway of about 14 feet in width. The bids must be accompanied by general and detailed plans and specifications. The party or parties to whom either contract is awarded, will be required to execute a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by said Commissioners, for the faithful performance of the contract.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
1 28 td Clerk.

Estate of Christian Sahr, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN SAHR,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 3d day of January, 1888.

EREDERICK KAMP,
1 7 3t Administrator.
Accident, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm and to run in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to the Davis tram-road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Frank Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, C. Glass, George Walters and Perry's Heirs.

J. Z. BROWNING,
GEORGE WALTERS,
RAMSEY BROWNING,
1 21 5 Petitioners.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at Aaron Beachy's, on the National road, thence through the lands of Chas. Leese, Samuel Baker, Perry Durst, James Fresh and others, intersecting the county road Northwest to Christian Orendorph and road leading to Oakland and Accident, near Mrs. Helrich's.

JOEL BEACHY,
JAMES P. WILEY,
AARON BEACHY,
S. D. YODER,
1 14 4t Petitioners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, vs. George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a.

No. 138 Adm'r. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, By the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Maryland, this 12th day of January, 1888, that the sale of a part of the real estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, as made by George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a., to Henry Russell and Sarah A. Drummond, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February, 1888, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county for at least three consecutive weeks on or before the 7th day of February next.

The report shows the amount of sales to be $250.00.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Register Wills.

True copy—Test:
1 21 3 SAMUEL LAWTON, Register.

D. T. E. CASTEEL,

—DEALER IN—

PURE DRUGS,

MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

PATEMT MEDICINES, BRUSHES, COMBS, Etc.

—AND A FULL LINE OF—

TOILET AND FANCY GOODS.

—:o:—

We carry the most complete stock in town of Plain and Fancy Stationery, Writing Padi, &c. Fine Gravely Tobacco, and finest line of Cigars in Western Maryland. Daily receiving supplies of finest Candies and Confectioneries. A full line of Fishing Rods, Hooks, Fish Baskets, &c., &c.

☞ PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED FROM PURE DRUGS. ☜

Jan. 29, 1887.—6 m.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to alter the public road lately located from Wilson's Store to Swanton, said road beginning at Wilson's Store running through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro., Perry Spiker, Jos. R. Anderson, J. H. Harshberger, J. C. Beckman, and Rudolph Beckman, and intersecting the Swanton road at the old McRoble place. The proposed alteration to be as follows: To change the location of the aforesaid public road from where it is now located, so as to run from the Northwest corner of John C. Beckman's land on the Swanton road and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright, a distance less than two miles, to the Spring drain near the "Hogan" place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store.

J. F. FRIEND,
A. FAIRALL,
R. M. FAIRALL,
1 21 5 J. D. ASHENFELTER.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you reader, can do it as well as any one. Write us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

SHAVING EMPORIUM.

GEORGE W. MOTON,

The Physiognomical Hair Cutter and Ecstatic Shaver, will always be found on Railroad street, next door to the Democratic office. The room has been thoroughly renovated, papered and painted. I make a specialty of Ladies' Hair Cutting and Bangs.

10 22 tf GEORGE WALTER MOTON.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting do timber in Garrett county, Md., without ission of the owner of the land, is the s , under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for felo sly *stealing* goods or chatels to the val of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE PREACHER.

A preacher has no E Z time;
In D D works alway,
And with an X T C sublime
To battle sin's R A.

His sermons must X L in jokes,
Or L C can not keep
Awake the great X S of folks
Who C K chance to sleep.

Sometimes to A K sleeping man
He pounds with N R G;
Is K C tries another plan
He makes an N M E.

In case U R A sinner smart
He'll C Q out and pray
Until he melts your I C heart
And stops your soul's D K.

If in old A J preacher can
Not fill the M T pews,
His flock N K J younger man—
A wrong we can't X Q's.

A C T preacher has, no doubt,
A princely sal R E,
While some, to E K living out,
Depend on char I T.

A perfect life he must S A
To do us N E good,
For other Y Z can't convey
The holy A D should.

E'en when in P C leads apart
A spirit U L life,
S K P can't the poisoned dart
Of N V and of strife.

—*H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.*

BIG BEN.

His Cruelty to a Helpless Boy and What Came of It.

Were we afraid of Big Ben?

Well, yes, to a certain limit. There were five of us in a bit of cabin out in the silver country, and Big Ben was boss of the ranch for several reasons. First and foremost, he was too much for any one of us single handed, and, secondly he had many good points about him. While he was overbearing and brutal at times, he was the best miner in the party, and no bad luck could discourage him. With any one else as boss we should have scattered at once, for the winter was coming on and we had been down on our luck all the fall.

"Break up! Hunt for luck!" sneered Big Ben whenever any thing was said about abandoning our claim. "Well, you are a lot of coyotes—a cussed bad lot. You haven't got the pluck of a sick wolk. I'd like to see some of you try to walk off and leave me in the lurch—yes, I would. Curse your eyes! but I'll turn to and lick the hull crowd out of your boots if I hear another growl."

Big Ben insulted us a dozen times a day, and on three or four occasions he laid hands on us in a violent way, but somehow we stuck there. As I told you, he was a practical miner, the hardest worker in the lot, and we leaned on him in spite of the fact that we hated him. We could have shot him down in some of the quarrels, and the verdict would have been: "Served him right;" but we knew that he had a good heart down in his bosom, and the hand which clutched knife or pistol was always restrained.

One afternoon, while I was minding the cabin and the other men were at work in the tunnel or shaft, a stranger entered. He had come up from the Forks, three miles away. He was a boy of sixteen or thereabouts, with a girl's voice and shyness, and he was hungry and in rags. It was bitter cold, and yet his clothing was of the thinnest kind, and he had hungered so long that he was hardly more than a shadow. I welcomed and fed and warmed him, and then he told me that his name was Charley Bland, and that he had wandered out there to look for his brother James, from whom he had received no word for two or three years. They were orphans, and both had been bound to farmers in Illinois. Both had been ill used, and Charley had finally followed James' example in running away. This boy had been knocking around the silver camps for six months, sometimes meeting friends and sometimes treated like a dog, and he had found no trace of his brother. Some one down at the gulch—it was a cruel thing to do—had told him that James was at our camp, and he had periled his life to come up there and see. On that day, as I shall never forget, there was a foot of snow on the ground, a blizzard raging, and the thermometer marked ten degrees below zero.

The boy was asleep when the men returned from the shaft. Big Ben was out of sorts at the way things had been going, and no sooner did he see and hear the lad than he called out:

"He can't stay here another hour. We don't run a poorhouse, and we let no baby-faced swindler eat our hard-earned provisions."

"I'll work. I'll work as hard as ever I can," protested the boy with a sob in his throat.

"There's no work for you. You've got to move on to the camp above."

The four of us protested in chorus, and we took such a firm stand that deadly weapons were drawn, and would have been used but for the action of the boy. He was terribly frightened over the row he had been the innocent cause of, and as the four of us had our pistols leveled at Big Ben and meant to shoot if he moved a foot, the boy opened the cabin door and glided out into the dark and bitter night with the silence and swiftness of a shadow.

"You are his murderer," we said to Big Ben as we lowered our weapons, and he growled:

"Curse him! If we took in every straggler we should be crowded out of house and home before New Year's. What is it to us whether he lives or dies?"

I think he felt conscience-stricken within the hour, however, as he went to the door and acted as if he hoped to see the lad standing outside. The boy had been gone half an hour before we fully realized what his going meant, and then two of us went out with the lantern and searched and called for him. The snow was being whirled about in a furious manner, and the wind was rising to a gale, and the bitter cold drove us back after a quarter of an hour. It was true that we had little enough to eat, and that we were cramped in our cabin, but the idea of driving that pale-faced orphan boy out to freeze was something we could not get over. It was just the thing needed to set us up in rebellion against our boss, and that night we threw off the yoke and gave it to Big Ben right and left. We had two or three rows before bedtime, and all turned in sulky and indignant.

Whew! But what a night that was! The cold increased until the rocks were split, and the wind roared until our cabin threatened to topple over at every blast. At midnight Big Ben crept carefully out of his bed and opened the door, and then I almost forgave him for his brutality. Conscience had been at work, and his heart was touched. He hoped to find the boy crouched on the threshold, and I heard him sigh and mutter to himself as he shut the door and returned to his blankets. The strongest man in our party, clad as we were for the winter, could not have stood against that blizzard half an hour, and I fell asleep to dream of finding poor Charley's frozen corpse on the trail leading down to the Forks, and of his big blue eyes being wide open and staring at me in a reproachful way.

For breakfast next morning we had some canned meat—opened a new can from our slim store. We thawed it out, and all ate our full shares, and were on the point of starting out to search for the boy when one of the men was taken ill. Inside of half an hour all of us were down with pains and cramps, and it was evident that we had been poisoned by the meat. We had no antidote of any sort, and one after another went to bed to suffer the most agonizing pains and to lose consciousness. Big Ben was the hardest hit of all, while I, perhaps, suffered the least. That is, while all the others raved and shouted and lost their senses, I was all the time dimly conscious of every thing going on. The blizzard was still raging, and the thermometer was marking a still lower degree when the door opened and Charley walked in. I saw him, but I was flighty, and it seemed to me that he was dead. I remember his looking down upon each of us in a strange, scared way, and starting to retreat when one of the men shouted a louder curse.

I was the first to come back to life, as it were, and that was twenty-four hours after being first taken. The pains were gone as I opened my eyes, but I was weak and wretched, like one just over a terrible fever. The boy Charley was standing before me as I opened my eyes, and he bent down and whispered:

"You have all been terribly sick, and I think one man is dead. Can you eat something?"

I did feel a bit hungry, and I had no sooner signified it then he came to me with a bowl of broth. As I afterward learned, the storm had driven a couple of hares to seek shelter at the door, and he had secured both of them. He did not know the cause of our sickness, but suspected some calamity, and was prepared to feed us as soon as we could eat. It seemed that when Big Ben drove him out he stumbled into the ravine a quarter of a mile away, and found shelter under a ledge. How he kept from freezing to death that night heaven only knows. Indeed, heaven preserved him. It froze our water pail solid when standing within six feet of the fire, and there he was, out in the cold in a threadbare suit. When morning came he returned to the cabin to make one more appeal. He found us suffering and out of our minds, and the fire about gone out. Had it not been for him we should have frozen stiff as pokers, for on that day it was thirty-one degrees below zero all day long, and it went down almost to forty degrees when night came on.

The boy kept up a rousing fire, dressed his rabbits for soup, and all day and all night long he kept forcing strong coffee down our throats. That doubtless helped us to pull through, or at least four of us. The other man, whose name was Hale, had his teeth firmly clenched, and from the way his features were distorted and his limbs drawn up it was evident that he died in great agony. In a couple of hours I was able to be up and assist Charley in caring for the others, but it was far into night before the last man could use his tongue in a sensible manner. It was Big Ben, and when consciousness returned and he saw the white-faced boy bending over him the great tyrant whispered:

"Aye! The corpse of the lad has risen up to confront and accuse me! It was a cruel thing I did to drive him out, and the Lord will never forgive me for it!"

While out of danger we were yet weak and almost helpless, and none of us could attend the fire or do a bit of cooking for nearly a week. The whole work devolved upon the boy, and no one could have done better. He was cook, nurse, doctor and protector, all in one. He got three more hares and a couple of birds, and I don't believe a spoonful of the broth went down his own throat.

Well, I, for one, had been watching Big Ben to see what he would do. The first moment he was able to sit up he called Charley and pulled the frail little fellow down on his breast, saying:

"If you'll only forgive me I'll pray to the Lord to do the same. I'm rough and wicked, but to turn a lad like you out o' doors on such a night as that wasn't me at all. Old Satan must have had possession of me."

That great big fellow cried like a child, and Charley cried with him, and I might as well own up that we all cried. What made it more solemn was the fact that we had a corpse at the door. When it was known that Hale was dead, none of the other four of us could lift a hand. How the boy got body out of doors I never could understand, but get it out he did, and it was three long months before we could give it Christian burial.

On the morning when we got out of bed feeling pretty strong again, Charley went to bed with a fever, and before noon was raving crazy. I tell you it was awful to hear him cry out every few minutes in his delirium:

"O, Ben, don't drive me out. I'll work. I'll work as hard as I can!"

Every cry went through the big fellow like a bullet. He nursed and soothed the poor boy with all the tenderness he could command, and two or three times carried him about in his arms as a father would his ailing babe. There was a doctor at the Forks, and after dinner Big Ben braved the blizzard and made the trip down and back. The doctor could not be induced to return with him, owing to the cold, but he sent some medicine. Poor Charley was beyond human aid, however. He raved through the afternoon and night, and next morning was struck with death. His mind came back to him at the last, and as we stood over him he calmly said:

"I know I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid. I'll see father and mother in Heaven, and perhaps Brother James is there too."

While we all felt bad enough, Big Ben was completely broken down. He got down on his knees and begged Charley to forgive him, and I never saw a man feel the bitterness of an act as he did.

"Yes, I'll forgive you," replied the boy, "and if you pray to God, He'll forgive, too. Has it come night so soon again?"

"No, my child," answered one of the men.

"But I can't see any of you any more. Good-by. Let me take your hand, for——"

And with that he breathed his last, and there were two to rest in the snow until spring came. Did you ever hear of "Charley's Gulch?" Yes, of course you have, and if you have passed that way you have seen the boy's grave. The head board contains only the name—cut deep by Big Ben's knife—but the story of the boy's heroism has been told in every mining camp in Nevada, and it has never been told without bringing moisture to the eyes of all listeners.—*N. Y. Sun.*

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Auriferous Deposits in the Dead Rivers of the Western Sierras.

California will continue, as in the past, one of the chief gold-producing countries in the world. A prolific source of its future mineral wealth will be the dead rivers which abound in the lower western Sierras. A dead river is a channel once occupied by a running stream, but now filled and covered with gravel, or earthy or rocky matter. The dead rivers of California became such mainly through volcanic causes. This fact is nowhere more apparent than in the eastern part of Butte County, where merely a glance at the topography plainly reveals a horizontal stratum of lava in places several hundred feet in thickness that in some past age has spread over the country, crushing obstructions, filling depressions and burying a channel system as complete and extensive as the water system of to-day. This great overflow of lava came from active volcanoes, presumbly the Lassen Buttes.

Since hydraulic mining has been declared illegal, more attention is being paid to drift-gravel mining than ever before. By drift-gravel mining is meant the following of the subterranean channel by tunnel or incline, and the extraction only of the gold-bearing gravel. This mode of mining precipitates no perceptible debris upon the low lying agricultural lands, and in every case where conducted with judgment and discretion is proving remunerative in the highest degree. Appearances indicate unwonted activity in channel mining. The suppression of the ruinous system of hydraulic mining, with the increased knowledge which miners are acquiring of dead rivers, together with rich results recently realized from drift-gravel mines, all combine to direct attention to this particular branch of mining. A field of universal promise seems to be developing in Butte Country. Big Bend, the largest riverbed mine in the world, will start full force in the spring—sufficient tests have already been made to insure success. The famous Magalia mine, a few miles distant, which has yielded fabulous returns in the past, has just emerged from several years' litigation and is making ready to resume operations. The Aurora mine, a valuable and extensive property close to the Magalia and on the same channel, is about ready to start. A number of other rich claims in the Magalia ridge locality, which have only been awaiting intelligent development, are likely soon to receive attention from investors. All of which would seem to indicate that channel mining in Butte County is going to assume an importance hitherto undreamed of.—*Sacramento Bee.*

THE RAMADAN FEAST.

A Month Which Faithful Moslems Spend in Prayer and Fasting.

Ramadan—that terrible month of of daily fasting and mighty feasting—is, like the Chinese new year, governed by the moon. This year, precisely at the moment the new moon became visible, the evening of May 25, Ramadan began and continued throughout the lunar month. The origin of this long fast seems shrouded in mystery, as it is said to have been observed by he fire-worshipers long before Mahomet Ali, who thought the command to all true believers to fast thus eleven months in the year was quite too much to require of mortal flesh; through the Angel Gabriel he therefore besought the Great Spirit to reduce the time one-half. Finding this still a heavy trial, he again interceded and got the time fixed at one lunar month, where it still remains, and no doubt thousands of Mohamedans ardently wish the time much more reduced. By the more intelligent class it is less religously observed each passing year, but to the pious peasantry it still means real penance, as they faithfully abstain from food, drink, and even from the use of tobacco, during the entire day. Even the "Hamals" (who are the real beasts of burden here) are so conscientious about keeping this fast, that, with every nerve quivering with fatigue, and in torment with hunger they will stand with a tempting morsel in hand watching the declining sun patiently waiting until the sunset gong is heard, then devour it in beast-like haste. In homes of affluence the devoutly inclined sit at their tables, with fork or spoon in hand, waiting also for the welcome boom of cannon before they can begin their nightly feasting. As a rule, they turn night into day and vice versa. Still it is supposed some sleep is indulged in, as precisely at twelve o'clock a patrol passes through each street with a large dram, bent upon awakening all sleepers to a midnight feast, which may be prolonged until the morning twilight. Then the mouth must be carefully cleansed and the fast resumed.

When the luxurious liver feels constrained to observe this fast, he is said to resort to many ingenious devices to allay suffering. One of the most successful has been a pill of opium, wrapped in one, two and three, or more coverings of gold foil, all to be swallowed before retiring. As these coverings are gradually dissolved, the opium holds them for long hours in the desired oblivion. It is now said that but few of the aristocracy of Turkey pay any heed to this fast, still they dare not publicly disregard it. The Sultan is credited with setting an example of strict observance. If he does so literally, he must neither eat, drink nor smoke during the long summer day. Even to indulge in a delightful and refreshing perfume is sin.

This month of fasting is supposed to be a "revival season" to the Moslems, in which they are to devote much time to the study of the Koran. Hospitality, alms-giving, prayer and peacefulness are to be especially cultivated. You hear of the rich man standing at his door at sunset to salute and invite to his table the poor who happen to pass by, sending them on their way rejoicing in presents of money; but you see little of this today.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

ARTISTS' OIL COLORS.

Combinations That Are Used in the Production of Paintings.

From the cochineal insect is obtained the gorgeous carmine, as well as the crimson, scarlet and purple lakes. Sepia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Indian yellow is from the urine of the camel. Ivory black and bone black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots barks and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder plant, which grows in Hindustan, is manufactured turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned, it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from umbria, and is also burned.

To these vegetable pigments may probably be added India ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so called—is from the gum of the mastic tree, indigenous to the Grecian archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodides of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermillion, is from quick-silver ore.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The scant crop of potatoes this last year suggests the inquiry whether we do not depend more upon this article of diet than its nutritive value warrants. We are apt to think it indispensable in some form, at least at breakfast and dinner, and yet the ratio of carbonaceous or heat-producing matter it contains is nearly twice as great in proportion to the nitrogenous matter as it should be to constitute a perfectly healthful food.

TEMPERANCE READING.

TRUE VICTORY.

He stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits you a royal welcome
From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nought to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
It's only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer;
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward!"
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banned by his baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice,

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight—
All guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

—*M. A. Maitland in N. Y. Observer.*

BEING RUINED BY RUM.

The Fearful Destruction of the Traffic in the Congo Free State — What the Churches Should Do.

The greed of avarice is remorseless, and when unrestrained, amazing. It blunts moral perception, robs the soul of humane feelings, stifles conscience, defies God, and hazards the retribution of eternity with an air of supreme indifference and thoughtless levity. What a record the grasping traders, who sent in the year 1885 over ten million gallons of the vilest liquors to the wretched Africans along the Congo, have made for themselves only the books of judgment to be opened at the last day can reveal. These traders indulge in no uneasy reflections of personal responsibility, nor experience any concern for the wholesale physical misery and moral havoc with which their infamous business is cursing millions of a helpless and heathenish race. It is simply useless to argue and remonstrate with the distributing agents of intoxicating liquors. The public sentiment of Christendom must be aroused to hold such enemies of mankind in check. And to this end the facts must get a hearing; and what are some of the facts?

Unfortunately, the negro, like the Indian, takes naturally to fire-water. He welcomes it above every thing else that civilization can offer. He loves the frenzied excitement and brutal orgies into which it throws him. When rum is at hand he deliberately abandons work and surrenders himself to debauchery and drunken savagery until the supply is exhausted. It is dearer to him than cloth, beads, gilt wire and all other things. Indeed, some of the caravans going from the stations along the Congo to the interior, found that without rum they could not make exchanges at all with the natives; and when the rum gave out they had to give up business and return for more. In many places bottles of sprits are used, as currency is among ourselves.

Alcohol takes the place of specie—with this difference, that it doesn't last as specie does. One missionary complains that he finds great difficulty in assembling a sober congregation. Drink demoralizes faster than the Bible can reform the wretched victims of barbarism on the one hand, and of the white man's conscienceless temptations on the other. "To procure it they will join," we are told, "in slave hunts, and massacre their nearest neighbors. Savage by nature, drink makes devils of them, and renders all prospect of raising them vain." The Congo Free State that was founded a few years ago with so much of eager helpfulness and joy, is simply paralyzed by the demon clutch of alcohol. While Christian people are giving freely of their money and prayers and missionary efforts to disenthrall swarming millions from the dense ignorance and superstition and fetichism of heathenism, the liquor manufacturers and dealers from Christian lands are doing the devil's work in awakening a pandemonium of drunkenness around the missionary stations.

How came this appalling state of iniquity to pass? Well, at the Berlin Congress in 1884-5, which assembly, it will be remembered, decided what kind of a government and institutions the six great Powers would guarantee to the Free State of the Congo, it was ordained that free trade in every thing should be a cardinal principle. The United States and Great Britain foresaw that this meant a distribution of rum which would curse and destroy the black man, with his inherent and ungovernable appetite for it, faster than all the benefits of civilization could improve him; and so they protested against it. But the German and Dutch distillers anticipating the immense revenues which such a field promised, put in their plea, and, alas! won the day.

And they are reaping the enormous profits. Of the 10,000,000 gallons of drugged liquors exported from Christian nations in 1885 to the Congo, 8,000,000 went from Germany and the Netherlands! New England sent 737,650 gallons, and Great Britain only 311,384, and yet that was far too much. Meanwhile the doom of the poor negro is fixed unless the conscience and pity of Christendom shall unite to introduce a new order of things into his Free State. The treaties and arrangements of the Berlin Congress were to run for twenty years, but so beastly is the African's use of whisky that he will be hopelessly ruined in body and brain as well as soul by the end of this period, if there be no mitigation in the cause of his destruction. Christians, while not lessening their missionary zeal, must do something more. The churches should band together to influence the Prime Ministers and officers of the Great Powers to restrict free trade in "fire-water," and this as soon as possible.—*Christian at Work.*

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

The Seller and the Drinker Sharers in a Temptation that Works Both Ways.

See that young man go reeling home to his mother—drunk. Look in at this other home smitten with poverty; see the man, who might have made it beautiful and happy as "the field which the Lord hath blessed," as with wild eye and nervous hand he slams open the door; see—but do not look too closely at the face of the wife which struggles so to conceal the infinite pangs of shame and sorrow and dread that burn within. Glance at—but in the name of all that is pure and sweet in life, don't read too carefully—the "crime-sweepings of the world" which so largely fill the pages of the morning dailies. Now, who does all this? Who is responsible for it?

Some say the saloon does it, and forthwith curse the saloon as the *summum malum*, the one supremely bad thing allowed to exist among us. Others say, the drinker himself is the guilty wretch, and hold him to be responsible for the ruin he has wrought and for all the anguish in the other hearts that ache because of his self-wreck and shame. Did he not know, before he touched the intoxicating cup, the possible demon that lurked within it? But why ask whether the liquor-seller or the liquor-dealer is the guilty party?

An earnest and intelligent Temperance man in this State, writing of the value of law as an educator, and of the necessity of holding the drinker, as well as the seller, responsible for his crime, says a law on our statute-books prohibiting drunkenness would be as if we employed heralds whose duty it should be to cry daily and hourly in every city, in every village, in the highways and by-ways: "Remember, young men, the guilt of drinking to intoxication; beware of taking the first step on the road that leads to drunkenness." Were it a crime, he adds, to drink to intoxication, all men who furnish the liquor either for money or gratuitously, would be treated as a party to the crime.

There are in Chicago, with a population of over 800,000, over 4,000 saloons. Any census which should gather up the list of drunkards and of drink-cursed homes in this city would present a hideous, an awful picture. If there were no drinkers, undoubtedly there would be no saloons. Is it then the drinkers who make the saloons? Partly. But remember, it is equally true that the saloons make the drunkards. "The devil tempted me," said Eve. The Tempter is bar-tender in every saloon. Even of books it is said that "books are not bought; they are sold." Take, for example, even such a book as General Grant's "Memoirs," more than half a million copies of which were sold. Does anybody imagine that any such number would have been bought had the book merely been put upon the shelves of the book store? It was the organized system of canvassing agents who, taking the book from house to house, sold it, when otherwise it would never have been bought. The same thing is largely true of intoxicating liquors. No other form of traffic, trade or business is pushed with more enterprise. And every saloon is a systematized temptation, an organized conspiracy against every thing that is good. The business is wicked, devilish, criminal. As the Supreme Court of the United States has just affirmed, the State has a perfect right to extinguish the business, and to do this summarily as it would abate any other nuisance. But the temptation works both ways; each party, seller and drinker, is tempter to the other. Not one or the other is guilty; both are responsible.—*Chicago Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE women of Connecticut report that out of 365 churches canvassed, 240 of them use only unfermented wine at communion.

A LAW has been passed in Waldeck, Germany, forbidding the granting of a marriage license to a person addicted to the liquor habit.

THE statistics show that retailers of liquor realize a profit of 133⅓ per cent. on the investment. This statement should set consumers to thinking.—*Central Baptist.*

BELGIUM, with a population of but little over five and a half millions, is said to have no fewer than 288 distilleries and 140,000 drink-shops. Belgium is suffering from hard times.

SOME doctor in London has written a book in which he gives prescriptions of various kinds. Spurgeon says of some of them: "We differ from the doctor in his permission and prescription of stimulants. If these things are injurious to persons in health they must be rank poison to the sick.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A FUNNY THING.

Yes, I have it in my pocket;
But nobody put it there.
If you take it from my pocket
It will not be anywhere.

Curious thing this in my pocket,
Something odd, it's smaller still;
Yet you can, by adding nothing,
Make it larger if you will.

Funny thing this in my pocket,
Holding there its given space;
If you like, a second something
Easily fills the selfsame place.

This odd thing within my pocket,
Just its like was never seen,
Yet a hundred million billion
Of its kind have often been.

This queer thing within my pocket
(Don't tell any living soul;
It's a great, a wondrous secret):
This strange thing is just—a hole.

—*Mary H. Vandyne, in Harper's Young People.*

OUR TIGER.

How He Buried the Kittens and Cared for the Lambs—Always on Hand for the Right Tram.

Now, dear children, do not expect a terrible story of a wild animal, for our Tiger was only a dog.

When Jennie and I were little, we teased our papa for a dog to play with, and one night our hearts were made glad by his bringing one home to us. It had been living in one of the large freight depots in Boston, and had been so teased by little urchins, that often lounge about such places, that he was fast getting to be very cross and snappish, so it was thought best to get rid of him.

He never outgrew his dislike for boys, and would not allow them to touch him at all, but would often chase them, and sometimes bite them if they came on the premises. This hatred extended even to the youngest children, and from a little boy baby he would walk away in disgust, while he would allow a little girl to pull him about without a word of complaint.

At one time we had an old cat which was determined to rear her three little kittens in the closet of mamma's room. The kittens were repeatedly carried back to the cellar, and as often Mistress Puss would find some way to take her family back to the closet. Tiger had evidently been watching the whole operation, and decided to take affairs into his own hands, as you will see when I tell you what happened.

One day, Bridget, the cook, saw him go through the ki chen with something in his mouth. She followed carefully after him, and what do you think she found? You can not guess, I know, so I will tell you. Tiger had brought down the kittens, one by one, in his mouth, and carried them into the back yard, where having dug a hole for each, they had been placed, and carefully covered with dirt. Bridget rushed into the house, and said to us: "Oh! do come out in the yard, Tiger has made a cat's cemetery." We hurried out to see what she could mean, and found her words were true. There stood Tiger looking at his work, seeming to feel very proud to think he had found such an effectual way of keeping the kittens out of mamma's closet.

Tiger was not always so cruel as this, but sometimes showed great fondness for other animals. My papa kept many sheep, and one spring there were two little lambs born that were disowned by the mother sheep. Of course it would not do to let the little things die for want of care, so they were brought to the woodshed, and put under my mamma's protection. They were soon named Dicky and Biddy, and being fed often with warm milk from a bottle, they grew rapidly. From the first Tiger showed a great liking for the pet lambs, and would stretch himself out on the floor by the side of the basket, where he would remain for hours at a time.

One day after Dicky and Biddy had grown quite strong he got them out of the basket on to the floor. How this was accomplished we could never quite tell, but I am quite sure they had some way of making each other understand, so that he coaxed, persuaded and encouraged them to go beyond the narrow limits of the basket, and see more of the world. After a while they were not contented to roam about the shed, but extended their journeys to the yard, and sometimes away down the street.

This last habit would have proved a very troublesome one to us, if it had not been for Tiger's assistance in bringing them back. We had but to say: "Tiger! Dicky and Biddy have run away. Go find them," and away he would dash down the street after them. When he overtook them they would all stand for a few minutes as though there were an explanation of the case being given, and then he would turn around and run home with both lambs meekly following him. I have watched him many times, and I never knew him fail to bring them back.

My papa used to go to Boston every day and return at evening on the horse-cars, and Tiger could usually be found at the gate to meet him. Although these cars were constantly passing the house, Tiger never made the mistake of going to meet an earlier or a later train, but a few minutes before the customary time for my papa's arrival, Tiger could be seen going leisurely down the walk to be in readiness for the expected greeting.

At last Tiger commenced to get old, and did not like the active sports of his youthful days, but much preferred to stay in the house and lie by the fire. I ing fond of the company of the fami /, he would often creep into the sitting-room, and quietly settle himself on the hearth-rug, when mamma would sometimes say: "There is some one here whose room is better than his company." Without another word Tiger would get up, and, with tail down, and a sidelong glance at mamma, he would sneak in a crest-fallen manner, to the door to be let out. Finally when he got to be quite old he was sick and died, and it was one of the sad days of my childhood, when we buried him under the apple tree in the orchard.—*Cora E. Dike, in Pansy.*

THE SILLY PERCH.

They Would Not Heed Their Mother's Warning—A Fable.

"Do not go so far away, children; come back, come back!" cried Mrs. Perch, in a warning voice. "Keep in the river where it is always deep and safe, and don't swim out into the shallow water."

"Oh! but mother, why should we stay here when there is the whole world to roam in? See, everything is covered with water."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! it is nothing of the kind; there has been a heavy rain, and the river has overflowed its banks, that is all."

"Oh! let us go, mother," pleaded the children; "there is plenty of water for us to swim in, and everybody else is going."

"But who knows whether you will ever come back?" replied Mrs. Perch, shaking her head wisely. "What is water to-day may be green fields tomorrow, and then where will you be, my dears? Gasping out your little lives on the grass, without one drop to cool your poor dry tongues. No, no; stay quietly in the river with me."

The young perch looked unhappy, and swam moodily to and fro, longing to dart away into the broad expanse of water which stretched out on eit er side. Just then a large jack came sailing pompously along, and as he passed the others he said, in his deep bass voice:

"What are you young things waiting for? Come, come; don't bury your talents in a hole when the world lies before you. Everybody is drowned, and we shall never be interfered with again. Don't waste your time; come along!" and with a majestic whisk of his tail swam onwards.

"Do not believe him; he does not know any thing about it," cried Mrs. Perch, anxiously. "Stay with me, children, I entreat you!" But she spoke to deaf ears, for all the young perch were rushing frantically after the jack, and she was left alone.

Away, away, as fast as they could swim, to take possession of the kingdom of waters; was it not true that the whole world was theirs?

But, alas! for the beautiful dream. It lasted but a few short days, and then sad was the fate of those who had put their faith in it.

The floods subsided as rapidly as they had risen; the fields in their emerald mantles became once more visible, and the little perch, not having time to get back to the river, all died for lack of water.—*Little Folks.*

An Indian's Sagacity.

In one of the Western States was a small village of white people.

One of these people came home one day and found that somebody had stolen a large piece of meat that had hung up by his door. His neighbors were sorry for his loss, and were talking with him about it, when an old Indian came along and asked what was the matter. They told him and he went to the place where the meat had hung, and looked about carefully. Then he spoke: "I do not know who stole your meat," said he, "but I can tell you what sort of a man he was. He was a white man. He was short, and lame in one leg. He had a dog and a gun."

Of course they all wondered how the Indian knew.

"I know he was short," said the Indian, "because he moved up this block to stand upon in order to reach the meat. I know he was lame, because one foot left a lighter mark than the other when he walked. I know he was a white man, because he turned out his toes; and I know he had a dog and gun, because here are the dog's tracks and the mark of the gun in the ground where he stood it up against the house."

Then he told them which way the thief had gone, and they followed, and caught him, and got the meat back again.

That Indian knew how to use his eyes better than the white people.—*Little Men and Women.*

—"How much will one of these turkeys cost in a sack suit?" "I'm too busy to joke, young man." "Where's the joke? That card in the window says 'full-dressed turkeys 20 cents a pound.'"—*New Haven News.*

—"Come now, be frank and tell me your opinion of my literary work." "I'm afraid it would make you angry." "Not a bit of it. Tell me what you think of it." "Haven't I just told you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—Dumley (timidly, for he is behind with his board)—I—er—think, Mrs. Hendricks, that this milk is a trifle sour. Landlady (freezingly)—Jane, pass Mr. Dumley the sugar.

—A little boy being reproved on Sunday morning for having a dirty face retorted: "Well, I wored dis face to Sun'ay 'cool, anyhow."—*Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.*

—Wife—Why, the papers says that Thomas Eaton died at the dinner-table on Thanksgiving day! Husband—"Ah, I see; he was born Eaton and died eatin'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The hammering of brass in a Philadelphia decorative art society has been enjoined. The rural peace and quietness of the town must be preserved.

—The thermometer has shown but forty-eight degrees in Greenland thus far this winter, and the inhabitants talk of advertising the country as a Florida resort for invalids.

—First Arcola Man—"What is your opinion of Anarchy?" Second Arcola Man—"It's just the thing. I'm a base ball player, and rub myself with it every night to take out the soreness."—*Arcola Record.*

—Some one asks: "Does it pay to be good?" Perhaps our evidence in the matter will not be taken, and so we shall not answer the question directly, but we will say that is good to be paid.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—When a lady enters a crowded street car she should not rush for the front end at once, as she invariably does, but turn and look at the men on the end of the seats. They get them because they know they are safe.

—"Pa," said little Johnny, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "From what she said to-day." "And what was that?" "She said that if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A Yankee Captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued, badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that position, he replied: "I thought he would make about forty barrels."—*Exchange.*

—A grocer at Lafayette, Ind., stored twenty-five tons of groceries on a floor made to hold up fifteen tons, and was the most surprised man in town when everything gave way with a crash. He had never figured on pressure and resistance.

—"Dress," said Bagley, with all the force of an original idea, "does not make a man." "No," replied Pompano, gloomily, as he fingered his wife's dressmaker's bill he had just received, "but it often breaks a man."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A fatal mistake: Father—"Jennie, why do you snub that little girl with whom you were formerly so friendly?" Jennie—"She is mad at me." "Why is she mad at you?" "Because I forgot one day, and said she was an old friend of mine."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"What is the price of that tea?" she asked of the guileless grocer. "One dollar 'narf, marm," was the response. "Is not that too steep?" was the next question, and the G. replied: "Yes, marm, that's what they do with it."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—"Zedekiah, I saw you coming out of that saloon on the corner, this afternoon," said a woman to her husband. She spoke with chilling severity, but Zedekiah rallied, and exclaimed, with an air of innocent surprise: "Well, my dear, you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—"No, it isn't so much the confinement and hard labor that I regret," sadly said the bank embezzler who had just been sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary; "it is the breaking up of all my cherished church associations of the last fifteen years. That is hard to bear—very hard."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"Do you intend to try housekeeping?" asked one traveling man of another as they were discussing their plans. "O, yes, will try it. We've got the place, and there are only fifteen or twenty payments due and a couple of outside mortgages on it, but we shall nevertheless do our best to keep the house."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The Dignity of Art: He—"Are you doing any painting now, Miss Glaize?" She—"No, I'm not painting; I'm working in pastel." He—"Pastel? What's that?" She—"O, colored chalks, you know; the best effects are got with the tip of the finger." He—"O, I know; I've seen the men doing it on the pavements. Awfully jolly!"—*Fun.*

—The earthquake of last year left deep pits in the land between Charleston and Summerville, and on the margins of these was white sand, such as is seldom found except near the seashore. On this sand has sprung up a dense growth of sea-weeds, and it is conjectured that the seeds whence sprung this growth had been buried at a great depth for many centuries.

—The deepest coal mine in America is in Pottsville, Pa. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep. From its bottom, almost a third of a mile down, 200 cars, holding four tons each, are lifted every day. They are run upon a platform, and the whole weight of six tons is hoisted at a speed that makes the head swim, the time occupied in shifting a full car being only a little more than a minute. The hoisting and lowering of men into coal mines is regulated by law in that State, and only ten can stand on a platform at once, under penality of a heavy fine.

—The interesting fact is stated that so indestructible by wear or decay is the African teakwood that vessels built of it have lasted one hundred years, to be then only broken up because of their poor sailing qualities from faulty models. The wood, in fact, is one of the most remarkable known, on account of its very great weight, hardness and durability, its weight varying from forty-two to fifty-two pounds per cubic foot; it works easily, but on account of the large quantity of silex contained in it the tools employed are quickly worn away. It also contains an oil which prevents spikes and other iron work with which it is in contact from rusting.

A ROYAL SAVAGE.

The Residence of King George, the Ruler of the Tongan Islands.

We called at Tongatuba, the principal island of the Friendly, or Tongan, group, and, learning that the King was then in residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man, of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories. His house, we found, was a very nice-looking two-storied wooden building, close to the sea, and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of cast-iron gates we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be used as a coach house, for there was proudly and snugly stored away the royal buggy; rather an anomalous sight for a palace and a strange position for an equipage of state.

There were no signs of life about the place, and failing to wake any one by repeated knocks at the front door, we decided to circumnavigate the establishment, and did so, finding it chill and lifeless everywhere till we came to a row of cool houses and upon a curious sight. There, in the veranda of one of them, squatted an ancient and dusky person, with only a scant cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman who was literally plastering it with lime. As soon as the curious pair became aware of our presence the process in operation was arrested, and, perceiving this, we were about to address them to explain our presence and ask a few questions, when the gentleman of the limy head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very oily and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than his majesty the King.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment, with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table—one chair a little higher than the rest, acting, no doubt, as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on the red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatting on the floor between.

The King, seen at closer quarters, was really a noble specimen of a semi-savage, standing quite six feet four inches, of wonderfully well proportioned and athletic build, upright as a dart, and moving grandly in spite of his advanced age.—*London Globe.*

WOULDN'T INTERFERE.

A Mother-in-Law Who Knows How to Keep Her Tongue from Wagging.

"No," said old Mrs. Dragon, who had just arrived for her visit at the home of her newly acquired son-in-law, Chauncy Breene, "No, I don't believe in mothers-in-law interfering in the affairs of their married children. I've always said that I never would, and I—why, Hattie Breene, you ain't using your best silverware every day, I hope."

"Yes, mamma, Chauncy likes it."

"O, he does; well, it makes an awful sight of work scouring it, and you know you ain't extra strong. But, as I was saying, I don't believe in—Hattie, I hope you don't try to keep that baby dressed in white *all the time!*"

"Yes, mamma dear; Chauncy dislikes colors on a baby."

"O, well, I suppose the child must wear white, then; but it must make your wash bills awful heavy. However, as I was saying—Chauncy, if I was you I'd speak to the butcher about leaving so much fat on the steak."

"Chauncy likes it that way, mamma."

"O, does he? Well, he'd better learn not to like it; it's unhealthy. You oughtn't to put sugar in tomatoes, Hattie; they're healthier without."

"But mamma, Chauncy——"

"O, if *he* likes them so, of course it's no affair of mine. But *I* won't eat them that way. Seems to me I smell tobacco smoke."

"I guess it's Chauncy's cigar smoke, mamma."

"He doesn't smoke *in the house?*"

"Why, yes, he—he—does—mamma."

"Mercy on us! I wonder the baby lives through it. But, of course, it's his own house and—Chauncy don't you think Hattie looks thin and pale? I noticed soon as I saw her. Hattie, you make your coffee entirely too strong."

"Chauncy, likes it so, and——"

"That's just what makes his color so bad and you know very well that you oughtn't to touch it. Chauncy, that baby mustn't wear spring heels yet. I'll change these boots you brought home this evening. And you and Hattie make a mistake in feeding the child as you do. I'll see to it's diet hereafter; and I think I must speak to your provision man about the meat and potatoes. And I think, Hattie, that your servant needs a little looking after. And, Chauncy, I'm afraid you burn too much gas, and I'm sure the furnace wastes coal. If I can find a good carpenter around here I'd like to change some of these doors. I don't believe in meddling mothers-in-law, but it's a real help sometimes to have a little advice, isn't it, children?"—*Zenas Dane, in Detroit Free Press.*

—Give the sheep a variety of food and improve their condition and the flavor of the mutton.

A STITCH IN TIME.

Cases in Which Medical Aid Is of Most Value in the Early Stages.

In the earliest stages of consumption of the lungs, it is possible to arrest the progress of the affection and secure a return to health by change of climate and of habits of life, together with wisely directed diet, exercise and hygiene generally. But this stage is often permitted to pass without any serious attention being given to it by the patient or his friends. One reason of this is the unreasonable hopefulness that is a mental characteristic of most consumptives. Besides the insignificant cough and slight symptoms of deteriorating health, which are often only to be noticed and given their true value by the experienced physician, do not carry with them any such degree of alarm as they merit. When a profuse hemorrhage occurs the feeling of security may give way to the alarm that has been felt before. Any persistent cough should be attended to before it is too late to do good. As in all diseases depending upon a special cause or micro-organism, consumption is not to be cured by drugs alone. It is possible that, as the late Prof. Flint taught, it may be a disease that has a tendency to recover of itself, but if it is "self-limited," it can only be so under the best possible sanitary and hygienic conditions.

An ordinary malarial fever is not, as a rule, dangerous to life. But any case of ague may develop into a pernicious (congestive) intermittent or remittent fever at any time. This it is that renders prompt arrest of the common ague of such great importance. For this reason also treatment by nostrums and domestic remedies too often results in an attack which no form of medication will be competent to cure. The pernicious attacks are almost invariably preceded by ordinary chills, so that when the "congestive" paroxysm does come on no one can say that there was any excuse for calling the doctor too late. Even if pernicious attacks are not developed, the subject of long-continued ague becomes broken in health, is pale, sallow and full of pains of a neuralgic character that makes life miserable; and the longer the disease persists without interruption, the more difficult it is to stop its progress and to cure the results of chronic malarial poisoning.

A large proportion of cases of valvular diseases of the heart originate in acute rheumatism. This disease attacks the joints and such organs as most resemble them in structure. The heart from its continual movements and the white fibrous materials from which it is lined and covered bears a very strong resemblance to a large joint. In rheumatic fever (inflammatory rheumatism) the main danger arises from the tendency the inflammation shows to attack the covering of the heart or the valves to be found between the cavities and at the entrance of the great artery that takes the blood to distribute it all over the body. Experience has demonstrated that the best method to prevent the disease from attacking the heart is to give large quantities of alkalies—the bicarbonates of sodium and of potassium being the best—until the acid material, which appears to be at the basis of rheumatism, is fully neutralized. This is shown by the secretion of the kidneys becoming alkaline in reaction. As long as this is not done and kept up persistently there is danger of heart trouble setting in at any moment. The younger the patient the greater the danger of these complications. Hence the necessity, in every rheumatic case, of prompt and rational treatment.

In nervous, sensitive children, slight causes are sufficient to bring on an attack of convulsions. Thus, some hard indigestible material swallowed, or the presence of worms in the digestive tube, is often enough responsible for these always alarming symptoms. If the cause can be removed, of course this should be done, and the sooner the better. One very cogent reason for the last remark is the fact that after convulsions have occurred a number of times a morbid habit becomes established in the nervous system, which is strong enough by itself to produce a return of the spasms, even after the original exciting cause has been thoroughly removed. When the "fits" return from time to time without apparent reason, we say that the patient has epilepsy, one of the most intractable of diseases. It is in cases of this description, where the cause of the convulsions can be removed, that the physician should not be called too late. If consulted sufficiently early a lifetime of misery, ending in insanity, perhaps, might be changed into one of usefulness.

There are many surgical affections which exemplify the warning this article is intended to convey. Of these cancer and sarcomas afford the best examples. When small, and before they have infiltrated the surrounding tissues or sent colonies into distant organs, if removed by the surgeon's knife they may or may not return. The chances vary a good deal, according to the variety of malignant growth which is under observation and its locality. But removed, and that at as early a date as possible after discovery, offers the best chance for life and freedom from suffering.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—Mr. Waldo (a guest of Mrs. Wabash, of Chicago)—"That is a very odd-looking table-knife, Mrs. Wabash; silver, is it not?" Mrs. Wabash—"Yes, it has been in the family a great many years, and I prize it very highly as an heirloom. I only use it to eat pie with."—*Texas Siftings.*

BEGGING EPISTLES.

Some of the Queer Letters Translated for the President's Benefit.

Perhaps the most curious begging letters to the President are those in foreign languages. The President never sees these in the original. They are sent in batches of nine or ten to Henry L. Thomas, the official translator for the State Department. Mr. Cleveland rarely sees the whole of any of these letters, and seldom any part of them. Translator Thomas runs his learned eye over them, finds out what the request and who the beggar is, and makes a brief note in abstract of each one of the missives. These then go over to the White House to be looked over by the correspondence clerk, and, as the requests are usually even more absurd than those which come written in the English tongue, they are never shown to Mr. Cleveland, except, perhaps, when a particularly funny one drops in and the clerk or Colonel Lamont thinks it would be enjoyed all round. The letters from people who beg in foreign languages average about one a day the year through, but oftener run up to forty a month, then fall to twenty-five. They come both from Europe and America, and are most commonly written in German. Those which come from abroad are the funniest, because the writers display not only their own cranky notions, but the most eccentric ideas of the way in which the government of this country is managed. The authors are frequently foreigners who have had some residence in this country, but also come from persons who have never been here, even on an imaginary geographical trip.

One came only recently from an inventor in France. He wrote to inform the President that he had discovered a new method of facilitating travel by canal. He was sure that his method would make the United States a great deal of money, and he was only waiting to receive the necessary funds for his voyage over. A man in Switzerland wrote asking for money in an imperative way. He put his plea on the ground that the President had once been very kind to his mother, and that on this ground he should take particular pains that her children did not suffer. This letter is like the majority in two respects. It demands money and in a considerable sum, asking $3,000 for the purchase of a house. It evidently came from a man who had lost his wits. Translator Thomas does not like the reading of the epistles when they turn out to be in a large per cent from crazy writers. He finds that it has a tendency to make him melancholy.

Of a more laughable sort are the letters from writers who imagine the President has a minute knowledge of the whole country and its people, like a postmaster in a country town. The man in Spain, whose letter asked Mr. Cleveland if he knew whether his second cousin, who came to this country nearly ten years ago, was still here is a fair sample of its class. A German woman in New York wrote in sober earnest, saying that she understood from the President's message that he had the disposing of a very large surplus of money in the Nation's Treasury, and as she was poor and deserving she thought that in all justice she should have some. The western Germans write queer letters. A man who signed himself Krausskopf and dated his letter Allegan County, Michigan, has been a persistent correspondent of the President ever since he came into office. In spite of never receiving a reply, he has written again and again in ungrammatical misspelled German, demanding a part of the President's salary. He never mentions any particular sum, but is always holding out his hand for a share of it. A boy, evidently a Norwegian from his name, wrote from Minnesota not long ago. He said that he lived by the shore of a lake and was poor. He needed to earn money and was trying to do it by shooting ducks on the lake. He had only an old gun and wished, if it were possible, that the President would send him a rifle.

Mr. Thomas does not always get free from the petitioning foreignor when he leaves his office. It is not long since he was besought fervently by a Greek then staying in the city to bring it about in the State Department that a fine estate in Greece, which he declared belonged to him, should come into his possession. There was not any evidence of his ownership beyond his own statement, but he assured Mr. Thomas that if the State Department could only secure the property Mr. Bayard should have a clear $2,000 for his services. After many assurances that nothing could be done for him, he began to write to the Senators entreating them to interfere in his behalf. There was no satisfaction there, and he tried the same method on the House, asking this body in fact to compel Mr. Bayard to act for him. Rebuffed again, he turned to the Supreme Court. He visited Chief Justice Waite. "What did he say?" was asked of the crank as he returned from this mission. "He would not say a word," was the despairing reply.

Mr. Thomas has held his present position twenty-three years. He is a short, thick-set man, with good-humored face, gray beard, and gray hair closely cropped.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—"Good morning, Mr. Hill. What's the matter with your eye?" Mr. Hill—"O, one of those idiot editors put an *e* in my name instead of an *i*, and I went up to have it out with him." Friend—"Well did you find him in his sanctum-sanctorum?" Mr. Hill—"Yes, I did, and besides having an *i* knocked out of my name, I had an *eye* knocked out of my person. Bad set, those editors."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Make it Rain When You Like.

The remarkable powers and adaptability of the electric current to the uses of society have been further demonstrated by an invention which has at least the charm of novelty. This is nothing more nore less than a patent to open the windows of heaven at the will of man, and Michael Cahill, M. D., of San Francisco, is the inventor.

"I expect to see the sage brush deserts of Nebraska and Nevada under cultivation and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle in a few years," said the doctor.

"By what extraordinary means do you intend to tap the clouds and interfere with the laws of nature?" queried the reporter.

"Simply by a condenser or captive balloon and an electric cable placed wherever the rain is required. I have long believed that rain could be produced by artificial means, and I have worked at this hobby of mine for several years—ever since I left college, in fact. You see, first of all, vapor as it ascends, receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles, or dewdrops, being crowded together, become electrified and float on the air at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept the vesicles by artificial means. What I have invented is a condenser of peculiar shape and construction and connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicle comes into contact with the condenser or current they are broken up and the water forced to the ground with great rapidity. The rain will be produced by the law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becoming chilled the layer of air next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points and thence to the ground."

"You will require a gigantic balloon for such a purpose," was suggested.

"Oh, no. A condenser of about two hundred feet in diameter will bring down something like 25,000,000 gallons a day and as much as would irrigate almost half of this State. The volume of water can be preserved or formed into rivers, whichever may be desired."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Plain Talk.

Dr. Munhall, the Evangelist, in his sermon to men and boys, in Baltimore, recently, among many other startling truths, uttered the following:

"I have seen men made driveling idiots and loathsome diseases transmitted to wife and children. Our organs are so delicate that, if we violate the laws of their construction, we bring swift destruction upon ourselves. If you sow wild oats you will reap them. God will not stop you. Some of you think you'll sow them a while, then settle down and marry a fine girl. You won't do that everytime. Every girl has as much right to sow wild oats as every man. Society allows certain liberties to men who can sin and then be considered respectable, but not to women. I would not wipe my feet on such society. It's as rotten as hell. Your sister has as much right to play the harlot as you. If you take advantage of somebody's sister, somebody may do the same with yours. No girl of good sense would marry a man whom she knew to be so tainted. If you violate the laws of your physical nature, and tainted, marry some girl, your children will be abnormally developed. The stock of a licentious man runs out at the fourth generation. It is the law of God. The children's teeth get on edge from the sour grades. Disease is constitutional. They say intemperance is a giant evil, but the great sin in this country to-day is licentiousness. What is the trouble with France? It is because she takes so little account of the marriage relation. Last year in Paris there were 75,000 illegitimate children. This thing is actually condoned there. In fifty years, in my judgment, if France, in her city life, does not turn away from licentiousness, she will be blotted from the map of Europe.

"Licentiousness is eating up the strength of our young men. Hundreds of them have the evidences of it in their faces, and they are going to hell. If the laws of these genital organs of ours are obeyed, they will produce the sweetest happiness. There is nothing so sweet as a happy home filled with joyous, healthy children. There are two things better than money, a right conscience and a good name. You had better be poor here and rich hereafter. When Commodore Vanderbilt was dying, worth one hundred millions, an old woman came and sang the hymn, "Come ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.' 'Sinner poor and needy?" he asked. 'Yes that's me.' Down in Wall street the question was, 'How much did he leave?' and it was answered, 'He left all he had.' I could wish you might spend all your days here in a poorhouse if you can get to heaven at last. You'll be rich there."

The Western Way.

"You don't fool the farmers of Michigan very much," said a citizen the other day, who had just returned from the interior.

"What was your game?"

"I had none, but along towards night I broke down about three miles from anywhere. I pulled the buggy out of the road, hitched the horse to a fence and hoofed along to the nearest farm house. When I had told my story the farmer said to the hired man:

"John, he may be honest, or he may be after our pork. I'll hold him here with the shotgun while you go and see if his horse and buggy are there.'

"He ordered me to sit down, and then he took a seat in front of me with a gun across his knees, and my every movement was watched until John's return. Then they half believed in me, but as I went to bed my door was locked on the outside, and when I got ready to leave in the morning the farmer took me aside and said:

"'My friend if you're all right you needn't be afraid. If you've got an eye on my horses, however, I want to say that I set two bear traps every night, turn out my three dogs, and John and me sit up all night with shotguns. We are all ready and jist aching to make somebody seasick!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Narrow Escape.

First Omaha burglar—I tell you it's awful the way things are in New England—twenty or thirty women to every man.

Second Omaha burglar—I suppose so. All the meu have come West.

"Yes, that's how it is."

"Did you get much boodle there?"

"Yes; but I had a narrow escape once. I noticed a lot of the finest diamonds you ever saw on a Boston girl just going out of the house to a lecture or something and I watched my chance and got in and hid under her bed. You see I was thinkin' she would be so interested in the lecture she went to that she wouldn't think to look for burglars, you know."

"Yes."

"But when she came in the first thing she did was to look under the bed, and there she saw me."

"Did she scream or faint?"

"She just grabbed me with both hands and held on like grim death."

"Eh? How did you get away?

"I explained to her that I already was married and she let me go."

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.—The following is credited to the Arizona *Howler*: "Tears are in our voice as we record the sudden demise of that esteemed lawyer and good all-around man, Billy Swipem. His taking away by death, the ruthless snatcher, will be regretted as well by the barkeepers as by the bar of our hustling town, which is now experiencing a boom such as it never experienced before. Corner lots are going like hot cakes, and the voice of the tenderfoot is heard in the land. Billy has gone to the sweet far away, and we doubt not his spirit is mingling in sweet converse with the spirits that are there. Immediately after the funeral, which is to take place on Tuesday, the Widow Muldoon's lot, No. 14, section 17, plot 4, will be raffled off at Al. Blodget's saloon, and it is hoped that the boys will give the charming widow a firstclass send-off. The *Howler's* office boy will be there with his trusty pistol to collect back subscriptions, and we bespeak for him a kindly reception."

If the latest advices from China concerning the recent great flood in the Chinese province of Honan are to be accepted as trustworthy, this calamity must be considered as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, ever visited the earth, It is now said that at least three thousand populous villages were completely drowned out, with all their inhabitants. The number of lives lost is now numbered in the millions. A correspondent of one of the London papers, writing of the deluge, says: "I am told in hundreds of instances on the present occasion, when the waters rushed into the cities, sweeping walls, houses and everything down before them, the people refused to stir, and met their deaths with that wonderful indifference which characterizes the Chinese in some cases, for the Celestial is nothing if not a fatalist of the most pronounced and unreasoning type." Doubtless full and accurate accounts of the disaster will be forthcoming soon.

A cat's eyes are said to be largest at midnight. We never made an examination, but we are positive that its voice is about seventeen times larger at that hour than at any other period during the twenty-four.

Another Lincoln Anecdote.

Seymour Custis is one of the characters of Stratford. He went to the war as fifer, and since has been what may be called an ardent working Republican. He comes to Bridgeport nearly every day, and on his last visit told the following anecdote, never before printed:

During the Presidential campaign of 1855, when John C. Fremont was the Republican nominee, Mr. Curtis, in company with James Booth, came to this city to hear Lincoln speak. As Lincoln stepped upon the platform to begin his speech, Booth said to Curtis: "What a homely man: He's the homeliest man I ever saw!" But as Lincoln talked and waxed eloquent, Booth brought his clenched fist down on Curtis' knee (and the latter said he hit hard), and said: "Seymour Curtis, he is not so bad looking, after all! He grows handsomer all the time." At last, with a sledghammer blow of his fist on Curtis' knee, Booth exclaimed: "Curtis, he is the handsomest man I ever saw!"—*New York Tribune.*

How the Sparrows Came.

The English sparrow's advent here is very like the rabbit which Australia is so anxious to get rid of. A miller caterpillar, indigenious to this climate, was found to be destroying the trees in the parks, besides being a nuisance in consequence of its propensity to hang from the trees by a web-like thread. Persons passing under the trees were liable to have the crawling creatures drop down their necks or upon their clothes, and some remedy was sought to rid New York of these pests. A foreigner suggested the importation of a few sparrows. Seventy-five pairs were brought over from the Old World, and the severe winter which followed killed the birds. A second attempt was made, and every one was asked to care for the little creatures and build sparrow houses. This was done and the sparrows were saved the next winter. The young broods raised in the country were soon able to take care of themselves. It did not take long for the acclimated foreigners and their descendants to migrate, and now they are found all over the United States.

The Precocious Child.

As a rule, the precocious child is of a scrofulous diathesis, with a fair, brilliant complexion, blue eyes and golden hair, beautiful to look on, according to popular standards. He is delicately sensitive to mental impressions and alive to the conversation of persons much older than he.

He generally goes on in his unique career, outstripping his brothers and sisters, as well as his schoolmates, in the committing of tasks at school, as well as in the reading of books far beyond their comprehension.

This generally goes on until the age of puberty, when he begins to falter. The hectic flush is seen upon the fair cheek, the eye becomes more brilliant, and the finer and more spiritual elements come out with almost supernatural intensity.

By and by a slight cough and phthisis tuberculosis has laid the foundation of premature death.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Gems for Thought.

Even reproofs can be kindly given.

The greatest good is done most quietly.

He who does not look before lags behind.

The greatest cunning is to have none at all.

Don't expect too much from those around you.

He has much to do who would please every body.

Life is half spent before one knows what life is.

More people are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

Have a high aim in life and do your best to reach it.

Listen to both sides of a question before you decide.

It is nothing to begin; perseverance is everything.

You will not be loved if you care for none but yourself.

Make good use of to-day; you are not sure of to-morrow.

Great people generally work their way up through difficulties.

He that speaks doth sow, but he that holds his peace doth reap.

A helping hand at the right moment would save many from ruin.

Where there is no want of will there will be no want of opportunity.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

The one prudence in life is concentration, the one evil is dissipation.

A child who sees deceit around it will rarely make an honorable man.

Let us take good care of our days and our years will take care of themselves.

Common sense is one of the noblest gifts with which mortal can be endowed.

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty.

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If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

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A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

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While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles, 50c, per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, 1y

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Geo. D. White, F. and C. Feity and others is to pass. Said road to begin at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. and C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max Kline and James R. Bishop, and intersecting the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 24th day of January, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires the location of the said petitioned road, and if so, locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
WILLIAM CASTEEL,
CLARK DEWERRY,
12 17 5 Examiners.

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$25.00 Reward!

The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who defaced a tombstone, in the lot of the undersigned, in the Odd-Fellows Cemetery, one day last week.

JAS. A. HAYDEN.

Oakland, Aug. 23, 1887.

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f1 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A.M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.57 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

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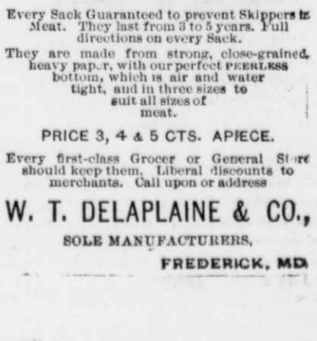
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VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1888. NUMBER 49

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ANDREW J. HARNE.

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9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

CAN SHE TRUST HIM!

Inez Clair turned her haughty dark face from the gypsy, and crossed the sward to where her lover and her cousin stood.

"What did she tell you, that your lips curl so, Inez?" asked Roy Alton with a smile; one would almost fancy the old witch had tried to make you fear some evil."

"She did," answered the girl scornfully, her dark eyes flashing; "falsehood and treachery are evils, are they not? She said they were about me—falsehood on the lips I kissed treachery in the hearts I trusted. Bah! how foolish it is to give one's hand to such a creature and allow her to say such things."

"One never does so in faith," laughed pretty golden-haired Beatrice Laven, the cousin, who, being orphaned and penniless, owed all things to the generous and wealthy Inez.

"And why not, my beautiful lady?" asked the old crone, who had followed Inez, and paused near. "Is it that you doubt, because my eyes might pierce the mask you wear, and my lips might speak of the arts you use, by which you make a man false to his plighted word, and plunge into the heart of one who has been kind to you a dagger keen enough to slay her? Your fair face is false, lady, and your blue eyes are full of fear; yet you paled not when you stole out to meet another's affianced husband, and you feared not that he who was won in falsehood would be as false some day to yourself. Ah, blue-eyed beauty with the traitorous heart, will you let me read the lines of your hand and warn you?"

Beatrice shrank under the eyes of the sorceress, and clung to Roy's arm, her fair face deathly in its whiteness.

"She is horrible! Let us go," faltered the rose-leaf lips.

And the crone laughed as they went slowly away for her through the sunlight.

"Pride and love and treachery and falsehood!" muttered the gypsy. "Of such things can I prophesy to all, and never speak amiss. But for this fair beauty, and the man beside her—I was abroad last night, and they did not see me, as they talked of love which must be kept secret. Bah! such love must die, as die the roses. I read all human hearts, and they give me gold, thinking I read the stars."

Meanwhile, through the scents of the May time went the three, and Roy whispered a low word to Beatrice, which Inez did not hear.

Untroubled by the crone's predictions, with faith as strong as the love in her proud true heart, Inez never dreamed of suspecting that her lover's whispers could be "but stricken air," or that the hearts she leaned on and fully trusted planned their treachery at her very side.

Roy lingered at the stately home of Inez until the moon was high, and she accompanied him down the steps, and part of the way to the gate that divided their father's lands.

There, in the clear light of the full May moon, they said good night and she stood watching him as he went, until the shadows hid him from her.

"My love—my kingly loyal love!" she murmured.

Then a sudden thought came—she had not told him of a certain plan for the morrow, formed by herself and Beatrice.

She would flirt after him, glide up to him ere he reached the gate, slip her hand in his, and laugh at his glad surprise.

With light feet she hurried after, reached the shadows which had enfolded him, passed through them and paused, like a startled doe, on their edge, a fierce incredulous scorn growing in her eyes, her proud face blanching, swiftly, sharply, as blanch the faces of those smitten suddenly to the heart.

He stood before her, only a few feet away—her lover, her promised husband—with a slight white-clad figure in his arms, a dainty golden head, uncovered to the moon beams, nestling close to his heart, while her cousin's red lips laughed merrily up at him, and her cousin's white hand held back his face from hers.

"Nay," Inez heard the girlish voice say, with the laugh in it, "you shall not kiss me. The gypsy said you would be false to me, some day, as you are now to Inez."

"And you doubt me—you, who have made me chafe against my bondage until I am willing to free myself in any way, at any cost, for your sake?"

The girl in the shadows heard it all—heard, and made no sign. The love of long years, of her youth, was dying, but dying as the strong die, in silence.

The faith that had lived in her heart for this man was breaking as break the gossamers of the spider's, weaving in the storm; but she gave no cry, made no sound, only stood heart-sick and soul-wounded, on the very edge of the shadows.

"If Inez heard you say that I think she would set you free! said Beatrice.

And Inez, with a sudden hardly-drawn breath crossing her whitened lips, advanced till she stood beside them.

"You are right, my cousin," she said unwaveringly. "I have heard, and I set him free—free of all things save the reproach I must ever feel for an acted lie. Here, Roy?"

She drew off and extended towards him the ring with which he had plighted her.

He, startled, shamed, shrinking under the steady scornful gaze of her dark blue eyes, with his arms fallen from about her cousin, and his face crimson with hot, traitor-bood, felt the old spell fall over his heart once more and the new one pass from it.

"Inez, he said pleadingly, "listen I will ——"

But she unclosed her fingers, and the ring fell at her feet. She turned and passed again into the shadows.

Beatrice laid her hand on his arm and smiled in his face.

"You are now free, Roy," she said softly. "Are you not glad?" He looked down at the fair face that had so charmed him, and it suddenly lost all beauty for him.

"You want me to answer honestly?"

"Why, of course!"

"Then"—he spoke through shut teeth—"then, Beatrice, no, I am not glad! I would give all I own to have all things as they were before your coming between Inez and myself. Now you understand, and now will you care to wear the ring she cast back to me?"

A hot color lived transiently in the pretty face, then died; a look of pain was followed by a flaming wrath in the blue eyes.

"No!" rang out her angry silver tones; no, Roy Alton! False to her, and false as well to me!"

And she left him standing, wondering at his own sensations, feeling a dull pain at his heart for the broken troth, although an hour before he had wished it broken.

Fate sometimes grants a prayer, in very scorn of man.

* * * * * *

Five years later, Inez Claire, still unwedded, although Beatrice had for years been the wife of a man old enough to be her father, but wealthy, Inez Claire entered a city hospital by merest chance.

The nurses were gliding from couch to couch, silent, gentle, soothing, now laying soft cool hands on a flushed cheek, now touching with silent fingers a bandage, now houlding a draught to fevered lips.

Inez followed one whose voice and touch seemed to calm and heal, as she went among the sufferers; and this one paused at last, and stood long gazing on the wan, worn face of a man which lay still on his pillow.

Such a white cold face—such a thin bloodless face. Inez felt her own pulses pause as she looked on it; then a low agonized cry broke from her, and she darted forward and caught the nurse's arm.

"Is he dead? Oh, tell me that he is not dead—my love, my love!"

The nurse took her hand gently and laid a finger on her own lips.

"He is sleeping," she said softly—"they sleep so after a long fever. Ah, his eyes unclose! Back, my dear lady, do not let him see you, lest it may excite him, and he is so weak,"

But his lids were lifted, his eyes were fastened on the face of Inez, and with an effort he put out a thin weak hand.

"Inez," he whispered, "Inez, will you stay beside me for a little while. It will be but a little while, for I am dying. But stay, Inez, because—because, dear, I have seen no woman like you in all the years since that May night, and my—my—heart has ached for you—beyond my telling. I was weak, false, but—but—"

"Hush," faltered Inez, bending over him until her lips almost touched his cheek, "speak no more, Roy, I will stay and you shall not die for I have pardoned the past, and the old love has not perished."

"Stay," whispered the nurse; "bid him sleep, and have no fear for his life. He is but weak after a long fever."

And so they met, and the old love which had slept for a brief time in the man's heart, lulled by the charm of a new fair face, awakened, to sleep no more; and the woman, never having forgotten, forgave as readily as most loving women do, even the lover who returns repentant from his straying.

A month later there was a quiet wedding at which Beatrice was not present. When she heard it, the fair beauty smiled a trifle scornfully.

"How can she trust him!" she asked. "He was false to her once, and as false to me," she added, with a touch of angry bitterness.

But Inez feared no rival now.

The Way to Succeed.

Young man, you, we mean, who are just starting in the business of farming in your own particular account, and are limited in means, don't let your ideas run into extravagances, but keep them down to a plain, sensible, practicable level. You are beginning at the bottom of the ladder, and if you can't now reach to its topmost round, don't despair. Those who have got up that far through their own efforts commenced where you are beginning. We are not going to disguise the fact that the ascent will be to you through much toil, many hardships and perhaps a good many depressing circumstances. However, you have it in your power to steer clear of much that goes to make up the hard lot of many farmers. If nature has endowed you with a good outfit of health and strength, a willingness to put your own shoulder to the wheel, a disregard of the opinsons of a class of people in the world who ulspise the day of small beginnings, a determination to make the utmost of the possibilities surrounding you, and withal an unconquerable ambition to succeed all along the way, you will derive great satisfaction from the thought and consciousness of your steady progress, and, after all, you will not think your lot such a hard one as you sometimes imagined it would be at the outset.—*American Farmer.*

The New Year.

The following are some facts about the year 1888:

The year 1888 will be a leap year.

There will be 5 eclipses, 3 of the sun and 2 of the moon.

Fourth of July will come on Wednesday, March 25 will be Palm Sunday, March 30 Good Friday, and April 1 Easter Sunday.

Washington's Birthday falls on Wednesday.

Memorial Day will come on Wednesday, so that there will be 3 successive legal holidays on that day of the week.

Christmas, 1888, will come on Tuesday.

The first ember day, or the day set apart by church orders for special fasting and prayer, will be February 22 1.

Girls can pop the question in 1888.

The year 1888 will have one extra night in which John can set up with his darling Mary Ann.

March 11 will be mid-Lent—which is to say, that a number of people will be glad it's half over.

Just Like a Woman.

Proud Omaha Mother—You ought to have seen Willie speak his piece in school. It was grand. He'll be a great statesman some day, a leader of the people; a molder of human destiny. I shouldn't wonder if he'd be president."

Practical Husband—He may grow up to be a very good man, but he'll never be heard in American politics.

"Why won't he?"

"You went and made him sign the pledge for life.—*Omaha World.*

It was a fine vein of satire that Mr. Frye indulged in when he referred to the sudden and unnatural anxiety of the Democrats as to the evil effects of the repeal of the whiskey tax on the cause of temperance, and he reiterated what we stated last Saturday when we said that "the temperance sentiment of the country was rapidly crystallizing into the opinion that the sooner the tax on whiskey was repealed, the better and quicker the principles of temperance would be subserved."—*N. Y. Express.*

Isn't that the gentleman who paid our fare, and was so polite the other night? she asked in a whisper.

"Yes."

"And why does he treat us so coolly to-night?"

"Hush! He has his reasons. That's his wife with him."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

COUSINS.

I met her in the summer by the loud-resounding sea,
And I thought it quite peculiar she should waste her time on me.
When I begged an explanation she devoutly bowed her head:
"I will tell you, you're a fellow after my own heart," she said,

I assumed the post of suitor, as I thought it not a sin
To have her think me more than kind, a little less of kin,
For the fellowship of cousins, if they be of different sex,
Has forever been a trouble and I fear 'twill ever vex.

I read to her from Byron in a tent pitched on the sand;
With the freedom of relationship, I often pressed her hand;
Or in a creaky, rattling gig we joggled thro' the lanes
While my sweetest of divinities shook out the leathern reins.

Till at last I looked upon her as a very tender friend;
(Thus man's fellowship with cousins, if they're fascinating, ends.)
I recalled to my remembrance from some closet of my head,
"You're a fellow after my own heart," the pretty witch she said.

So I marshaled all my feelings in a sentimental way,
And I quoted the expression to my second-cousin May.
But a neater, cooler answer mortal man will never get:
"You *still* are after it, dear Jack; you haven't caught up yet."

—*Judge.*

"HE."

What the Telephone Revealed to Aunt Sophronia.

John King lived three miles out of the town of Stanton, in the country. He was a bright young fellow, who owned a productive farm, with all the stock his acres could feed, and a pleasant old house; yet he found it hard to persuade pretty Martha Carter to marry him. She liked him; he had coaxed that confession from her own rosy lips, but she was young, gay, very fond of society and the only child of a widow; it was the old lilt,

"I canna leave my mammy yet;"

and John King, who was ten times as much in love with her as she with him, was well-nigh distracted. As his Aunt Sophronia, a maiden lady who kept house for him, said:

"He ain't good for nothin'. I wish't he was married an' done with't, and I was safe back to Elnathan's. He don't remember nothin'. I send in to Stanton by him for such things as is needful to keep the house agoin', and he don't never fetch one of them, without I set to and give him a written out list and pin it onto his coat. Nor he don't care nothin' about the critters; Hiram has to do the hull on't; and to leave costly critters like them to hired help ain't what a man had ought to do. Not but what Hi is real reliable, but John don't take no int'rest, not a mite!"

It was all true. John was good for no sort of work as long as Mary Carter turned the cold shoulder to him; but after a year of persistent courting she began to show a gentler countenance to her devoted lover; he began to hope.

About that time a telephone company set up its office at Stanton, and sent its spider-threads all abroad over the surrounding country; and it struck John Stanton that here was another way to make his home attractive to Matty. By this invention he could establish communication every hour with the village, even oftener if it was needed; so that she need not be so separated from her mother as she had dreaded—Mrs. Carter being wise enough to refuse a home with her son-in-law.

So John had a telephone put into the "keepin'-room" of the farm-house, and told Mattie the very next Sunday night that whenever she made up her mind to accept him he would place one in her mother's parlor, so they could talk together whenever they liked.

It was not so much this expensive attention that softened the little beauty's heart as the proof it gave of John's eagerness to do every thing and any thing for her comfort or pleasure, and, as she was more ambitious and selfish than affectionate, she began to feel that it was agreeable to be a queen.

However, this is not a love story. Matty is only introduced to account for the telephone. Now, about two miles beyond John King there lived a family of Millers, consisting of two elderly men, Aaron and Joseph Miller, and a woman a little older than either of them, as their housekeeper. These men were farmers, but they had had thrown a dam across a wild brook that crossed their farm just where it dashed through a small, deep valley, and, obtaining a good water power, had built a grist and saw mill, which brought them in more money than all the rest of the farm.

Miss Sophronia Perkins, John King's aunt, whom we have already mentioned, hated these neighbors thoroughly; what reason or unreason there was for this feeling on her part, nobody knew; but there was enough in the outward aspect of the men to account for a rational measure of dislike in any woman; they were tall, sturdy fellows, dark of skin, rough, surly and dirty always; stingy with their money, unsocial in their manners, and the woman who worked for them had an unsavory reputation.

The Miller farm, lying far back from the high-road behind a black hemlock grove, on a plateau half way up certain rugged hills, was the sort of a place a novelist would select for a robbery or a murder, so adapted was the *mise en scene* to suggest such ideas, and so fit was the aspect of the two Millers to their place of abode.

But there are many just such men and just such desolate farm-houses in New England, and no crime worse than greed and selfishness enters their hearts or homes.

The Miller brothers were proverbially "near;" but no one except Sophronia Perkins ever imagined any harm of them. They were "curus actin' creturs," or "smart at sixpences;" nothing worse was laid to their charge.

When Aaron Miller heard that John King had put in a telephone, he saw directly the advantage the instrument would be to them in their daily increasing business, and after due consideration with Joe the wire was extended to their mill, and proved a daily convenience; for they had a flour and feed store in Stanton which Joseph attended to, going in early every morning and driving back at night. Now he could send out orders to Aaron as soon as they came in, notify him of the arrival at the station of grain for their grinding, or transact directly any matter of business heretofore necessarily delayed till he reached the farm at evening.

After the telephone was put in at John King's, Miss Sophronia found it a great solace to her loneliness, nightly enjoying the few moments of daily gossip with her friends in the village who happened to be possessed of an instrument. In fact, it was to her like a new toy to a solitary child, and when the line was extended to Millers' Mills, and she learned their call, she used her listener for the unworthy purpose of listening to her neighbors' affairs.

I own that this was neither an honest nor an honorable proceeding on Sophronia's part. I do not mean to apologize for it, but, as the papers say, there were "extenuating circumstances." She had never been taught honor. It was not a recognized virtue in the farm-house where she was brought up. People who wrest their daily living from the barrenness of our gaunt New England hill-sides do not study the loftier trait of manhood when they have done their day's work; and as for honorable instinct, every man will allow that is not inherent in a woman.

Then she was very lonely; and now that John's gray horses were hitched every day in front of Mrs. Carter's house she saw less than ever not only of John, but of the hired man, Hiram, who had double duty to do in the master's absence, and went from his supper to his bed quite too tired to talk.

There was a certain social consolation on Mondays when black Dinah came to wash; but even Dinah had little to tell, since her old shanty was nestled down in a warm hollow on the south side of Huckleberry Hill, quite off the high road. Yet she was some one to speak to; an item not to be disregarded in such solitude.

It is not, after all, very strange that Miss Sophronia, limited to five minutes' conversation with the few friends in Stanton who had telephones, should amuse herself by hearing the conversations of the two Millers, the growls of Aaron, the snarls of Joseph, and now and then the shrill interrogations of Lyddy Ann Granger, the objectionable housekeeper.

Shocked reader! did you ever live in the deep country on an isolated farm?

If not, you do not know what silence and solitude are. Imagine a clean, sparsely furnished house, where the ticking of the old clock rasps your ear like a continuous knell, where not one fly is allowed to buzz his assiduous life out on the sunny panes; where the very cocks and hens are abroad all day in the far fields, and the dog lies asleep just inside the barn door; where the air is still as a windless lake, and the chirr of a suddenly roused cricket makes you jump; or the swift, ambiguous scurry of a mouse somewhere in wall or wainscot seems like the rush of a troop of horse to the strained and apprehensive sense; and the rustle of your own garments sounds like the trailing of ghostly robes to the tense ear; the shadow of a waving bough startles the alert eye, and the roll of a passing wagon, the rush of fluttering swallows in the chimney, sound like peals of thunder, and constrings the heart with that elemental dread.

Yes; this telephone was a real social gospel to Sophronia, shivering and trembling in her nervous loneliness; if she had been reared in such a place, use and want perhaps, would have strengthened her against its terrors, but until John's mother died she had always lived in her brother's family, and in his great house where ten children and a bustling wife made noise enough through the round year to frighten the very ghosts out of the garret, or the mice out of the wall, and where the neighbors were abundant and much given to visiting, Sophronia had never been conscious of nerves; nor did she know these terrors now as the result of nerves; she only confided to Hiram as she dealt out to him the boiled dinner which he shoveled down in grim silence after the fashion of his kind:

"I do set a sight by that telephone thing; it's real company. I hev been gettin' real pernickity along back, it is so dreadful lonesome here; but now I do sense that tho' is people pretty nigh, seein' I can call to 'em; it's folksy to hear that little bell go, 'ping!' every now and then as though somebody was there. Dinah, she is a'most scared to death with it; she says it is like hearin' of a sperit talk; same as Job says in Scripter, when 'the hair of his head stood up,' and he 'heard a voice.' But then he see the sperit first, and that is more fearsome. Dinah won't hark to it noway. I can tell who 'tis every time. My! I can hear Aaron Miller snap, just as plain! and Lyddy Granger bawl!"

"B'n a-talkin' to 'em, hev ye?" curtly asked Hiram.

"No, I haven't! and I ain't agoin' to," responded Sophronia, sharply; "but they spend the hull o' their time a-gabbin to and fro. I shouldn't think there'd be no grist ground, never, to that mill. I can't take the horn down to speak to nobody but what they've got holt o' the wire first, and I can't help a-hearin' of 'em holler."

Hiram shot a keen glance at her from under his busy, grizzled eyebrows; he had long ago taken her measure, and he knew very well now how she had been amusing herself; but as he always said of himself that he "was one who made a fortin' mindin' his own business," he offered no remarks.

Shortly after this conversation John King went away from home to attend a sale of cattle in New Jersey; he expected to be gone a week, as he meant to drive home what animals he bought himself, rather than send them by boat or railway, which he considered was too great a risk.

The day he left a severe northeast storm set in, and Hiram set himself to do some work in the further barn, which he had kept to do in a "spell of weather," so that Miss Sophronia had not even the relief of his occasional appearance in kitchen or shed to beguile her solitude, her knitting had stopped for want of yarn, and she had "pieced up" the last bit of calico she could find.

As she sat in the dull light of the kitchen window, listening to the heavy rush of rain against the house and the wild moan of the wind shrieking in the spout, she heard the telephone ring; it was a joyful sound to her tired and lonely soul; she hurried to the instrument, took down the listener, and heard Joseph Mills say:

"Say, Aaron! has he b'en doin' of it ag'in?"

"You bet!" growled Aaron.

"Well, I sha'n't come out to-night; the brook'll be up 'crost the road, I presume likely, and you won't grind none in this high water."

"No; tho' a'n't no use of your comin'."

"Say, has she gone?"

"Went this mornin'."

"Good! you can fix him now!"

"I guess so, by Jinks!"

Then the colloquy ceased.

Sophronia hung up the listener; a thrill of horror run down her spine; what was about to happen at the Mills!

She had read a great many "story-papers," such as crowd our country post-offices and are scattered far and wide in farms and villages; papers full of sensation, of crime and adventure, of secret horrors suddenly revealed, of murders that "will out," regardless of the unities so dear to Mr. Vincent Crummles, and her weak brain had been fired with a vague, delightful, yet dreadful hope of experiencing some such reality. Here was her chance! It did occur to her once that she ought to interfere, to try and prevent a catastrophe; but it rained hard, the horses were gone, and what could she say to any legal official, even if she should reach one?

A brief spasm of sense rescued her; she only went about, as she expressed herself, "Goose-flesh all over," the rest of the day, having no living soul to confide in; for the great Cheshire boar had managed to break out of his stye early that forenoon and Hiram had to pursue him as best he might, nor did he return till two o'clock in the morning, even then without his pig; though he had driven it at last into a neighbor's barn by the seductive and odorous influence of certain early apples, irresistible to any pig of character.

Sophronia passed a troubled night. Her past enjoyment of the "penny dreadfuls" visited her now in the tangle of dreams, and whenever she woke it was to a shuddering recollection of Aaron Miller's savage voice and the impending fate of the unknown "he." But morning came at last, still dreary with howling winds and gusts of rain. Hiram had risen early, taken a cold bite and gone after his pig; and Sophronia, in the fashion of lonely women, made her scant breakfast, standing at the pantry shelf, of tea, and bread and butter, watching through the green-paned little window before her the draggled fowls picking their slow way through the wet mire of the barn-yard, uttering discomfited croaks about the weather, much like their fellows, the unfeathered bipeds. Suddenly the telephone rang; cup and saucer, bread and butter, fell from her hands. She made haste to seize the horn.

Within her ear the inevitable "Hullo!" resounded.

"That you, Aaron?"

"Tain't nobody else."

Little he knew that Sophronia heard it all.

"Well, have you did it?"

"Yes. He's done for."

"Where did you find him?"

"Snoopin' around the mill, as pop'lar as though he was inspector of b'lers."

"Haw, haw! What ye done with the remains?"

"They're deep' enough where nobody won't find 'em this hundred year."

"Him! that's good."

Sophronia dropped the horn; she stiffened with horror; here was a fearful murder right in the neighborhood! By then she had always expected it, or something like it, of those Miller's. While she stood considering, Hiram drove into the yard in a neighbor's wagon, the Cheshire boar lying ignominiously bound therein, squealing with all his piggish might. Hiram backed up against the stye, which he had reinforced at early dawn, and deftly slid Master Piggy over the tail-board, cutting his bonds as he helped him along, for well he knew the danger of setting such a captive free too soon.

He had just finished the risky proceeding when Sophronia appeared at the shed door with her apron over her head.

"H-i-ram!" she screamed. "I want ye to wait a minute! I've got to go in to Stanton. I must, right off. Won't Barber's folks let ye keep the team a spell?"

"I guess so," was the gruff response.

He knew perfectly well that he had borrowed the team to go to Stanton himself and get a scythe-snath. Such is man!

All the way Sophronia preserved an awful silence; she felt the magnitude of the situation and revolved her plans in her mind. What she did when she reached Stanton, after receiving proper advice in the matter, need not be detailed. In fact, I don't know what she did! But the very next morning Aaron and Joseph Miller were arrested on a charge of murder, and were brought before the proper authorities for preliminary examination.

There was Sophronia, too, who with much excitement and many needless words, deposed and testified to what she had heard on the telephone; a grim smile distorted Aaron Miller's face, and Joseph muttered, "The old fool!" under his breath; but it was only muttered, so Sophronia did not resent it.

Judge Stopcock was the model of a rural magnate; fat, red in the face, pompous, crowned with a sleek, brown wig, and a tall shiny hat, tilted slightly askew; he administered justice much as Mrs. Squeers administered brimstone and treacle, severely with a spoon. Throwing his head back, clasping his hands over his stomach, closing his eyes and pursing up his mouth he began his queries.

"And you, hum, the—ah, prisoners; what have you to offer as, hum, aw, rebuttal of Miss, ha, Perkins' statement?" Here he opened his eyes suddenly, and darted a judicial glare at the offenders.

"Nothin'!" growled Aaron. "I done it."

"O-o-oh!"

And with a delicious girlish scream a pretty, rosy, curly-headed girl rushed across the court-room, and flung her arms around Aaron Miller's neck; she had just come in at the door.

"He never!" she sobbed, addressing astounded Judge Stopcock with courageous scorn. "He never! he's the best and kindest and dearest man in the world."

Miss Sophronia prepared to faint.

"You shut up, Fan!" said Aaron, with a peremptory voice and a tender smile.

"Go ahead, Jedge! I killed 'him,' and I buried him! now I want the hull caboodle of ye to come along and dig him up, so's to hang me right off slick; and not be a-makin' no more fuss about it. Joe, did you send arter the team!"

"Yea-ah!" responded Joseph, with a wink, an undeniable wink! at the deputy sheriff, a bullet-headed Irishman, who had regarded the whole proceeding up to this time with subdued chuckles, as an exquisite joke.

Now Mike roared aloud with laughter.

"Silence!" shrieked the outraged Judge, growing redder than a turkey-cock.

"Well, come along," went on Aaron; "there's Slack's omnibus out of the door, and I want the hull posse commona us to come out an dig him up, as I said afore; there's spade's enough out there."

"Ye can han'cuff me and Joe, if you wanter."

This was a singular and improper proceeding, and the judge snorted and puffed a good deal about it; but in a rustic community the majority is apt to have its way, and nobody there believed Sophronia's accusation for an instant. Curiosity and rude justice swept the proprieties and Judge Stopcock into the corner.

Mike volunteered to sit between the prisoners with an arm locked in each of theirs on either side, and Fanny Manning, an orphan niece of the Millers, whom they had liberally supported and educated for the last five years, sat next her uncles.

Sophronia, too, went along; no prohibition of law or gospel would have deterred her now; the *finale* of this tragic business was at hand.

So judge, and sheriff, and prisoners, and witness, and as many of the crowd as could find room in the "omnibus," bowled away that calm September day to Millers' Mills, the women for once silent, the men talkative, so reversed for the time were their normal usages.

"Mis' Granger to hum?" asked the deputy sheriff.

"No, she ain't," replied Joseph; "she's gone for good 'n all. We hadn't an idee what sort of a piece she was till last week, though she's lived there nigh about three year. She done well by us, an' kep' her tracks covered up good; but murder will out. Case in p'int here, ye see."

Mike Flaherty choked down a laugh.

"So Aaron, he giv' her a walkin' ticket last week, and writ for Fan to come home to her old uncles and run the house, seein' she was fit an' prepared to leave school. That's why she's here; and Lyddy Ann, she quit day before yesterday."

In half an hour they drew up at the Mills, and Aaron, directing them where to find spades, led the awed and curious crowd right into the center of a cornfield, among the stacked harvest, and, pointing to a place where the sharp stubble and useless hills had been cleared away, said:

"Dig there."

How rapidly those spades were plied! how eagerly the little crowd watched for some startling discovery! how they all recoiled; and oh! how Mike Flaherty yelled with laughter when the busy spades revealed the stiff body of a great yellow cat!

"'Twas Lyddy Ann's Tommy," explained Joe. "She sot the world by him, and he sot all creation by our little Braymy chicks; but she wouldn't let nobody teach him; so, as soon as she cleared out, Aaron give him his send; and that's the hull on't."

"It is a lesson to the inquisitive female," said Judge Stopcock, again elevating his nose and shutting his eyes. "A lesson eminently needed by the sex to avoid listening surreptitiously, and passing unjustified judgment on the conduct of their fellow-men."

He darted a piercing glance at Sophronia; but she was gone. Her tragedy had vanished in thin air; the chorus of laughter with which the by-standers greeted the fall of Thomas, the cat, stung her to the core. She sneaked off across the lots to John's house, and the next day departed to the bosom of her brother's family, murmuring to herself:

"What made him call a cat 'He?'"

While Hiram, pining for pie and doughnuts in the void interim before John's marriage, more than once exclaimed to the regardless oxen, whom he lashed by way of emphasis:

"Blast them telephones!"—*Rose Terry Cooke, in N. Y. Independent.*

HOW TO COOK OATMEAL.

How It is Served in This Country and in "Auld Scotland."

In making oatmeal porridge, the meal is stirred into boiling water with a porridge stick, while the water is kept all the time at a brisk boil. Care should be taken to prevent the meal from forming knots, as it will do if dropped into the water in too large quantities. The best way is to take a handful of the meal and let it drop into the receptacle by the rubbing of the thumb against the fingers. At first the water will show ebullition or boiling up soon after the meal begins to go into it, and this will be kept up until about the time when enough of the meal has been added. Fine meal is more likely to knot than the coarse meal. It takes experience to tell when just the amount of meal needed has been used, the thickness of the porridge being the test. No measurement of water and meal will do. The oatmeal may be stirred in cold water before cooking, but this makes more labor and the cooking is not so well done as in the other way. But if the cold water mixing is resorted to, the meal should be ground to the finest flour.

If any other meal is mixed with oatmeal, as is sometimes done, rice meal is regarded as the best, though barley, bean, pea and wheat meals may be used. Only a small quantity of the rice meal should be used, but straight oatmeal would be preferred by the true lover of this cereal.

Acidity is developed when oatmeal is soaked in water for a few days, and this meal makes the "flummery" of the oatmeal districts of England, Scotland and Ireland.

Milk is used instead of water in making milk porridge; less meal is required, but more water. Ale is also used in place of water. Porridge is eaten mixed with milk. Cane syrup and butter are also used.

In making "water brose," boiling water is poured on a handful of oatmeal in a bowl, until the mess is of the thickness of porridge, and then some new milk is poured in. This is to be eaten immediately. Brose meal should be kiln dried and coarse. The art of making this dish lies in making the boiling water fully surround each particle of meal at the first pouring. Milk brose is made by using boiling milk; less meal is used than in water brose and about twice as much milk as water. In pouring the boiling liquid upon either water or milk brose, the meal is stirred to give it immediate cooking. When the liquid in which beef or mutton is boiled is used, beef or mutton brose is made, and even turnip and cabbage water is used.

White pudding is made of oatmeal with which minced suet and onions have been mixed, salt and pepper being used to taste. This may be done in a sauce-pan, but the mixture is more commonly stuffed into small intestines, cut into lengths of a foot or so, tied at both ends and boiled in a pot. It will keep for a year. Finally the water in which it is boiled is used in making pudding brose, that nothing may be lost. These are the ways in which oatmeal is cooked in "auld Scotland."—*Good Housekeeping.*

Forest Destruction in Russia.

According to the Moscow *Viedomosti* the banks of the Syr-Daria, not more than twenty years ago, were so thickly covered with woods that the operations of the Russian armies were thereby considerably impeded. So great, however, has been the destruction of timber in recent years that there are now extensive areas of from 5,000 to 8,000 square miles—notably around Perovsk, the old Ak-Metchet fortress—in the greatest want, not only of building material, but of ordinary brush firewood. To remedy this state of affairs several experienced foresters have been recently invited by General Rosenbach to visit Central Asia, and to take steps for the immediate formation of extensive plantations of young trees in this and other districts of Turkestan.

THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

A Means of Communication Resorted to by Russian Prisoners.

The talented Russian novelist X——, who has been twice exiled to Siberia and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer that when he was arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the "knock alphabet;" and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principal or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two 'rests' might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet—one knock standing for 'a,' two for 'b,' three for 'c,' and so on up to twenty-six for 'z.' Upon putting this conjecture to the test he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters 'D-o-y-o-u-u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d?' He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make 'Y-e-s'; but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of forty-nine knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wall did not seem, however, to be at all discouraged, and began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to two hundred and ninety-six, and which, when translated, made the words "Teach you better way—listen!" Mr. X—— then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by the sound of scratching, which proceeded from that point towards the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interval of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the scratching of a second line parallel with the first one, but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a huge audible checker-board. As soon as Mr. X—— heard this invisible diagram, the purpose for which it was intended flashed upon his mind, and before the unknown instructor had finished knocking out the words, "Put alphabet in squares," the quick-witted pupil had scratched upon the floor of his cell a reduced copy of the audible tracing, and was numbering its lines and columns. His diagram when finished looked something like this:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

After giving Mr. X—— time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks, so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks followed by three knocks meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column: two knocks followed by one knock indicated letter 'f,' at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks followed by four knocks meant letter 'x,' at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: "Who are you?" The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. X—— discovered that he had learned his a b c's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common criminal—a burglar, if I remember rightly—who was awaiting exile to Siberia.—*George Kennan, in Century.*

A Red Top-Knot.

Two ladies were purchasing mufflers at the counter of a leading clothing store. Said one, turning to her friend:

"I am buying this for Albert D——. How do you like it?"

"Very handsome," returned the friend, admiringly, "but it is pink and Albert D—— has red hair! You must get a blue one."

"We are out of blue mufflers," said the obliging clerk, as he placed the pink one in a more inviting light.

"Red and pink can not go together," said the friend, decidedly.

"He—he—might dye his hair?" sug the clerk, facetiously.

"That's so," said the customer, with a sigh of relief, "I'll take it. I'm not responsible for his hair any way," she added, as she paid the bill.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—More than 10,000,000 eggs arrive in New York each week. The chief supply is from Canada and Michigan. A single Canada train had thirty-one cars, with 200,000 eggs in each.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Submarine divers now use the electric light with considerable success.

—Dr. Scheuerlin, of Berlin, has inoculated dogs with the newly discovered bacillus of cancer. So far no cancer symptoms have been developed.

—The first recorded photograph of a rainbow has been exhibited to the Photographic Association of London. The arch has the appearance of something solid—like an arch of wood.

—A physician recommends that all the wood used in the interior construction of houses and all the plain surfaces of plaster should be thoroughly oiled or varnished so that the power of absorption of foul air and gases may be destroyed.

—It is estimated that pin factories in New England turn out 10,800,000,000 pins yearly and that other factories in the States bring the number up to 18,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant of the United States.

—The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fiber having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and a half pounds.

—At a late meeting in London, Dr. E. P. Thwing stated that Americans are more susceptible to the influence of alcohol than Englishmen, and that they are more affected by tobacco than the Hollanders, Turks or Chinese. This he supposes to be due to an increased sensitiveness of the nervous system, induced by the high-pressure life of this country.

—What has been designated as "The Savagery of Boyhood" has become a subject for scientific investigation. There seems to be a division of opinion on the subject. Some hold that a boy is naturally and inherently a savage, while others contend that his savagery is more owing to false education and the evil example of adults than to his own inborn nature. We are inclined to the opinion that each of these theories has some truth in it.

—Gum tragacanth is collected from plants in Asia Minor, the greater part being shipped from Smyrna. Formerly only what exuded spontaneously was gathered, but now the flow of the gum is aided and induced by incisions near the root, and the product is the fine, white, flaky variety, so much valued in commerce. The flow takes place during the night, and the hot and dry weather is the most favorable period.

—Gastro-intestinal catarrh, with a disordered condition of the nervous system and considerable depression, is the usual result following the ingestion of poisonous fungi. In treating these cases the stomach and bowels must be thoroughly emptied, and the prominent symptons are to be relieved according as they occur. After free vomiting and purgation have been induced, rest in bed, with stimulants and warmth, are beneficial.

—It appears that special attention is being paid in France and England to a more general substitution of iron and steel for wood, wherever practicable, in manufactured articles, such, for instance, as building materials, boxes and packing cases, barrels or casks, carriages or carts, and other vehicles, furniture, fencing, railway work, sheds, signal boxes, telegraph poles, etc. In France there have recently come in use hollow-iron window frames and doors, which are said to be light and strong and of far greater durability than could ever be assumed of wood. There is no reason, too, it is thought, why corrugated barrels of iron or steel should not be used for liquors, since milk and preserved fruits and other articles are kept in cans. Steel is finding much favor among carriage builders, but there is still much prejudice against the metal being used in the manufacture of furniture.

LUCK IN A HUMP.

A Singular Superstition Prevailing Among Professional Gamblers.

"I will let you rub my hump with your gold if you give me a franc," said a hump-backed girl to me one night in the gambling saloon at Monte Carlo. I looked at her somewhat astonished at the remark, but she seemed so much in earnest and so desirous of the small piece of money that I gave it to her and rubbed her hump for luck, put the money on 14 and—lost. It was the strangest piece of tipping that I ever encountered in all my European travels, yet there are three or four hump-backs who are habitues of the gambling saloon at Monte Carlo, and who make a living by letting the superstitious rub their lucky hump with money.

I remember an experience once in America of the same kind, but it was not for a tip that the hump was rubbed. A friend once told me to rub the hump of a hunchback with money, not letting him see you do it, and it was good luck. It was race week and I thought I would try it; so, slipping up behind a little hunchback who was going through the corridor of a prominent hotel in Washington, I pretended to be taking off my coat, and, having money in my hand, accidentally, as it were, let that hand hit the hunchback, and thus rub the money on the lucky hump. But, alas! the man turned around and I had to apologize for thus seemingly assaulting him.

Of course I knew then that no luck would come from the contact of the money with the hump, and so did not put any on the races and perhaps saved by it. But at Monte Carlo it seems to be reversed, for you, with the knowledge of the unfortunate, rub your money up against them, and very often, at least they tell me so, the person wins.—*Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Make a little land rich, and there will be no need to scratch over a large farm.

—The question is not what could be done if we had certain other things, but what can we do to make the most of what we have.

—A sheep well fed and protected during the winter will yield in the spring two pounds more of wool than one that has been half starved.

—When butter is gathered in the churn in granular form, it is never overchurned. Pounding it after it is in a lump or large mass is what overchurns it.

—Warm water put in the cellar on cold nights to prevent freezing, should be in closed vessels, which warm up the air, making it dryer without evaporating moisture into it.

—Green Sponge Cake: Two teacups of sugar, one of cream, two of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one teaspoonful extract lemon; bake quickly.

—Never set the lamp upon a red table-cover; if you can not find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green card-board under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

—Creamed Apples:—Pare your fruit and either scald or bake it until sufficiently soft to pulp it through a colander; sweeten to taste, fill your glasses three parts full with it, then plentifully sprinkle in some powdered cinnamon, put a good layer of rich whipped cream on the top and sift white sugar over it.

—A little meal stirred into a pail of water gives it a relishable flavor, and induces a cow to drink more, besides affording some additional nourishment. If the temperature of the water is first raised to seventy or eighty degrees, it is all the better, since the cow will drink more warm water than she will cold.

—To prepare zante currants for cake, put them in a colander, set the colander in a large pan of water, and unless there are stones in, the sand and stems will all settle in the pan. If you wash the currants thoroughly in this way, you will be surprised at the results, as it takes less time and water than in the old way, and it is so much easier to rub them clean.

—The bones of a well-bred, well-fed hog are said to present only about one-twentieth part of his gross weight. An animal of this nature must necessarily carry a great deal of fat, but the importance of making it well muscled to keep it from complete degeneracy is self-evident to any thoughtful person; uence, inasmuch as the natural tendency of the hog is to fat, feeders should make it a point to counteract the evil by using the most nutritious feed to the exclusion of fat-forming food.

—It would hardly pay the farmer to engage in the poultry business beyond the keeping of two or three dozen fowls for family use, unless there should be some one about the place who would make it a special business to look after the poultry and like to do it. Sometimes the service of a good, steady boy, who is a natural fancier, may be secured at a small cost, and all of his time may be profitably employed in caring for 200 or 300 hens, or, if he be experienced, probably 500 or 600. In embarking in the business it is best not to start out on too large a scale.

CAPACITY OF FARMS.

A Subject Which Should be Carefully Studied by Agriculturists.

Every farmer should study the capacity of his farm, so as to be able to turn its resources to the best account.

Some farms are naturally adapted to grass production, and can be made to produce heavy crops of hay yearly for a long time. Other farms soon run out when seeded to grass, but are good for cropping. On such farms a large area should be ploughed yearly, cropped and fertilized, and seeded down. For a few years good crops of grass can be obtained, and then the land needs reseeding. The aim on such farms should be to have from one-third to one-half of the tillage under the plow all the time, so that the grass land will all be newly seeded, and the farmer will be able to re-plow as soon as the grass begins to run out.

Then there are farms that are rocky and rough. The soil is stony and fertile, but is not adapted to cultivation. Apple-trees, perhaps, will thrive with remarkable vigor on such land, and the farmer should accept the indication, and plant it to apple-trees until he has all he can take care of. A man in East Winthrop, Me., had a farm of that character. It was of little value for tillage, but he found that the Roxbury russet throve remarkably well, and produced excellent fruit. He "took the hint," and set his farm largely to Roxbury russet trees until nearly thirty acres were covered. Now, in some years, he sells $2,000 worth of fruit. He has made a rocky and almost worthless farm one of the most valuable in town, simply because he used it for the purpose to which it was best adapted.

That is what the farmer should try to do; study the capabilities of his farm, and then try so to manage it that he will draw out of it the best that it is capable of affording. It will not do to manage farms all in one way, on account of the great diversity in soils and physical conditions.—*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

—A woman recently sent to her son, a youthful desperado of fourteen summers, incarcerated in the jail at Santa Rosa, Cal., a Bible, a bunch of cigarettes, a piece of sausage and a *Police Gazette* to relieve the tedium of prison life.

A FEMALE BANDIT.

One of the Most Remarkable Women Ever Produced by Mexico.

The death is announced of one of the most remarkable women that Mexico has ever produced. Notwithstanding her strange and perilous career she attained a ripe old age and became one of the wealthiest women in the Republic. This woman was Senora Amastia Rubio de Pascadero. In her early womanhood she devoted her time to robbery, and if half the reports regarding her career are true it is no wonder that she left a vast fortune at her death. One of her most notable exploits was a stage robbery in the State of Zacatecas.

One night she dressed herself in men's clothing, and mounting a horse rode from the little town of San Antonio to the Zacatecas and Aques Calantes stage road, where she waited in a small mesquite grove for the south-bound stage to pass. As the postillions came up she commanded them with a revolver in hand to halt, put out their torches and fall into the rear of the coach, which was a few yards behind them. She then advanced upon the driver and keeper, who were made to dismount, expecting every moment to be shot from ambush, as she kept saying, "Don't shoot unless they offer resistance."

The passengers, eight in number, who were inside the stage were led to believe from the female road agent's conversation that an armed party was in the brush, and when she came up and demanded their money, watches and jewelry they lost no time in obeying her. She then bade the passengers good-night, and after admonishing them not to make a movement within half an hour disappeared in the grove. During her career she killed a great many men, and for many long years was a terror to the people of Sinaloa, Jalisco and Sonora.. Troops and State police chased her for years, but could never entrap her. It was stated that the reason she gave for adopting such a remarkable mode of life was the murder by Federal troops of her intended husband years ago, when she was in her teens. She then made a vow that she would kill or ruin five men for every year she should be permitted to live. She was one of the most desperate bandits Mexico ever produced, notwithstanding she was a woman. Before her death she related her strange history and bequeathed her immense fortune to charities. At her request she was buried beside her dead lover in her native town, San Antonio.—*Nogales (N. T.) Letter.*

A TALE-TELLING CROW.

Evidence Showing That Birds Possess a Limited Language.

Among birds there is a universally understood signal of danger. In some cases it is the shrill scream of the swallow and swift; in others the repeated despairing cry of the thrush and blackbird; or it may be the hiss of the tomtit and wryneck; the "pink, pink" of the chaffinch; the "cluck cluck" of the farmyard hen; but wherever or whenever it is heard all the feathered tribe instantly seek some place of refuge. But quite apart from this well known warning there are numerous instances which seem to be conclusive that birds also communicate their ideas to each other. One day, while sitting hidden in the garden, I observed a crow fly to a wood-pigeon's nest, which was in a tree close above me and bring forth from it one of their eggs which was hard set. Carrying it in his beak he flew to a neighboring tree and proceeded to pull out the young one from the shell and eat it slowly. Presently another crow came sailing along on leisurely wing, and seeing what was happening, he alighted beside the thief, who must have explained everything very clearly, as, after a minute or two, the new-comer flew straight to the wood-pigeon's nest, which was well hidden in the tree, and, notwithstanding the cries and resistance of the parent birds, he soon appeared with the second egg, which he ate with much relish on the grass a short distance from me.—*Little Folks.*

—The average club man cares very little about music. If he can only strike the key of the door with reasonable accuracy he is content.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A STRIKING compositor always "cuts his 'stick'."

MANY a race for wealth has been won with an iron ore.—*Puck.*

TO ALL the marriageable girls of 1888—Look before you leap.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A CIRCUS show can pull more sick boys and girls out of bed than all the doctors in town.—*Corsicana Observer.*

A PLEASANT phiz—the soda fountain's.

SHE stoops to conquer—the washerwoman. —*Puck.*

A SIGNAL failure—a futile attempt to stop a street car.

A CORK'S crew usually means a fishing vessel's outfit.—*New Haven News.*

THIS is the season when bartenders make things hot for their customers.—*Boston Courier.*

A DOOR is often a knobstreperous thing.

NEATLY turned—last year's dress.—*Puck.*

UNPOPULAR sheet-music—snoring.

A HARD cut—boarding-house steak.—*Whitehall Times.*

A FAINT impression — the spot where a woman swoons in the mud.

WHEN bees go to a new hive, of course they have a house swarming.

SOMEHOW men really seem to enjoy it when their tailors give them fits.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains if he has an umbrella.—*Life.*

A GRAVE mistake—burying a man alive.

A MISFIT—hysterics.—*New Hamphire News.*

A BOY'S sphere—a base ball.

Some Facts About Hogs.

"Hogs are the most unprofitable stock we keep as now managed, that is, when fed for fourteen months," says Prof. Sanborn. The growth and weight attained by hogs in fifteen or eighteen months may be obtained at much less cost at seven or eight months. Those who feed hogs for fourteen months actually waste by unnecessary maintenance 45 per cent. of the food given after the hog is eight or nine months old. This is an extravagance no farmer can afford. As hogs near maturity the cost of their dead weight rapidly advances. The old belief that hogs of 150 to 200 pounds and upward will make growth more cheaply than smaller animals is a false one. The 350-pound hog takes nearly twice as much food for a pound of gain as does a fifty-pound pig. These figures ought to banish from the farm every shote over eight or nine months old.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

SHE WENT ASTRAY.

Seeking Afar What May Be Found at One's Own Fireside.

The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland once visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies.

She went to Baden-Baden and tried those celebrated waters, then to Carlsbad and tried its mineral springs. She got worse instead of better, and in despair she said to a physician:

"What *shall* I do?"

His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have one chance, in the waters of Pit Kealthly, Scotland!"

"Is it possible!" she replied, "why, those waters are *on my own estate!*"

Invalids go tramping over the world, unsuccessfully seeking the relief that often lies right at their own doors.

Change of climate and travel is no doubt beneficial in some classes of disease, but it is impossible to secure, while traveling, the proper care and nursing, the cheerful comforts of home, which are often necessary adjuncts to medicine in promoting recovery.

In many ailments arising, as so many do, from derangements of these primary organs, the kidneys and liver, with the proper remedy to use, recovery is much more rapid at one's own fireside.

Major S. B. Abbott, of Springfield, Mo., was attacked with serious troubles, and after a long course of medical treatment, tried to find relief at Hardin Sulphur Springs in California, and visited a number of other noted health resorts, but all to no purpose. At last he went home—he was induced to try Warner's safe cure for his kidney troubles, and soon became a well man.

Dr. Gustav Weber, a leading physician of Dessau, Germany, writes Warner's safe cure Co.'s branch at Frankfort: Sept. 12th, 1887: "For many years I have suffered from inflammation of the kidneys, and each year was obliged to visit Carlsbad for temporary relief. I have finished my fifteenth bottle of Warner's safe cure and have completely recovered."

The main thing is to find the right remedy, then recovery from all the many ailments that are the result of kidney derangement is most easily secured at home surrounded by home comforts. There are few diseases for which travel is, on the whole, beneficial, but there are many which may be cured by putting the kidneys in a healthy state, thus driving the cause of the disease from the system.

AN utter failure—the inability to make a speech.

Stamping and Embroidery.

"Yes, Lizzie, I like to do fancy work, but I haven't felt like trying that pattern—or anything else—for a week. These awful 'dragging-down' pains are just killing me!" "I know how you feel, and I can tell you where to look for relief. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a certain cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and distressing ailments. Why! it even cured me of prolapsus, and many of my lady friends have been cured of various grave maladies peculiar to our sex by this wonderful medicine." It is the only medicine sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Read guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

NOTHING will turn a woman's head so completely as a bonnet that has passed by. —*Puck.*

Very Sensible "Japs."

In Japan the old-school physicians are permitted to wear only wooden swords. This is a gently sarcastic way of expressing the opinion that they kill enough people without using weapons. But the druggist who introduced Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery into the Empire, carries a fine steel blade. It was found that all who tried this wonderful remedy for coughs, colds, consumptive tendencies, blood, skin and liver troubles, were, without exception, greatly benefited. The Mikado himself is said to have "toned up" his system by its use, and the importer was therefore permitted the exceptional honor of wearing the sword of the nobility.

SOME one has invented a pocket rifle. Pickpockets consider it an invasion of their rights.

NO SAFER Remedy can be had for Coughs and Colds, or any trouble of the Throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

MEN who are a great deal run after—fugitives from justice.—*Boston Courier.*

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A SERIOUS reflection—a solemn bore's image in a mirror.

Westward, the Course of Empire, Etc.

We all know the quotation, but many emigrants westward-bound do not know that upon their arrival they will have to encounter that invisible foe of the frontiersman—malaria. They should take an ample supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters along. Not only is it a certain safeguard against every form of malarial disease, but it eradicates liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, nervousness and rheumatism.

WHEN a photographer asks if the negative suits you, examine it closely before answering in the affirmative.

Do Not Think for a Moment

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubdued. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already afflicted rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

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The "GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE" has adopted a fast-time schedule which guarantees a rate of speed between above named points heretofore unattained in Western railroading. Its "Council Bluffs and Pacific Limited Express" leaves Chicago daily at 7:30 P. M., and arrives in Council Bluffs at 11:30 A. M. next day. This is a magnificent train, including Pullman palace sleepers (price of berths greatly reduced) and dining cars. The "Kansas City and Pacific Limited Express" leaves daily at 5 P. M., and arrives in Kansas City at 9:05 A. M. next day. The equipment of this train is also superior and unsurpassed, consisting (in addition to first-class day coaches) of new and elegant reclining chair cars and Pullman palace sleeping (berths at reduced rates) and buffet cars. Speed, safety, comfort and luxury have long been recognized as characteristics of the Rock Island, and, more than ever, are these traits now exemplified in its fast train service, which guarantees a delightful journey, consuming only sixteen hours' time between Chicago and Council Bluffs or Kansas C.y. At both these points connections are made (in union depots) with fast trains running through to California and all points on the Pacific coast.

CURRENT literature—recipes for puddings.—*Brooklyn Standard.*

A Great Chance.

If you wish a beautiful picture, that can not be distinguished from a water color with a large amount of money, you should get Demorest's Monthly Magazine for February. It is simply wonderful how such an elegant picture can be furnished in a magazine that only costs twenty cents. If your newsdealer has not got it, ask him to get it for you, or send to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East Fourteenth street, New York.

How the proceedings in a divorce case reminds one of the moaning of the tide!

THE Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

NOT a summer resort—the plumber.—*Hotel Mail.*

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Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is prostration of the physical strength, a tired feeling with no inclination for exertion, and the power to work is diminished; the patient wakes mornings tired and unrefreshed; there is an extreme nervous WEAKNESS AND dull, cloudy sensation, often NERVOUSNESS. accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander easily; there will be gradual failing of strength, with weakness and pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth mornings; the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and there is frequent dizziness; the DEPRESSION nerves become so weakened OF MIND, that the least excitement or shock will flush the face, bring a tremor, trembling, or palpitation of the heart. There is often a gloom and depression of the mind. For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic is a certain and positive cure. Under the use of this wonderful restorative, which is purely vegetable and therefore harmless, the dull eyes regain their brilliancy, the pale look and hollow cheeks show renewed health and vitality; the DIM VISION, weak and exhausted IMPAIRED MEMORY, feelings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves strong and steady, the gloom and depression are lifted from the mind and perfect and permanent health is restored. It is an absolute specific for nervous debility. Many A WONDERFUL men with weakened nerves REMEDY. and exhausted vitality can regain their strength by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the weakened vital forces in old and young. No one need despair of a cure. Don't fail to use this remedy, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century, and an absolutely certain cure will result. All druggists keep it. Price, $1 per bottle. Be sure and get DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. If your druggist does not have it on hand he will get it for you. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, 35 West 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. USE HIS GREAT REMEDY AND WRITE HIM ABOUT YOUR CASE.

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As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

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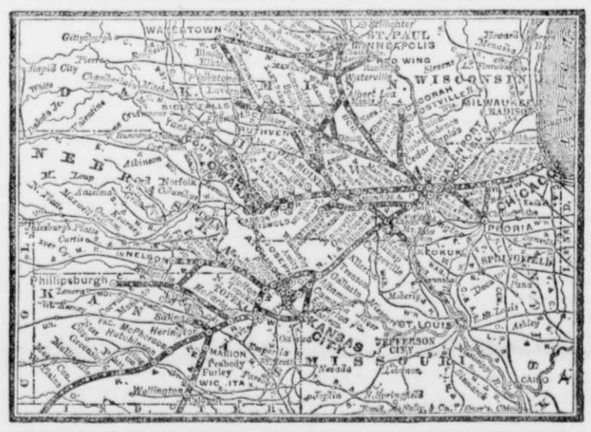
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 4, 1888.

Legislative Notes.

No new local bills for Garrett county have been introduced since our last issue. A number of those already noted have been advanced, and two or three have passed both houses and only await the signature of the Governor to become laws.

Senator Browning arrived at his home in Oakland Friday evening of last week, quite unwell, but so far recovered that he returned to Annapolis Wednesday morning. Mr. Peddicord, clerk to the committee of which Mr. Browning is chairman, came home Saturday night and left for Annapolis Monday morning.

In the Senate Tuesday a Committee on Temperance was announced, with Mr. Browning as chairman.

Petitions were largely signed in Oakland this week protesting against the bills reducing the fees of State's Attorney and Sheriff. These petitions were signed by about all the prominent men of both political parties in Oakland. They are generally of the opinion that if these bills should be come laws, the spirit if not the letter of the constitution, which provides that the salary or compensation of officers shall not be increased or diminished during their term of service, would be violated.

The bill for the appointment of a treasurer for this county, meets with general disapprobation, especially that provision which requires every tax payer to come to Oakland to pay his or her taxes.

The bill for the appointment of school commissioners by the Governor, also meets with disfavor. The feeling is general with well informed people that the present excellent Board should remain, at least, until certain financial matters are settled.

A Plea for the Old Soldier in his Withheld Dues.

JANUARY 30th, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Some of our statesmen appear a great deal exercised over the question what ought to be done with the surplus revenue now in the National Treasury—about $55,000,000. They appear to believe, or affect to believe, that it is a source of great national evil. They are ready to trace any little imagined disorder in our national economy to this fact, though the present surplus is much smaller than in times past, when it was regarded by all reasonable people as proof of high prosperity and real wealth, and which no other nation on earth could lay claim to. These melancholy statesmen act and talk as though their country did not have a creditor in the world. Is this so? Not by any means. It is true it is not pressed or in default, but there are obligations of many millions; legal, equitable and honorable, which ought to be met at once. Most prominent among them are the pension arrearages due the old soldiers of the late war, their widows, minor children and dependent parents.

At the beginning of the war, to induce and stimulate enlistments, Congress passed laws offering bounties to volunteers, and also pensions to all who might be wounded in the service, as well as the widows and dependent relatives who might fall in defence of their country. These pension laws are absolute on their face, without any conditions, and promise to protect all who properly come within their provisions. More than two million soldiers entered our armies under these laws, and no one can now say how many of these patriots would have remained at home had not these assurances been given. They were the very essence of the contract of enlistment between the soldier and their government. The promised pension formed the consideration in such contract, and thus became vested rights of the soldiers, and an irrevokable obligation on the part of the government. The constitution forbids the states from passing any law impairing the obligation of a contract or vested right. Can Congress pass such a law? Surely they ought not.

There was nothing in these original pension laws requiring claimants to file their claims by or within any given time. The sharpest and more intelligent of these beneficiaries came forward, promptly demanded and obtained their full rights. Many of the slower and ill-informed held back, and others have, for a time, felt too proud or well-to-do to ask of the government, especially in its straights, for their just dues.

Some years after the close of the war Congress passed one or more laws limiting the payment of pensions from the time the claims should be filed in the Pension Office, in lieu of the time when the right of pension first accrued—that is to say from the discharge or death of the soldier. In 1879, per chap. 187, Congress saw the wrong of these limitations or restrictions, and passed what was known as the arrearages act, carrying the pay back to the beginning of the right, thus equalizing and putting all pensioners on the same footing up to July 1, 1880. But this act, by its own provisions, ceased to have effect after that date, so all claims filed since then only carry pay from the date of application.

Had not these meritorious beneficiaries a right to trust in the faith and stipulations of their government which, by their valor they saved, and withhold their claims if they saw proper, and present them at such times as suited them, without the risk of forfeiture? The truth is these acts of Congress taking away from the disabled soldiers large parts of their legal rights, are simply acts of confiscation, not against the enemies of our country, but its benefactors, the very ones Congress by solemn laws promised to protect and reward. Confiscation laws were passed during the war against those in armed hostilities against their country and its laws, but even these were very tenderly and mildly enforced—hardly at all. More than fifteen years of the first pay of pensioners who filed their claims since July 1, 1880, stands today forfeited, and it might be said repudiated by acts of Congress. It is not doubtful whether the Supreme Court would hold such legislation unconstitutional?

The pension laws in reference to the late war rest upon quite differept principles from those of any former wars. Such laws were enacted by Congress, pensioning the old soldiers of the Revolutionary war, also that of 1812 and the Mexican, but these laws were acts of gratitude, long after the wars to which they applied were over, and there was no congressional promises or contracts at or before enlistment—no plighted faith with the soldiers in those days, who took their lives in hand to make or save a country. Is it right or fair to give pensions to some since 1862, '63 or '64, and to others only since 1880, with the same merit? What more than mere statement of the facts could be wanted by those who have it in their power, and whose duty it is, to render complete justice to those who have only received partial justice. A few millions of your troublesome surplus can be gracefully and wisely parted with for this purpose.

But we are in the habit of hearing much about pension frauds. No doubt occasionally a fraudulent claim does pass through the Pension Office, and still more frequently cases without sufficient merit, but nearly all have some merit. But on the other hand a great many more worthy claims are rejected for the want of the technical and strict proof, required by the Pension Office. The government through all its Departments are constantly paying improper claims unknowingly, and the same thing takes place in all relations of life. Are we for these reasons to ignore justice, distroy government and disorganize society? I rather think not. Let justice and fairness be aimed at, and if errors now and then occur on the side of generosity, let it be so.

It is proper to state that Senator Ingalls has introduced a bill in the Senate for the purpose of removing the restrictions refered to. It is to be hoped it will be passed into a law, and thus equalize the intended benefits of the original pension laws.

DEFENDER OF THE RIGHT.

Electricity is apparently to become the executioner of the future. The commissioner appointed by the New York legislature in 1886 to make inquiry and report as to "the most humane and practical method" for the execution of criminals convicted of capital crimes, has submitted a report to the legislature of that state now in session. The method recommended is the killing of the doomed culprits by an electric shock. It is instaneous, absolutely certain, and entirely painless.

A resolution providing for an amendment to the State constitution forbidding the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, has passed the Massachusetts Senate by a vote of 28 to 8. The measure is a prohibition of liquor as a beverage, For the arts and medicinal purposes it is to be continued. The Republican caucus of the lower House has voted to approve the measure, by a vote of 127 to 30.

The Baltimore *Sun* is engaged in the commendable enterprise of booming Maryland's climate and resources with a view to attracting immigrants. This is done in a series of compactly written articles, devoted to the various counties. Garrett's appeared Friday of last week and was as follows:

Garrett, the last formed of the Maryland counties, is located in the extreme western portion of the State. It contains on area of six hundred and seventy square miles of territory with a population (census of 1880) of 12,175. The registered vote of the county is 2,974, which indicates that the popolation has materially increased since the last census.

The Great Savage mountain, better known as the backbone of the Alleganies, crosses the county from north to south. On the east side of the mountain is the Maryland coal basin, about one-third of which is in Garrett county. On the western side of the backbone, and lying between that and Meadow mountain, at an elevation of two thousand five hundred feet above tidewater, is a vast tableland covering an area of four hundred square miles, one third of which is glade land, and is unquestionably the finest portion of the State for grazing and stock raising. There is, perhaps, no county in the State which contains such valuable mineral deposits in coal and iron ore. Fire clay and limestone of a superior quality abound also.

The soil is a dark rich loam, which is very productive, and readily yields 25 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of oats, 40 to 60 bushels of corn or 200 bushels of potatoes per acre without fertilizers. The soil which is naturally good, is easily improved, and a coat of lime acts like a charm upon it. The country is sparsely settled, and there is, therefore, a great deal of uncultivated and unimproved land, much of which is for sale. Unimproved lands may be bought in large or small tracts at prices ranging from three to ten dollars per acre, whilst improved farms command from ten to thirty dollars per acre.

Notwithstanding the natural productiveness of the soil and the numerous other advantages possessed by the early settlers, they paid very little attention to agriculture beyond the raising of a little buckwheat, oats and a few potatoes. In later years, however, the forests are being cleared out, farms opened up, and a large number of the most intelligent and best citizens of the country are turning their attention to farming as a business, and are growing in addition to the crops raised by their predecessors large crops of wheat and corn, and in addition to these wool, maple sugar, and butter are produced in large quantities annually.

Facilities for reaching markets are ample in all parts of the county. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad runs through the southern portion of the county from east to west for a distance of thirtry miles. On the southwestern border runs the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad for a distance of thirty miles or more. On the east is the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad, and the National turnpike road traverses the northern portion of the county for a distance of twenty miles. The northern part of the county has access to the Pittsburg and Connessville Railroad, a branch of which runs to Salisbury, which is located very near the Maryland and Pennsylvania line. The large numbers of towns along the railroads, and especially those along George's creek, in the mining region, furnish good markets for nearly all the produce raised in the county. Improvements in labor-saving machinery and farming implements are keeping pace with the general advance all along the agricultural line, and nearly every farmer is provided with reapers, mowers and grain-drills, as well as the latest improved plows, harrows and other utensils. Stock-raising is one of the leading industries, and the farmers and graziers are constantly introducing new breeds of animals for the purpose of improving their stock.

Manufactures in Garrett county do not amount to a great deal, and are limited to two or three woolen factories, about the same number of tanneries, and a few lumber mills, which turn out various kinds of lumber, shingles, laths, shooks, staves, &c. The future of this county probably lies in its capacity for agricultural products, and not in its prospect of becoming a manufacturing community. The time is not distant when this will be a great agricultural county. The amount of mercantile business done annually in the towns of the county would probably reach the sum of $200,000.

One of the most interesting features in this connection is the opportunity afforded to industrious and steady immigrants and farmers of small means to procure homes for themselves and families. The sparsely settled condition of the county, the large amount of unimproved land for sale, the productiveness of the soil, the facilities for reaching market, coupled with the advantages of climate, offer special advantages to settlers.

A Maryland Republican Talks.

New York Press, Jan. 27th.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, one of the leading Republicans of Maryland, was one of the arrivals at the St. James Hotel last night. Mr. Lowndes, though yet a comparatively young man, is one of the best posted men in that section of the South, and has for many years occupied a prominent place in the councils of his party on both local and national questions. Mr. Lowndes said last night that while the chances of a Republican victory in his State were by no means brilliant he thought they would come nearer to it next fall than they have for a number of years.

"I think," he added, "we made a mistake last fall in practically giving up our fight for the Governorship after we were beaten in the Mayorality canvass in Baltimore. We had a fair chance to win then and we should have continued the fight for all it was worth."

"Do you think the Republicans are likely to carry any Southern State next fall?"

"Yes, I think there is an excellent chance of carrying Virginia. You see the position of the Republican party in relation to the tax on tobacco is very popular in Virginia and will tend to draw a large vote with it. If any Southern State casts its electoral vote for the Republican candidate I think Virginia will be the one."

"Who is the choice of your State for the Republican nomination?"

"Mr. Blaine seems to have the call. A number of our people were converted to the Blaine ranks during the recent Convention of Republican Clubs held in this city. Sherman is a good man. If he was not so cold in his nature and had the power of enthusing the masses like Mr. Blaine has, he could not be beaten; but he does not seem to get a hold on the popular heart. I can't say whom I favor, but I am inclined to think some well known man whose name has not been actively canvassed should be chosen."

Disgusted Settlers.

RICHMOND, VA, Jan. 30.—"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," remarked Virginia legislator when he heard a report of the State Commissioner of Agriculture read in the General assembly on Saturday. The latter official who succeeded to this office on the first of the present month, says that since then he has read a large number of letters from people outside of Virginia making inquiries for homes here. The letters come especially from the great northwestern section of the Union, where an icy blizzard has recently played such sad havoc.

Most of them ask for reports, maps and statistical information in regard to agricultural, industrial, manufacturing and mining interests of Virginia, The Commissioner adds: These inquiries come from American-born citizens of the now frozen Northwest, men with means and families seeking homes singly and in companies, and being satisfied that the vicissitudes of climate in the Northwest will drive and is driving the better part of the population of that section South, and that this class of settlers is greatly needed in Virginia. I make this report that your body may take any action you deem proper in the premises.

The report was referred to the Committee on Agriculture, and it is believed, if the advantages of the State can be fairly advertised, that immigration will not only be attracted from the Northwest, but can be diverted here from Europe.

Trade Review.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review, say:

Iron is perceptibly sustained in price for the time by the enforced curtailment of production, but the feeling prevails, that resumption of work in the local mines may be followed by lower prices of iron. In all branches of this great industry the decrease in railroad demand is felt.

A better tone in the steel market has been observed within two days, but the business is still mainly left to speculators, and the inability of promoters to place securities may retard new railway building for some time to come, though current reports still show large gross earnings. The storms, the strikes, and the recent disagreements about rates may be felt a little later.

There is a better movement in wool but quotations average a little lower. Cotton is unchanged, while prices of many makes of bleached and brown goods and fancy prints have been advanced, and print cloths are quoted at $3.94 for 64s. The boot and shoe business is fairly active, with shipments exceeding last year, and prices of almost all kinds of leather favoring buyers.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1888.—A ripple of amusement has been caused here by the publication of a letter written by Senator Ingalls three weeks after Cleveland's inauguration, in which he pays Cleveland some compliments. About that time there were a great many Republicans who would have written similar letters, so completely were they humbugged by Cleveland's professions of civil service reform, but now that his character is more fully known and understood, he stands in the eyes of observant people as the representative of the spoils system, and his administration will stand in history as having removed more officials on account of their political opinions than any other one in the history of the country; and these removals have been steadily going on while this arrant political fraud was repeating "No man shall be removed on account of his political opinions" and other such catch phrases. The publication of this old Ingalls letter was doubtless intended to help Cleveland but it is more likely to prove a boomerang.

For the first time, Cleveland was seen on foot on the streets of this city, Saturday, when accompanied by Secretary Fairchild he walked to West Washington and returned. A short distance behind them walked two detectives, to see that nobody should hurt the "dear innocent little things." Bah. It's enough to make one sick to even think of it, particularly when it is remembered that when Gen. Grant was President he made a regular practice of walking about the city alone; and it would have been a very reckless man who would have dared to suggest to the brave old warrior that he should be followed by detectives to protect him from his fellow citizens. But it's a long ways from Grant to Cleveland: one was the real man of the people; the other is a bogus representative of the people, who tries to palm himself off on the masses as a great reformer.

That "Republics are ungrateful" was never more strikingly shown than in the case of the survivors of Lieut. Greeley's expedition to Lady Franklin Bay, who have not to this day received from the Government their regular allowance for fuel and quarters. If they had been on some easy duty at home, they would doubtless have long ago received their allowances; but their absence in the Arctic seas and the form of the order detailing them, made an act of Congress necessary to authorize their payment. A bill was reported to the Senate in the last Congress, and easily passed, but it was defeated in the House, through the efforts of General Bragg (now minister to Mexico) solely because it was reported from the committee on claims instead of from the military committee. A bill has alaeady been introduced in the Senate this session to give Brainard and his brave comrades their pay, which amounts to about $700 for each of them. Senator Manderson made the report on this bill, in which he said: "The appeal of these men is not only just, with precedent in support of it, but the heroism exhibited and the hardships endured by the petitioners should have stimulated earlier action as an evidence of a desire on the part of the representatives of the American people to reward those who were willing to sacrifice their lives and their health in the cause of science. Justice hes been tardy. Fourteen of the nineteen persons named in this bill ard dead, and at the rate of progress which their prayer for relief has, all may be deceased before any action is taken.

Think of a report like that being made in the Senate. And yet it may be years before the heirs of these brave men get their money.

Hon. S. V. White, of New York, has introduced a bill that will strike many people favorably, in view of the rapid rate at which our forests are being destroyed. His bill proposes to seperate the forest lands from the other public lands of the United States, to withdraw them from the control of the General Land Office, and to put them under the special care of the Commissioner of Forests and four Assistant Commissioners, with the view of having the forest lands cultivated and preserved.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, does not agree with Cleveland that the internal revenue tax is sacred, and must not be touched. In a speech in the Senate the other day he said:

"So far as they affect my people there is cause of complaint against each as to the tax itself, but far more as to the method of collection against the revenue taxes. So great offense has this system given to the people of North Carolina that they have again and again, through their accredited political agencies, demanded its total repeal. Now, why should not this tax be repealed? The emergency which called it into existence has long since passed away.

Protection at the South.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Jan. 24.—The report that the duty on soft coal and iron ore will be repealed in the approaching tariff biil has aroused all the mineral section of this State and of West Virginia, and meetings are being held almost daily to protest against removing this duty. One of these meetings held last Saturday in this State represented over 1,500 miners, and a like meeting in West Virginia included as many laborers supperted by this industry, the number in each case being as large, or larger, shan the Democratic majority in each State.

The first of these meetings was held at Pocahontas, Virginia, and was called by the miners and mine laborers and other employees in the mines of the Southwest Virginia Improvement Company, employing over 1,700 men. After appointing J. Roach, chairman and H. M. Smythe secretary, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Upon the successful mining and ehipping of soft coal and production of iron ore depends the living of thousands of people in this section, the security of many hundred thousands of dollars of invested capital and the developement of the richest coal area in the world; and

WHEREAS, The present duty on soft coal, etc., is only sufficient to guarantee to the operators, handlers and shippers a narrow margin of profit, after allowing fair wages to the miner and mine laborer; therefore be it

Resolved, By the citizens of East Tazewell, in mass meeting assembled, that we view with the liveliest alarm the preposition to remove the duty on soft coal and coke, and foresee in the adoption of such a measure the swift and inevitable destruction of the coal interests in our section, and the consequent defeat of all measures looking to the developement of this part of Virginia.

Resolutions were also passed favoring "the repeal of the odious and un-American system of internal taxation, which would be perpetuated by the proposed tariff reduction," asking a hearing before the Committee of Ways and means and urging the Senators and Representatives from Virginia to vote against the proposed repeal.

The meeting held on the same day at Bramwell, in Mercer county, West Virginia, was called by the operators and miners of Cooper & Co., Caswell Creek Coal and Coke Company, William Booth & Co., and Goodwin & Co., employing in all 1,500 men. The meeting, of which J. O. Welsh was chosen chairman, and C, H. Dahring, Jr., Secretary, passed the following resolution, after reciting the danger of a repeal of the duty on soft coal or coke:

Resolved, That we, the citizens, operators, miners and mine laborers representing the Flat Top Coal and Coke District, at present producing 3,000 tons of coal and 500 tons of coke per day, with large promises of increase in the future, earnestly represent that the removal of the duties on soft coal and coke would be ruinous to the interests of our section, and respectfully request that the members of the House of Representatives and Senators from West Virginia use all legitimate means to defeat any measure looking to the removal or diminution of the present duties on soft coal and coke.

The usual demand for a hearing before the committee was also made, and steps taken to organize a common movement through the State to agitate against the repeal of these duties.

Negroes Anxious to Emigrate.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 29.—The proposed exodus of of the negroes from the United States to the Argentine Republic and other South American States has caused much comment among the colored race in this region, William J. Smith, a wealthy colored man of Topeka, who has just returned from the Argentine Republic, said to-day:

"I am perfeetly satisfied with the outlook for our race in the regions just seen by myself and my companions. The Government of the Argentine Republic has made us the most flattering propositions in regard to franchises and assistance in the way of lands and immunity from taxation for a long period of years. All the arragements have now been made and all the plans are perfected for the movement. I expect that when spring opens at least 300,000 people of my race will have all their arrangements made to start.

The Bard was asked to compose a little poem upon his childhood, and this is what he produced: "How dear to my heart is the school I attended, and how I remember so distant and dim, that red headed Bill and the pin that I bended, and carefully put on the bench under him. And how I recall the surprise of the master, when Bill gave a yell and sprang up from the pin, so high that his bullet-head smashed up the plaster above, and the scholars all set up a din. The active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy, that loud-shouting Billy who sat on a pin."

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—D. E. Offutt will exchange goods for cross-ties.

—Mr. Handy Gipson's other twin baby died last Saturday.

—Mr. H. A. Rasche, who has been in Minnesota since last summer, is at home on a short visit.

—Miss Nellie Sturgiss celebrated her eleventh birthday, Monday evening last, by giving a party to her young friends.

—Mr. Ben. Sincell, late clerk in Mr. D. E. Offutt's store, has secured a position on one of the Washington papers.

—CHEAP COAL.—Mr. John Sines has leased the Diehl coal mine, on Miller's run, and is prepared to furnish coal at the mine at 4 cents per bushel.

—On and after March 1st, 1888, all my open accounts and notes will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

1 28 3t T. W. CASTEEL.

—Taken all together last week was the most disagreeable this winter, or in fact, for several years. A number of our county roads were blockaded by snow drifts.

—Dr. Bartlett was out last week visiting our schools in the northern end of the county, and got snow-bound and detained for several days in Grantsville.

—Married, at the home of the bride's parents, in Garrett county, Md., Jan. 16th, 1888, by Rev. N. Merrill, Mr. Chambers DeWitt and Miss Laura Merrill, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Married, Jan. 25th, 1888, in the Chapel of the Calvary Church, Keyser, W. Va., by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, Mr. Edward M. Dawson to Miss Elizabeth J. Burnap, both of Keyser, W. Va.

—Mr. John Shartzer Tuesday last sold his furniture store to D. E. Bolden & Co., who will conduct the business at the old stand. Mr. Bolden, who will have the management of the business, has been with Mr. Shartzer for a number of years, is a good mechanic, energetic, and a most excellent young man in every way. We wish the new firm success.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A M., and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Removal.

Having removed our stock to the building lately occupied by J. A. Grant, we will be pleased to see all our old customers and as many new faces as possible. Call and see us in our new quarters. We will try and make it pleasant for you, and at the same time make you feel as though you received the worth of your money. To our old customers on the hill we would say, if they will still continue their patronage their kindness will be greatly appreciated, and we will at the same time try and remunerate them for the extra walk.

Respectfully,
O. HART & SON.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of John B. Brant, deceased, are hereby notified to settle up at once, for the especial benefit of the mother of said deceased. When I am out of town the books will be left with my son at the Postoffice.

1 21 3 WM. HINEBAUGH, Admr.

Valuable Property for Sale.

The undersigned is authorized to sell the valuable property on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md., at private sale. This property consists of a large boarding house (Smithman's), a small two-story frame dwelling, large barn and three lots. The best of water on the premises (well and spring). Will sell all together or seperately, to suit purchasers. This is conceded to be the best location in town for a hotel or boarding house. Easy terms. Apply soon.

1 21 4 JOSEPH SMITHMAN.

Selling Out at Cost.

Being determined to go West and having sold out my furniture department, I am now selling my mammoth stock of goods at cost. Men's boots at any price from $1.50 up. Ladies' and children's shoes, men's shoes $1.99, worth $3.00; dress flannels and shirting flannels, (some 3½ calico), and dress goods of all kinds. $1,500 worth of clothing, overcoats, &c., &c. These goods must be sold, so come at once, and secure the best. Everything must go and go quickly.

2 4 JOHN SHARTZER.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle by cash, note or produce, on or before March 1st, 1888, as all open accounts after that day will be put in shape of judgments. This may seem somewhat harsh, but remember an open account will be of no good to me after I go West. Everybody is able to give their note. No produce taken on old accounts after the above date.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the month ended January 31st, 1888.

Brown, Mrs. S. H. 2,	Kelt, Wm. T.
Boyle, T.	Lower, Thompson,
Bantzer, Jas.,	Loudin, J. B.
Beam, Jennie,	McRobie, Daniel,
Cole, J. C.	Naylor, John,
Cole, J. B.	Nine, P. F.
Carter, Mrs. Ella,	Phillips, Jno.
DeLauzon, N. N.	Rinker, N.
Dewitt, Susan E.	Spiker, Jacob,
Feather, Ezra,	Steiding, Augustus,
Friend, Mrs. Annie,	Snider, David,
French, Chas. F.	Sinclar, J. T.
Garber, Jos. R.	Soeller, Louis,
Husser, J. W.	Smith, Rosa B.
Jones, Jas. W.	Welch, Mrs. Bella,
Jones, Mrs. Ann,	Weed, H. N.
King, Mrs. U. S.	Welch, Michael,
King, Hiram V.	Wyburn, Prof. M. V. 2.
King, Isaac,	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Mid-Winter Announcement.

I take pleasure in announcing to all my customers and the public in general that I have recently replenished my stock of Confectioneries, &c., which their liberal patronage during the holidays had well nigh exhausted, and am now prepared to greet them with a full and fresh lot of Confectionaries, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Cocoanuts, Cigars, Tobaccos, Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, &c., &c. Oysters in bulk, or stewed or fried in first-class style, always on hand at reasonable prices. Having made the necessary arrangements, I can furnish on short notice all kinds of Periodicals and Books, Sheet Music, Music Books and Musical Instruments. Give me a call before going elsewhere for anything in my line.

Respectfully,

1 21 J. M. LITZINGER.

N. B.—Remember the place—next door to B. & O. Depot.

Fresh Meat.

Having rented the Casteel butcher-shop on Main street, I will open the same on Saturday, January 14th, with a full supply of fresh meat, pudding, sausage, etc. After this date this will be open every forenoon during the week, and on Saturdays all day. Terms positively cash, unless by special agreement, and no indulgence longer than 30 days. We pay cash for beef, and must receive the same in order to give you something to eat. The shop corner Oak and Third streets is open at all times. Prices: Best steak, 10 to 12½c.; fresh sausage, 10c.; smoked sausage, 12½c., and everything else in proportion.

All persons indebted to me are requested to settle promptly, or their accounts will be placed in hands of an officer for collection.

Thanking the public for past favors we respectfulyl solicit a continuance of their patronage.

1 14 4 A. NELSON, Agent.

Notice.

Having disposed of my stock of Holliday goods, for which I feel thankful to the public for their valuable patronage, I now take pleasure in informing the public that I will now have constantly on hand a variety of family medicines, druggists sundries, stationery, fancy goods, notions, &c., the finest brands of tobacco and cigars, also a complete assortment of cakes, crackers, candies, nuts, &c. Fresh cheese a speciality. Wall paper ordered by sample on short notice. Thanking you for your valuable patronage in the past, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same in the future.

Very respectfully yours,
L. MUHLENBERG.

N. B.—Subscriptions received for THE REPUBLICAN.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

West Virginia Boundary.

Governor E. W. Wilson, of West Virginir, has written to Governor Jackson, of Maryland, as follows:

"At the last session of our Legislature an act was passed 'to confirm and establish a part of the boundary line between the State of West Virginia and the State of Maryland.' The act is on page 237 of the acts of 1887, a copy of which I transmit to your Excellency by mail. Anticipating your concurrence, I heartily join in the wish that the question may be finally settled at the present session of the Legislature of Maryland." The act referred is as follows: "Section 1. That the boundary line as run and marked by N. Michler, United States engineer, in the year 1859, under the direction of A. W. McDonald, commissioner on the part of Virginia, and Thomas J. Lee, commissioner on part Maryland, from the Fairfax stone to the Pennsylvania line, between the county of Preston, W. Va., and the county of Allegany, (now Garrett,) Md., be and the same is hereby approved and confirmed as the true boundary line between the State of West Virginia and the State of Maryland." "Section 2. But this act shall not take effect until and unless the State of Maryland shall pass an act or acts confirming and rendering valid all entries, grants, patents and titles from the commonwealth of Virginia to any person or persons, to lands situated and lying between the new Maryland line hereby established and the old Maryland line heretofore claimed by Virginia and West Virginia, to the same extent and like legal effect as though said old Maryland line were hereby confirmed and established."

The West Virginia law, it is said, will meet with vigorous opposition from the Maryland Legislature, the proposed basis of settlement being it is claimed, largely in favor of the West Virginia side, — *Baltimore Sun's Annapolis Correspondent.*

Grantsville.

JAN. 26.—After a long, and, perhaps, welcome silence, I send you a few items from this place.

A merry sleighing party from Salisbury, Pa., consisting of eight young men with an equal number of young ladies, visited our town last Friday night. After taking supper at the National House and enjoying themselves immensely, they returned home, promising to return again in the near future.

The property of W. H. Chapman, formerly of this place, was sold last Saturday at public auction to Wm. C. Broadwater for $1608. It consisted of dwelling house, store room and blacksmith shop.

Rev. O. Z. Hardman, of Salisbury, Pa., has taken charge of the Lutheran congregation at this place, the congregation becoming a part of the Salisbury charge.

Mr. George Schlossnagle, of Accident, is busy circulating a petition for the repeal of the local option law.

Mr. Abraham J. Beachy died Saturday night last, of pneumonia, after an illness of only four days. He was in his sixty-sixth year.

Dr. E. H. Bartlettt visited our school this week.

Dr. Getty, Henry Smouse, Frank Spicer, Henry Winterberg and Frank McKinzie made a trip across the county to Oakland Monday last.

Wm. H. Chapman, of Confluence, Pa., visited a few of his old friends here a few days ago.

Jones E. Gnagey and S. R. Frantz made a flying trip to Cumberland last week.

Mr. George Sibert has been appointed Constable for this district. B.

Irrepressible Democratic Conflicts.

The Republican is very blind or dull who cannot see that his party is about to enter on a new career, by virtue of its inherent strength from the magnificent results of its now dominant principle and policy of Protection and by reason of the ignorant rashness of Mr. Cleveland in making his re-election depend on the triumph of free trade. The Democratic cities of the North have become hives of manufacturing industry, and armies of Democratic laborers are only waiting efficient leadership to come out for the party that protects them against foreign pauper labor. The Democracy of the South is fast dividing on Mr. Cleveland's new issue and inteligent and enterprising Southern men are seeing the facts and the irresistible logic of such Southern Democratic advocates of the Republican system of Protection as the Atlanta *Constitution*, which, last Thursday, stated the changed Southern situation in the fewest and truest words, when it said that "under the system of slavery, it was natural that the South should be in favor of free trade; but all the conditions have changed. The big plantations have been for the most part cut up into small farms, and the great need of the small farmer, as well as the large farmer, is a home market where the diversified products of the farm may be sold for cash as readily as the cotton crop."

So our able Democratic contemporary, the Albany *Times*, warns the supporters of Mr. Cleveland, that "he has unquestionably done a great deal by his message on the tariff to split up into antagonistic factions those business men's and workingmen's clubs which canvassed and paraded for him, independent of a tariff issue, three and a half years ago."

These are specimen utterances of Democratic discontent with the ugly situation in which Mr. Cleveland's free trade message has landed his party. They plainly disclose the actual condition of a party hopelessly divided on the one issue that it had been shrewdly dodging since the war. No diplomacy can close the widening breach in the party. The "New South" sees that it needs Protection a hundred times more than New England does. All intelligent Southern sentiment—except that controlled by the "Whiskey Ring"—is in deadly hostility to internal taxes, and if those taxes are repealed the whole foundation of Mr. Cleveland's vague, clumsy and wild campaign against protection will be removed and he will find himself "in the air"—a novel and awkward situation for so vast a mass of stolidity.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Wonderful Bridge.

The New York *Sun* of a recent date says: Of all the plans to throw an iron highway across the Hudson River that is the most stupendous which has ever been suggested by the men who have selected for their points of anchorage Hoooken and a spot on the New York side between Fourteenth and Twenty-eighth streets. It is greatest in engineering features because it involves the solution of problems which no engineer has attempted to solve, and it is greatest in financial aspects because the total cost is placed at between $37,000,000 and $50,000,000. How vast this is one may appreciate upon by reflecting that the great Brooklyn bridge cost only $15,000,000 including the purchrse of property. The Brooklyn bridge towers are 276 feet high above water. The Hoboken bridge towers will go down beneath the water 75 and 180 feet, and the rise above the river's level 500 feet, making them not only higher by far than the uppermost points of the East River structure, but even higher than the loftiest structure or monument now standing anywhere in the world. The Brooklyn bridge from anchorage to anchorage is 3,454 feet long; the Hoboken bridge between the same points would be 5,350 feet. The strands used on the Brooklyn bridge are 16 inches in diameter; those of the proposed structure would be 48 inches. The Brooklyn bridge carries only two railroad tracks besides the pedestrian and horse ways; the contemplated marvel is designed for six roilroad tracks at first, with room for four more upon the demand, besides wagon and pedestrian ways. Should the plan ever be carried into effect the bridge would be the bridge of the world, for it would be longer, higher and larger for traffic than any other bridge now existing or proposed,

This scheme was first formarly presented to the public at a meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers some three weeks ago by Gustav Lindenthal, an engineer who has studied the North River bridge problem for a long time, and has made surveys surroundings, and complete examinations. The *Engineering News*, commenting upon the paper which Mr. Lindenthal read before the society, thus refers to the thought of impossibility which is apt to arise in the mind of almost any layman:

The graudeur of the project is almost appalling, creating at first sight a natural feeling that the chance for its construction must be small. But this is an age of great enterprise and of superabundant capital for anything which it can be shown will pay, either directly or indirectly. We think there is abundant reason to belive that such a bridge as that proposed would pay even now, while the engineering difficulties are certainly less formidable for the resources of to-day than were those which confronfronted the St. Louis, East River, and many other bridges when their construction was begun.

As to the probability of this bridge being a safe investment for superabundant capital the figures presented by Mr. Lindenthal afford an emphatic affirmative answer. His estimates are that the bridge itself will cost $15,000,000, and the property which must be purchased $22,000,000. On this total cost the interest at 5 per cent would be $1,850,000. There are ten existing railroads to use the bridge for both local and through traffic. For the first year the whole passenger movement is estimated at 22,000,000, or an average of 60,000 a day. The toll proposed is ten cents for each person on an average, the greater charge being for through and the less for suburban travel. This would afford an income of $2,100,000. From mail, express, freight, pedestrian and wagon charges an addition of 20 per cent is counted, which it is considered will be sufficient for maintenance, expenses and interest charges.

The length of the middle span is 2,850 feet from the centre of each tower. This alone is a great attempt to surpass what so far has been attempted, for the largest single span ever planned up to this day is that over the Fourth in Scotland, which is 1,500 feet. The length of the end spans is 1,500 feet each, making a total length, including the anchorages, of 6,500 feet. From the underside of the passageways the distance in the clear to the surface of the middle of the river will be 145 feet at 50 degrees Fahrenheit. The rise and fall of the floor will be four feet; in other words the height will be eight feet more in January than in August. The elevation of the towers will be 400 feet to the lower cable, and the total height above the water will be 500 feet. The depth of their foundation on the Jersey side will be 75 feet, and on the New York side 180 feet. The masonry piers on which these towers are to stand will be 340 feet long, 180 feet wide, and will rise 25 feet above high water. The towers are of wrought iron and steel, with sixteen columns in each, or eight under each arch support. The columns are octagonal in shape, and taper from seven feet in diameter at the botton to five feet at the top. The shape of the towers is chosen for the sake of architectural impressions, and largely as the best form to withstand tornadoes striking the bridge. The flat-appearing stone anchorages at each end are each 210 feet high above the pavement—considerably more than Trinity's steeple—each 320 feet long and 180 feet wide at the base. Each is tunneled to accommodate six railroad tracks. The superstructure consists of two inverted braced arches of steel wire cables, supported on the metallic towers, from which they descend to the anchorages. The cables are fifty feet apart, and each is four feet in diameter. The wires forming the cable are wrapped in a steel envelope to protect them from rain and snow and the weather generally. Between this envelope and the stand of wires is left an air spase of two inches to protect the interior metal from heating by the sun. The platform is 86 feet wide—the same as the Brooklyn bridge, and is designed for trains carrying a load of 12,000 tons in a length of 1,500 feet. The ordinary traffic will strain the bridge only 10 per cent of its load-bearing capacity.

A Deep Game.

A bogus detective made his appearance in Grafton last week and played a sharp dodge on several saloon keepers. Representing to the authorities, it is said, that he had been employed by the W. C. T. U. at that place to break up the liquor traffic, he received official information and went to work on the scheme. He called at one saloon and got a drink, after which, instead of reporting to the mayor, he simply showed his authority and said that unless the bartender planked down ten dollars as hush money he would give him away. The liquor man weakened, gave him the money, and he then visited another saloon with the same result. At the third place he failed, and to avoid arrest, left the town. It turns out that the stranger was not a detective at all, nor had he been employed by the W. C. T. U. or any one else.

The opponents of the Blair educational bill hope that the House committee on Education will be found antagonistic to the bill, and so hold it back in committee after its passage by the Senate, if it seems probable that the House will pass it. That the bill will pass the Senate by a considerable majority no one questions. The chief point unsettled by the friends of the bill in the Senate is whether it is expedient to debate it at length. The Republicans intend to send it to the House at an early day, and to permit the House to assume the responsibility for defeating it. The friends of the bill in both houses claim to have assurance that this measure is as strong in the House this year as it was last, and that it will pass if it can be brought to a vote.

The Boston *Traveller* very pertinently reminds the voters of the country that every prophecy made by the Republican party, through its leaders in 1884, in case a Democratic administration was elected, has been fulfilled. They predicted that the tariff duties would not be reduced, and that is true. They said there would be no retrenchment. They were correct in that. They said Democrats would not wipe out the surplus. They have not. They said before the end of Cleveland's term, if elected, the principal offices of the country would be in Democratic hands, and a complete sweep except where law prevented would show the doctrine of "spoils" re-established on the Jacksonian system. This is the record at this moment, and a worse one, so far as the civil service reform is concerned, could not be imagined.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road in District No. 3, beginning at Swauger's mill and running through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christopher Miller and P. McAndrews, to intersect McAndrews' road at the Old Camp.

PETER J. STEPHEN,
JOHN W. STARK,
245 MICHAEL McANDREWS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm and to run in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to the Davis tram-road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Frank Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, C. Glass, George Walters and Perry's Heirs.

J. Z. BROWNING,
GEORGE WALTERS,
RAMSEY BROWNING.
1 21 5 Petitioners.

narries people at the dead of night vhen they are in a hurry to escape the vrath of pursuing fathers or brothers.

'Squire Beasley's office has furnished nany sensations which never got into he newspapers. On two or three occasions the wedding has been harshly nterrupted by the arrival of pursuers ist in time to prevent the ceremony. he age of applicants for his services takes no difference to Mr. Beasley. le has united boys of thirteen and irls of eleven, but up to this time he as never been involved in any trouble. he oldest pair to enter matrimony be-

SHAVING EMPORIUM.

GEORGE W. MOTON,

The Physiognomical Hair Cutter and Ecstatic Shaver, will always be found on Railroad street, next door to the Democratic office. The room has been thoroughly renovated, papered and painted. I make a specialty of Ladies' Hair Cutting and Bangs.

10 22 tf GEORGE WALTER MOTON.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe,

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 24th 1888.

The Board of School Commissioners will hold a meeting on

Saturday, Feb. 4th, 1888.

for the examination of Teachers' Reports for the term ending Jan. 5th, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
1 28 2t Secretary, &c.

hio couples are required to produce a license, and in this way Mr. Beasley aves himself from being amenable to he laws of that State.

Although 'Squire Beasley is a jovial ellow, he is aggravatingly reticent bout his career as a dispenser of matimonial bonds. He has refused reeatedly to be interviewed on the subject and will not have his picture taken. The 'Squire keeps his records, not in a ook, but on slips of paper. He says is nobody's business who the people re that come to him to get married

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS AND STONEMASONS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 25th, 1888.

SEALED PROPOSALS Will be received by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland, at their office in the town of Oakland, until two o'clock P. M. of the 28th day of February, 1888, for the construction of a single truss, wrought-iron bridge over the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport, in said county, on the site where the old bridge stands. Proposals will be received at said time and place, for the proper repairing or rebuilding of the stone piers or abutments at said place. The required length of said bridge will be about 200 feet; height about 12 to 16 feet, and a roadway of about 14 feet in width. The bids must be accompanied by general and detailed plans and specifications. The party or parties to whom either contract is awarded, will be required to execute a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by said Commissioners, for the faithful performance of the contract.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
1 28 td Clerk.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FIRELIGHT.

Not summer's noontide glory
Infolding mountain hoary,
A breadth of woven gold,
For moonbeams as they quiver
At midnight on the river;
Nor starlight pure and cold;

Nor glare of lamps revealing
The giddy mazes wheeling,
Of feet that never tire—
Can rival in their splendor
That mystic charm and tender,
A trembling, fitful fire.

For while the gay light dances
Upon the wall, what fancies
Come dancing over the soul—
Come quicker yet and quicker,
The more the bright tongues flicker
In lightnings from the coal.

Then palaces are builded,
And days unborn are gilded
With visionary gleam;
'Tis then the memory passes
Beneath the churchyard grasses
In retrospective dream.

Ah, Firelight, weird, enchanting,
Bright hopes and dreams implanting,
Most sweet of lights and blest,
Beneath thy benediction,
Hearts weary with life's friction
Can find a moment's rest.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

GIGANTIC BEARS.

The Grizzly and the Silver Tip, [illegible] which Mr. Browning is chairman, came home Saturday night and left for Annapolis Monday morning.

In the Senate Tuesday a Committee on Temperance was announced, with Mr. Browning as chairman.

Petitions were largely signed in Oakland this week protesting against the bills reducing the fees of State's Attorney and Sheriff. These petitions were signed by about all the prominent men of both political parties in Oakland. They are generally of the opinion that if [illegible] so?

[illegible] is a fool to go in arter bear alone." The bruins of the East and the bruins of the West are almost totally different animals. The "Ursa Majors" of this latitude are monstrous in size, endowed with ugly dispositions and prodigious strength, and as for grit, they dispute—and very often successfully, too—the sovereignty of the mountains and forests with the king of American beasts, the mountain lion. Hunters disagree upon the point of how many different species of the bear tribe we have in the Northwest. There are at least three distinct types of the family in Montana, namely, the grizzly, brown and black bear. Beside these, there are also gray bears, cinnamon bears, and the Rocky Mountain grayback. The true gray is seldom, if ever, seen now as high as the forty-fifth parallel, and as far east as the main divide; the cinnamon is simply a cross between the brown and black bears, and the mighty silver tip is neither more or less than a mongrel of the brown and grizzly, partaking strongly of the nature of the two, particularly of the latter. In fact, I think I am justified in asserting that all the members of the species intermarry, and that the silver tip is the king of the family. This big fellow, springing from the grizzly and the brown, combines all the ferocity and tough strength of the former with the agility and stubbornness of the latter, each distinctive trait being more prominent in him, and possessed to a greater degree than by the very animals from which he borrows them. The silver tip is unquestionably the ruler of the family, by reason of his great size and belligerent disposition. Lewis and Clarke, in their narrative of their journey through this region nearly one hundred years ago, speak of meeting not only brown and [illegible] so? Not by any means. It is true it is not pressed or in default, but there are obligations of many millions; legal, equitable and honorable, which ought to be met at once. Most prominent among them are the pension arrearages due the old soldiers of the late war, their widows, minor children and dependent parents.

At the beginning of the war, to induce and stimulate enlistments, Congress passed laws offering bounties to [illegible] of fur badly needed a bath. In one place, after coming upon a so-called white bear, the journal describes him as possessing small black eyes (almost like jet beads), a hide of bright yellowish brown, the front of the fore-legs near the feet being quite black, and the animal itself of a ferocious and warlike nature. This description of the white bear of 1804–5 tallies with the cinnamon bear of 1887, which makes him about the same ugly customer that he was a hundred years ago. There are few black bears in this immediate vicinity, most of them inhabiting the western slope of the Rocky Mountains and the forests that thence continue to the Pacific Ocean.

The woods of Oregon and Washington are overrun with black bears. The largest black fellow I ever saw in my life was in the woods of Washington Territory, near Mount Rainier. The black bears of Montana, as well as the cinnamon, as a rule inhabit low places, such as creek and river bottoms, willow marshes, and timbered spots, but grizzlies and silver tips stick to high altitudes, from which even hunger pressure seldom drives them. Grizzlies are generally credited with highly-cultivated appetites for carnivorous food. Camp-fire stories excitedly tell of the bloodthirsty diet these monsters habitually thrive upon, but were all the blood-curdling yarns aired around the cheerful blaze carefully sifted down for facts I am afraid that fully ninety per cent. of the grizzly stories would turn out to be fiction. I do not think a grizzly is carnivorous from choice. He seldom descends from his mountain home to the creeks and rivers in search of wild plums and chokeberries (the favorite diet of brown, cinnamon, and black bears), but prefers to remain aloft and feast upon the stores laid up for winter use by his industrious neighbors, the gophers and mountain squirrels. Pine nuts are plentiful high up, and then the grubs and worms found beneath old stones and moss-overgrown boulders are good enough for King Bruin while they last. When the nut, berry and plum supply runs short, none of the family hesitate to fall back upon a diet of pork, beef, mutton or venison. A recent report from the Highwoods, in the neighborhood of Arrow and Wolf creeks, says that more bears have been seen this year than for ten years past, and that quite a number of cattle have been killed by them of late. A few months ago, at Mullery's ranch, near Gorham, a big silver tip came down out of the mountains one night, invaded the hog pasture of that industrious ranchman, and in a very short time laid out no less than thirty fine porkers. The hogs squealed, made a great fuss, of course, and as long as there was a show of resistance the bear never stopped boxing their ears. One blow of his mighty paw was enough to kill a hog, and there is no telling where he would have stopped had he not been interrupted in this pleasant pastime.

The grayback of the Rockies is rather a different brute from his cousin of the Adirondacks and the Pennsylvania hills. Perhaps the Eastern members of this interesting family never weigh more than four hundred or five hundred pounds, but out this way many of the grizzlies and silver tips caught have touched the beam at one thousand and twelve hundred pounds and even greater. Mr. Charles Soper, of Bozeman, a thriving city a short distance west of here, is said to have shot one of the largest graybacks ever seen in the West. The hide was something tremendous. The beast having been killed late in the fall, at a time when he was plentifully supplied with "bear's grease," it would not be wide of the mark to estimate his weight when alive at sixteen hundred pounds. Certainly the enormous hide justified these figures, and the claws and head preserved would justly entitle him to the credit of being the father of the family.

As a proof of the wisdom of the old hunter's warning about "going in arter bear alone," the following narrative will best illustrate its truthfulness:

"A party of gold hunters started out from Deadwood some years ago to prospect the country to the north and west of that mining camp. The men in the party were 'old timers,' with one or two exceptions, and among the latter was a Swede, full of grit, who stood nearly seven feet in his stockings. The Swede, however, whose family name was Franck, was by no means a 'tenderfoot,' having dwelt some time in the Leadville mining camps and boasted that he had killed 'bar in his day,' and was afraid of 'no four-footed critter that roamed the mountains.' The party of twelve were climbing a steep mountain, darkness was coming on, and prospects of a supperless night were in view, when the seven-foot Scandinavian volunteered to push on ahead in the hopes of securing an elk, deer, or mountain sheep. The foreigner was a good shot with his rifle, had plenty of grit and courage, and his immense strength and powerful physique rendered it extremely improbable that he would find his match in the timber ahead. The hunter disappeared, and the others toiled on behind, climbing the steep ascent wearily and footsore. At one place the road wound around a steep precipice, the sheer descent of the cut basaltic walls on the left being something like a thousand feet. Far below the tops of giant pines could be discerned, but in the awful depth they appeared like stunted shrubs and bushes. Near the summit and to the right the free land broadened or widened out, and this was covered with a dense growth of willows and stunted pines, from which proceeded the most awful grumblings and howls imaginable. Just as the party appeared on the top all at once out from the stubble came retreating the big Swede, followed by an enormous silver tip, who was driving him slowly backward toward the edge of the precipice. The man was bleeding badly, nearly all of one side of his face being torn away, the result of a wicked blow from the huge paw of the vicious monster. The bear, on the other hand, was quite as badly wounded as his antagonist. His head was a mass of gore, the lower jaw was simply hanging by a few shreds, and one of his hind legs was broken. The Swede was backing slowly, holding in his right hand a large hunting knife, which every second he would plunge to the hilt in the shoulder of his shaggy foe. At one thrust of the Swede the bear caught him fairly with a return whack of his monstrous paw that must have broken the man's arm, for he quickly transferred the blade to his left hand, and gave back blow for blow as best he could. The denouement came so suddenly that the horror-stricken comrades could render no possible assistance. Even had they started on a run, they could not have reached their friend in time, and to risk a shot with a rifle would have been just as dangerous to the Swede as to the bear. Step by step the man was forced back, until he hung almost upon the edge of the precipice. There seemed no hope for him unless he could assume the aggressive in turn, and this could not be done, as the man was doing his utmost, and still the silver tip was getting the better of the fight. All at once the desperate animal raised his huge paw and brought it down with a terrific force upon the head of the man. The scalp was torn away by this last stroke and the poor fellow was blinded by his own blood. Again the bear struck him, and the Swede tottered on the brink with nothing in reach to lay his hands on by which he might save himself. Evidently with the desperation of death staring him in the face Franck did the only thing possible under the circumstances. As he was swaying backward and ready to go over he threw from him the useless knife, and, in despair of all hope, madly clutched the beast around the neck with both arms. The force of the last onslaught carried the animal too far, for the next moment both the silver tip and the man, in that awful embrace of death, went rolling over the frightful precipice together and were dashed into an unrecognizable mass on the rocks and pines hundreds of feet below. Franck's rifle was found in a bunch of quaking aspens, broken short off at the stock. There were no cartridges in the chamber, which proved that the seven-footer had certainly exhausted his magazine before drawing his knife, and that after he had shot all his shells the silver tip had insisted upon fighting at close quarters, which accounts for the broken stock and verifies the probability of the man clubbing his gun when the maddened beast rushed upon him. It was late in the fall when the encounter occurred, probably at a time when the monster was heavily equipped with fat, and, of course, the long keen knife would have to pass through a thick layer of "blubber" before encountering a vital part.—*Fort Keogh (M. T.) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Famous Sportsman's Narrow Escape from an Enraged Panther.

How it feels to find one's self in the jaws of a panther is that kind of knowledge which most people are well content to acquire at second-hand. Probably all men would not have the same sensations, but this is the account which Colonel Barrs gives of such an experience. He was a born sportsman, and, of course, could enjoy many things which to ordinary persons would seem any thing but pleasant:

The panther came for me with lightning bounds. I could see nothing, owing to its tremendous speed, but a shadowy-looking form with two large, bright, round eyes fixed upon me with an unmeaning stare, as it literally flew towards me. Such was the vision of a moment! My presence of mind did not desert me. I raised my gun and fired with all the care I could at such short notice. But I missed, and the panther landed, light as a feather, with its arms round my shoulders. Thus we stood for a few seconds, and I distinctly felt the animal sniffing for my throat. Mechanically I turned my head so as to keep the thick, wadded curtain of my helmet-cover in front of the creature's muzzle; but still I could hear and feel plainly the rapid yet cautious efforts it was making to find an opening, so as to tear open the jugular vein.

I was helpless, and so stood perfectly still, well knowing that Sandford would liberate me, if possible. At the first onslaught we were so placed that he could have hit the panther only by firing through me, which would have been injudicious, at least. As may easily be supposed, the animal did not spend much time in investigating the nature of a wadded hat-cover, and, before my friend could take aim without jeopardizing my own life, the beast pounced on my left elbow, taking a piece out, and buried its long, sharp fangs in the joint till they met. At the same time I was hurled to the earth with such force that I knew not how I got there nor what became of my gun. Still, throughout, I maintained a clear impression of what was going on.

I knew that I was lying on the ground with the panther on top of me, and I could feel my elbow-joint wabbling in and out as the brute ground its jaws, with a movement imperceptible to the bystanders, but which felt to me as though I was being violently shaken all over. Now I listened anxiously for the report of Sandford's shot, which I knew would be heard immediately, and carefully refrained from making the slightest sound or movement, lest his aim should be disturbed thereby. In a few seconds the loud and welcome detonation, which from its proximity almost deafened me, struck upon my ear.

I sat up. I was free! the panther gone! I looked round and found that I was some distance from the place where I had fallen, so that the beast must have dragged me some little way. Sandford, as soon as he had got the chance, had placed the muzzle of his rifle to the side of my antagonist and fired a large bullet right through it, which had caused it to dart back hastily to its lair.—*Youth's Companion.*

Plantation Philosophy.

I knows some pussons dat I likes ter talk ter, not becaze I think so much o' 'em, but becaze w'en I 'verses wid 'em I allus thinks mo' o' merse'f.

Natur', it 'pear like, takes er sort o' pleasure in flingin' cold water on de bright promises dat she hab made. De blackest ha'r is nearly allus de soones' ter turn gray.

Dar is many things wus den de lie dat is used fur ter kiver up er bad truth; not dat kine dat hides er crime, but de kine dat makes us b'lebe dat suthin' good has been said erbout us, when de fack is dat suthin' bad has been said.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—"Spanish" onions, which are really Sicilian and Italian onions, are largely supplanting the American onion from the markets of this country.

MARRIED BY ACCIDENT.

Men and Women Who Found Life Partners Under Strange Circumstances.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb "to love" they go through all the forms and finish the conjugation of the verb before the altar. The few may give this subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. ——," she said, smiling. "I want a mate, too, and can not get one. I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll be mine I'll be yours." He closed with the bargain, and the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazar was buttonholed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds.

"Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price."

"I will be cheap enough," she said, coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps——"

"O, come! You are just the person I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased every thing on the stall. Then, at settling up, there was something said about discount.

"I can not return any money," she said, blushing, "but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma. She can give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms," she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased—here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a check; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile, that eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring, which she saw ticketed in a shop window, went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely; I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure will tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amid blushes. Of course he accepted the money, but, getting her address, he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of shoes.

"I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said:

"A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?"

"Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm soul, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at any rate says that he made her his wife.—*London Rare Bits.*

Soldiering in Burmah.

Shortly after my enlistment our regiment was ordered to Burmah to subdue the natives. In addition to the English troops we had natives as well. The hostile natives were known as dacoits, and we had some very lively skirmishes with them. A friendly Buddhist priest informed us one night of the location of an enemy's camp, and a detachment was sent out to capture it. We surrounded them and they tried to fight their way out, and one big fellow came within three inches of splitting my head with his knife. We captured about thirty of them. Another time we attacked a little army of them who had taken up a position at the summit of a steep hill. They rolled big bowlders down upon us, and I barely escaped one that must have weighed about ten tons.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It is said that Alaska will become a great mining country within a few years, and will furnish canned salmon enough to supply all creation.

TEMPERANCE READING.

ITS CONTENTS.

A Barrel of Whisky.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of this world-renowned whisky from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on its way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh;
A sulphurous shadow that grew, as I gazed,
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm,
Where Vice is the Pilot, with Crime at the helm:
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whisky which he
Was fondly surveying with devilish glee?

"O, I never handle the stuff," he replied,
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure you might wish to look
At the invoice complete—I will read from this book.
You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whisky galore,"
And ere I could slip but another word in,
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all-unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of liquid damnation that fires
The brain of the fool who believes it inspires;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass.
My barrel! My treasure! I bid thee farewell,
Sow ye the foul seed, I will reap it in Hell!"

—*Wisconsin Prohibitionist.*

ECONOMIC DAMAGES.

The Burden Entailed Upon the Public by the Liquor Traffic—Pestilence, Famine and Moral Desolation.

A recent number of the *Chautauquan* presents a discussion of the economic effects of the saloon, by means of letters written for that magazine by prominent men. These are a few sentences from the letters:

"The paralysis of industry, the increase of pauperism and crime, directly due to the liquor traffic, are the heaviest economic burdens our modern society bears, greatly outweighing all the burdens caused by war or famine or pestilence."—*Dr. J. H. Seelye, President of Amherst College.*

"The liquor interest is to-day antagonistic to all the economic interests of society; it disturbs the entire business and political systems; it impedes and interrupts production and destroys the completed product. In short, from every point of view economically, the liquor traffic is a public nuisance and danger."—*Hamilton W. Mabie, Associate Editor of Christian Union.*

"The indirect economic damages of the liquor traffic in the manufacture of paupers, criminals and madmen are ghastly in their enormous and permanent total. Mr. Gladstone was not extravagant when he said in full Parliament that the ravages of intemperance, because continuous, have been a greater curse to the Anglo-Saxon races than war, pestilence and famine."—*Joseph Cook.*

"My disbelief in prohibition probably renders me a more disinterested observer of its results, and I do not hesitate to say that though attended with some deplorable tendencies, it has been of great advantage to the State, both morally and from the material and economic stand-point. Very few of its citizens would willingly return to the dominion of the dram-shop with its attendant crime, disorder and social misery. Whether the people would prefer prohibition to high license, I am not sure; but between prohibition and free whisky, they would be practically unanimous for prohibition."—*Senator J. J. Ingalls, President of the United States Senate.*

"The man who buys that which sustains his body has his strength and force to exchange for the creation of new wealth. The man who buys clothing, though it wears out, has refined himself and kept himself in condition to buy new clothing. But can this be said anywhere of the liquor traffic? Does the man who exchanges his five cents for a drink better his condition to add another five cents to his wealth?

"It seems to me that this principle, which can be readily demonstrated, carried out to its final results, must show that the saloon-keeper stands in the same relation as the lottery keeper, the gambler, and all classes of fraud, and, therefore, must be as fundamentally condemned as are these great evils of the land."—*Lewis Miller, President of Chautauqua.*

"Who dares to think of dollars in connection with the saloon? Think rather of pestilence and famine, of moral desolation and every evil thing. He who lives on the income of the saloon is a pauper. He lives at the expense of others, and gives in return nothing that can help or bless. His trade is a blight. His prosperity entails want and grief. Count the cost of the saloon if you can, but count it not in dollars."—*Bishop S. M. Merrill.*

"One who buys flour is richer for it, as well as he who sells it. Liquor may enrich the seller, but it impoverishes the buyer. All experience shows that the community is richer by driving out of their business those who are enriched by public pauperism, and by forcing them into employments where they shall enrich the consumer as well as themselves."—*William Hayes Ward, Editor of Independent.*

WHY IT IS.

Questions Answered—If Men Have No Self-Respect Why Should They Expect Others to Take a Personal Interest in Them.

Many who drink often ask the questions: "How is it that I am not trusted?" "Why is a day's pay taken from my wages when I am sick and the other men who work alongside of me are allowed to draw pay even if they are absent?"

If these men were to clear their minds and open their eyes "and see themselves as others see them," they would never think of asking such questions.

For example, let us take a case which happened only a few days ago. A man was found by the police in Detroit, Mich., in one of the lowest parts of the city, asleep in an alleyway and under the influence of liquor. When searched in the police station the police found in his pockets $8,000 in bills, $12,000 in checks and drafts and $7,000 worth of precious stones—making in all $27,000—belonging to a firm in which this man was employed. If this firm should happen to retain him he will be one of the first to ask: Why don't they trust me as they did a little while ago? Did I ever lose any thing belonging to them? Even if I do take a little now and then I know how to take care of myself. Of course, he is liable to reform, but his employers are not going to take any more risks.

In the second place the men who complain of being "docked" when they "absent" themselves from work are very numerous. Many of such have come in contact with the writer. Only a day or two ago a man who is "under the weather" every day of his life said: "I can not understand why my employer watches me so carefully, and if I am not up to the mark at all times I am knocked about and yelled at." When answered: "You drink, and that is the only reason." To this he replied: "I do my work honestly, and what I drink is my own." Of course, he can drink and swallow as much as his stomach will hold, but when reminded of the fact that he was a blood relative of his employer, and a man who seldom drew a sober breath, and whose clothes were the dirtiest of any man in the establishment, and only such as his kind were the growlers and the ones who caused loss of time and money to themselves and every establishment in which they were employed, then he began to think.

If such men have no respect for themselves, why should they expect others to take an interest in them?

In nine cases out of ten if asked to join a Temperance society they are insulted and will not hesitate in telling one that they can mind their own business.—*Irish World.*

SAVING THEIR MOTHER.

Pathetic Scene in a Chicago Police Court —A Fine Remitted.

A pathetic scene is described in *Winslow's Monthly.* A wretched creature, a woman whose appetite conquered all other motives of action, was brought before a Chicago magistrate for drunkenness. Clinging to her tattered gown were two children, a boy and girl, the former only seven years of age, but made prematurely old by the hardships of his wretched life.

"Five dollars and costs," said the Judge, sternly. "Seven dollars and sixty cents in all."

Instantly the little fellow started up, and, taking his sister's arm, he cried out: "Come on! We's got to git that money, or mam'll hev to go to jail. Jest wait, Mr. Jedge, and we'll git it!"

The children hurried out of the court-room, and, going from store to to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to jail," the boy bravely promising every giver to return the money as soon as he could earn it. Soon he came running back into the court-room, and, laying a handful of small change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Jedge, and I can't git no more now. I aint as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll jist let me go to jail 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed: "Your mother shant' go to jail, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the Judge, and the woman, clasping her boy in her arms, sank upon her knees and solemnly vowed that she would lead a better life, and try to be worthy of such a son as that.

It has come to be that four drinks of whisky is almost equivalent to one murder. Two men had an altercation in a drinking and gambling saloon of Chicago the other day. One of them, swearing dire vengeance, went up to the bar and called for a glass of whisky. It was given him. He called for another; that also was passed over the counter by the vender of the vile stuff. Another and still another were called for and given. Then the man was insane enough to do any thing. A moment later he had put a bullet through a man's heart, and the wrong man at that. If the law lets the keeper of that den or the dealer-out of that poison go free, there is either something wrong with the law or with its executors.—*Chicago Standard.*

On January 1 a law went into effect in New Hampshire, by which twenty voters can assert any place where liquors are kept for sale to be a nuisance, and which carries the case before the Supreme Court. The defense has to prove the place is not a nuisance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mr. Holcomb, lately Secretary of the American Legation at Pekin, says that out of the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the Chinese Empire fully 300,000,000 spend less than one dollar and fifty cents a month for food.

—A contest over a seat in the Maryland Legislature is going on between two men who bear the striking names respectively of Scaggs and Sasscer. Scaggs is said to be a man of commanding ability. He recently remarked, with a pungency worthy of his high reputation for intellectual brilliancy: "I won't stand any of your Sasscer."

—A peculating student at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., was electrified the other day when he went to obtain a $10 note, part of which was protruding from the pocket of a vest hanging in an unoccupied room. A professor had connected the vest by an electric wire to a signal bell. The victim made a clean breast of his depredations.

—Bunko man (to stranger)—"Aren't you Mr. Smith, of Smithville?" Stranger—"No, sir. My name is Pressure of Philadelphia. I am forming a stock company to raise funds to develop the new and wonderful phenomenon which has been unfolded to my friend, Mr. Kesl——" But by this time the bunko man was blocks away.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The old Connecticut pilgrim known as "the darned man" is dead. In young manhood his mind was unhinged by the sudden death of his affianced bride, and for the rest of his long life he tramped through the State, always wearing his wedding suit. The great desire of his life was to preserve that suit. And the only articles he ever solicited were needles and thread or yarn to mend it.

—A Pittsburgh coroner's jury recently returned the verdict "death from delirium tremens resulting from accidental causes." At another inquest, after hearing the doctor say that the subject, who killed himself with prussic acid, "only accelerated his death, which must have come from consumption in a very few weeks," the jury arrived at this unique verdict: "Death from consumption, accelerated by prussic acid."

—Foreign letters often come addressed in queer fashion. A newspaper was sent to Paris to announce the death of a gentleman at New York. The death notice gave the customary address for the funeral, adding, "Interment at Greenwood." To the bewilderment of the postman and the consternation of the family, letters of condolence were received addressed to "Mrs. Matilda Blank, So-and-so street. Interment at Greenwood." The melancholy addendum had been taken for a sort of suburban annex, such as Yonkers-on-Hudson.

—The president of one of the leading railroad corporations of the Northwest has made the following prediction: "It will not be long until points in Dakota within five hundred miles of Duluth will be sending wheat from their stations to Buffalo for fifteen cents a bushel." This means that when raised on Dakota's soil at a cost of from twenty-three to thirty cents a bushel, with an investment of $5.90 per acre, will bring in the local market, when freights to the seaboard are lowered to this extent, almost the same price that the Eastern farmer receives, raised at double the cost of production and on land representing eight times the capital invested.

—A Boston correspondent writes that the new rough-back playing cards, now becoming somewhat popular, were invented by a well-known club man, Mr. Endicott. He had been playing cards at a club, and after going home and to bed dreamed that he was playing poker and made a misdeal. One of his companions who had an excellent hand reproached him for making him lose the benefit of it. "Very well," Endicott said in his dream; "if you had had rough-back cards it wouldn't have happened. It isn't my fault." When he awoke in the morning he remembered his dream, and the idea of rough-backed cards seemed to him a good one. He reflected, experimented, perfected his improvement, patented it in three or four countries, and is now likely to make a fortune out of his dream.

CHANGED HIS OPINION.

A Man in Search of a House Apologizes to a Renting Agent.

A man who went out house-hunting became indignant when a real estate agent demanded a deposit of fifty cents for each key.

"What, do you suppose I want to steal the keys?"

"O, no."

"Then why do you want me to put up money for them?"

"It is our rule, sir."

"Yes, and one that reflects on the honesty of every man who has dealings with you. Here's a dollar. Give me keys to two of your houses which are palaces now, but which will be tumble-down barns when I look at them."

The gentleman returned late in the afternoon. "I don't like your houses," said he. "They are, as I expected, nothing but barns. Here are your keys; give me my dollar. By the way, I owe you an apology."

"What for?"

"You know I complained against leaving a deposit for the keys."

"Yes."

"Said that such a demand reflected upon my honesty."

"Yes."

"I wish to announce a change of opinion, and commend such shrewd business methods."

"Why so?"

"Well, I discovered, somewhat to my surprise, too, that if I hadn't left the dollar with you I would not have returned the keys."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

GUNS AND CRUISERS.

An Alabama Congressman Chats About Fast European War Ships.

Congressman Herbert, who has been abroad since the close of the last session of Congress, devoted considerable attention to the study of naval matters. His service as Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee in the last Congress made him especially familiar with the subject, and, of course, added to his interest in his studies and researches.

"I saw the fastest cruiser ever built," he said to your correspondent, "She was just being completed by an English firm when I visited her. She is finished now, however, and has been tested and makes, as I learn from the builders, over twenty-one knots an hour."

"How many miles is that, Mr. Herbert?"

"A knot," said the ex-Chairman of the Naval Committee, with a look of pity for the ignorance of the newspaper man who don't know a knot from a mile, "a knot, my dear sir, is about a mile and one-seventh. Apply your mental arithmetic, and you will find that twenty-one knots are equivalent to twenty-four miles. As this vessel made something over twenty-one knots, it is safe to put down her speed at nearly twenty-five miles an hour, or nearly equal to a fair railroad rate."

"How does that compare with the speed attained by our new cruisers?"

"Well," was the frank reply, "it is considerably ahead of us. Our new cruisers as now completed we began several years ago, and have not all the appliances of the latest sort to secure speed. They make something over sixteen knots an hour. We are promised, however, that one or two of the vessels lately contracted for will be as fast as any thing afloat in this line."

"Does this new fast cruiser carry very large guns?"

"No; cruisers do not carry large guns, you know. She has four twenty-one ton guns and several smaller ones."

"You don't call twenty-one ton guns large, then?"

"O, no; they are very small compared with the large guns made now."

"How large are the largest guns now made?"

"That is a little difficult to answer at an off-hand statement, but it is within the limit to say that the great guns now made, the greatest of them, shoot a ball sixteen inches or more in diameter and weighing over 2,000 pounds."

"How far do they shoot?"

"Some of the great guns now made will shoot a ball fifteen miles."

"Fifteen miles—you don't mean that, do you, Mr. Herbert?"

"Yes, fifteen miles. Of course, they will not shoot with great precision that distance, nor will they shoot so far as that from the deck of a vessel. But they can shoot that far with sufficient accuracy, for instance, to throw a shot into a city or among a fleet of vessels. Of course, it would only be by chance that it would hit a single vessel if fired at it at that distance. In fact, it would be difficult, probably impossible, to see the hull of a vessel that distance."

"Why can not these big guns be fired as well from a vessel's deck as on land?"

"Because the deck of the vessel does not offer the same firm and unyielding foundation; and, beside, the use of so much powder and such a heavy gun would make it likely to sink the vessel from whose deck it was fired. You see when they shoot these long distances they elevate the gun—that is to say, they elevate the muzzle of it, so that the gun stands at an angle of thirty or even forty-five degrees to the earth's surface. Of course, the recoil of a gun weighing two hundred tons, when fired with nearly one thousand pounds of powder would be something tremendous."

"Do the improvements in armor keep pace with those in guns?"

"Well, they are now using armor for turreted vessels, of a thickness of about twenty-six to twenty-eight inches. Yet they are able to make guns that will pierce that."

"How about dynamite guns and torpedoes."

"That is still in an experimental stage. The year past has demonstrated the possibility of throwing a shell containing a great quantity of dynamite a distance of a mile or so, and exploding it against a vessel. But some of the experiments have led to a doubt as to the effectiveness of the dynamite when exploded against the side of a vessel in this way. It is still in the experimental stage. — *Washington Cor. Cincinnati Times.*

Points in a Good Horse.

A horse's head indicates his character very much as a man's does. Vice is shown in the eye and mouth; intelligence in the eye and in the pose, in the mobile nostril and active ear. The size of the eye, the thinness of the skin, making the face bony, the large, open, thin-edged nostril, the fine ear, and the thin, fine mane and foretop, are indicative of high breeding, and accompany a high-strung, nervous organization, which, with good limbs and muscular power, insures a considerable degree of speed in the animals. The stupidly lazy horse that drivers call a "lunkhead" has a dull eye, usually a narrow head and contracted poll. He is always a blunderer, forgets himself and stumbles on smooth ground, get himself and his owner into difficulty, calks himself, is sometimes positively lazy, but often a hard goer. He needs constant care and watchfulness on the driver's part. A buyer of equine flesh should be able to detect the good and bad qualities of the animal he contemplates purchasing. This valuable knowledge is only acquired by a careful study of the various parts of horse physiognomy.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Scientists say that the potato rot comes once in ten years—every decayed, as it were.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A ton of diamonds is worth $30,000,000. Don't let the dealers come the 1,800 pound dodge on you."—*Puck.*

—Too cold for ice cream and no sleighing. The young man who can't save money now never can.—*Albany Journal.*

—For thirty-two years Mrs. Catherine Murdock has kept the light in the Rondout (N. Y.) lighthouse burning brightly.

—One Robert Rickman has lately patented a calf weaner. Perhaps he can invent a device to wean a dude from nursing his cane.

—There is nothing under the face of the sky that can be quite so stuck up as a sheet of stamps, when it tries to.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Some of the men who are anxious for a revolution as to theater hats might do good work toward a reform in theater breaths.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But this country started in business with thirteen States, and seems to be holding her own.

—"Papa," asked little Bobby McSwilligen, "what is a railroad pool?" "A railroad pool, Johnny?" replied McSwilligen, "is where they water the stock."

—What this country needs is a society to protect the innocent seals from slaughter. At least that is what the average impecunious husband thinks. —*Somerville Journal.*

—A match vender entered a butcher shop, when the following brief dialogue was heard: Vender—"Hello, Chops! How's your liver to-day?" Chops—"Three cents a pound. How's your lights?"—*Lowell Citizen.*

—A new cab company just started in New York, bases its claim for patronage on a patent hansom with a top that lowers to suit the occupant. A cab with a price that lowers to suit the occupant would fill a long-felt want.

—"What is your specialty, my friend?" inquired the visitor of a dime-museum freak. "Phenomenal intelligence." "In what direction does it lie?" "I'm the man who always 'shuts the door.'"—*Harper's Bazar.*

—People who have studied into the origin of phrases all agree that the saying, "I acknowledge the corn," was invented by a man. A woman never acknowledges a corn no matter in what condition a husband may find his pet razor.—*Somerville Journal.*

—An article in a newspaper the other day was called "A Novel Railroad." We have traveled on it. It is the railroad on which a train-boy drops forty-seven soiled novels of the Suicide Library series on the passenger's lap before he travels ten miles.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—Smith—"That fellow, Jones, whom you introduced me to last evening, seems to be business to his finger tips." Brown—"Yes, I can tell you he is a cleaner, in his way." S.—"What does he do?" B.—O, he runs a carpet renovating establishment."—*Boston Budget.*

—Tramp—"Could you furnish me lodgings of some kind to-night?" "Why don't you work and earn money to pay your way?" "I did work until a month ago." "What business were you in?" "I was pastor of one of the wealthiest congregations in Connecticut." "Is that so? Then what reduced you to this condition?" "Seven donation parties in six months."—*Omaha World.*

THE PATENT FIEND.

He Invents a Safety Shoe Which Lands Him in a Safe Resort.

"Want to make $50,000 this winter?" queried a hawk-eyed man with a lap-shoulder to a shoe-dealer on Michigan avenue yesterday.

"Of course."

"Then buy my patent."

He unrolled a package and brought to light a shoe, a tin funnel and a quart of wood ashes.

"What on earth is it?" asked the dealer.

"It is Bronson's Patent Safety Shoe. Here's the idea: In winter our sidewalks are dangerous from ice. By sprinkling ashes on ice you produce decomposition and render travel safe. Do you follow?"

"But——?"

"Of course you don't, but I'll explain. This is a double-soled shoe. There is a space between the two soles, and the toe and heel ends are open. You fill this space with ashes and as you walk it flips out in advance of you."

"The idea!"

"Yes, I worked twenty-two years on the idea. The funnel fits into the heel of the shoe, and is used to load up with."

"But the ashes?"

"O, you hire a boy to follow you with a pail of them. When the shoe is empty you whistle and he loads it up again. There's nothing like it. I can walk twenty miles a day over a perfect glare of ice. Will you give me an order?"

"No, sir. It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"It is, eh! You'll see whether it is or not before the winter is over! I'll sell enough to buy you out and throw your stock into the river!"

An hour later he was arrested for being drunk and hilarious, and as he went down in the wagon he was explaining to the officer:

"You puz on 'er shoe, you know, an' you puz in 'er ashes, you know, an' you walk on 'er ice an' 'er patrol wagon comes 'long an' gives you sleigh-ride."—*Detroit Free Press.*

LONDON'S PET GORILLA.

The Baby from the Tropics Proves to Be a Gloomy Little Fellow.

The unpleasant idea that must arise in the mind of a visitor to the gorilla which has been comfortably housed in the Zoological Society's gardens, Regent's Park, will probably be that he ought to be spoken of as our young relation. The missing link, it is true, may yet be wanting, but it is humiliating to be forced, after watching the newcomer, and the Chimpanzee Sally, in the next cage, to the conclusion that the hairy creatures behind the bars and the nineteenth-century people in front of them have much in common. Our young gorilla is, of course, at present, the curiosity par excellence at the Zoo. This is his indisputable right, because of his rarity.

The successful prolongation of Chimpanzee Sally's life to the fourth year gives hope that the gorilla may also be kept in the land of the living to be petted, admired, argued about and to be called (to its face) a great troglodyte and an anthropomorphous ape. Our young gorilla does not, so far, impress us as being of a happy or contented disposition. Small wonder, indeed, is there for his melancholy. He voyaged from the Gaboon in a wretched box with scarce room to move, and arrived from Liverpool at the Zoological Gardens terribly knocked about, and, of course suffering from a cold that it was feared would be the forerunner of that pulmonary disease which so generally proves fatal to the tropic-born anthropoids. The chimpanzee, coming also from gorilla land, had been very good practice for Mr. Bartlett, who accordingly nursed the gorilla with almost parental care, and has had the satisfaction of seeing him recover health and in some measure become reconciled to his captivity. The animal has all the characteristic marks of the true gorilla, and it is a great advantage to the natural-history student to have the opportunity of making comparisons between him and the chimpanzee. Which of the two is most human in appearance will probably be a matter of opinion. Sally is tame, and even playful. She understands what her keeper says to her, and has been taught by him to count straws up to five. She is fond of being noticed and will thrust out her paw, with its long filbert nails, to grasp the hand of a stranger. The gorilla as yet will make friends with none, but he will occasionally be tempted at the sight of a bunch of grapes to come forward and sulkily pick up and eat the fruit thrown in among the straw. By and by he may emerge from his sullen fit and permit himself to be handled like his distant relative next door. After all, he is, being three years of age, but a baby, and there is ample time for the ameliorating influences of kind treatment (not to mention the courses of bananas, grapes, and an occasional pineapple to which he is meanwhile treated) to soothe his savage and remarkably broad breast. Sally is more human, at least in her diet, than the gorilla, for she has no objection to meat, and will tear to pieces and make very short work with a pigeon. The gorilla's appetite has naturally to be a good deal humored in these early days, when the luscious fruits and berries of his native forests have not been quite forgotten. The atmosphere of the house in which these large apes reside, which is on the north side of the gardens (opposite the kangaroos), is kept at about seventy degrees, and the cages of both gorilla and chimpanzee are roomy apartments, furnished as appropriately as can be expected under the circumstances. The gorilla will mostly be found crouched upon the straw at the remote end of his house, with his arms clasped behind his head, and the stolid expression of his flat face and dark eyes expressive of a settled gloom. There is in his demeanor at such times a real touch of nature that makes him kin with all who have been unhappy. The young naturalist who studies this young specimen should supplement his visit to the gardens by another to the Natural History Museum, where a stuffed adult specimen will be found. —*London Daily News.*

Who Struck Billy Patterson.

About forty years ago, at one of the medical colleges of this country, the students had a trick of hazing every new man who entered the institution. They would secure him hand and foot, carry him before a mock tribunal, and there try him for some high crime with which they charged him. He would be convicted, of course and sentenced to be led to the block and decapitated. A student named William Patterson came along in time, and was put through the court and sentenced in the usual solemn and impressive manner. He was blindfolded and led to the block, and his neck placed in position. The executioner swung his axe and buried it in the block, allowing it, to be sure, to go nowhere near Patterson's head. The students laughed when the trick was at an end, but Patterson was dead. He had died from what medical men call shock. All the students were put under arrest, and the question arose, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" On the trial it was shown that nobody struck him, but the medical students retained the expression, and it has come down through them to the present day.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A good place to study human nature is in a horse car; but you are apt to think that human nature isn't worth studying before you get through.—*Somerville Journal.*

CARDINAL MANNING.

The Favorable Impression He Made on an American Visitor.

Not much of the pomp and splendor of the Roman purple here, I thought, as I stood at the entrance of a large but severely plain house, of no particular style of architecture, within a short walk of the Houses of Parliament. Yet this was the episcopal residence—the titular palace of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. I had some trouble in finding the place. A policeman who was sunning himself around the next corner said he had never heard of Cardinal Manning.

The door of the mansion was opened by a middle-aged woman, very plainly dressed. I entered a wide hall which was almost destitute of furniture. The woman who had admitted me opened a door to the right, and I found myself in a large well-lighted library, the sides of which were filled with book-cases reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and containing about 10,000 volumes of works in every department of literature, although theology, philosophy and history predominated.

The furniture of the Cardinal's library was of the plainest kind, consisting of an oblong table, half a dozen leather seat chairs, and a cheap carpet of a neutral tint. On the walls were several pictures, among which I noticed portraits of Pius IX., Leo XIII., Cardinal Wiseman and King Edward the Confessor.

While I was turning over the pages of a work on the Roman antiquities the library door opened, and a tall, slender, delicate figure glided into the room. The small red cap told me I was in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminister, Henry Edward Manning. His simple, gentle manners made me feel at home at once. His voice was singularly sweet and winning, but exquisitely modulated.

I found the Cardinal deeply interested in the United States. Like many of his intelligent countrymen, he looks upon America as the country of the future, where the mental and the physical development of mankind are destined to attain their perfection. The Cardinal is greatly interested in the temperance cause, and attributes most of the misery of the poorer classes to the vice of intemperance. The Irishman drinks from joviality, the Englishman from brutality, and it is easier to reform an Irish than an English drunkard.

It is not generally known that Cardinal Manning was a married man. While an Arch-deacon in the Church of England he married Miss Serjeant, whose two sisters married Bishop Wilberforce and Henry Wilberforce, his brother. Mrs. Manning lived only a few months after her marriage, and her death filled the sensitive soul of her husband with a deep and lasting sorrow, and turned him more and more to a life of entire spirituality. Cardinal Manning was born in 1809, the same year that witnessed the birth of Alfred Tennyson. His father was a member of Parliament and Governor of the Bank of England. Young Manning, after a preparatory education at Harrow, entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself no less by his scholarship than by the polish of his manners. He became a fellow of Merton College at the early age of twenty-four, and Archdeacon of Chichester before he was thirty-three. At that age the future Cardinal Archbishop seemed very far from the Catholic Church, for just at that time he preached so violent a tirade against "Popery" that Dr. Newman, who was then preparing to join the church, declined to see him the next time he called. While holding orders in the Church of England, Dr. Manning maintained the spiritual grace of baptism, and when this doctrine was denied by Mr. Gorham, and the view of the latter was pronounced tenable by the Church of England, Manning "felt the very ground on which he stood cut from under him," and shaking from his feet the dust of the church of his ancestors entered the Church of Rome. His rise was rapid. He founded the order of Oblates of St. Charles of Borromeo, was raised to provost of Westminister, and became a great favorite of Cardinal Wiseman, who recommended him to the Holy See as worthy of the honorary title of Monsignor. When Wiseman died, in 1865, Pope Pius IX. raised Monsignor Manning to the vacant See of Westminster, and in 1875 he was created a Cardinal.

Cardinal Manning is a frequent guest at luxurious banquets, but the ascetic churchman in the midst of such feasts makes his dinner off a baked potato, a piece of beef, and a glass of water. The Cardinal is an early riser, getting up at five in summer and six in winter. After half an hour's meditation, he says mass in his private chapel, and then passes thirty minutes in thanksgiving. He breakfasts at seven in summer and eight in winter, and then passes an hour or two over his correspondence, and devotes the rest of the morning to literary work, and to matters belonging to his archdiocese.—*Eugene L. Didier, in Epoch.*

—John Buckley, of Meriden, Ct., caught a snapping turtle and took it to the telephone office, where he works. He thought that he would kill the animal by electricity, and so put the end of a wire in front of it, and the turtle snapped it and held on. Then Buckley put another wire under the shell and turned on the entire electric circuit of the office. The turtle shut his jaws tighter and closed his shell, and in five minutes was apparently as dead as Julius Cæsar, but the next morning he was walking about the office quite hearty. He had received an electric shock powerful enough to kill a man.

OLD SQUIRE BEASLEY.

The Officiating Genius of the Famous Gretna Green of America.

The village of Aberdeen, O., directly opposite this city, has become famous within the last quarter of a century as the Gretna Green of America. More couples are married there in a year than in many large cities of the country. It is the haven of runaway lovers from Kentucky, although couples go there from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and even New York. Aberdeen is a pretty place of about nine hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the Ohio river, sixty-one miles above Cincinnati, and is reached by steamer and ferry-boat. The town is a leading tobacco market. Runaway marriages have become so frequent at Aberdeen that the people pay no attention to them. There are sometimes six or seven weddings a day. The veteran marrying 'Squire is Massie Beasley, who is now seventy-seven years old. He has held his present office continuously for twenty years, and is always re-elected without opposition. Every grade of society appears before 'Squire Beasley to have the hymeneal knot tied. He is a good-hearted old fellow, and if the pair have no money to pay the fee, which is often the case, he dismisses them with his blessing. Some of the couples arrive in carriages and are dressed in silks and broadcloth. Others enter his office barefooted and in rags, but the 'Squire never turns them away, no matter how forlorn or pitiable their condition. He marries people at the dead of night when they are in a hurry to escape the wrath of pursuing fathers or brothers.

'Squire Beasley's office has furnished many sensations which never got into the newspapers. On two or three occasions the wedding has been harshly interrupted by the arrival of pursuers just in time to prevent the ceremony. The age of applicants for his services makes no difference to Mr. Beasley. He has united boys of thirteen and girls of eleven, but up to this time he has never been involved in any trouble. The oldest pair to enter matrimony before the marrying 'Squire was a man of eighty and a woman of seventy-two. It had been a wonder how many mere children could be wedded without making the justice liable to fine and imprisonment. It seems that Beasley is a law unto himself. He asks no questions, and aims to make every body happy without regard to age or color. Most of his patrons are from Kentucky, and the marriage laws of that State are decidedly crude and indefinite. Within the last five years West Virginia has sent many of her young people to Aberdeen to be married. 'Squire Beasley has tied the knot for 4,153 couples in the sixteen years of his career in that time. His predecessor, 'Squire Shelton, who has been dead many years, married 5,000 couples in his life. In thirty years nearly 10,000 pairs of lovers have been made happy or miserable in Aberdeen.

'Squire Beasley is youthful in spirits, being a man of fine social qualities. His office is at his residence, a two-story brick, just on the outskirts of the town. There, with his only son, Captain Tom Beasley, he keeps bachelor's hall. The room used for matrimonial purposes is large and attractive. It contains an old-fashioned book-case and table, cozy arm-chairs, a bedstead, and the 'Squire's pet mocking bird. The experiences of Mr. Beasley prove that people will undergo almost any hardship to get married. The runaways knock at his doors at all hours of the night in the worst of weather. They come on horseback and on foot, frequently being only a few minutes ahead of the infuriated father.

The records of the 'Squire's office show that Lewis County, Kentucky, sends the most runaways to Gretna Green, although every county in that State is well represented in his register. Ohio couples are required to produce a license, and in this way Mr. Beasley saves himself from being amenable to the laws of that State.

Although 'Squire Beasley is a jovial fellow, he is aggravatingly reticent about his career as a dispenser of matrimonial bonds. He has refused repeatedly to be interviewed on the subject and will not have his picture taken. The 'Squire keeps his records, not in a book, but on slips of paper. He says it is nobody's business who the people are that come to him to get married, and he will not reveal any of the many interesting secrets of which he is the possesssor. A newspaper man once offered him a $100,000 for two of his pictures and an interview, but he positively declined to consider the proposition. Mr. Beasley has made several thousand dollars as the result of his reputation as the marrying 'Squire of America.—*Maysville, (Ky.) Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

—The coasts of Lower California abound with huge turtles, which weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. Down at Punta Banda, where a company is building a large hotel, one of the workmen, who is an expert swimmer and who spends much time in the water, has become skillful in riding the big animals. A traveler says that when the man sees one that is big enough to ride, he rushes into the water and mounts it. He has a way of slapping the turtles on the side of the head that makes them jog along, and, by striking them, he also guides them. He rode a big fellow near the shore the other day as the stage drove up the coast road, and the occupants of the stage were so pleased with the exhibition that they made up a purse of $20 for the rider.

—An ether-tight joint can be made with a screw-cap by just rubbing common bar soap in the thread. The ether will not penetrate through the soap.

A Strong Speech.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—In the Senate to-day Mr. Hoar presented the petition of the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston, president of colleges and a large number of other distinguished persons representing a mass-meeting held in Tremont Temple on the 12th of November last, to welcome the British peace deputation. He tated that this British deputation represented a majority (he believed) of the members of the British Parliament, and a large number of persons of rank and influence and distinction of that country.

Mr. Frye called up the motion to refer to the Committee on Finance the President's annual message and proceed to discuss the message in which he said the President had clearly thrown down the gauntlet of free-trade. There was an attempt, he admitted, at disguise, but so feeble that it ought not deceive anyone. That message had been received with unbounded joy in Great Britian, and why not? England had been seeking the American market for years with a persistency which never flagged, a courage which never failed, a faith never hopeless, although for a quarter of a century she has seen her aggressions met by strong defences. But now the President of the United State declared that these defences were to be erased. The British press had at once proceeded to self congratulations and to strip off mercilessly the President's disguise. These congretulations, he said, would have continued if a voice of warning had not been heard. The warning was that such English expression of opinion had to be curbed, or the full fruition of English hopes never would be enjoyed. He quoted from the *Pall Mall Gazette* to that effect, and said that immediately there had been a transformation. The trade papers of Great Britain had dropped, at once, their self congratulations and had proceeded to congratulate the United States and to prophesy unbounded prosperity for this country. Great Britain had seemed suddenly to recognize the fact that this country was her daughter, and to evince to her friendship and affection. He declared emphatically that England had never, in one single instance, evinced any sympathy for this country, and that they never had permitted an opportunity to thus injure this country to pass unimproved. He declared that the counsel, the advice, the friendship of Great Britain to any Nation in commercial matters had invariably and inevitably resulted in injury to the Nation which had accepted it. Ireland was an instance of that and yet, he said, Great Britain hoped and the Democratic party expected the Irish votes next fall for Mr. Cleveland as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. One of the leading free trade speakers had declared years ago that the greatest triumph of Great Britain would be the subjugation of the United States. In the promise of the President's message they could see that subjugation nigh at hand.

Great Britain to-day had her market open to the world, while other countries has their markets partially closed to her. She found within her own borders the fiercest kind of competition; and her industries were falling off. Her silk industry, for instance, had been absolutely destroyed. Fifteen years ago there were 90,000 person employed in the silk industry in London, and to-day there were only 8,000. Her cotton manufactures were crippled; Germany and Belgium were seizing her iron and steel industries and were already controlling one-half of her foreign trade in that line. Her agricultural lands were decreasing in value, and from one-third to one-half of her agricultural laborers were out of employment, while those who had employment only earned from a shilling to one and six-pence a day.

He had heard the President of the United States declare in his annual message that the tariff (the only obstacle to English possessions of the American market) was vicious, illogical, inequitable, and what wonder that the English people deafened American ears with their cries of "hear, hear." They saw him adopt as the slogan of the Democratic party, for the Presidential battle of 1888, the old fundamental doctrine of free trade, that "duty is a tax paid by the consumer,"

What wonder that they hailed Mr. Cleveland as their champion? They saw some promise to open to them participation in the American market; and they knew that that participation would start their halting looms and feed their hungry unemployed men and women. What wonder that the approval of the President's message went ringing over the world?

The distinguished Speaker of the House (for whom he had a profound esteem) in his devotion to the principles of free trade, had dared in the last Congress to arrogate to himself almost despotic powers and to declare from his high place that he would recognize no member of the House to make any motion to cut down the surplus unless it was first submitted to a Democratic caucas. The Democratic Secretary of the Treasury had also joined in the choral song of free traders apparently with all his heart. In fine he was satisfied that all the Democratic leaders agreed with the President except that they had not the President's boldness or honesty. If, however, by cheating the people in the next election as to their position they could get a new lease of power and obtain control of the United States Senate, then the people might bid farewell to every principle of protection, The Republicans took up the President's gauntlet of free trade with great pleasure; and joined issue with the Democrats.

The Republicans declared that instead of the tariff being vicious, illogical and inequitable it increased marvelously the prosperity of this country, and that instead a duty being a tax paid by the consumer, no instance could be found in which the duty had not decreased to the consumer the cost of the article consumed. The Republicans further declare that the future prosperity of this country for twenty-five years at any rate depended absolutely upon the benign influences of a protective tariff. He admitted that this country possessed many advantages over competing Nations, but he declared that with all these advantages it could not compete in manufactures with the European Nations, because it was handicapped in the matter of wages. On this point and on the additional point that the price of all manufactured articles had diminished under the protective system. Mr. Frye supported his argument with numerous illustrations, many of them drawn from his own observations in Europe. As to the surplus it was Democratic in capacity, he said, which caused it, and now the country had to look out to see that the same Democratic incapacity in administering medicine, did not give poison and kill the patient. He was as much against the surplus as the President was, but he was not frightened at it. He would rather have a surplus than a deficit. If there was any honest purpose to get rid of the surplus, it could be done without the slightest difficulty. In the first place some of it ought to be expended wisely in coast defences, in increasing the navy, in building up the merchant marine, and in educating the people.

As Mr. Frye concluded there was considerable applause from some of the galleries, which were well filled and he was congratulated by several Senators.

The Word of "Uniform."

President Peter of the State on Tuesday of last week laid before that body the reply of Attorney-General Whyte to the resolution asking for his opinion on the constituality of the proposed election laws in reference to the word "Uniform," as used in the constitution. Mr. Whyte in substance said:

The Court of appeals, (26 Md., 449,) has laid down a canon of construction in regard to the constitution which furnishes an easy guide to its correct interpretation, unlike the acts of the Legislature. The constitution owes its whole force and authority to its ratification by the people, and they judge of it by the meaning apparent on its face. According to the general use of the words employed, where they do not appear to have a legal or technical sense, but in accordance with the popular understanding the word "uniform," as used in the fifth section of article 1, of the constitution, was not used in any strained or technical sense, but in its commonsense signification it simply means that the registration all over the State shall be on the same general plan, in the same mode, or consistent in its general requirements. It provides for an uniform registration not a simultaneous one. So while it distinctly states that the registration shall be of one form or in like manner, that instrument is silent as to the time and places when and where such registration shall be accomplished, thus leaving to the Legislature the absolute power of making suitable and resonable regulations not calculated to impair or defeat the right of voting, but to facilitate and secure its honest exercise. It will be seen that the Legislature is in no way restricted in fixing different times when registration shall be had in Baltimore city and in the several counties. The act of 1882, chapter 22, under which the existent registration was made, provides days upon which registration is to be made in the city of Baltimore and which are entirely distinct from those in the counties. Where, then, says the attorney-general can there be an infraction of the constitutional provision in providing different years in the city and counties for the like purpose? The Court of Appeals in the case of the commissioners of public schools of Allegany county (20 Md., 457) set its face against any strained or ironclad construction of the word "uniform." The attorney-general then quotes from the opinion in this case, and says the same reasons apply for a similar construction of the word "uniform" in connection with registration.

Pretty Stories Not all Proved.

These are facts, my masters, not at all carrying out the pretty pictures of the story writers, whose girly girls in family disaster and loss of property have only to pick up their pens and write a magazine article, or go into fruit raising or bee-keeping, and buy a farm and new furnish the house the first season on the profits. Might these redoubtable young women but condescend to give the rest of the world some inkling of their secret success? Every year the competition of real life grows more intence, till no favorite with gifts and genious feels secure in her place, or keeps it but at cost of sleepless vigilance and effort.

The thousand successes are offset by tens of thousands of women to whom life is a constant strain of body and thought, with only lightening enough of the toil to be endurable. It is enough to know, from medical reports, that the majority of cultivated women are aged at 50, with the wrinkles and gray hair fit for 75, and soon after die of overstrain, or break down in mind. Imbecility and hysteria increase, to say nothing of insanity, while the standard of effective labor, intellectual and physical, rapidly lowers, because the stamina of the race is worn out.—*Cosmopolitan.*

"Why, Sammy," said a farmer to his little son the other day. "I didn't know that your teisher whipped you last Friday." "I guess," he replied, "if you'd been in my trousers you'd a know'd it."

The world owes us a living, but we have to enforce payment.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

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REV. J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

8 6 td

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, vs. George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a.

No. 138 Adm'r. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, By the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Maryland, this 12th day of January, 1888, that the sale of a part of the real estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, as made by George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a., to Henry Russell and Sarah A. Drummond, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February, 1888, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county for at least three consecutive weeks on or before the 7th day of February next.

The report shows the amount of sales to be $250,00.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Register Wills.

True copy—Test:
1 24 3 SAMUEL LAWTON, Register.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to alter the public road lately located from Wilson's Store to Swanton, said road beginning at Wilson's Store running through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro., Perry Spiker, Jos. R. Anderson, J. H. Harshberger, J. C. Beckman, and Rudolph Beckman, and intersecting the Swanton road at the old McRobie place. The proposed alteration to be as follows: To change the location of the aforesaid public road from where it is now located, so as to run from the Northwest corner of John C. Beckman's land on the Swanton road and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright, a distance less than two miles, to the Spring drain near the "Hogan" place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store.

J. F. FRIEND,
A. FAIRALL,
R. M. FAIRALL,
J. D. ASHENFELTER.

1 21 5

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at Aaron Beachy's, on the National road, thence through the lands of Chas. Leese, Samuel Baker, Perry Durst, James Fresh and others, intersecting the county road Northwest to Christian Orendorph and road leading to Oakland and Accident, near Mrs. Hetrich's.

JOEL BEACHY,
JAMES P. WILEY,
AARON BEACHY,
S. D. YODER,
Petitioners.

1 14 5t

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

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Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

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A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles, 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87, 1y

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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BALTIMORE.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

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Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

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Calls day or night promptly attended to.

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INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

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PATEMT MEDICINES, BRUSHES, COMBS, Etc.

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Jan. 29, 1887.—6 m.

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Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

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☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

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Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	8.09	A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30	A. M.
No. 6	11.38	A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.09	P. M.
No. 4	11.53	P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.37	A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40	A. M.
No. 5	5.07	P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41	P. M.
No. 1	9.02	P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
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C. K. LORD,
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Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.

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A Great National Journal.

THE NEW YORK

Mail and Express

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

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We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

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FOR $1.50 we send the MAIL AND EXPRESS one year and a copy of Munkacsy's great painting of Christ Before Pilate, richly and artistically reproduced in 20 colors. The original of this great painting was recently sold for over $100,000.

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With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

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Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Dacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 12 '87.—1y

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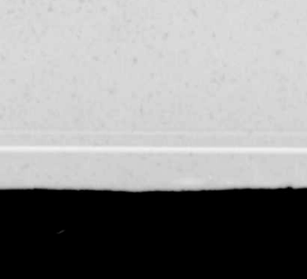
Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

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JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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USE PEERLESS PAPER MEAT SACKS!



Every Sack Guaranteed to prevent Skippers in Meat. They last from 3 to 5 years. Full directions on every Sack.

They are made from strong, close-grained, heavy paper, with our perfect PEERLESS bottom, which is air and water tight, and in three sizes to suit all sizes of meat.

PRICE 3, 4 & 5 CTS. APIECE.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1888. NUMBER 50

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For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.
Snow White and Absolutely Pure.
If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

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OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
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THAYER & SINCELL,
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AND
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v3n47.

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Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

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Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
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Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.
Apply to or address
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Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
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COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

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Manufacturers of and dealers in

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Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

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IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,
Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of
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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

—THE LEADING—

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Ronowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A WINTER VACATION.

It was not at all creditable to him, but it was nevertheless a fact that Tom Bronson went down to East Wheelerville on a two weeks' midwinter vacation in a recklessly flippant mood, and deliberately intending to have a good time, whether or no.

"They're an awful backwoodsy set, you know," he had said to his friend, Ernest Wilson, a dignified young doctor, whom he took with him. "Oh, I don't mind saying it—Aunt Sally's only a step great-aunt, anyhow. Oh, yes, they're the real article, she and Uncle 'Rastus—cowhide boots and calico dresses, and rag carpets and pumpkin pie, and all that sort of thing. We'll have lots of fun!"

"I don't propose to 'have fun' at the expense of your relatives, Bronson, and I trust you don't," the doctor had rejoined, reprovingly; at which Tom had merely laughed.

The doctor need not have concerned himself. Tom's ironical mood lasted about half an hour after their arrival in East Wheelerville, and vanished for good.

Uncle 'Rastus met them at the station with a lumber wagon and a cordial "How be you?" and twenty minutes later they were sitting, washed and hungry, at Aunt Sally's supper-table, with Uncle 'Rastus dishing ham and eggs, and Aunt Sally, stout and benevolently beaming, turning a tin of biscuits in the oven.

Tom called the attention of his friend, in subdued tones, to the picture of George Washington on the wall, and the yellow almanac under it, and to the tin tea-pot and the mug of teaspoons, and the absence of butter-plates.

"They don't have dining-rooms in East Wheelerville, you know," he murmured, with a chuckle. "They eat in the kitchen year in and year—"

"Susy," called Aunt Sally, as she put the hot, brown biscuits on the table, "you can bring the strained honey, too; mebbe they'll like some o' that."

There was a rustle in the pantry, its half-shut door swung back, and through it, bearing in one hand an amber-hued bottle, and in the other a blue plate and a trickling slice of honeycomb, came a girl in a long gingham apron—a dark-eyed, yellow haired, fair-faced, startlingly pretty girl.

Tom dropped his fork, and stared with open eyes and mouth. Wilson with greater presence of mind, only looked admiringly over the milk-pitcher.

"This is Susy Harkness," said Aunt Sally, with brisk cordiality and straight-forward phrasing. "Susy, this is my nephew, Tom Bronson; and this is Doctor Wilson, a friend o' his he's brought."

The young men rose and bowed; and Susy sat down, and deftly and gracefully dished the honey, and smilingly passed it.

Tom sat staring, with dazzled eyes; and continued to stare during the three-quarters of an hour of supper-time.

He was distinctly aware of nothing save the astonishingly pretty face opposite.

He could not have been more dazed and confused had a heavenly being dropped through the ceiling.

A stunning girl in East Wheelerville, and at Aunt Sally's! Who was she?

Tom looked at the gingham apron. It was hard to believe;" but the fact seemed indisputable. He knew that servants always ate with the family in the country. But he remembered Aunt Sally's last "help"—a sleepy, dough-faced girl, with shoes down at the heel.

Where had this—this angel come from? Whew! but how pretty she was!

Tom did not know whether he was eating or not; but he thought he was probably making a passable pretense, since nobody was observing him particularly.

They were talking—Uncle 'Ratus, Aunt Sally, Wilson and she. How sweet she looked when she talked! And the doctor was conversing with her quite calmly and rationally.

Tom was dimly amazed at his cold-bloodedness. He rose from the table slowly, since the rest were doing so, and submitted to being led into the sitting-room, with his head screwed backward to get a last glimpse of Aunt Sally's charming hired-girl, who was swiftly clearing the table.

"Well!" he burst forth, sinking into a chair by the glowing stove, and gaping at his friend.

His flippancy was gone; his jocose sarcasm was a thing of the past. He was deeply serious.

"Well?" said the doctor, collectively.

"Good gracious!" said Tom, explosively; "did you ever see such a darling?"

"Oh, the cook!" said Wilson, shutting the stove-damper. "Yes, she's pretty. But don't lose your head over a pretty girl, Bronson; the woods are full of them!

Wilson picked up a "Life of Washington" from the table and began to read it; and Tom, after a drearily wistful pause, stole into the kitchen.

Susy stood at the sink with her sleeves rolled to her plump elbows, washing dishes. Aunt Sally was stirring yeast and warm water into a pan of flour at the table.

"Oh, let me help!" Tom implored, looking beseechingly into Susy's dark eyes.

"Help?" she repeated, laughingly.

But Tom was in earnest. He caught an apron of Aunt Sally's from a nail, tied it around him, and seized a dish towel.

Susy laughed sweetly; Aunt Sally chuckled till her stout sides shook.

"You'll see I'm an adept!" said Tom, confidently.

He felt he could be an adept at flying, with such an inducement.

Indeed, he rubbed the forks and polished the glasses till they shone.

"Do you like housework, Susy?" he said softly.

Susy looked astonished—did she also look displeased?—and did not reply. Tom made another attempt, affrightedly.

"Have you been with Aunt Sally long?" he said. "I—I am so glad she can have such good help. It isn't always to be procured, you know."

He meant this to please and flatter her, and he thought he was successful.

She turned her pretty head away quickly; and when she turned back her charming face was softly flushed, and she was smiling. Aunt Sally was in the pantry.

"Yes, I am glad to be with her," she said, simply.

"East Wheelerville is beautiful, isn't it?" said Tom, elated at his success.

At that moment he sincerely considered East Wheelerville even more than beautiful.

"I like it," Susy rejoined, bringing more hot water in a tin dipper.

"I suppose you've been brought up here?" said Tom in low and sentimental tones—Aunt Sally was back at the table.

Susy murmured something, with her head bent over the dishes, which their rattle drowned.

"Happy East Wheelerville—to have been your native place!" Tom with a look which, an hour ago, he would have set down as idiotically soft.

"Oh, thank you!" said the hired girl, prettily, washing the last pan.

The evening flew by at a lightning spped, so it seemed to the enthralled young man. He helped Susy put away the dishes, and hung the dish-pan on a hook that was too high for her, and held the dust-pan while she "brushed up;" and then they went into the sitting-room and played a delicious game of dominoes by themselves, while Aunt Sally knit, and Uncle 'Rastus and the doctor talked politics; and talked all the rest of the evening, after Wilson had gone up stairs and while Uncle 'Rastus dozed.

Wilson was awakened by a sharp shaking at half-past ten.

"See here—wake up! I want to talk," said Tom, sitting down on the doctor's feet. "See here, Wilson—I'm gone this time!"

"Where?" said the doctor, sleepily.

"I'm in love! Yes—no fooling. I'm going to marry her if I can get her!"

"Who?"

"Why, Susy!" cried Tom, wildly.

The doctor sat up, fully roused.

"Susy!" he echoed, sternly: "your aun'ts servant girl! Are you crazy, Bronson? What will your people say? But, pshaw, you're talking bosh!"

Wilson lay down again.

"Bosh?" cried Tom, almost deliriously. "You'll see! Bosh? I'd marry her if she was only a crossing sweeper. She's the loveliest, sweetest creature in the world. I'll have her if I die for it!"

Wilson laughed dryly.

"You're crazy," he repeated. "You will be over it by morning. If you ain't, I'll put you into an ice-pack."

And he went to sleep in the middle of a second frantic protest from the excited lover.

But Tom was not "over it" by the next morning—nor by the end of the first week.

That was a hard week for the doctor.

"Yon're making a fool of yourself, Bronson," he said, almost tearfully, several times a day, "What will your mother say, and all the rest of them? You don't really mean to go any further with it? Come now, be sensible. You want a girl that's your equal in birth and fortune when you do marry; not a poor and uneducated girl you'd be ashamed of. Don't Bronson."

"Ashamed of!" Tom would retort hotly. "You don't know her, Wilson. Ashamed of her? Never! I'm going to have her if it's a possible thing.

And he would stride off, generally in the direction of the kitchen.

The climax came on the morning of the eighth day. The doctor had taken a walk, and was changing his muddy boots in his room, when Tom bounded in, breathless, and excitedly red in the face.

"She's mine!" he shouted, leaping across the room. "She's mine! Do you hear?"

Tne doctor, in a spirit half of irony and half of real alarm, sprinkled a handful of water from the pitcher on the young man's head.

"We're engaged!" Tom went on pantingly. "Not quite, you know; she says she's only known me a week, and she won't call it an engagement; but she'll think about it and she'll write to me, and—oh, it's as good as settled!"

"Is it," said the doctor grimly. "I guess not—not till I've made an effort to undue it. You're young and hot-headed, Bronson"—the doctor was two months the senior—"and I am going to prevent your making the worst mistake a fellow of your family and fortune could make. I'm going to let your people know what you're doing."

And five minutes later he was rearrayed in his overcoat and muddy boots, and was going down stairs followed by Tom, pourihg forth a tirade of mingled remonstrance and defiance.

The sitting room door stood open.

"Here she is," said Tom, forgetting everything but his happiness, and flying in to join Aunt Sally's charming hired girl on the sofa.

Aunt Sally sat in the largest rocker, her good-natured face was glowing with pleasure, and she burst out into a serenely delighted speech at the sight of Tom.

Wilson paused in the doorway to hear her, with a stern frown which gradually faded.

"Wal, Susy's been tellin' me all about it," taking off her glasses in her enshusiasm, "an' I don't know jest when I've so glad o' anything. I told Susy, fust night she come, I did hope you'd take a fancy to each other. I've allus been afraid Susy'd have to marry to suit her pa, and not her own self. Her pa's allus been set on her marryin' somebody with money. He says, out and, the match would be onequal if she didn't. Susy havn' so much in her own right and he bein' so rich, he wan't goin' to have her takin' up with no poor young man if he knew it. I do consider that money makes folks terrible proud and overbearin', though your pa's a well-meanin' man enough, Susy, and own cousin to 'Rastus."

The doctor was staring broadly: Tom was open mouthed.

"Own cousin!" he gasped. "Why—why—and Susy visiting you? Why I thought, Aunt Sally———"

The hired girl began to laugh.

"I knew you thought so," she cried, gaily; "and it was so funny I couldn't help letting it go that way, to see what you'd do. It was just like a ridiculous man to think, just because I had on Aunt Sally's apron and was helping her, that I was the 'girl.' Why, I had on my bracelets and all my rings that very evening, and a gold pin in my hair, and you never noticed. Oh, dear, it's been too much fun all along. And I didn't do it for that purpose, you know, like girls in stories; but I've found out that you like me for myself, anyhow."

The doctor looked wilted, and Tom with one arm around Susy's waist, turned to look at him, with a calm smile.

"I should have married her anyhow," he remarked confidently; and Wilson knew he would have.

The world may owe a man a living, but it is best to go out and collect it by a little work.

The Republican.

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MY FIRST VALENTINE.

O, many long, long years ago
Whose lapse I'll not define,
When life was in its morning glow,
Came my first Valentine.
The breath of flow'rs, the song of birds,
Framed in and out with loving words.

Again, ah yes, and yet again
I mused upon the line—
A "poser" to my young heart then—
"O, be my Valentine."
But girt around with mystery's sheen,
I queried not what it might mean.

Nor was I with the problem tasked,
For—scorning mystic sign—
A handsome school boy next day asked:
"Where is your Valentine?"
With cheeks aglow and eyes ashine,
I answered: "What's a Valentine?"

"A Valentine. Why," stammered he,
"You half confuse a feller;
"'Tis when one loves a girl, you see,
"And takes this way to tell her.
"But look in 'Webster,' he will say,
"It means more yet: 'All lover's day.'"

O, little maid, your thirteen years
Suggested not a cover
To hide your face of smiles and tears
From such a knowing lover.
Who could assert with boyish glee:
"So I'll love you and you'll love me."

I'll single out from mem'ries dim
This, sealed with golden sign;
Thenceforth I had no name to him
Save this: "My Valentine."
And I, with thrill of guileless shame,
Under my breath, called him the same.

I dwell not on the years that passed,
When with life's fuller knowledge,
The laurels at his feet were cast,
Hard won from school and college.
And faith and hope beside him stood,
Each promising all future good.

Anon the war-cry thrilled again,
Its dark cloud dimmed our day;
And since the nation call'd for men
How could a hero stay?
Stay: with heart grand, stainless, true—
We bade godspeed "The boy in blue."

Too soon, from out the deadly frav,
They brought him, done with strife;
The brown curls on his forehead lay,
The lips smiled as in life.
But touched as with a seal divine,
They breathed no more "My Valentine."

I can not say I loved the boy—
For life was free and young—
But it will be with rapturous joy
If I but find among
The ransomed hosts, in glory's line,
My own, my long-lost Valentine.

—*Detroit Tribune.*

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

How Natty Proved Herself a St. Valentine Goose.

"Any one who does not recognize the opportunity St. Valentine gives one for speaking one's mind in a nice way to a friend is veritable out-and-out goose!" Nathalie threw her head up in a superior fashion that amused Phil.

"Well, a girl does delight in posing as a goose. Boys are rather ashamed of a likeness to the addle-pated fowl." Phil met superiority with superiority, and felt quite clever, on the whole. "I wouldn't make such a speech again, if I were you, Natty," he added, with kind patronage. "Of course every one knows, and has recognized the fact before you and I were born, that St. Valentine's Day has from time immemorial been the opportunity when one should unbosom himself, and speak of love's sweet dream and——"

"*Love!* O, Phil, you are the goose! Love! O, dear!"

Nathalie rushed across the room, and, in delighted derision, emphasized her epithet between him and his book.

"What in the world are you driving at?" he cried, crossly, and lifting a red face at her. "Didn't you say, yourself, that St. Valentine's day was the time to speak one's mind in a nice way to a friend—say?"

"Yes, but not about loving, and two hearts beating as one, and all that," said Nathalie, trying hard not to laugh at his face.

"Stuff and nonsense!" declared Phil, hotly. "Haven't I always railed at the day ever since I can remember? And now you are going to embroil me in a question over it. Only another reason why I wish St. Valentine had never been heard of!"

"Phillie," asked Nathalie, the laugh dropping out of face and tone, and covering the page with a firm little hand, "don't you think it can be done?" She peered earnestly into the countenance that presented a by no means conciliatory expression.

"What?"

"Don't you think a girl might say some things to her friends—real good friends, you know—that she has wanted to say to them all through the year; how she has noticed that they were not so sincere as they had been to her, and that they did not keep up in their classes, and their manners weren't so good as they used to be—things, Phillie, that girls ought to say to each other? Don't you think it could be done in a nice way in a valentine?" Nathalie searched his eyes anxiously.

"Whew! just you try it on if you want to get your head broken," cried Phil, pushing his chair away from book and table to look at her. "The idea of seizing that soft and tender season as an opportunity to sling a brick at a fellow—excuse me—a susceptible maiden! Just try it—that's all I say."

"Girls are not all such sillies as you make us out," cried Nathalie, loftily; and, drawing herself away in dignity, "you may not know it, but we have just formed a Mutual Improvement Society, Philip Carr, and we have agreed that we will take from each other whatever is said for our good. We ask to be criticised freely, and we have promised to think just as much as ever of any girl who tells us of our faults."

"May I be preserved from seeing the wrecks," cried Phil, "of broken friendships and dilapidated affections! In a week you'll be lucky if you get the girls to speak to you, if you set up this business. Take my advice, Natty, and have nothing to do with it," he said, more kindly.

"Indeed, I shall have something to do with it," declared Nathalie, perversely; "and a good deal, too. I've just bought ten sweet valentines, and I shall write it all as kind as can be and sign my name, just what I think I ought to say, to each of the girls, and they will thank me for it." She gave her brown curls a shake, and, her spirits rising, now that the decisive step was taken, she began to dance around the room to a gay little tune.

"Write out what you think of the other girls!" cried Philip. "Put it down in black and white! O, you goose—you St. Valentine goose!"

"I'll be a goose, then," cried Nathalie, bravely. "You'll see! It's you who will be the goose on the 14th of February, and you boys will follow our nice plan next year. I hope so; for it may improve you in a good many ways not mentioned now."

"Who are the ten girls you are going to send valentines to?" asked Philip, suddenly and ignoring all personal allusions. I hope and pray that they are good friends."

"They are just superb," cried Nathalie, searching for an adjective strong enough for her feeling. "They are true as steel, and they will love me all the better for my valentines. O, you'll see!"

"Who are they?" asked Philip, curiously.

"Mary Gay, Helen Hamersley, Louise Rice, Caroline Plympton, Trixie Hyde, Beth Morris, Flo Williams, Lucy and Maria Smith, and, of course, my—our cousin Sue. They are all just perfectly splendid, you can't deny that; and they are devoted to me."

"Go ahead, if you are determined to," cried Philip. "Only remember than I warned you."

She had already begun to "go ahead" just as his last words reached her, being occupied in scaling the stairs en route to the valentines, wrapped up in a dainty package, as they had come from the stationer's, and reposing in her upper bureau drawer.

Philip rubbed his head, thought a bit, pushed aside his book, scribbled off something that looked very much like ten names on a bit of paper, then, with a smothered laugh, hurried himself into his cap and coat, and took himself off to that region that always engulfs a boy when he is not to be found—"outdoors."

Nathalie, although publicly sneering at Love's devices, had privately lent herself to them, buying largely of most attractive Cupids and blazoned hearts, gilt and lace bordered flowers, and all the season's bewitchments that could be put into ten valentines.

"I hope they will like them," she said, spreading them out daintily over the bureau top, "though they do look awfully silly. Still, one must keep in fashion with the day, so I think they're all right. Now I'll give the biggest Cupid and those pink roses to Flo. That is rather the prettiest, and I want to tell her that I have noticed that her finger-nails aren't so perfectly exquisitely nice as they used to be; and that's a hard thing to say to a girl, especially when she had a manicure set given her only last Christmas. However, I must do my duty," Nathalie brought up, with a sigh.

The "biggest Cupid" soon smiled down benignly at these words, encircled in a wreath of wonderfully pink roses.

"DEAR FLO.—I think I ought to tell you that I saw a spot of ink on your middle finger last week, in geography class; and only two days ago I thought you hadn't polished your nails as you might, now you have that cunning little manicure set your Aunt Grace gave you.

"This is all written in love by your Valentine,
"NATHALIE CARR."

"That really looks quite kind and nice," declared Nathalie, regarding it with satisfaction. "What a splendid idea it is to send the notes on St. Valentine's Day! The girls will be so surprised. Now I'll write Maria Smith's next. She's everlastingly saying 'ain't' and 'got' when she don't need any thing besides 'I have.' I didn't realize before how she has annoyed me. It's really dreadful." So Maria's sweet valentine read this wise, folded into the protecting embrace of a bunch of violets as surprising in their way as the roses were:

"DEAR MARIA—I want to tell you that I think we should all be careful what words we use and not say 'ain't' for 'aren't' or 'am not;' and as for 'got,' it's perfectly dreadful to keep saying 'I have got any thing,' when 'I have any thing' would do just as well.

"With the greatest love, your Valentine,
"NATHALIE CARR."

"It looks a little harder than Flo's," communed Nathalie with herself, when she had finished, "but I had to say it, and I guess the violets will make up; they're lovely. Now I'll get Trixie's off my mind—she's always snuffing so disagreeably. I declare, when I think of it, I wonder I've kept so long from telling her of it. I'll give her this girl going down to the spring with a basket of flowers; it's too pretty for anything. I don't know why I should hate to tell Trixie she snuffs almost every word she says; ever so many of the girls complain of it." So Trixie's St. Valentine message ran this way, written by a pen getting quite in spirit with the idea of keeping a sharp lookout for the failings of friends:

"DEAR TRIXIE—I know I ought to tell you that you are getting worse than ever at snuffing. The other day, when you tried to tell me about Flora Briggs' new dress, you kept that disagreeable habit up every ten words. [Here Nathalie, considering herself not quite truthful, changed the "ten" to "five".] And if I don't tell you of it you'll just go on snuffing and snuffing until you get to be a young lady, and that would be perfectly horrid.

"With the most devoted love, your Valentine,
"NATHALIE CARR."

When Nathalie turned her back upon her ten completed valentinic messages of love, it was to carry an exhausted face and manner to the family supper-table. Philip cast a glance of ordinary interest at her as she took her place, and, beyond the silent pity of father and mother, who thought their girl studying too hard, the pale cheeks were unnoticed.

"It is a very hard piece of work to do," whispered Nathalie, as she passed Philip the bread, "but I know they will thank me. I'm sure I should if I were in their place."

"Um!" said Philip, in his unresponsive fashion, and then he began to talk about a new toboggan slide the boys were making on Collins Hill, directing his conversational efforts to his father, so that Nathalie, left out in the cold, fell back to a listless replying that she did not want any thing to eat, to all her mother's attempts that were now set in motion toward that end.

"You must be sick, daughter," at last said Mrs. Carr, "and I can't think of any thing better than for you to get into bed as early as possible." All the pleadings that Nathalie now began being of no avail the sturdy writer of the ten St. Valentine epistles was ignominiously set free from the supper-table, only to be put to bed at seven o'clock like a child.

It was probably this, however, that made her arise betimes the next morning, bright as a bee and bonny as a bird, with a rare delight in the new idea so successfully worked out the previous evening, and just as soon as the hearty breakfast was over, that tasted so good after her fast of the night before, she flew into her sack and hat, grasped her ten missives with a confident hand, and started to drop them, with a St. Valentine pull at the door bell, at the house of each friend.

"Going to be the letter-carrier?" cried Philip, following her to the door. "Why in time didn't you post the things?"

"O, it's twice the fun to tuck them under the doors and then run," cried Nathalie, with a cheek like the heart of a wild rose, and laughing gayly as she hurried down the street.

"Why don't you wait and see if you get any valentines?" shouted Philip after her, and craning his neck to get a last view of the flying figure—"it's nearly time for the postman."

"Save them all for me. Don't you dare to open one. I'll be home soon," came back on the wind, and Nathalie was off.

Philip came carefully in, shut the door, put his fingers in his mouth, and gave that terrific whistle that only boys can, that emits a tearing, ear-splitting sound, once heard never to be forgotten; then he felt better. Just at this moment a click and then a sharp pull at the bell made him turn abruptly around and rush to the letter-box.

"She's missed them by a hair's breadth," he cried. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Jolly! every girl's come to time as good as if she were a boy," dragging out a handful of smart valentines, each and every one addressed to Miss Nathalie Carr, 89 Clement avenue.

These he carefully placed on the library table, and then executed for his own diversion, around this center of attraction, a series of hops that would shame a Digger Indian of the best developed muscle, at last tearing himself away to occupy the time elsewhere, with both ears on the alert for Nathalie whenever she should come running in.

"I'm home," she cried, suddenly appearing in the door with the rosiest of faces. "It was royal fun, Phil!"

"How did you get in?" he cried, bounding forward in dismay.

"Came in the basement door; the marketman was just ringing, and I slipped in behind him and his basket."

"Have you been in the library?" asked Philip, nervously.

"No; I didn't stop. I was in such a hurry to tell you. It was just the loveliest fun I ever had. I guess I enjoyed it more because I did what I should want done to me, and wrote the girls just what I know is true."

"Yes, yes; well come on," said Philip, interrupting. "You've a lot of valentines in the library—came in the post, you know. Let's go down and look at them."

"Only a lot of sillies, I suppose," said Nathalie, with her most grown-up air, yet speeding with intense delight for the stairs. "Still, we might as well look at them and guess who sent them."

"That's so," said Philip, hurrying after.

"Oh! ah! oh!" Nathalie's eyes sparkled at the pretty heap, and her girl-heart swelled at the importance to which she was suddenly lifted. "Ten! Who could have sent them all?"

"Look and see," advised Philip; "that's the way a boy does when he gets a letter, but a girl *oh's* over an hour, and then spells out the postmark and guesses who it is from, another hour. Here's my knife."

"I'd rather take a hair-pin," said Nathalie. "I can do it twice as quickly," and she pulled at that necessary article, tumbling down half of her loose coils as the chief support was withdrawn.

"Take care! the whole thing will be down upon us if you don't look out," said Philip, regarding her head in alarm.

"Never mind! 'twill hold together till I get these open," laughed Nathalie, deftly doing duty with the hair-pin, in the way only a girl and a woman can, till the ten sealed envelopes were all laid open and ready to yield their contents, when the coils were shaken into place, and the little hair support run in through them again. "There," she said, with a satisfied breath, "now I'm ready to enjoy my valentines."

The loveliest bit of paper lace-work was withdrawn from its white cover, in the center revealing two hearts held fast by the arrow of fate, while all sorts of flowers bloomed around these two "beating as one."

"Who could have sent this!" cried Nathalie. "It's pretty, isn't it? Why, here is a perfect lot of writing inside," whirling over the page. "Philip Carr, Flo Williams sent this!"

"How do you know?" asked Phil.

"There, just see there!" Nathalie pointed to a pinched signature off in the farther corner. "What does she find to say to spin such a lot?"

"Read ahead and see," cried Philip.

"DEAREST NATHALIE," began the valentine receiver, in a tremor of delight that Flo, whom the girls always thought a bit cold and undemonstrative, should have finally developed an affectionate nature. "I think I ought to tell you that I have noticed lately that the buttons on your boots are falling off in weakness. Now you know that nothing so marks the lady as a trim boot, and really a needle and thread would help the difficulty ever so much.

"With the greatest love, I am your Valentine,
"FLO. WILLIAMS."

"*My Valentine!*" shriek Nathalie, her rosy cheeks trying to turn pale, and dashing the two hearts and the lace-work to the table. "The idea! What does she think I'm made of, to endure this? And it isn't so, Phil Carr; at least it was only once she saw me with just one little button off near the top, and I was in a hurry to go town for some caramels. So! And she's mean enough to pretend that I always go around with my boots hanging."

"O, no, Nathalie; I guess she doesn't mean that," said Philip, soothingly; "she only does it for your good."

"But I wouldn't care if it was true," cried Nathalie, stopping suddenly. "I'd be willing and glad to have her tell me; but it isn't true. She only saw me once."

"Well, open your others; perhaps they're better," suggested Phil.

Nathalie's eyes shone with their own pleasant light dancing in the brown depths as she saw Cousin Sue's handwriting.

"DEAREST NATHALIE—I feel quite sure that I ought to tell you that your unpleasant habit of giggling seems to be growing upon you. Now I shouldn't mention this, but, as I am a relation, I can say things that the other girls might not like to. So believe that I love you very much and take me for your Valentine.

"COUSIN SUE."

"Take her for my Valentine!" cried Nathalie, sharply; "indeed I won't. The idea, Philip Carr, of her doing this thing because she is a relative!"

"She only does it for your good," said Philip, taking refuge in the old remark, and only wishing that he might be preserved from bursting into a laugh.

"I could take it and love her all the same," cried Nathalie, with a grimace, "if she didn't seize the chance to tell me she is doing it because she is my relative. That makes it impossible for me to love her."

"Pull out number three," said Philip—"here, I'll do it," for Nathalie seemed to have little heart for further investigation. "This is from Trixie."

"What does she say?" asked Nathalie, faintly, with one eye on the smart epistle rattling in her brother's hand.

"I'm rather afraid to tell," said Philip, maintaining a grave face; "it's pretty hard."

"I think I can bear it," said Nathalie, drawing herself up stiffly, and wildly essaying to stop the quivering of her lip. "Go on, Phil; let me know the worst."

"She says you are saying things behind her back," began Philip, slowly, "and——"

"*Saying things behind her back!*" broke in Nathalie, with a sad wail, "when I—love—her—too! Oh—oh—oh!" and she dropped in a miserable little heap to the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Never mind, Nat, old fellow," cried Philip, in dismay, throwing the valentine after the first two, and bending over her; "don't cry; there's a good chap. Those girls ain't worth minding; they always were a silly lot."

But Nathalie wailed on.

"And it's only what you have written to them, or just as bad, I suppose. You know you promised to do your duty in this way, in your Mutual-go-at-each-other's-faults Society," said Philip, pounding her back in brotherly sympathy, "so bear it like a man."

"But I only wrote one to each girl," said Nathalie, faintly, "and I've ten. O, dear! dear!"

"That's only one apiece," said Philip, encouragingly, "and you can pitch back, and keep the fight going all the year, don't you see, and get your pay back."

Nathalie shuddered herself into a sitting posture, with eyes flashing and the reddest of cheeks. "I shall never, never say another thing about their faults so long as I live," she declared.

"Hey!"

"I couldn't, and live. I'm just as full as I can be of the hatefulest, ugliest feelings against every one of those girls, and I'm afraid I'll never get back where I was before. O, Phil, I feel like an old black snake."

"Well, you aren't," said Phil. "You're supposed to be better than you were before. It's an Improvement Society, you know."

"Improve"—Nathalie left the word helplessly in mid air, to jump to her feet and seize his hands. "Promise me that you won't ever speak that name to me again."

"If you won't look at the rest of these things," agreed Phil, pointing to the seven valentines.

Nathalie made a dash at them, and, with both hands full, rushed to the glowing hearth fire and threw them in the midst of the bright brands.

"That's my answer."

"The best thing done to-day," approved Phil. "Never hear a slighting thing when you can help it. That's my way."

The firelight was not brighter than the girl's cheeks. "Get my hat, Phillie, that's a good boy—I threw it on my bed—and my sack. I'm going to follow my valentines to each of the girls. O, how I wish I had them unread in my hand. I didn't know it hurt so to read what the other girls think of you."

"Go on, Natty. You're coming to. All right now."

"Hereafter I'll love all the harder every girl who has a fault that I can't help seeing," cried Nathalie. "Do get my sack and hat, Phil."

Instead, he took her hands and turned her around three times. "That's to get a new set of ideas. Now, you small goosie, it's all right about the girls' feelings. I fixed them when I got them to write up this mess." He pointed to the little curling heap of gray ashes in the heart of the fire.

"*You!*" Nathalie's brown eyes widened to their utmost.

"If you hadn't been so absorbed in reforming the world you'd have seen as plain as day that all I had to do, after you had kindly furnished me the names, was to march over to the girls' houses and ask them to return you the St. Valentine compliment."

"*Oh!*"

"It was something of a job to give up my Latin, and go on a trot like that," said Philip, in mild resignation, and getting a wise distance from her retributive fingers. However, I was willing to do it for my only sister, and——"

"A St. Valentine goose," finished Nathalie.—*Margaret Sidney, in Christian Union.*

TERRIBLE PENANCE.

Monks Scourge Their Bare Backs Until Blood Flows From the Wounds.

In the old days all nuns and monks in Mexico were compelled by the rigid rules of the order to use the discipline on their own naked persons every night and morning before retiring to and rising from the iron bedsteads that were purposely made too short and supplied only with a block of wood for a pillow. Mme. Calderon de la Barca, in her book on Mexico, written forty years ago, tells us all about it. Says she:

The discourse appeared like a prepation for the execution of a multitude of condemned criminals. After it they all joined in prayer with much fervor and enthusiasm, beating their breasts and falling upon their faces. Then a monk stood up, and in a very distinct voice read several passages of Scripture descriptive of Christ's sufferings. The organ then struck up the "Miserere," and all of a sudden the church was plunged into profound darkness. Suddenly a terrible voice cried out in the dark: "My brothers, when Jesus was fastened to the pillar by the Jews he was scourged!" At these words we heard the sounds of hundreds of scourges descending on the bare flesh. I can not conceive any thing more horrible. Before ten minutes had passed the sounds became splashing from blood that was flowing. We could not leave the church, but it was perfectly sickening, and had I not been able to hold Senora ——'s hand, and thus feel something human beside me in the darkness, I could have fancied myself transported into Dante's inferno. Now and then a suppressed groan was heard, and occasionally the voice of the monk encouraging them by ejaculations or by short passages from the Bible. Sometimes the organ struck up, and the poor wretches tried in faint voices to join in the "Miserere." The sound of the scourging was indescribable. At the end of half an hour a little bell was rung, and the voice of the monk was heard calling upon them to desist; but such was their enthusiasm that the horrible lashing continued louder and fiercer than ever. In vain he entreated them not to kill themselves, that heaven would be satisfied, and that human nature could not endure beyond a certain point. No answer but the loud sound of the scourges as their sharp iron points entered the flesh. At length, as if they were perfectly exhausted, the sound grew fainter, and little by little ceased altogether. We then got up in the dark, and with great difficulty groped our way through the galleries and down the stairs till we reached the door and had the pleasure of again feeling the fresh air. They tell us that the church floor is frequently covered with bood after one of these penances, and that a man died the other day in consequence of his wounds.

This awful penance was known as the desagravios, and it must be remembered that each man scourged only himself; if they had scourged each other the terrible energy displayed would seem less astonishing. The season of desagravios used to continue thirty-five days of every year. The women attended church in the morning, no men having been permitted to enter, and the men in the evening, when women were not admitted. The penance of the women was much less severe, and consisted chiefly in kneeling for half an hour, with arms extended in the form of a cross, a very painful position after the first five minutes.—*Fannie B. Ward, in Philadelphia Record.*

BENNIE AND NANNIE.

The First Ripple on the Smooth Surface of Their Young Love.

"Ben Harker, I don't care, you're just as *mean* as you can be."

"O, now, Nan, you're joking."

"No, I ain't, no such thing!"

"Yes, you *are*."

"I *ain't!* And if you *think* you can lead *me* around by the nose, you're very much mistaken."

"Pshaw, Nan, what have I——"

"*I* don't play second fiddle to *no one*, Mr. Ben Harker!"

"O, you don't?"

"No, I *don't*, and I'll let you know it! you think I care any thing for *you?* Pooh!"

"Of course you do."

"Humph! over my left shoulder!"

"O, come, Nan, you know you think I'm sweet as sorghum."

"Now, you think that's *smart!*"

"Well, isn't it?"

"I'd ask if I was you? You think you're dreadful sharp anyhow."

"O, of course I do."

"Better look out or you might fall down and cut yourself—smarty!"

"O, say; let's kiss and make up."

"Yes, I think I *see* myself! Go and kiss your dear, *sweet*, beau-*tee-ful*, lovely, Viny Jackson if you want to kiss *any body*."

"O-o-o, so it's Viny that's put your nose out of joint."

"*My* nose out of joint! As if *I* cared the wrappings of my finger for Vine Jackson or *you* either, Ben Harker! You're no more to *me*, I can assure you, than the dirt under my feet!"

"Ain't hey?"

"No, you're *not!* Thought you could twist *me* around your little finger as you do *her*, eh?"

"Now, Nan, you know that I no more *care* for Vine than nothing, and——"

"Aw, no—of *course* not; tagging at her heels all the time like you was her very shadow itself!"

"Why, Nan, I——"

"You are, too! you are, you are, you *are! I've* been watching you!"

"I thought you didn't care."

"Care? *I* care? Pooh! it's nothing to *me*. *Be* her shadow if you're a mind to!"

"Well, what you kicking up such a row for, then? Come, Nan, you know I love you like all fury."

"Yes, you *do!*"

"I do, too."

"In a horn."

"No, sir, honest Injun!"

"Well, what you tag Vine so for, then?"

"O, just for—for—for—greens."

"You're dead in love with her."

"With *Vine?* O, your granny's nightcap! You must think I'm bad off for something to love."

"Well, you shan't come to see *me* ev'ry Sunday night and shine up to Vine Jackson all the rest of the week. Not much!"

"All right, Nan; now we're made up, hey?"

"I—I—I—guess so—what you *doing?*"

"Folks kiss when they make up, I guess. I s'pose that's the reason you got up this fuss."

"O-o-o—you—*mean thing!* Tee, hee, hee!"—*Zenas Dane in Tid-Bits.*

The Bell of Justice.

Here is a beautiful story which may or may not be true, but ought to be true, if only for the lesson it conveys. In Atri, one of the old cities of Italy, which you will not find on modern maps, so the story goes, the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should ring the bell, and so call the magistrate of the city and ask and receive justice. When, in course of time, the lower end of the bell rope rotted away, a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it; and, one day, an old and starving horse, that had been abandoned by its owner and turned out to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine, rang the bell. And the magistrate of the city, coming to see who had rung the bell, found this old and starving horse. And he caused the owner of the horse, in whose service he had toiled and been worn out, to be summoned before him, and decreed that as this poor horse had rung the Bell of Justice he should have justice, and that during the remainder of the horse's life his owner should provide for him proper food and drink and stable.—*Golden Days.*

Swedish Family Names.

Although there are many Swedes in this country but few Americans understand the old system of naming still used in Sweden. I often hear people ask how it is that the names of so many Swedes end in "soa." My mother's name was Eric Johnson and I was named Eric. In Sweden my name was Eric Ericson. When I came to this country I did as all Swedes do when they emigrate—took my father's name. This system of naming was never in vogue among the Normans or Saxons, and every person who is named Nelson or Johnson or Thompson or any other "son" may be sure that he is a descendant of the old Scandinavian freebooters.—*Kansas City Times.*

—A Chicago dealer in furnishing goods for men recently recived as a sample a made-up four-in-hand scarf of rattlesnake skin. The tip rattle—the button—was set in the scarf as a pin, and the general effect was remarkable. The skin glistened, the colors changing with every movement. This affair was sent from Texas by a man who wants to supply the market with rattlesnake scarfs, and thinks the supply of Texas rattlesnakes is large enough to warrant the undertaking.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The reporter who writes for all space is not apt to be writing for all time.

—As figures don't lie, a man is only figuratively speaking when he is telling the truth.

—Oft-times after a man has seen his "ante" he is compelled to go and see his "uncle."—*Epoch.*

—Statistics go to show that no case of "love at first sight" has ever lasted until the "second sight."

—The stenographer's fees in a prolonged contest over a will in a New York court were nearly $8,000

—A woman's scorn is not to be trifled with. Especially when you step on it in a crowded horse car.—*Cleveland Sun.*

—One of the greatest causes of trouble in this world is the habit people have of talking faster than they think.—*Somerville Journal.*

—A French woman confesses to the marrying of eight husbands. Few women possess her power to fasten eight men.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—A chemist announces that wood can be made very palatable. All right, Mr. Chemist, but please don't give it away to our landlady. — *Washington Critic.*

—The old, old story boiled down: She (early in the evening)—"Good evening, Mr. Sampson." Same she (late in the evening)—"Good night, George."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Superstitious people claim that a death is sure to follow the howling of a dog. It depends a good deal, we should say, on the kind of a whack one gets at the dog.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—"The single scull race," exclaimed an excited old lady, as she laid the paper down. "My gracious! I didn't know there was a race of men with double skulls."—*Journal of Education.*

—Teller (turning to the president, solemnly.)—I do not see the cashier this morning.

President (dry and solemn)—And I do not see any cash here, either.—*Drift.*

—A precocious New York boy accompanied his mother to the theater. The seat check was marked K 9, and the boy refused to sit there, insisting that it was reserved for a dog.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

—Physician (to patient)—Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be had. Patient (too sick to care for any thing)—Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Artist (who is spending a month in the country)—"My dear Miss Purpleblossom, you are so beautiful. Would you not like me to do you in oil." Miss Purpleblossom—"Do you take me for a sardine?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

—For delicious titillating anticipation, ending in blank, empty nothingness, an unsuccessful proposal of marriage may best be compared with one of those sneezes that don't come off.—*Puck.*

—A coal dealer asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade. One answered: "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested: "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a man piped out: "Littleton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat down.

WIGS AND WIG-MAKERS.

Some Facts About the Art of Manipulating Human Hair.

A barber says that one of the few kinds of woman's work which is not overcrowded, and at which competent girls can always earn good wages, is that which includes the working, cutting and general management of the human hair. The hair trade is dull now. After the holidays people will have more time to attend to their hair. The average pay of female hairdressers is $8 a week. Sometimes it reaches as high as $18 per week, and sometimes goes down to $5. A girl who understands the business thoroughly can command $18 a week anywhere. One hairdresser in this city used to employ 140 girls, and paid out $700 weekly in wages.

The profit lies in false hair. Women that have their hair cut short and are tired of it, buy wigs or "switches" to wear in the street. Those whose hair is poor, or who suffer from baldness, wear false hair at all times. Girls who confine their attention to hair-working alone, earn from $8 to $10 a week. It is an art that needs skill and no small amount of patience and perseverance to succeed with. The hair with which the wigs are made is collected by commercial travelers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are poor markets for hair, not because of the scarcity, for both English and Belgian women have fine hair, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleaning process, severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide, and then dyed several times over. The best hairdressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands.

Perfectly white hair is rare and commands almost any price. Natural curling is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costa $40. The material of which these wigs are made is clipped from the goat and seldom from the human head. A plenteously soft silky kind of snow-white hair comes from the Angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of human hair would be worth at least $1,000. Hair cut from the head after death is never used by any good hairdresser. It can not be used to any advantage, as it will neither curl nor twist. Hair can be proved by pulling it to its utmost capacity. When loosened it will contract to its former length.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The practice of feeding hay to swine, especially clover hay, is extending. They like it and do well on it. If cooked it makes a capital food.

—The claim is made that Dakota's soil raises the finest wheat grown in the world; worth from five to ten cents more a bushel than the best grades of other markets.

—The average farmer has no time to act as nurse to puny plants and vines. For this reason only hardy and prolific sorts are suitable for planting in the farm garden.

—Buckwheat is said to have various effects upon different succeeding crops, but it is generally conceded that it is detrimental to the corn crop which follows it.

—An economical way of disposing of old wrappers of silk or cashmere, when they do not happen to be of pale colors, is to cut off the body and set the skirts upon a yoke, making them serve for a petticoat to wear in bad weather.

—If the meat barrel is rancid after scrubbing and rinsing it as clean as possible, turn it upside down and rest it on bricks, then smoke it thoroughly with green hickory chips or corn-cobs. If it be charred a little no harm is done.

—Fowls can't possibly thrive and do well if they have to stand around in the mud and filth all day long. They must have a place to scratch and exercise. The horse stable is a most excellent place for them to range in if allowable. *Western Plowman.*

—The notion that certain kinds of food are detrimental to the complexion is a false one. A good digestion and a healthy appetite will take care of the skin, and it matters little what one eats, if the stomach is allowed to do its work properly and furnish good material for pure blood.

—Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and when properly thinned with skim milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for out-door work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles and for all farm purposes.

—Diversified farming means fields of grain, meadows and pasture; a kitchen garden and orchard; a lawn with trees and flowers, breeding mares and milch cows; sheep, swine and poultry. Live stock is the ground work, and will hold the soil fertile. Get that which is superior in all the departments. From the best is where the profit comes in.

—Flat-irons that show a disposition to rust may, while yet a trifle warm, be rubbed on edges and faces with tallow; when next put to heat they should, as soon as warm, have the tallow wiped off with an old cloth, when they will be found bright and smooth. At least that has been my experience, and they rusted so badly as sometimes to necessitate taking them to the grindstone to get them smooth. They were kept in different places, coated with beeswax, turpentine, coal oil, etc., but nothing answered until I chanced to try tallow.

THE WEIGHT OF HOGS.

Advantages of the So-Called Early Maturity System.

Any one who will visit the stock yards when large numbers of hogs are being received will notice a great difference in the size of those marketed now, compared with what were to be seen some years ago. Then the course followed quite generally was to keep on feeding hogs until they reached a weight of from 400 to 500 pounds, which necessitated keeping them through two winters. This manner of feeding for market was less profitable, to be sure, than that followed now, when comparatively few hogs weigh over 300 pounds, but it took farmers some time to fully comprehend how much better in every way it was to crowd the swine by full feeding from birth, so that they would reach 300 pounds weight when a year old. When they came to realize the advantages of the earlier maturing system, old-time methods were abandoned, and now very few hogs are kept till they reach 400 pounds. Those that weigh from 250 to 300 pounds sell as readily and at as good prices as those weighing more, and these weights may be made by the time the hog is 10 to 12 months old. This plan is in marked contrast to that followed before, when pigs were kept along on a light ration the first winter, and often had not made a weight of over 60 to 75 pounds when they were eight or ten months old. The farmer had not then calculated the cost of feeding as he has done since. His idea was simply to keep the pigs until they had reached a certain size, and then put them up to fatten. Often the expense of this was nearly or quite what it would have been to feed them in such a way as to reach a marketable size at about the same age. The question of feeding is better understood now among farmers than it was in those years. They now know that it takes less food to put a pound on a pig two months old than on one double that age, and less to put weight on a pig that weighs 100 pounds than on one that weighs 200 pounds. The younger the animal the less food it takes to make the same gain. Generally speaking the older the animal grows the more food must be given to add to its weight, and this continues to increase until maturity is reached. It is estimated that it takes from 30 to 40 per cent. more food to make a full ration the second year than it did the first, and at the same time the gain is only about two-thirds as much. Skillful feeding must be followed in order to grow the largest amount of meat at a given cost, and the sooner the pig has reached a marketable weight the better the profit. The more thoroughly the farmer studies the question of feeding the more successful he will be.—*Boston Globe.*

SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Individuality the Lever Which Gives Character to an Age.

Individualism is a mysterious quality in a man's nature which distinguishes him from the masses. It is the genius of the man; the visible expression of his innermost self. Nature never casts two men in the same mold. The Omnipotent Mind, in His beneficent scheme of creation, designed that no two persons should be created exactly alike. When we study the genius of a people we discover that each family group is separate and distinct. Also, by a finer differentiation, we learn that in some inherent mental quality, or in the broader lines of physical organization, each member is unique. Whatever their relation to the world, then, we know that men and women differ in feature and form, in taste and feeling, in habit and experience, in physical power and intellectual endowment, in moral bias and mental bent, in temperment, in spirituality and environment. Human nature would have less interest for us were there less diversity in its individual expression, and were the identity of a people merged into one universal type. In every age, however, ideas prevail which revolutionize the world in its mode of living. In the procession of events radical changes occur in the externals of life. There is no stability in human affairs. The customs of to-day are the caricature of to-morrow. The intellectual ideal of an epoch is superseded by a feebler or more vigorous type. As history reveals, in some momentous crisis in human affairs the morals of a nation are fostered by the high example of its rulers and leaders; in the succeeding generation they are debauched by a lax of discipline, or the evils of a dissolute court. Society is constantly shifting its ground and seeking new outlets for its energies. Custom and prejudice are all-powerful, changing the character of a people and sapping its inner life. The tendency of the world is to conform mankind to one type. It prescribes a fixed diet, hours in which to dress and dine, and garments of one texture and cut. The length of the days marks the limit of waste. But whoever stand in awe of convention and yield to these influences are consumed by ennui. They huddle like sheep. They exchange their birthright for a mess of pottage, and forfeit their best possessions, as the inhabitants of a Spanish city deliver their door-keys to the night watchman and lock themselves out of their own domains. In pursuing these reflections, let us remember that as there is but one standard of duty, so there is but one way of living wisely and well. The soul creates its own conditions. It rises superior to its environment. It levels the walls of conventionalism as Joshua with a blast of the ram's horns overthrew the walls of Jericho. Society reflects the attitudes and raiment of a posturing, fickle-hearted, pleasure-seeking world. "A mind might ponder its thoughts for ages," says a wise philosopher, "and not gain as much self-knowledge as the passion of love shall teach it in a day." Carlyle said that the meaning of life is to unfold one's self. Within us are unexpected resources. Why spend our workdays over the stew-pan and our holidays in unpacking our trunks and airing old clothes? Because our neighbors across the way keep their blinds closed, should we exclude God's sunshine for fear of fading the parlor carpet? Each faculty and feeling has its use. A man has not learned what it is to live if he sees no horizon beyond the fence that incloses his farm. Would we be instructed? Would we learn how to live? Three books are ever at hand, the Bible, nature and soul. As the story goes, soldiers were held in such contempt during the civil wars in England that to snub them conferred a mark of distinction upon the citizens of coventry, while a woman was ostracised who ventured to ask one the time of day. Social proscription is daily visited upon erring mortals for a less heinous offense. The mandates of fashion are received by its votaries with silent submission, as the superstitious accept the decrees of fate. The surest way to improve society is a well-directed effort in the line of self-improvement. Individuality gives character to an age. The laws of society are never so sacred as the laws of one's being. "However mean your life is, meet and live it; do not shun it and call it bad names." "Love your life, poor as it is," These are words of wisdom. If the stock concern in which you have invested your savings fails to pay its dividends, make good its loss out of the overflowing bounty of nature and the generosity of the heart. What men say and think need not concern one who acts from single motives and is on the right track. Let him give up every thing but honor, and next to that his individuality, though the finger of ridicule is more dreaded than a thunderbolt. Stick to your path, if it is only a cowpath. Be yourself. Imitation is a puerile and cheap talent, an apish gift, an ignoble aim. The meanest possession is a truer measure of happiness than the egotistic self-complacency and pretension which boasts of costly equipages and long descent.—*Harold Van Santwood, in Interior.*

The Only Featherly.

"Are you the only Mr. Featherly in town?" inquired Bobby of that young gentleman, who was making an evening call.

"I think so, Bobby," was the response. "Why?"

"I heard ma tell Clara as you came up the steps that it was only Mr. Featherly."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pleasant Winter Resorts.

The Windward Islands offer a series of charming resorts with excellent hotels at reasonable rates and fine society. Among the chief attractions of this beautiful chain is that one never grows tired from monotony—there is none. They are epitomes of Europe in small volumes. If one grows weary of England, a night's sail over tranquil seas will land him in France, another in Holland, then in Spain, and so on. Language, customs and cuisine change altogether and there is no chance for ennui. Cuba and Nassau are nearer at hand. In Havana Americans find as good hotels as in New York, at the same rates, a few hours of sea travel placing them in a city intensely foreign. Climate is excellent, but too warm for many, the mercury ranging among the eighties. At Nassau one finds almost every thing needed for comfort. A variety of hotels, good society, courteous natives and first class physicians combine to make this isle of June a most attractive resort.—*American Magazine.*

—Brown says people call them the high seas because in a passage over them every thing has a tendency to come up.—*New Haven News.*

Let Your Light Shine.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred success is the stamp of merit. There may be enough *seeming* exceptions to prove the rule, but the proposition will stand. How is success attained? Variously. In business perhaps *the* essential of essentials is judicious, persistent advertising. Men who are "up to snuff" have grasped the idea. Many examples might be given. Probably none would better illustrate the truth of the above than R. W. Tansill, the cigar manufacturer of Chicago. Before he came into the field the opinion prevailed that cigars could be sold only by employing traveling-men. Mr. Tansill thought differently. He thought that an honest article, at a fair margin of profit, and liberally advertised in newspapers, could be sold direct to the retailer, thus saving to the dealer the large item of expense represented by the high-priced traveling-man. The plan worked from the start. Dealer and smoker "caught on" to such a surprising extent that, even at the small profit he reserves for himself, Mr. T. is now recognized as one of the solid men of Chicago. He has kept faith with his customers and with the public, and the name of his "Punch" cigar is a household word. Honesty, and originality, and pluck—AND ADVERTISING—did it.

MEN need not live high to be looked up to.

Wonderful Popularity.

The fact that the sale of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets exceeds that of any other pill in the market, be it great or small, is on account of the fact that they are tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, and that in most cases one little "Pellet" is sufficient for a dose; that they are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless; and for constipation, billousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from derangement of the liver, stomach or bowels, they are absolutely a specific. A gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

FRENCHMEN are the fellows who live duel lives.—*Cleveland Sun.*

New Line to Cheyenne.

The new extension of the Burlington Route to Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, having been completed, the C. B. & Q. R. R. is now running a through Sleeping Car from Chicago to Cheyenne via Omaha, leaving Chicago daily at noon on "The Burlington's Number One" fast train. For tickets apply to any railroad coupon ticket agent, or address PAUL MORTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

SOLD again—second-hand goods.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Madman at Large!

He is a well-known citizen, and his nearest and dearest friends do not suspect his insanity. How do we happen to know about it? Listen: his appetite is gone, he is low-spirited, he don't sleep well, he has night-sweats, he is annoyed by a hacking cough. These symptoms are the forerunners of consumption and death, and yet he neglects them. Is it any wonder that we call him a madman? If you are his friend tell him to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery without delay. It will cure him if he takes it in time. It will not miraculously create new lungs when the old ones are nearly gone, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy condition. Tell him about it, and warn him that in his case delay means death.

A QUESTION for newsboys—does your mother know your route?

BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

FOR weighs that are dark commend us to coal scales.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Gross Outrages

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SOME poetry is like hash: It is a composition mystery that defies investigation.—*Drake's Magazine.*

FOR Coughs and throat troubles use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—"They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly."—*C. Falch, Miamiville, Ohio.*

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A DERBY hat is "no slouch."—*Danville Breeze.*

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A MAN'S life may be like an open book; but it is bound to be closed.—*Picayune.*

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THE life of a Sultan is a harem-scarem existence at best.—*Puck.*

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SATURDAY, FEB. 11, 1888.

We regret very much that we are compelled in mere self defence, as a citizen of Garrett county, to criticise the work of our law makers at Annapolis this winter. We are all citizens together, bound by a common cause, and the concerns of to-day are pregnant with results upon the future of our county. Laws of repression will re-act upon our posterity, and if we as citizens have, as we claim, the real prosperity of our county and state at heart, we will hesitate before we burden our statutes with such laws as are now on the calender at Annapolis, and which, in fact, are simply intended as repressive of the free rights of our citizens. The rights of the citizens of this State are already curtailed too much by the appointive power, and the correspondent in another column well voices the sentiment of the mass of our right thinking people when he, in a satirical vein, calls upon our masters to do away with elections altogether. It is hard to repress our feelings under the provocation, and that our people do not rise up in their might and power and give expression to their righteous indignation, is simply due to the fact that we are law abiding citizens and taught to respect the law making power. It looks as though we were to be punished for voting the Republican ticket and as though dire and severe punishment must be visited upon all those Democrats who last fall refused to submit to the lash of the masters. It is difficult for anyone outside the limits of our county to realize the true inwardness, as it were, of the many laws introduced the present session at Annapolis. Allow us to mention a few only as a sample:

A law providing for the appointment by the Governor of Election Commissioners for each county who shall have full control of our Election machinery, appointment of Registers, Judges, Clerks, &c.

A law providing for appointment of School Commissioners by the Governor—This to punish Dr. Bartlett, who last fall defied the ring, and to get rid of the present School Commissioners who are insisting upon the payment of a large balance due the school board by a late Democratic tax collector.

A law providing for the appointment of a county treasurer by the Governor, in order to make a place for a ring worker.

A law providing for the appointment by the Governor of nine men at five dollars a day to make a new assessment, which should be entitled a law to provide places for eleven Democrats (twelve counting the clerk) who worked for the ticket last fall,

A law to reduce the fees of the State's Attorney, who for the first time in the history of this Republican county happens to be a Republican.

A law to reduce the fees of the sheriff who is a Republican, and so on *ad infinitum ad nauseum*. Is it to be wondered at that property is depreciating in value, that our people are leaving the State, that capital is repulsed, taxes high, our roads bad, our school terms short and emmigrants passing through our doors by the hundreds every day? Gentlemen is it not high time that you call a halt. Our masters we humbly pray.

A Sober Second Thought.

It is a sober second thought which influenced the Senate of Maryland last night to request the return from the House of Delegates of the bill passed hurriedly last week extending the term of the mayor of Baltimore to four years. This bill was passed by the votes of nineteen Senators, and the return of the bill was requested by a vote of ten to nine. The House of Delegates was not in session last night, and so the request cannot be acted upon until it meets to-day. It may be assumed, of course, that the exercise of courtesy usual in such cases will bring the bill before the Senate again, when the opportunity will be afforded for more deliberate procedure than heretofore. Since the hasty action of the Senate in this matter it has been suggested that if the change of term and time is desirable it ought not to be accomplished until a new mayor and new members of both branches of the city council are elected on the proposed new basis. The people elected the present mayor for two years and the city councilmen for one and two years; it is considered undemocratic to legislate them into longer terms, when it is perfectly feasible to accomplish the object, which seems to be desired by many people, of doing away with the October elections by fixing the period for beginning the change when the terms of the present incumbents shall have expired. The objection which showed itself when the scheme was suddenly projected in the Legislature, without having been previously suggested in the campaign or intimated before the Legislature is significant of the way in which the step is regarded by the people, who are and ought to be jealous of their rights. It is to be hoped the Senate's action last night will result in such final action as will prevent the establishment of a precedent which may some time return to plague the inventors.—*Baltimore Sun, Tuesday.*

The Garrett delegation at Annapolis is respectfully requested to carefully read the above. They might give the last two clauses a second reading.

The following paragraphs from the Hagerstown *Mail*, a Democratic paper, are so fair and appropriate that we take pleasure in laying them before our readers:

In the very beginning of the session, several efforts were made to put upon the House of Delegates a superfluous number of employees. This has been persevered in untill finally the whole subject was referred to a committee of which Mr. Laird, of Montgomery, is chairman, and Mr. Smith, of this county, a member.

The committee gave full consideration to the matter and made a most satisfactory report.

This report shows that already, although the session is only four weeks old—and we can add with very little done—a large portion of time made up of adjournments—the number of officers provided for by the rules of the House and by the Act of Assembly, has been exceeded, and that the charges made for the session are largely in excess of that contemplated by the law; and that it is already apparent that a very considerable additional appropriation will be needed to meet the increased expenses. This is certainly a very discouraging beginning, for a session which convened under the most solemn promises of economy and retrenchment.

* * * * * *

The Committee on Elections have made a bad beginning toward the adoption of any measure to secure fair registration and fair elections.

At one of the meetings, in considering the bill drawn by Attorney General Whyte, it struck out the provision which gave to the County Commissioners of each county the appointment of the Registers and Judges of Election—they both constituting one set of officers—and in lieu of it constituting a commission of three for each county, to be appointed by the Governor, who are invested with the power to appoint all the registration and election officers.

This system would place in the hands of the Governor the whole election machinery of the State—a concentration of power unknown to any form of Democratic State government. The possession of such a power is in every way dangerous; true, Governor Jackson may exercise it with prudence and with fairness, but who may follow? The question is not that this or that individual may fairly exercise this great power, but whether any one, on general principles, should, under any circumstances, hold such a power.

Besides all this, the Governor, in exercising this great power, cannot be expected to know well enough the people in the counties to make fit selections, and therefore must depend upon local political characters who will more or less intrigue to get men acceptable to themselves appointed to these positions; whilst, on the other hand, the County Commissioners know generally the people of the county and can, in the discharge of their directed duties under the prepared bill, give more personal knowledge to the appointments, and hence less likely to be the appointment of mere local politicians.

It is something that in our judgment the counties will not stand, and ought not to stand, and that sooner than yield on so momentous a principle as this, they should not hesitate to reject any proposition containing it.

It is said that Governor Jackson, on general principles, objects to having the Legislature pass a mandatory act requiring county commissioners to do what they already have the power to do. He says that when in the Senate he consistently voted against all such mandatory bills because, in his opinion, the county commissioners are the best judges in the matter of county expenditures.

The people of Kansas are having such a trying time with the demoralized postal service under this Administration that Representative Perkins, of that state, wants Congress to inquire into it and find out where the trouble is. The postal service in many other sections of the country is in quite as bad condition as it can possibly be in Kansas, but it will be futile to expect Congress as at present composed to give it any attention.

Legislative Notes.

The following Garrett county bills have been approved by the Governor:

Reducing the fees of sheriff.

Repealing the act authorizing the appointment of warden to the jail.

Reducing the fees of County Surveyor.

Providing for additional pay to Court Crier. [This office is held by a Democrat.]

To repeal the act establishing District No. 12.

A bill requiring security for costs in trials before Justices of the Peace.

Amending the Deer Park charter.

Bill relating to jurors and witnesses. Providing for their payment by the County Treasurer, instead of by the Clerk.

Repealing the huckstering license so far as it applies to Garrett county.

Bills have been introduced by Mr. Friend to provide for repairs on the national road; to prohibit non-residents from fishing and hunting in Garrett county, and to prevent any one from fishing in Bear Creek for two years, also to prevent the destruction of fish in the waters of Garrett county by dynamite.

The following communication, no doubt intended for our contempoary across the way, by some means unknown to us reached our desk, and taken to be "copy," was set up before we discovered the mistake. Being upon the point of going to press we leave it for what it is worth, saying, however, that we assume no responsibility whatever for the motives expressed.

FOXTOWN, Feby. 6th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me through the columns of your valuable paper to make a few suggestions to our members of the General Assembly at Annapolis. You know, Mr. Editor, that it has got to be a trite aphorism that all things are possible with the Maryland Legislation, and you know just as well as I do, Mr. Editor, that the effete instrument called the Constitution of the State was never intended to curtail the privileges of our statesmen at Annapolis. Well now, for my idea, for which I claim no copy-right, or trade mark, it is not original either, unfortunately, as we have had the scheme mentioned heretofore. Pass a law doing away with these troublesome elections altogether, and give the Governor power to appoint everything, and if the Governor is not satisfied with this create a few more offices. Let us see. The Gov. is to appoint election commissioners. Well they must have clerks and I know a man about my size, weight and complexion that would just fill the bill for clerk, and there is Tom and Dick, and I was going to say Harry, who will soon be out of a job. There are some men down our way besides myself who have never held any fat office yet, and never will if the people have any say so, and as we voted the straight ticket and curse Dr. Bartlett and the school commissioners, why we believe we would get justice done us for once if Elections were done away with once and for all.

Now Mr. Editor I wish you would just see Tom at once and get him to prepare such a bill and get Dick to go down some day when it suits and push it through; and tell Cap. that if he is afraid of them Republicans who voted for him he can just "*wink his eye*" and they won't know any better.

Mr. Editor, I hope you will have the Postmaster-General stop the circulating of that Republican paper, taken by so many people down here. It just causes trouble and dissatisfaction, and every little thing that is done down at Annapolis must go all over the county. Please don't forget this.

Mr. Editor, please meet Dick at the train the first time he comes up to see the boys and tell him that I ran all over this part of the county and circulated local option stories about the Republicans last fall, and tell him he is my man for the head of the ticket in two years again. Tell him if he has promised everything else that, owing to the hard times, I will be satisfied with Return Judge.

Yours in haste,
OLD HICKORY.

P. S.—Don't forget to meet Dick at the train.

More than 700 Republican clubs have been organized in various parts of the country since the recent club convention in New York, and the good work is still going on. The seed was cast into genial soil; the crop is growing grandly; the harvest in November will be victory.

The real objection of the Democracy to the abolition of the internal revenue system is not that it would deprive the Government of any needful income, but that it would abolish a large number of offices which just now afford comfortable board and lodging for Democratic spoilsmen. The motto of the spoils party is, first and last: Better a surplus of public money that a deficiency of public offices.

Call a Halt at Once.

Garrett county, like Dorchester a couple of years ago, is to be dragooned, because a majority of her citizens voted the Republican ticket last fall. A bill has passed the House of Delegates to curtail the fees of Garrett officials, and another empowering the Governor to appoint her school commissioners, because a majority of the bench in that judicial district are Democrats, who dare to think for themselves, while still another measure is pending to place in the hands of the Governor the appointment of the county treasurer. Several years ago in Dorset the appointment of a county treasurer was in a board of commissioners, because a Democrat dared to defy the managers and secure a majority of the votes of the county for that office, and now, because a contumacious board of commissioners retains the same gentleman in office, the dragooning process is to be applied to undo the blundering work of the managers. How pitifully small and contemptible all of this is! No state in the Union, that has not for years been ground down under the heel of a political clique, would for a minute submit to such petty indignities. Do the people of Maryland propose to look on supinely while county after county is stripped of every vestage of self-government to satisfy the malice and rapacity of these political brigands? Is it not time that Maryland manhood was coming to the front to call a halt on this outrageous system of reprisals? Is every man's mouth in the state to be closed who differs with the Democratic managers concerning the sincerity of their intentions and the beneficence of their policy?—*Baltimore American.*

We Told You So.

The Democratic party in Maryland made certain pledges of reform to the people prior to the last election, just as it had done on the eve of every campaign since the nomination of Governor Hamilton. The *American* warned the public of its insincerity, and the utter improbability of good resulting from further support of an organization which had paved its pathway with broken promises. But the people of Maryland are good natured and long suffering. They did not believe that such earnest pleadings as were put forth by the dominant party could be made in bad faith, and the managers were given another trial. There is keen anxiety not only here in Baltimore, but all over the State, to learn what use will be made of the respite.

A partial and very unsatisfactory answer has already been given by the legislature. More than one-third of the session has been consumed by the passage of some five or six local bills, four of which were to suppress the right of self-government in Garrett county, because the majority of the people in that county voted for the Republican candidates last fall. The only other measure of importance which the legislature has thus far deigned to consider is one to deprive the people of Baltimore for two years of the right to choose their own mayor and city councilmen, because at the last election the voters frightened the managers out of their wits, and made them spend all the campaign funds on hand in order to elect their ticket. The party treasury is bankrupt and the managers are unwilling to face an indignant people or run the risk of a similar campaign until their coffers can be replenished. They openly state this as their motive for doubling the terms of Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, and the public is at liberty to judge, with such complacency as it may, what is to be expected from a session so auspiciously begun.

But, perhaps, when vengeance has been satiated and malice has done its worst, the majority will settle down to business of a character needed by the State. Well, the prospect is not reassuring. If there is anything a simon-pure Bourbon does hate, it is a fair election law, and through the ingenuity of the managers, the features of the admirable bills placed at the disposal of the members have been so mixed and played against each other that there is little likelihood of a measure being passed to correct the evils which have become almost unbearable in this city.

It wouldn't do, anyhow. The state must be saved to Cleveland if he should be the Democratic candidate for President, and he didn't get much of a majority in Maryland three years ago. The Republicans and Independents have become phenomenally active since then, and the complications caused by municipal politics are to be removed from the struggle. What is the use of clearing the way if a brand-new, honest registration and election law is to be interjected to dash Democratic hopes? This is cogent, if not honest, reasoning and will probably prevail.

Is there any chance for reform legislation on matters not directly connected with politics? Scarcely. A new assessment law may possibly be hurried through at the tail-end of the session, but all the other important interests will be made subservient to the efforts of the managers to deceive the people with regard to their intentions. It is necessary that an impression should go out to the state that a majority is anxious to pass an honest registration and election law, but is divided upon details. To make such an impression there must be a bitter sham battle over the provisions of the bill. This will consume so much valuable time that there will be no opportunity for the proper consideration of other important measures. This is not a forecast for a party to be proud of. Chickens generally come home to roost, and those who allowed their prejudices to get the better of their judgments last fall will probably have to chew the cud of disappointment without the sympathy which sometimes assuages sorrow. The *American* can only say, with regret, "We told you so."—*Balto. American.*

Democrats and Cleveland.

No real Democrat desires the re-election of Grover Cleveland. The evidences of the truth of this proposition are turning up every day. The reason is that Mr. Cleveland is an ingrate. He has done since his inauguration that has not appeared to him to be of advantage to himself. He was nominated and elected by Democrats. Of course, the Mugwumps helped. Every vote helps, especially in an election so closely contested as that of 1884. But where would Mr. Cleveland have been but for the Democrats? He would have received so few votes that all who cast them might have been drowned in Gen. Scott's "hasty plate of soup." If it were not for the Democrats he would have dever entered public life. His party gave him his first chance and made him President. A good many Democrats who knew him voted against him. These are now joined by a still larger number who have found him out since he has been in the White House. One of the latter has written to the *Sun* upbraiding our esteemed contemporary for abandoning its fight against Mr. Cleveland, and the *Sun* responds, in effect, that it has simply recognized and admitted certain recent Democratic acts which the President has committed. It refers especially to the fact that he has "kicked the civil service humbug overboard."

When Mr. Cleveland advocated Civil Service Reform he thought that it was a vote catcher. It was, perhaps, because it captured the Mugwumps, while most of the Democrats voted for him on the theory that the reform cry was a campaign dodge. But Cleveland was green at politics and proposed to keep his promise. Then the "boys" revolted, and the President discovered that he was about to be left stranded without the bulk of his party. If he had been sincere in his professions of love for the new system, this was the hour that he would have shown his courage, but he yielded and he is now one of the leading spoilsmen of his time. In consequence, true Democrats, like the *Sun*, think well of his recent conduct. Nevertheless they do not desire his renomination. The *Sun* says, in answer to its correspondent, that it does not admire him personally, and that it will not advocate his nomination. However, it will support him if he is nominated. The Democrats are all agreed on this point. They will take Mr. Cleveland if they are obliged to, but they do not like him. And they do not like him because it is apparent that he was a Civil Service Reformer and is now a spoilsman to advance his own interests. He was willing to turn his back upon the Democrats when he thought that the Mugwumps held the balance of power, and he is now ready to desert the Mugwumps when he finds that it is necessary for him to consider the Democrats. The man who thinks only of himself, and forgets his friends when he is prosperous, is an ingrate, and ingrates are not popular among Americans, whether they are Republicans or Democrats.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Francis Miller, a prominent lawyer of Montgomery county, died at his home near Sandy Springs Thursday morning, aged 59 years. He was a prominent politician, and was twice a candidate on the Republican State ticket, being in 1887, nominated for Attorney-General. He leaves a widow and four children.

DIED IN CHURCH.—A sensation was occassioned in the Zane Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Wheeling, W. Va., Sunday evening by the discovery that one of the congregation, Mrs. Wm. Windel, who was supposed to be quietly listening to the service, was dead. She had expired from heart disease without attracting the slightest attention.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6th, 1888.—"Democratic impudence can go no farther" said a one armed veteran, "than it was carried by Senator Kenna in his alleged reply to Senator Sherman's recent speech on the President's message. Think of his daring to upbraid Sherman for having voted in July, 1864, for the passage of the law allowing immigration under contract. Does not the young Senator know why such a law became necessary? It was to offer special inducements to immigrants to come to the United States to take the place in our work shops and manufactories of the brave men who had gone to the front to subdue the rebellion against this Government that was originated and helped along by some of the very Democratic Senators who smiled their approval of the West Virginia Senator's impudent remarks on the flour of the Senate."

The point made by the old soldier is a good one. Senator Kenna's remarks were certainly impudent; but he could not possibly have been more severely punished than he was by the easy manner in which Senator Sherman demolished his whole argument by a few short sentences.

If the Democrats in Congress will only keep up the do-nothing policy that they have shown thus far, during the remainder of the session, the Republicans will have a walk over in the coming Presidential election and will elect two-thirds of the next House.

A new set of rules have just been adopted, with the sanction of Cleveland, by that monumental humbug, the Civil Service Commission. The following will do as a specimen of the cant and hypocrisy of this sham reform administration; it is the closing paragraph of the section providing for compulsory examination for promotion in the executive departments: "But persons in the classified service who were honorably discharged from the military or naval service of the United States, and the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers and sailors, shall be exempt from such examinations."

That sounds good, don't it? Looks like the Union veteran was at last to be recognized by the Democratic administration? Not at all. It is only another case of make believe. This is put out as a lotion to soothe the wounds inflicted on the ex-soldiers and sailors by vetoing the pensions which they had earned in defense of their country. Nobody knows better than Cleveland and his Civil Service Commissioners that this rule will never help a single ex-soldier or soldier's widow to promotion as long as the chiefs of bureaux and divisions are allowed to certify which of the clerks shall be promoted, as they are now. The examinations are regarded among the clerks themselves as a farce, for no matter how high your percentage is, you may be sure you will never be certified for promotion unless you are "solid" with your chief. Oh no, Mr. Cleveland, you will have to get some better bait than this, before you will ever succeed in cathing any of the soldier votes. The boys have not, and are not likely to forget the "ghoulish glee" exhibited by you in some of your messages vetoing pensions for crippled soldiers.

The prospects of the Republicans for electing the President and a majority of the next House of Representatives, grow brighter every day. The Republicans all over the country are united and determined to go into this fight to win. The Democrats have fully demonstrated their incapacity to govern this country successfully, and it is truly amusing to hear their leaders arguing that because the country has not wholly gone to the dogs since Cleveland came in, they should be entrusted with another term of four years; they do not pretend to point out anything good that they have accomplished, but wish to claim credit and ask a continuance of public confidence because no very great evils have come upon us. If that is not "gall" then what should it be called? But of course no one is surprised at anything a Democrat may do.

The great Democratic fight in the dark is still on. The contestants are supposed to be Cleveland on one side and Hill and Randall on the other. It is a draw up to this present time.

HOWELL.

The Boston *Herald* wants to know how long it will take the bumptious protectionist organs to find out that "shouting Free Trade doesn't humbug anybody." It is most emphatically answered by a Southern newspaper, the Chattanooga *Times*, which wants to know how long it is going to take "the bumptious Reformers" to come out in their true colors as Free Traders, and adds that "it is about time the Free Traders found out that their reform cloak don't hide the architectural angles of their imported British political economy."

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 886, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Valentines at Litzinger's.

—D. E. Offutt will exchange goods for cross-ties.

—Mr. W. D. Nydegger has purchased the drug store from Dr. D. T. E. Casteel. Mr. Nydegger is an experienced druggist.

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident on the 17th and 18th of February, 1888.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

—On and after March 1st, 1888, all my open accounts and notes will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

1 28 3t T. W. CASTEEL.

—The oyster supper given at the Glades Hotel Wednesday night, for the benefit of the Episcopal church, proved quite a success financially as well as socially.

—Go to Litzinger's for your Valentines.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Auction at McHenry.

In order to make room for my spring and summer stock I have determined to sell my old stock at auction on the nights of Feb. 16th, 17th and 18th. The sale will consist of dry goods, queensware, boots, shoes, glassware, flannels, notions, clothing shawls, ladies' coats, rubber goods, &c. In fact a little of everything.

S. P. SPECHT.

G. A. R. Post.

At a meeting of the Frank Thomas Post, No. 30, G. A. R., held at Altamont Feb. 4th, 1888, the following officers were elected and installed the same evening by E. D. Brockett, Jr., Vice Commander of the Department of Maryland.

Commander—Dr. J. W. Laughlin.
S. V. C.—J. Z. Browning.
J. V. C.—John Edmunds.
O. G.—Silas Walters.
Chaplain—H. B. Friend.
O. D.—J. R. Harshbarger.
Q. M.—Wm. Wright.
Adjutant—J. L. Wheeler.

Another meeting will be held Saturday evening, Feb. 11th. Old soldiers and sailors of the late war are respectfully solicited to come and join our ranks.

Selling Out at Cost.

Being determined to go West and having sold out my furniture department, I am now selling my mammoth stock of goods at cost. Men's boots at any price from $1.50 up. Ladies' and children's shoes, men's shoes $1.99, worth $3.00; dress flannels and shirting flannels, (some 3½ calico), and dress goods of all kinds. $1,500 worth of clothing, overcoats, &c., &c. These goods must be sold, so come at once, and secure the best. Everything must go and go quickly.

2 4 JOHN SHARTZER.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle by cash, note or produce, on or before March 1st, 1888, as all open accounts after that day will be put in shape of judgments. This may seem somewhat harsh, but remember an open account will be of no good to me after I go West. Everybody is able to give their note. No produce taken on old accounts after the above date.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Valuable Property for Sale.

The undersigned is authorized to sell the valuable property on the corner of Mill and Third streets, Oakland, Md., at private sale. This property consists of a large boarding house (Smithman's), a small two-story frame dwelling, large barn and three lots. The best of water on the premises (well and spring). Will sell all together or seperately, to suit purchasers. This is conceded to be the best location in town for a hotel or boarding house. Easy terms. Apply soon.

1 21 4 JOSEPH SMITHMAN.

Mid-Winter Announcement.

I take pleasure in announcing to all my customers and the public in general that I have recently replenished my stock of Confectioneries, &c., which their liberal patronage during the holidays had well nigh exhausted, and am now prepared to greet them with a full and fresh lot of Confectionaries, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Cocoanuts, Cigars, Tobaccos, Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, &c., &c. Oysters in bulk, or stewed or fried in first-class style, always on hand at reasonable prices. Having made the necessary arrangements, I can furnish on short notice all kinds of Periodicals and Books, Sheet Music, Music Books and Musical Instruments. Give me a call before going elsewhere for anything in my line.

Respectfully,

1 21 J. M. LITZINGER.

N. B.—Remember the place—next door to B. & O. Depot.

Removal.

Having removed our stock to the building lately occupied by J. A. Grant, we will be pleased to see all our old customers and as many new faces as possible. Call and see us in our new quarters. We will try and make it pleasant for you, and at the same time make you feel as though you received the worth of your money. To our old customers on the hill we would say, if they will still continue their patronage their kindness will be greatly appreciated, and we will at the same time try and remunerate them for the extra walk.

Respectfully,

O. HART & SON.

Popular Excursion to Washington via Picturesque B. & O.

The second of the series of Popular Excursions to Washington, inaugurated by the B. & O. R. R. Co. will be run on Thursday, February 16th 1888. The round trip fare will be $6 00 from Oakland. Trains leave Oakland 8:00 A. M., 11:38 A. M. and 11:55 P. M. Parlor Cars on 11:38 Train and Sleeping Cars on other Trains. Tickets valid ten days including day of sale, and good for trip from Washington to Baltimore and return, any time during the limit. Excursion tickets, Washington to Richmond, Va., and return can be procured at same time at rate of $4.00 additional. Special rate of 75 cents, Washington to Mt. Vernon and return to all holders of B. & O. Excursion Tickets. For information in detail call on Agent B. & O. R. R. Co., Oakland, Md.

Mountain Lake Park.

The hard freezing this winter has produced a splendid crop of ice, and Crane & White have laid up a good supply again for the summer. They have shipped some and a large amount has been taken to Oakland. The B. & O. Co. have gathered a very large supply from their lake near here.

The planing mill at Lake View has been running most of the winter.

Mr. Bowman's store is being completed ready for use in early spring.

Mr. F. P. Arnold let the contract last week for the erection of his cottage at a very early date.

Mr. Howard Eckles returned last week with his bride. They have our best wishes.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss A. Sherman have returned from the South as far as to Cincinnati, where they are having another successful meeting.

Miss Jennie's brothers lost one of of their best horses last week by having his leg broken from the kick of the one in the adjoining stall.

Dr. Bolton has commenced his protracted service here which promises success.

Mr. J. P. Shipley and family who reside between here and Cakland, have all been ill. The neighbors are trying to help them through the best they can.

The I. O. G. T. have elected officers for this quarter as follows: C. T., F. P. Arnold; V. T., A. M. Arnold; R. S., J. A. Enlow; F. S., J. G. Arnold; T., J. M. White; C., G. P. White M., F. M. Arnold; G., Jessie Arnold; S., Herbert Low; A. S., C. M. Arnold; D. M., Maggie Loughridge; R. S., Belle Shrout; L. S., Jennie Loughridge. Our lodge is in good working order. It has a surplus fund of $25 out on interest.

J. A. E.

Bittinger.

Some people may think that the correspondent from Bittinger is dead or something very serious has befallen him. To this we would just say that he is still living, but is married, and therefore does not trouble himself about the local news of the county.

The prospects for Bittinger to make a large town some time in the near future is good. Four years ago there were no buildings of any description where the town now stands, and no person ever dreamed at that time that the time was so near at hand when they would see so many buildings where they now see them. We now have mail twice a week. Four years ago we were glad to get it once a month, The last six months two buildings were erected and three more are under construction. The present town consists of a store, a postoffice, a shoemaker shop, two blacksmith shops, a cooper shop, and a splendid prospect for a cheese factory by the first of May next, together with all these we have a splendid school with an enrollment of 69, and an average attendance of 44 4-23 last term. The town is surrounded by many very valuable sugar camps. We claim that for the chance Bittinger has had, there is no town in the county of the same age that will beat it. Not more than two miles from town is a steam saw and plaining mill.

There is considerable sickness in the neighborhood at present.

The citizens of this community have organized a debating society which is well regulated and largely attended every Wednesday evening.

Mr. Louis Durst favored us with a splendid song last Wednesday night, which seemed to please everybody. Come again Lou.

Mr. Samuel Brenneman has sold eleven thonsand bushels of coal this winter and has his miners still at work. He expects to raise the amount to nineteen thousand bushels yet.

We understand there is quite a lively time in Cherrytree Meadow settlement. The people are slaughtering their valuable hemlock timber and selling it to the paper mill.

Grantsville.

The blizzard must have frozen the correspondents of the REPUBLICAN, as none of them showed up last week.

Mr. Geo, Schramm and Miss Ida Smouse took a sleigh ride on Monday of last week, and on account of snow drifts came to a halt at Mr. John Bender's. The Rev. J. G. Bittinger was sent for and the two were made one. They returned to Geo. Stahl's where the boys, assisted by Geo. Miller, gave them an old-fashioned serenading.

Mr. John Merbach and Miss Sarah Durst were married some time ago, but managed to keep their secret until a few days ago, when a friend gave the secret away.

Harvey Miller has purchased the Christain Gingerick farm and Thos. J. Stanton the farm of Christian Vocht.

Our wide awake farmers have hauled immense piles of limestone and coal.

A protracted meeting is being held in the M. E. Church by Rev. H. E. Friend.

Emory Durst has invented a car coupler for which he expects to obtain a patent in the near future. Capitalists in Allegany county will advance the necessary funds. Emory says there is "millions in it."

Mr. Hiram B. Fuller, while out cutting saw logs some time ago, discovered in a tree lately cut down a large hollow filled with bees and honey. Forty pounds of honey for the family with enough left for the bees until next spring. We do not write to start everybody cutting saw logs, but as a fact.

Mrs. Nathan is seriously ill.

Mr. Wm. C. Cunningham has been sick for several months and confined to his bed for some time unable to walk.

Our ice houses are only partly filled, but we are not at all scared, the groundhog saw his shadow, you know. B.

The Grand Army Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Senator Davis, from the Pension Committee, to-day reported favorable a bill introduced by Senator Manderson, (and known as the Grand Army bill,) to pension ex-soldiers and sailors who are incapacitated from manual labor, and provide pensions for dependent relatives of deceased soldiers. The bill has the same objects in view that were contemplated by what was known as the Dependent Pension bill, vetoed by the President during last Congress. It is believed, however, that the new bill, by the more explicit manner in which its purpose is stated, obviates the principal objections raised in the President's veto. The bill has the unanimous endorsement of the Pension Committee.

The first section of the bill declares that in considering the pension claims of dependent parents, the fact and cause of death, and the fact that the soldier left no widow or minor children having been shown, it shall be necessary only to show that the parent or parents are without other means of support than their own manual labor, or the contributions of others not legally bound for their support. A provision to this section fixes the time for the commencement of pension from the date of the passage of the act, or from the date of subsequent dependence, and declares that the pension shall continue no longer than the existence of such dependence.

In this respect it differs from the vetoed bill, which provided that no pension should commence prior to the passage of the act, and that, in case of application hereafter made, the pension should commence from the date of filing the application. By the second section of both bills, pensions at the rate of $12 per month are guaranteed all persons who served more than three months and were honorably discharged, and who are, or may hereafter be, suffering from mental or physical disability, not the results of their own vicious habits or their gross carelessness. They differ, however, in the language by which they define the degree of disability which shall entitle a person to pension. On this point the new bill reads: "Disability which totally incapacitates them for the performance of manuel labor;" while the lauguage of the vetoed bill read: "disability which incapacitated them for performance of labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support, and who are dependent on their daily labor for support." The new bill also limits its provisions to those who served in the late rebellion, whereas the vetoed bill extended to soldiers of any war in which the United States was engaged. The bill further differs from the vetoed bill in the addition section granting pension to the widow, or minor children under eighteen years of age; or, in case there is no widow or minor children, to a dependent mother or father, without regard to the cause of death of the pensioner. The section also increases the pension af minor children from $2 to $5 per month, and declares that the pension of idiots or helpless minors shall continue during life, or the period of disability.

The section in relation to the fee of pension agents is amended by fixing a maximum fee of $10, instead of allowing a fee of $3, with a discretionary power in the Commissioner of pensions to increase the fee to $10, as the vetoed bill provided.

The remaining section, providing that no person shall be pensioned who is under political disabilities, or who incurred his disability while engaged in the military service against the United States, differs in no respect from the bill vetoed by President Cleveland.

Sherman's Reply to Kenna.

In the Senate Thursday Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, spoke on the subject of the President's message on the surplus, revenue and tariff matters and of Mr. Sherman's speech in reply thereto.

Mr. Sherman in replying congratulated his friend from West Virginia on having proclaimed the fact that the ranks of the Democratic party were closed and that a distinct issue was to be presented to the people. That party had been in possession of power in the House of Representatives for more than ten years and not a single affirmative proposition or measure as to the tariff question had been presented to the judgment of the American people. If the Democratic party had (as Mr. Kenna declared) closed up its ranks, and if there was to be a fair and manly contest between the two parties on this great public question, he would be delighted, but he did not believe that this issue would be presented.

Let the Democratic ranks be closed, let the proposition to reduce taxation be presented and the Republican party would be found with its old ranks unbroken ready to accept the issue and let it go to the people. But for the Senator from West Virginia to assail him for having expressed views ten or twenty years ago, which appeared to be different from those he expressed to-day, was "rather a small hole to creep out of." It was true since the tariff discussions of thirty years ago he (Mr. Sherman) might have changed his mind; but if he had not done so, under the changed conditions and circumstances, he would not be worthy of a seat in the Senate. [Applause in the galleries.] It was on a bill to repeal the internal revenue taxes (in 1867) that he made the remark that the taxes most willingly paid were those on spirits, beer and tobacco.

So they were then. So they are to-dy. But, within the last few years complaint had come, mainly from the Southern States, against the tax on tobacco. It came from the farmers. He heedee it; he obeyed it; he regarded it. And in doing so he only did what the Senators from Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina ought to do. The Republican party said that it would not strike down any protected industry; that when manufactures had sprung up by the aid of protection, it would not strike them down, derange their conduct, derange their plans, lower the prices of their labor. The Republican party was with the Deocratic party in reducing such taxation as bore heavily on the people; but it would preserve the system of protection by tariff duties just as long as it was necessary to give to Americans a fair chance in the trade and commerce of the country—so as to not invite foreigners to compete with home industry.

The Senator from West Virginia had referred to a law in regard to immigration under contract. It was passed in the midst of the war, when 2,000,000 Northern men were down South. It was a law inviting foreigners to help to make good the absence of brave Union soldiers. He would have voted then for any kind of law to defeat the Democratic party of that day. But he was sure that he had voted for its repeal whenever that matter was presented. He congratulated Congress that the country was now to have a fair, square, manly issue presented on the industrial question—a question which affected the life, property and interests o every citizen—a question between protected labor in this country and the pauper labor of Europe—a question between diversified industries and that of a single (agricultural) interest, with a few blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops scattered throughout the country.

Amid the hum of applause which followed the close of Mr. Sherman's remarks, Mr. Regean rose, and briefly defended the Democratic party from the charge that it had presented no affirmative tariff proposition during the ten years that that party had a majority in the House.

The motion to refer the President's message then went over without action.

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THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, tiright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald*.

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading literateurs of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is unquestionably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

THE *Weekly Herald* is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright. It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road in District No. 3, beginning at swanger's mill and running through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christopher Miller and P. McAndrews, to intersect McAndrews' road at the Old Camp.

PETER J. STEPHEN,
JOHN W. STARK,
245 MICHAEL McANDREWS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty day from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm and to run in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to the Davis tram-road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Frank Nefhkin, Joseph Speicher, C. Glass, George Walters and Perry's Heirs.

J. Z. BROWNING,
GEORGE WALTERS,
RAMSEY BROWNING,
1 21 5 Petitioners.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to alter the public road lately located from Wilson's Store to Swanton, said road begining at Wilson's Store running through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro., Perry Spiker, Jos. R. Anderson, J. H. Harshberger, J. C. Beekman, and Rudolph Beekman, and intersecting the Swanton road at the old McRobie place. The proposed alteration to be as follows: To change the location of the aforesaid public road from where it is now located, so as to run from the Northwest corner of John C. Beekman's land on the Swanton road and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright, a distance less than two miles, to the Spring drain near the "Hogan" place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store.

J. F. FRIEND,
A. FAIRALL,
R. M. FAIRALL,
1 21 5 J. D. ASHENFELTER.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8,) on the Wood road, and running thence to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JAMES CONEWAY,
JOHN BLAMBEL,
1 28 5 ISAAC W. ABERNATHY.

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with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room, and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upward to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not infrequently the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance. The cow-houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger and more space is allowed to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cow-house is, in most cases, raised high enough to allow a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

OWNERSHIP.

Old Farmer Boggs, of Boggy Brook,
Went to the County Fair,
And with his wife, he strolled around
To see the wonders there.
"That horse," he said, "Grey Eagle Wing,
Will take the highest prize;
But our old Dobbin looks as well
And better to my eyes.
He is, I know, what folks call slow,
It's far the safest way to go;
Some men, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really should not like to change.

"And those fat oxen—Buck and Bright
Don't have so large a girth,
Nor match like them, just to a hair,
But I know what they're worth.
They're good to plow, and good to draw,
You stronger pullers never saw,
And always mind my 'gee, and haw,'
Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change."

"That Devon heifer cost, I heard,
A thousand dollars; now,"
Said Mrs. Boggs, "my Crumple Horn
Is just as good a cow;
Her milk, I'm sure, 's the very best,
Her butter is the yello west;
Some folks, perhaps, might think it strange,
I really shouldn't want to change.

"Those premium hogs"—said Mrs. Boggs,
"My little Cheshire pig
Is better than the best of them,
Although he's not so big.
And that young Jersey is not half
So pretty as old Brindle's calf;
Nor is there in the poultry pen,
As Speckled Wings so good a hen!"

As Farmer Boggs to Boggy Brook
Rode homeward from the Fair,
He said: "I wish my animals
Had all of them been there;
And if the judges had been wise
I might have taken every prize!"

—*Marian Douglas, in Youth's Companion.*

THE LION.

At Times a Wonderful Coward, But Not Always.

I believe that every man who has been in the lion country will agree with me that he would rather meet a full-grown lion under almost any circumstances than an English bull dog. The lion is the king of beasts only now and then. Now and then he is the king of cowards. A bull dog is all determination. A lion schemes and calculates and takes no chances.

While assisting in the official survey of the northern portion of Cape Colony it was an almost every-day occurrence to sight a lion, and the adventures of our party were numerous, if not perilous. We got so that we feared the beasts only at night, or when we came upon them at their meals. Almost the first lion I saw in Africa proved himself an arrant coward. I was left to set a boundary stone between districts while the surveying party moved on. The hunters were out after fresh meat, the camp was two miles away, and I was working with my back to a patch of tall grass with a bush in the center of it. The entire party of us had stood there for a quarter of an hour without seeing or suspecting any danger, but a lion was all the while concealed in the patch. He kept quiet until the men were a mile away, and then crept forward for a spring at me. I heard a movement in my rear as I worked away, and whirling about I found myself face to face with a full-grown lion. He was crouched for a spring, and would have been upon me in another ten seconds.

I was terribly scared and had no time to collect my wits, but I did just the right thing after all. I jumped right at the brute with a loud yell, and he went bounding away like a bull. I followed him into the patch in my excitement, and he ran out in the open plain, dropping his tail like a cur and evidently badly rattled. I had a light spade in my hands, and as he dodged about to get back to cover I hit him a swinging blow over the rump. He yelled out like a dog hit with a stone, fell over, made a dash between my legs, and again got into the grass. I followed close upon his heels, yelling at the top of my voice, and what did the coward do but bolt for the open with his tail dragging in the grass. As he left cover I flung the spade and struck him in the side and staggered him. He growled and showed his yellow fangs, but there was no fight in him. When I jumped at him he ran away over the plain toward broken ground, and after chasing him for a quarter of a mile, I gave up and sat down. The men of the party came running up, amazed and astonished, and even though they had seen all that happened, they could scarcely credit their sight and senses. I knocked the courage all out of the beast by wheeling on him just at the right second. By upsetting his plan I made a coward of him. Had a bulldog meant to attack me, my turning on him would not have made the slightest difference.

Influenced the Senate of Maryland last night to request the return from the House of Delegates of the bill passed hurriedly last week extending the term of the mayor of Baltimore to four years. This bill was passed by the votes of nineteen Senators, and the return of the bill was requested by a vote of ten to nine. The House of Delegates was not in session last night, and so the request cannot be acted upon until it meets to-day. It may be assumed, of course, that the exercise of courtesy usual in such cases will bring the bill before the Senate again, when the opportunity will be afforded for more deliberate procedure than heretofore. Since the hasty action of the Senate in this matter it has been suggested that if the change of term and time is desirable it ought not to be accomp

the claws of another lion or by the horn of a buffalo, and was just beginning to heal. The beast had all the advantage of me, and his running away could be laid to nothing but cowardice, but he was to redeem himself.

When we had gone into camp that evening there were fifty people of us, with four or five wagons, a score of horses, and from thirty to forty bullocks. We made quite a village; and a noisy one. Just while the supper fires were being replenished, and when everybody was moving about, this same lion came out of a thick piece of woods, roared loudly, and then walked straight at us. His roar aroused us, but no one supposed he would come nearer. The old fellow came forward at a dignified gait until he had traversed half the distance, and then, making half a dozen long bounds, he entered camp. No one was ready for him, and there was a great scattering. Some of us sprang for trees, and others dived into the tents; and such a row among horses and oxen you never heard. The old lion stood in a clear spot in the center of camp, and roared and growled and switched his tail about and bade us defiance, and before any one of us could make ready for a shot at him he sprang upon a cow, rolled her over, and then fastened his teeth into her neck and drew her out of camp, passing so close to one of the fires as to drag the hind legs of the cow over the coals. As soon as he was clear of the camp a dozen of us sprang out with our guns and fired at him by sound, and by great good luck two of the bullets hit him in the head and finished him. We had seen him drag the cow off as easily as a man could draw the body of a dog, and to make a comparison of strength we ordered four natives to take hold of the carcass. They could barely move it. It took seven of them to drag it back to the fires, and they had a hard tug at that.

The next adventure showed both the bravery and fierceness of the animal in one. I had been out alone with my rifle, and was on my way back to camp, and at about five o'clock in the evening skirted a sink or water hole on the edge of a dense wood. Suddenly a lion uttered a terrific roar, and I looked up to find a big fellow facing me. He had been creeping down the edge of the wood, perhaps routed out of his lair by some of our men, and while he was approaching the pool from one direction I was approaching from the other. He was not over three hundred feet away, and I knew at first glance that he was mad. His mane was up, his tail switching, and he meant fight. He could have been under cover at a jump, and thus avoided me altogether, and this would have been characteristic of a lion disturbed at that hour of the day. I brought my rifle down, aimed to hit him between the eyes, and pulled the trigger. The ball grazed his skull, knocking him down and making him crazy for a moment. I suspected from his antics that he was only touched, and knew that as soon as he had gathered himself he would come for me. He was whirling round and round and rolling over, and there was no show for a fair shot. I therefore made a bolt for the nearest tree, and I was just off the ground when the lion screamed out, and I dropped my gun to get above his reach.

It was a close call for me. The blood blinded him as he made his spring, and the paw which struck at me passed clear of my body. He went to the ground in a heap, rolled over two or three times, and before he was up I was out of reach. I got a seat about twenty-five feet from the ground, and the way that old fellow raged and raved for the next quarter of an hour was a circus to see. He had been in ill-temper before I raked his skull. He was now so mad that he would have faced a regiment of men. From the limb where I sat to the next, ten feet higher, the tree was smooth, and I did not dare attempt to climb it. I was just safe and no more. The enraged beast made all sorts of attempts to reach me, even trying to climb, but I was safe. Several times he ran back on the plain a few rods and then came for me Hail Columbia, springing up to within three or four feet of my perch but never coming high enough. His repeated failures angered him still further, and if a lion ever lost his head and got mad from nose to tail that fellow did. When he found he couldn't get me he made circles about the tree, rolled over and over, and his growls and roars were enough to set me in a chill.

I had my revolver, but it contained only three charges, and I had no more ammunition. I should have to reach his brain or heart to kill him, and he would not give me an opportunity for a steady shot. I soon saw that I was doomed to pass the night in the tree, and I then decided to save my bullets for some other danger which might be expected. The sun had hardly gone down when darkness came on. The lion gave up trying to reach me and sat up at the foot of the tree, and as the darkness grew deeper I could see his eyes blaze like coals. It was no use expecting any help from the camp, for no one would know which way to look for me, and after awhile I got a hitch around the tree with my scarf and took such 'precautions as would prevent me from falling off the limb should I go to sleep. That was a horrible night. At an early hour every species of wild beast and night bird was astir, and pandemonium reigned through the forest. Twice before midnight other lions approached the tree, to be driven off by the sentry, and a troop of elephants on their way to the pool passed within a hundred feet. About midnight the lion took on at a great rate, scratching up the leaves and switching his tail in defiance, and I heard fierce growling and snarling from some beast which turned out to be a panther, for I heard his claws raking the bark as he climbed a tree a few yards away. I knew what he was after, and I got my revolver ready and followed him by sound. He ascended to a height of about thirty-eight feet, came toward me on a limb, and I could see his eyes shining like diamonds.

The panther would have to spring about twenty feet to reach me. The lion knew what he was after, and he dashed to and fro under the tree and kept up such a roaring that all other beasts quit for the time in disgust. I was facing the panther as I sat on my perch. It seemed to me that I was doomed to be eaten by one or the other, and the only possible show I had was a shot at the panther. I could see nothing but his eyes, but I held my revolver as steady as possible and pulled the trigger. I think the beast was just ready to spring. I can not say that I hit him, but the flash and report would have confused him. I had hardly fired when he came for me, but fell short, and down he went to be seized by the enraged lion. That fight would have been worth going a good long way to see. It lasted fully fifteen minutes, and the fierce snarls and terrible roars kept me in a tremble. By and by both beasts seemed to have had enough, and the conflict ceased. I heard the lion walking about and whining and moaning, but after a few minutes these sounds ceased, and I was not further disturbed during the night. When daylight came I saw the panther dead at the foot of the tree, and just at the edge of the pool was the dead body of the lion. He had gone there to drink, and had tumbled over just as he turned from the water.

I examined both bodies carefully before I left. Such work with teeth and claws few men ever saw. The lion had seized each foreleg of the panther and crushed the bones of the ankle in his teeth. He had torn his neck in a horrible manner, and had bitten the flesh of one of his cheeks until a pull would have exposed the jaw-bone on that side. The panther had bitten the lion about the throat and breast, but had depended more on his claws. With these he had literally disemboweled the king.

Fifty miles to the south of where this adventure happened one of our men was one morning pushing his way through the high grass along the left bank of a dry creek when a lioness, lion and two half-grown cubs sprang up before him. There was no time to retreat, and he was too dumbfounded to cry out. The lions stood and stared for a few seconds, evidently more frightened than the man, and then went off with a rush. That day, as we sat in the shade of a great tree eating our lunch, we were suddenly saluted with a roar of defiance. Our tree stood in the open, nearly a quarter of a mile from the forest, and there were twenty-two of us around the fire. It was high noon, with a bright sun, and yet a lion came out of the woods and directly toward us, roaring as he came and evidently full of fight. The native called out that it was one of those he had seen in the grass, and for a time none of us moved. However, it soon became evident that the old fellow meant mischief, and we seized guns and spears. He held straight for the crowd, roaring and growling, and the instant the first shot was fired he increased his gait to a rush. He was among us in a few seconds, and for a couple of minutes there was wild excitement. Two or three men were knocked down, two bitten, one struck by a bullet intended for the lion, and the beast was finally killed by the thrust of a spear.—*N. Y. Sun.*

BAD PAPER MONEY.

The Most Reliable Way of Detecting a Counterfeit Bill.

A bank cashier tells that the best way to tell a counterfeit bill is by sound and feeling. "Take the bill firmly between the thumb and index-finger of your left hand and pull it quickly through your fingers like this. Now listen to the sound it makes. It is not just like rubbing silk, and neither does it resemble a paper sound closely. It's a noise that is too peculiar to admit of a description."

"Do they make counterfeit paper so near like the original that you can't tell the difference?"

"You can't tell by looking at it. It is only by the sound and touch. Now listen to the sound made by this counterfeit twenty dollar bill. You see, that's a slick noise, something like pulling glazed or oiled paper through the fingers. A child could tell the difference between that bill and a genuine one. But look at it and you will think your eye is on something that would pass muster for twenty dollars worth of groceries."

"Who taught you this business?"

"O, my first lesson was given by an old man who has been all over this country and Europe teaching the business. He has in his possession over a thousand specimens of counterfeits. He obtained them from the authorities of the different Governments. He has no peer in the business, and every expert in the country owes his knowledge to this old man."—*Kansas City Star.*

—In every country there is some special drawback to the sheep industry. Here we have dogs and wolves. In Australia rabbits eat nearly all the grass and leave the pastures as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. In New Zealand the great enemy of sheep is a large green parrot. It lights on a sheep and devours its living flesh. After it has eaten its fill it flies away. But, as a rule, the wounds it makes never heal.

CAUSES OF NEURALGIA.

Some Pertinent Remarks Upon a Very Painful Subject.

"Pain is the cry of a nerve for pure blood," is the striking explanation of neuralgia given by the most original nerve pathologist of the present century. Although we can only become sensible of pain through our nerves, all pain is not neuralgia. This term is applied to a special kind of pain, often occurring without any ascertainable local cause, but frequently referable to certain morbid conditions, the removal of which will remove the pain likewise.

The nervous system has been aptly compared to a telegraph circuit. The brain is the central office, from and to which the wires—the nerves—lead. The nerves, which conduct sensations from the various termini to the brain are sensitive nerves, those which convey impressions from the brain to the periphery are nerves of motion. It is the first class or sensitive nerves that are affected in neuralgia.

Pressure, inflamation or injury of the nerves may cause neuralgia. Certain poisons circulating in the blood, such as the malarial, rheumatic, or gouty poison, may also cause it. In other cases it is due to simply poverty of the blood; these are often extremely difficult to relieve, and in many such cases good teeth have been sacrificed under the belief that the neuralgia was due to a decayed molar.

Any sensitive nerve in the body may be the seat of neuralgia. Thus it may occur in the scalp, the face, the chest, abdominal organs, the thighs, or even the feet. The neuralgias of the face and head and of the thighs are most frequent. The first is very liable to be a manifestation of malaria, cold or defective teeth, while sciatica or neuralgia of the great sensitive nerve of the thigh and leg is often an expression of the rheumatic poison.

A very singular form of neuralgia is that affecting the nerves of amputated limbs. It not rarely happens that after an amputated stump has healed the nerves of the stump being compressed in the scar, become exceedingly painful. Curiously the pain is not felt in the stump, but in the extremity of the limb which has been amputated. In one coming under the notice of the writer a man whose arm had been amputated above the elbow referred the exquisite pain he felt to the little finger of the amputated hand years after the operation. An old one-legged soldier applying for an increase of pension said: "He had more pain in the foot which ain't, than in the foot which are." This was a terse way of saying that he continued to have a pain in the foot which he had lost on the battle-field many years before.

The explanation of this consists in the fact that the terminal filaments of a nerve are its most sensitive points; they are the "feelers," the points from which the sensations start on their course to the brain, where they give notice that something is wrong with its outlying districts. When the nerve is injured in its continuity the sensation is often referred to the terminal ends. Every one who has struck his "crazy bone—the point above the elbow where the ulnar nerve is very superficial and easily injured—must have noticed how much the sensation was affected in the little finger, the pain being often greater there than at the point where the blow was struck.

The treatment of neuralgia must be guided by its causes. If a carious tooth is at the end of the painful nerve, it should be extracted in order to remove the source of irritation. If the neuralgia is rheumatic in origin, the treatment must be directed to the removal of that cause. Many sufferers find that the habitual wearing of flannel undergarments will obviate the attacks of their old enemy to which they were subject at every change of the weather. In cases of sciatica swathing the limb in flannel dipped in hot water or in spirits of turpentine will often cut short an attack.

When the nerve pain is due to malarial poison or to general depravement of the blood, the most brilliant effects are secured from the proper use of quinine, iron and arsenic. In old chronic cases due to inflammation in or along the track of the nerve, the persistent use of electricity will often effect a cure. The proper use of such a potent remedy requires, however, a thorough study of the different currents employed, as it is easy to see that harm may be done by its injudicious employment. In very obstinate cases, especially of sciatica, the nerve has been exposed by the surgeon, picked up out of its bed and stretched with considerable force. In many cases this procedure has been completely effectual. In others, a piece of the nerve has been excised so as to cut off the transmission of painful sensations from the seat of disease or injury to the brain. This has also sometimes resulted in cure.

When all is done, however, some cases will resist the utmost efforts of doctor and patient combined. The latter can often, by watching the efforts of deleterious influences, learn to avoid them, and thus render the visits of the physician unnecessary.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—A chief of division in the Pension Office, hailing from Indiana, several days ago posted the following notice in a conspicuous place in his office: "Hereafter I don't want none of my hands to walk about the corduroys during office hours."

—Evolution—Tight boots make a corn; corn makes whisky; whisky makes a man tight in his boots.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A Little Speech for a Little Boy.

Perhaps you think a little boy
Can hardly understand
The message that the Temperance folks
Would send through all the land.

But this I know, that want and woe
In drunkards' homes are found;
And places where they buy their drinks
Are open all around.

For liquor, and tobacco, too,
More money goes, they say,
Than all the people in the land
For bread and meat now pay.

Some think a little does no harm,
It makes them feel so nice;
But ah! it is more dangerous
Than skating on thin ice.

A little makes you soon want more;
And more and more you crave;
At last, to alcoholic drinks
You find yourself a slave.

The chain begins to bind your soul
When first you take a drop;
Before you take a single drink,
That is the time to stop!

—*Fanny E. Russell, in Union Signal.*

WHAT KINDNESS DID.

The Change It Accomplished, That Made It Seem Like Heaven Upon Earth.

Leighton says: "Good words do more than hard speeches, as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him."

Shakespeare wrote: "Use every man [and that of course means every woman and child as well] after his desert, and who shall say 'scape whipping?" And yet we often hear boys and girls say of some of their acquaintances who are suffering: "Let them go. Who cares? They've only got what they deserve." Well, it may be so, "they have got what they deserve," but still they need your kindness.

Little Harry Woodruff had been brought up by a wise and gentle mother. She had taught him that no day passes without some opportunity being offered of service to the Master by doing some little kindness to His children. He—poor little soul!—was in great need of kindness, but very little, except from the patient, loving, busy mother, came to his share.

Arthur Benton, a boy Harry's own age, treated him with plenty of the opposite quality—cruelty.

Perhaps some of you have read about Sylla commanding the bones of Marius to be broken, his eyes to be pulled out, his hands to be cut off, and his body to be torn in pieces; and you have thought with indignation: "What horrible cruelty!" Yes, it was horrible cruelty; but alas! there are cruel Syllas among boys and girls, and Arthur Benton was one of them. He would rend the sad heart of Harry by hurling at him, whenever he saw him, cruel remarks, such as: "How's Daddy Red-nose? Where's mammy's red apron? I can always see the string;" and

"Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
But never, oh never! a velvet gown.

Poor little Harry knew nothing about the broken bones of Marius, but he felt that his own heart must be broken, it ached so at Arthur's unfeeling taunts.

His drunken father's red nose. Was it necessary for Arthur to fling it in his face? Did he not see it even when away from it, in his mind's eye? Was it not a great blot upon his child-life? And his "mammy's red apron," as Arthur called it, was it not right for him to put it on to help his mother rub the clothes she "took in?" "Poor tired mother—" his lips quivered.

And the "apron string" that Arthur averred he saw—well, well, if Arthur was so mean as to call his devotion to the dear mother who had no one but him to cling to, "tied to an apron string" he could do so; he *would* be tied to her as long as she should live; he *wanted* to be. As for "some in rags," etc., well, he supposed those were the drunkards' children, and he was a drunkard's child; not from choice, and—"Oh, it is so hard!" he wailed to himself.

One winter day Harry carried a package of clean clothes to a lady living a mile from his home. He skated on the creek most of the way, although on account of the mild weather he was obliged to pick his way, thus avoiding unsafe spots. When nearly home he met Arthur Benton, who lashed his sensitive soul as usual, calling out, as he imitated a drunken man's swaying:

"Daddy Red-nose
Can't manage his poor toes;
Poor Daddy Red-nose—"

"You'd better shut up," he said, his face flushing, his eyes flashing; "and, Arthur Benton, seein' you can't swim you might manage your own toes; there's a thin place over there."

The advice was not heeded, Arthur going recklessly on as Harry sped homeward with this parting shot ringing in his ears: "Hurry, Apron Strings, mammy wants you." But above their ringing there came a scream of terror, and Harry wheeled suddenly about, his face white with horror. There was a hole in the ice, and Arthur had disappeared. Thoughts rushed swiftly through his brain. "Arthur is his mother's only son. I must save him; but oh, why don't he come up? How the ice crackles under my feet!"

It was the work of but a moment to take off his thin corduroy—the "ragtag" of the drowning boy's bantering—and fling himself down upon the ice. Crawling carefully on hands and knees towards the hole in the ice, he uttered a swift but silent prayer: "Oh, God, save him—he isn't fit to die."

It was with a transport of joy that the noble little fellow saw Arthur's head rise through the opening. The face was white, and wan and scared, but its expression changed as a cheery voice called: "Don't, for pity's sake, sink again! Catch my coat, Arthur! Hang on tight, I'll save you yet!" And save him he did, although with great difficulty.

It was an exceedingly humble and shivering little boy that Harry half-led, half-carried home to Mrs. Benton. That night, when the rescued child was tucked up in his warm bed, his kind mother sitting beside him, the latter was startled by a burst of sobs, and a low, remorseful cry: "Oh, mother!"

"What is it, Arthur dear?" Mrs. Benton asked, tenderly. "Does your back pain you so much?"

"Oh, mother! I've been the meanest boy under the sun. Harry ought to have let me drown;" and then, with bitter tears, he told the tale of his cruel persecutions. Mrs. Benton listened with sorrow and joy—sorrow because of her boy's past unkindness, and joy on account of his penitence.

The next morning Harry's father was sober, and under reaction from drink, was thoughtful and somewhat inclined to self-reproach.

Then there came a rap at the door, and a message was delivered. Harry's face brightened as he read the boyish note of Arthur's.

"Oh, mother!" Harry said, "he's asked me to forgive him, and he's awfully sorry he ever called me names; and he says his mother says you are one of the best women that ever lived (an' *you are*), an' that he's glad I'm your protector, considerin' father—" Harry had forgotten his father was within hearing, and he flushed guiltily and stopped talking when he became conscious of it.

"'Considering father' what?" demanded Mr. Woodruff.

"Never mind—father—I didn't think—I forgot—I—" stammered Harry.

"Out with it this instant! what did that boy say?"

There was no help for it; it must come: "Since you had—forgotten—to—protect—her," he said, trembling.

"Forgotten to protect! *Forgotten—to protect!* O, God! help me to remember, even now—*even now.*" The poor man fell upon his knees in an agony of remorse. Then, after his importunate pleading, light came, and peace such as no pen can portray.

Days passed, prayer was heard instead of cursing, and a look of joy was in Mrs. Woodruff's eyes as she said to Harry: "It seems like Heaven upon earth to see this change in father."—*Ernest Gilmore.*

A WIFE'S TEARS.

Josh Spillit's New Drink, and How He Came to Adopt It.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and an abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of those abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of mixed drinks, and I won't agree to your condition."

"He wants to run us on castor-oil and brandy," said the judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm squar," replied old Spillit. "Take my drink, I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Lemme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a passel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whisky along, an' had a heap of fun. Long toward even' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk, and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I laid under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning there sot my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up; she sorter turned her head away. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'.

"'I wish I had suthing to drink,' says I.

"Then she tuck a cup which she fotch with her, an' went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dipped up a cupful an' fotch it to me. Jess as she was handin' it to me she leaned over to hide her eyes, an' I seed a tear drop in the water. I took the cup and drunk the water and the tear, an' raisin' my hands, I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears again; that I had been drinking them for the last twenty years, and that I was going to stop. You boys know who it was left me drunk. You were all in the gang.

"Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—*National W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

Fermented wine is indeed a mocker. It promises us strength, and mocks us with weakness. It promises substance, and mocks us with shadow. It promises us heat and mocks us with cold. It promises us life, and mocks us with premature death. It promises us intelligence and wit, and covers us with confusion. It dazzles us with visions of happiness, and plunges us into the depths of despair.—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

"No drunkard shall *inherit* the kingdom of Heaven," means that every drunkard is responsible for his condition.—*N. W. C. T. U. Bulletin.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TWO VALENTINES.

Mary to Papa.

Bert and Nell and Caroline
Sit a-choosing valentines,
Laugh and whisper, nod and wink—
Got a secret, s'pose they think.
Call me baby! Sakes alive!
They forget I'm almost five.
Guess I know whom I love best
Well as Bert and all the rest.
Here's a pencil on the shelf,
Now I'll write one all myself.

"This is from your little May;
There—it says as plain as day,
Loves you more than tongue can tell
(That's what Charlie wrote for Nell)—
Loves you all the day and night,
All the dark and all the bright—
More than candy, pink and nice
Frosted cake, or choc'late mice.
Now I know your eyes will shine
'Cause you're choosed my Valentine."

Papa to Mary.

Here's to my little maid,
Whom I love well;
All her sweet, winsome ways
I can not tell;

New graces she puts on
Each day and hour,
She grows within my heart—
My precious flower!

Here's to my little maid,
Who loves me well;
All my fond thoughts for her
No tongue can tell.

I am her sweetheart true,
And she is mine;
She is the girl I choose
My Valentine.

—*Emily Huntington Miller, in Our Little Ones.*

GENERAL GEORGE.

The Valentine He Did Not, and the One He Did, Receive.

We fellows always called him General George, and so did the girls. His name was George Washington. There was a Smith tacked on to it, but that was so short and so at the end, like a bob on a kite, that folks 'most always forgot it.

He belonged to Miss Melissa Melon. She got him out of the county house, and he did chores for her and was company, seeing she lived alone two miles down the road from the "Corners." It was a pretty good walk on a cold winter morning, for the roads were generally drifted down that way, but I tell you that made no difference to General George. Rain or shine, he was always the first at the school-house. He swept out, you know, and made the fire, and so on, and he was always at his post.

Jane Graham, one of the girls that has traveled around considerable, and seen a big statue of the *first* George Washington, says that there was a few lines on the bottom of the marble, and they said: "First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." "Our General," she said, "was first in piece (his clothes were awfully patched, you see), first in war (he could fight like blazes when he was a mind to), and first in the school-house in the morning!"

Well, he was the funniest-looking creature you ever saw! My, how we *did* laugh the first day he came! Tall, awful tall, and as thin as a rail, with a big head and a shock of black hair. Celesty Moore said he looked for all the world like her big shawl-pin! And when Miss Root asked his name, he drew himself up on his long legs and stood up straight and stiff as a poker, and says in a loud voice, like as he was going to speak a piece, "George Washington—" here Bill Greene, who sat behind, pinched him, and he jumped and turned red, and never said the Smith at all, and there's no knowing whether Miss Root ever put it down."

Well, the General wa'n't much in his studies when he first came. Teacher put him in the "First Reader," with Billy Dwight and Jerry Gray and all those shavers. But my stars! It wa'n't two terms before that 'ere chap had skipped up into the highest classes, and was figuring out "Partial Payments" and parsing "Paradise Lost" with the biggest scholars! He was at it all the while, too. Dig! dig! dig! Didn't care a copper for recess. P'raps, though, he didn't have much fun out on the play-ground—we fellows run him so much, and the girls were always poking fun, too.

But le's see; I started out to tell you about his valentine, didn't I? It happened the morning of February fourteenth. School hadn't begun yet. Rob Haliday, Charlie Forbes, and one or two other fellows, were over by the girls' seats. Myrtie Talbot had a lot of valentines on her desk. Some had been sent her, and others she was going to send to folks.

Most of them were real pretty—all lace-paper, pink roses, hearts and darts, and little angels playing with bows and arrows—but there were a few funny ones. There was one gamey old chap, with a cocked hat, long-tailed coat, and a pair of top-boots. He looked as though he'd just got up to make a speech.

"Oh, my eye!" says Rob, "that's General George, sure enough!"

"You ought to send it to him, says Clara Gordon.

"Do!" we all joined in. "It would be a splendid joke!"

"How can I send it to him so he'll get it to-day?" says Myrtie.

"Put it in his dinner basket," said Clara.

"Yes, and now's your time to do it," says Rob, "for he's gone down to the pump."

We all rushed pell-mell across the room to General George's seat. Rob grabbed up the basket. It was a ragged old one, the cover tied on by a string.

"Now, we'll see what the General's got to eat!" says Rob. "He's a selfish pig, any way! Now, you know, when any of us boys bring something nice we share it. We just have a jolly picnic in the recitation-room."

"But the General don't, says I. "He never comes with us, but mopes out here alone, and even tips up the lid of his desk so we can't see what he's got!"

"I know it!" says Rob; and he gave a sniff as he yanked off the string. Then he pulled up the cover and peeked in. Then he looked at us, and says he: "By the Great Horn Spoon!"

We always knew when Rob said that he was considerably surprised.

The rest of us crowded around peeked in, too, and what do you s'pose the General had?

Nice white bread and butter with a bit of cold chicken or ham, a piece of apple-pie, a lump of cheese and a chunk of fruit-cake?

He had—just one small piece of rye-bread and a raw turnip!

That was all! No butter even on the bread!

Myrtie stepped back, and her face was all red and her eyes kinder shiny and misty. She grabbed the valentine from Clara's hand and tore it into forty-'leven bits before you could say "Jack Robinson."

"General George'll never have *this* valentine!" she said.

"Why don't that mean old maid feed him better?" says Rob, angry-like.

"I s'pose she can't afford it," says Myrtie. "She's awful poor. But she's good to the General—that is, he seems to like her. I s'pose she gives him as good as she has herself."

"But rye-bread and a turnip!" says Rob, groaning. "It seems to me something ought to be done about it."

"Course there ought," says Myrtie. "This thing's got to be seen to. We've acted real mean to the General, teasing the very life out of him! It's a shame! Poor fellow! With no father or mother! How could we have carried on so! And he's smart enough at his books to make us all blush for ourselves. I'm going to speak to my papa this very night and coax him to do something for the boy. But I'll tell you what we'll do now: we'll give the General a valentine—only it won't be the kind we were going to! Let's all take something from our baskets and fill his!"

"All right!" says we all.

So Myrtie put in a big piece of cocoa-nut-cake and a roast chicken's drum-stick; Rob gave an apple turnover and a pop-corn ball; Clara gave some pickles and gingerbread, and the others bread and butter, and so on, until the basket was so full that the cover bulged up.

Then Myrtie wrote on a slip of paper and tied it on the handle, and these are the words she wrote:

"A valentine from those who are awfully sorry they've plagued you so, but who promise to never do so again."

You can bet the General was pleased when he found it! His big black eyes just shone! And since then he's joined in our games with the best of us. He's turned out to be an awfully jolly chap, and we're dreadful proud of him on examination and exhibition days.—*Mary E. Brush, in Youth's Companion.*

Toddlekins' Boo'fer Kitten.

THE KITTEN'S STORY.

I am Toddlekins' Boo'fer kitten. I used to live in a barrel with my brothers and sisters. But now I am Toddlekins' Boo'fer Kitten.

This is how I belong to Toddlekins. One day my mother boxed my ears. Toddlekins heard me cry. She climbed up the side of the barrel to peep in. The next minute Toddlekins was in too, standing on her head with her feet in the air! I don't believe you ever heard such a noise as me and Toddlekins and the rest of us made then, all crying together!

"That's what comes of being a little peep-girl!" said the nurse. The nurse then took hold of Toddlekins' feet and pulled her out, and Toddlekins, as she went out, grabbed me by the neck and pulled me out too. We looked at each other. "Boo'fer Kitten, I love you!" said Toddlekins. "Miaow!" said I. And I have been Toddlekin's Boo'fer Kitten ever since.—*Babyland.*

How Arab Boys Play Marbles.

The Arabs play marbles differently from the American boys. Of course the arrangement of the marbles to be shot at can be varied in many ways; but the young Arabs shoot the marble in a way of their own and much more accurately than American lads. The left hand is laid flat on the ground with the fingers closed together, and the marble is placed in the groove between the middle finger and forefinger. The forefinger of the right hand is then pressed firmly on the end joint of the middle finger, and when the middle finger is suddenly pushed aside, the forefinger of the right hand slips out with more or less force and projects the marble very accurately in the direction of the groove on the left hand. Many of the boys become very expert.

Perhaps marbles are almost the only playthings for which Arab childre pay money, and as a rule only a very small capital is needed.—*Henry W. Jessup, in St. Nicholas.*

—A traveler on a Georgia railroad wanted to get off at a station where the train did not stop. It was after dark, and so when the conductor would not agree to stop for him, the passenger went to the front platform of the rear car, drew the coupling-pin, set the brakes, and when the car stopped jumped off.

—Friend (to widow mourning her third husband)—I sympathize deeply with you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, and was sorry not to be with you in your hour of affliction. Widow (sadly)—Ah, my friend, you don't know what it is to lose husbands.—*Accident News.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Ephphatha Club is the name of a Boston club composed of deaf mute gentlemen, and is said to be the largest organization of the kind in the country, if not in the world.

—Farmers around Whatcom, Mon., complain that they are unable to protect themselves against the hordes of deer and antelope which ravage their orchards and destroy their grain fields.

—Loafer is said to have originated with an old Dutchman in New York, whose daughter was in love with a worthless American. In his brogue he styled her lover "a lofer, an idle, good-for-nothing fellow."

—During December last the public debt was reduced by the amount of $15,000,000. For the entire calendar year of 1887 the debt was diminished by $117,016,000, the largest reductions being in June and November.

—Contributor—"Here is a little article I which to submit to the editorial——" Editor—"Very sorry; we are full just now." Contributor—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober."—*Ex.*

—A writer in a zoological contemporary describes a hawk which he has trained "not only to whistle various airs, but also to accompany itself on a tambourine." If this isn't gammon, the creature must be quite a winged hawk-estra in itself."—*Funny Folks.*

—Professor of Practical Surgery—"Now, Mr. Jemsen, supposing a patient came to you suffering with a compound comminuted fracture of the femur, what would you do?" Mr. Jemsen (startled at the difficulties of the case)—"I'd make him as comfortable as possible and send for a doctor."—*Life.*

—"Was the prisoner quite incapable, constable?" asked the magistrate. "Very nearly incapable, your worship; but I don't think he'd have been quite so bad if the lamp-posts 'ad been nearer together. They're awful wide apart in the road where I picked him up," said the good-natured officer.—*Judy.*

—A Philadelphia grocer advertised to give every thirteenth customer the the amount of his purchase free. The plan seemed a success at first, and business thrived, but one day the boys put up a job on him. Twelve of them walked into the store, and each made a trifling purchase; the whole bill for the dozen was less than a dollar. Then the thirteenth man walked in and ordered a barrel of sugar, ten pounds of tea, ten pounds of coffee and a box of cigars. The grocer faced the music like a man, but at once took down his sign and put up another saying that the offer had been withdrawn.

—According to the *Sun* of Griffin, Ga., Mr. J. B. Wilson of that city is a remarkable man. He was born at sea; lived in sixteen different States in as many years; grew up without education, wild and wicked. A few years ago he became a Christian, and since then has lived consistently with his profession of faith. One night he dreamed that he must read a certain chapter in the Bible. The dream so impressed him that he obeyed it, and although he did not know a letter of the alphabet, found the chapter and read it through. Since that time he has read his Bible regularly. He can read any chapter in the Bible, but not a word in any other book or newspaper.

—A bill has been reported in the United States Senate which authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to take Indian children, between the ages of eight and eighteen, belonging to tribes receiving annuities, and place them in schools on reservations. Power is given the Secretary to withhold annuities from Indians refusing to allow their children to attend the schools. Another bill, in relation to marriage between Indian women and white men, provides that by such marriages the white men shall not acquire any interest in tribal property to which the Indian woman is entitled. The marriage is also declared to have the effect of conferring citizenship on the women.

THE FIRST RAZOR.

Early Historical References to the Custom of Shaving the Face.

The earliest reference to shaving is found in Genesis xii., 14, where we read that Joseph, on being summoned before the King, shaved himself. There are several directions as to shaving in Leviticus, and the practice is alluded to in many other parts of Scripture. Egypt is the only country mentioned in the Bible where shaving was practiced. In all other countries such an act would have been ignominious. Herodotus mentions that the Egyptians allowed their beards to grow when in mourning. So particular were they as to shaving at other times that to have neglected it was a subject of reproach and ridicule, and whenever they intended to convey the idea of a man of low condition and slovenly habits the artists represented him with a beard. Unlike the Romans of a later age, the Egyptians did not confine the privilege of shaving to free citizens, but obliged their slaves to shave both beard and head. The priests also shaved the head. Shaving the head became customary among the Romans about 300 B. C. According to Pliny, Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who shaved daily. In France the custom of shaving arose when Louis XIII. came to the throne young and beardless. The Anglo-Saxons wore their beards until, at the conquest, they were compelled to follow the example of the Normans who shaved. From the time of Edward III. to Charles I. beards were universally worn. In Charles II.'s reign the mustache and whiskers only were worn, and soon after this the practice of shaving became general throughout Europe. The revival of the custom of wearing the beard dates from the time of the Crimea, 1854-55.—*All the Year Round.*

CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Number of Evangelical Christians in the United States.

The following statistics are from advanced sheets of the forthcoming "History of Christianity in the United States," by Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., who has compiled them, as far as possible, from the minutes of 1887. They represent the year 1886, save in a few instances, where they are from the official books of 1886, 1885 or 1884. Occasionally the year books say "congregations," but in nearly all cases the figures represent organized churches.

	Churches.	*Ministers.*	*Communicants.*
Protestant Episcopal	3,450	3,850	415,605
Baptist and kindred bodies	42,389	28,003	3,729,745
Congregational	4,377	4,090	480,879
Lutheran	7,573	3,990	990,830
METHODIST.			
1. Methodist Episcopal	12,013	12,075	2,002,152
2. Methodist Episcopal, South	10,951	4,434	1,066,377
3. African Methodist Episcopal	....	1,882	475,000
4. African Methodist Episcopal, Zion	....	2,000	350,000
5. Colored Methodist Episcopal	....	1,729	166,728
6. Union American Meth. Episcopal	150	60	21,000
Total Methodist Episcopal	23,114	22,180	4,081,558
Total Methodist and kindred bodies	32,071	27,542	4,601,416
PRESBYTERIAN.			
1. General Assembly	6,436	5,654	696,767
2. General Assembly, South	2,236	1,116	150,838
3. United Presbyterian Church of North America	835	736	94,641
4. Cumberland Presbyterian	2,540	1,763	145,146
5. Cumberland Presbyterian, Colored	....	200	15,000
6. Reformed Presbyterian	119	103	10,882
7. General Synod of Reformed Presbyterian	54	32	6,800
8. Associate Reformed Synod, South	116	86	7,015
9. Welsh Presbyterian	175	84	9,563
10. Several other small bodies	400	300	25,000
KINDRED PRESBYTERIAN BODIES.			
1. Reformed (late Dutch) church	547	547	85,543
3. True Reformed Dutch church	13	8	564
3. Reformed (late German) church	1,481	802	183,080
Total Presbyterian and kindred bodies	15,002	11,241	1,431,249
OTHER BODIES.			
Adventists, etc	3,492	1,321	134,577
Friends, etc	600	500	82,000
German Evangelical Church Union	553	689	60,000
Christian	1,755	1,549	142,000
Christian Union churches	1,500	1,200	127,000
Sundry small bodies	6	10	35,850
Aggregate	112,744	83,845	12,132,051

CHURCHES NOT TABULATING COMMUNICANTS.

	Ministers.	*Communicants. Est. Pop'n.*
Roman Catholic, 6,912 churches	7,638	7,200,000
Jews, 200 congregations	.....	†300,000
Shakers, 18 communities	.....	†9, 00
Progressive Friends	.....	†23,000
New Jerusalem church, 128 societies	.....	*5,031
115	.....	
Universalists, 934 parishes	673	*34,987
Unitarians, 355 parishes	.....	.....

*Members so far as reported. †Estimated.

THE ARGONAUT DAYS.

A Forty-Niner's Reminiscences of Early Days in California.

Colonel Mike Brannigan, the celebrated guide and backman of El Paso, Tex., relates the following reminiscences of early days in San Francisco:

"I have come back to San Francisco for the purpose of seeing some of my old friends of the Argonaut days of 1849, that is, as many of them as are alive. I can tell you some interesting things about early times in this city. I owned and drove the first hack that ever rumbled over the streets of San Francisco. In 1851 I got $50 a night to drive Catherine Hayes, the famous singer, and her mother, between the Razette House and Tom Maguire's Theater, which was then situated on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny. I also got the same sum from several others at the same time for the same trip. Those were good old days, and I, as well, I suppose, as very many others, would wish to see them back again. I saw $1,200 paid for a box in Maguire's Theater on the opening night of Catherine Hayes' season. A Limerick butcher at Sacramento paid $1,300 for a box when she went to the capital city to sing. Dollars in those days were more plentiful than nickels are now. When the mail steamers would arrive I have seen a gambler give a man an ounce of dust—that is, $16—for his place in the long line of anxious people waiting their turn outside the old post-office, which was then at the corner of Brenham place and Clay street. Then you would have to pay $12 a dozen for articles to be laundried, and men used to throw soiled underclothing away and buy new articles rather than pay for washing. I remember when Lotta Crabtree first appeared in this city. She used to play a banjo and dance jigs at Gilbert's Melodeon, at the corner of Kearny and Clay streets, and got $6 a week. I think that was in 1854 or 1855. She went to Virginia City in 1860 and made a hit. Twenty-dollar gold pieces were showered on the stage for her benefit. My charges then as a hack-driver were $50 a day and all expenses paid. I would like to see that state of things again, and we would have less complaints about capitalists and the like. Every body was a capitalist in the old days, and if only a few of the wealthiest exist now I don't know why they ought to be blamed. We all had a chance to become millionaires, and if we did not why it can't be helped, and there is no use in repining."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

The Mistake of His Life.

Husband—Nellie, I see by an article in a health journal that to walk a great deal is the best way to preserve beauty.

Wife—You have told me that you were quite handsome in childhood.

"So I was. Why?"

"What a pity that you didn't choose pedestrianism as a profession."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—"Sued for Her Hotel Bills," says an exchange head-line. This is marvelous. They usually come without suing for them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

INDIAN TIGREROS.

How They Spear Pumas and Jaguars in Costa Rica Forests.

A couple of spears, one long and one shorter, made the equipment of the tigrero. Their dogs were big, slouching, light-colored animals, were evidently related related to the coyote. Dangerous rather than savage, not prone to bark, they perform the role of house dogs badly. The Don assured us that puppies will not bark at all unless taught by others. But they learn at once, thus differing from the thoroughbred coyote, which can only howl and whimper in the first generation of domesticity, and seldom succeeds in learning a true bark until the third.

We asked why one dollar was granted for a slain puma, and but fifty cents for a jaguar, seeing that the latter animal is so much more dangerous and destructive. It appears that, in the fashion of hunting to which these Indians obstinately adhere, the less terrible beast causes the greater loss of life. Tigreros go in couples, the head man in advance with his two spears, the subordinate following with his machete or chopping-knife. The jaguar is easily tracked, and does not go far when roused. So soon as it is thoroughly conveyed to his mind that these intruders wish to see him personally he turns with a roar that always gives sufficient warning to such practiced shikaris. A moment afterward he comes trotting up. The foremost Indian kneels, holding a spear in either hand, the long one fartherest out—his companion stands at the side. The jaguar does not pause, but gathering himself up, cleaves the air in a mighty bound, his fore legs wide asunder and claws hooked to rend. Very seldom does it happen that the long spears fails to transfix his unprotected chest, or the shorter one his throat.

Such is not the puma's conduct. When disturbed he skulks swiftly through the brushwood, and commonly escapes. In following a jaguar dogs are seldom hurt, for he disregards them, and they have no need to press him. But the puma turns constantly, massacres a hound, and speeds on again. Even if wounded he is slow to stand; but when brought to bay at length it is a more deadly risk to face him. For this combat the spears are useless. Springing with his paws crossed, the puma would dash them aside. His feet firmly planted, knife in his left hand, machete in his right, the Indian stands forward. He has one blow, in midair. If it fails—if the skull be not cleft like an apple—brute and man roll over in hideous embrace. At such a time the comrade seldom wanted in jaguar hunting would be invaluable. But when an Indian sets out intentionally to track a puma he goes alone. So did his fathers and so does he.

Very, very rarely a jaguar springs with his paws crossed, and then there is wailing in the tigrero's hut. For the spears upon which he relied are twisted from his grasp, and the huge beast falls upon him kneeling. If the compadre with the machete be true the tiger has probably two victims instead of one. The single chance of these poor Indians lies with their dogs, and it is but a very small one. Jaguars with this uncomfortable habit are scarce, however—if it be more than an accident. None of the ranchero's Indians had seen a case, though that fact proves little. Witnesses of the phenomenon rarely survive.—*Belgravia.*

A LINCOLN STORY.

Reminiscences of a Lady's Visit to the President During the War.

As too much can not be said about Mr. Lincoln I am induced to send you the following account of an interview which the writer had with him.

I called upon him to ask for a position in the service for my son. Alas! I received it, my boy went to the war and never returned. I was accompanied by a lady companion, a Southern woman, and we had with us a little boy, a grandson of Lord Fairfax. After a pleasant interview, my friend said: "Will you give me your autograph for a friend in England?" I, however, had hesitated to ask him, although wanting one very much. He went to his desk and wrote, "Yours truly, A. Lincoln," but instead of giving it to my friend, who had asked for it, he handed it to me, and I still have it among my treasures. He then wrote simply, "A. Lincoln." Handing it to my friend he remarked, sotto voce: "That is good enough for England."

I then said: "Mr. President, I have brought a grandson of Lord Fairfax to see you." He was a beautiful boy and Mr. Lincoln, who was always fond of children, extended his hand to him, saying: "He bids fair to be a handsomer man than I am. Well! my little man, you are for the Union?" The boy looked up into Mr. Lincoln's face and replied: "Somewhat!" Both I and my friend were horrified; she, a Southern woman, fearing we would be arrested, and I, that I would fail in getting my boy's appointment, but Mr. Lincoln only laughed and said: "I guess there are a good many somewhats."

Just as we were about to withdraw, wishing to express my thanks for his courtesy, I said: "O, Mr. Lincoln, you do not know how much I shall prize your autograph, and if you only get us out of this war it will be ever very precious." I shall never forget his earnest; careworn, yet hopeful expression of countenance as he replied: "You pray for me and I will do the best I can."

After getting into our carriage I said to the boy, who was only about seven years of age: "Why did you say you were somewhat for the Union?" He replied: "Why, mamma is always crying and praying for the South and papa is serving Uncle Sam, and I can not help being somewhat."—*Cor. N. Y. Graphic*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A German physician has traced ninety-two distinct diseases in women to the use of the corset.

—Men and monkeys are the only animals possessing eyelashes on both eyelids; other animals have them only on the lower lid, or else have none on either.

—A commission of the Paris Academy of Medicines finds that hydrofluoric acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a therapeutis action when inhaled. It dissents, however, from the opinion of glass-workers that the inhalations cure consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.

—According to statistics compiled there, there was an increase of fifty per cent. in the number of cattle killed in Kansas City last year; twenty per per cent. of sheep, and ten per cent. of hogs. The value of cattle handled there is placed at $50,000,000. The amount of oleomargarine manufactured there reached 3,000,000 pounds.

—The power possessed by flowing water for transporting or moving stones or gravel over which it runs is greatly augmented by the speed of its flow; this power increases as the sixth power of the velocity, so that a stream flowing six times faster than another will be able to transport 46,656 times more matter.

—Wood employed for building which is not exposed to heat or moisture is not likely to suffer from the ravages of insects; but, if it is placed so that no draughts of fresh air can reach it, to prevent accumulation of products of decomposition, decay soon sets in, and the decaying albuminous substances, acting upon the fiber, causes it to lose its tenacity and become a friable mass.

—It still seems to be an unsettled question whether wood can be ignited by the heat of a steam pipe in contact with it. It is admitted, theoretically, that it is impossible for wood to take fire at a temperature of 212 degrees, or somewhat higher; but it is well known that there have been a large number of cases of fire reported as occurring from this cause, and the evidence is very conflicting.

—An East Indian scientific journal says that fibers of bamboo, China, grass and pineapple, after proper treatment, can be spun so fine that an expert could hardly distinguish the product from silk. Large quantities of cloth woven from China grass and bamboo are brought into the Rangoon markets by Chinamen and Bhamo, and although the material is not manufactured by modern looms, the quality is so fine as to resemble tussore silk.

—The total number of coke ovens in the United States up to the time when last noted was 22,597; building, 4,154. The production of coke for 1886 was 6,845,369 tons, costing at oven $1.63 per ton. Six years ago there were only 14,119 ovens, and the cost at ovens was then $1.88 per ton. Pennsylvania has produced seventy-nine per dent. of all the coke made in the United States. The consumption of coal for 1886 was 10,688,972 tons. New coke works are still being projected.

—The new industry in the South, which has been noted, develops another use for pine needles, besides that of spreading an aromatic odor from the filling of a pillow. One product of these needles is a remarkably strong oil, claimed to possess valuable medicinal properties; another is pine wool, which is bleached, dyed, and woven, this wool being a fleecy brown mass, possessing a pleasant odor, which gives it value as a moth destroyer when employed in the form of carpet lining; and to these is to be added another product made from this wool, viz., a strong, cheap matting, adapted for halls, stairways and offices.

COMFORTABLE HOMES.

Interior Arrangements of a Norwegian Farm House.

The first impression of an ordinary Norwegian farm house, is not very favorable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a large dwelling house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the effect is to relieve the sober aspects of the groups. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly waterproof, plank about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the center of the chief room, and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upward to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not infrequently the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance. The cow-houses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger and more space is allowed to each animal, while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cow-house is, in most cases, raised high enough to allow a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Third Party.

PORTLAND, ME., Feb. 2.—Neal Dow, one of the leaders of the Prohibition party, in an interview with a correspondent of the New York *World*, talked about the third party and its influence in politics in the coming campaign.

"What do you think of the attitude of the Republican leaders towards prohibition in this State," was asked.

"I know," replied the General, "that the liquor dealers of the West sent notice to the Republican bosses in Maine three or four years ago that any injury inflicted upon the liquor traffic in the State would be revenged by them upon the Republican party in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Minnesota, and that is the only way we can account for the failure of the Republicans to do anything here to materially cripple the grogshops."

"Do you think the Republican party in Maine is in accord with the policy of the late Governor Bodwell in his war on the liquor dealers?"

"One of the Republican leaders said to me: 'This crusade is all fireworks; it amounts to nothing.' Governor Bodwell, however, did his duty, whether the leaders approved of it or not. There is no doubt but what his policy was upheld by a large majority of the Republicans of Maine."

"What do you think will be the future treatment of the temperance question by the Republicans of Maine?"

"I don't think Governor Bodwell's policy will be carried out by Mr. Marble, or any one likely to succeed him, and the reason is, that Mr. Bodwell did not want to be Governor, nor did he desire a renomination, so he was at liberty to act conscientiously in the discharge of his duty. But his successor, whatever he may be, will be an office-seeker and depend upon the bosses for nomination and election, and he will be controlled by them, as their policy in Maine, as in every other State throughout the Union, is to protect the liquor traffic. The Republican party everywhere is as thoroughly committed to the liquor interest as the Democratic. Cleveland's message seems to me to have given a chance for success to the Republican party, for it affords them an opportunity to agree that protection of home industry will really be an issue in the Presidential campaign, and in that way mislead a great many temperance men."

"What will be the strength of the Prohibition vote in the country at the next election?"

"It will be much increased, as our numbers have been increasing very rapidly."

"What is the prospect of the Republicans in New York?"

"I don't believe they can carry it. The Prohibition vote will surely increase there and I believe we shall poll 50,000 votes."

"Where will the prohibitionists put in their work?"

"They will concentrate their efforts in New York, for they believe their labors will be most effective. They will also do something in Ohio."

"Shall you take the stump?"

"I have been engaged to speak in Western New York in August, and shall also appear on the stump in the western portion of that State. I shall also make several speeches in Maine."

"Who will be your Presidential standard bearer?"

"General Fiske, of New Jersey, undoubtedly. He seems to be the most available man. I do not believe he would accept the candidacy, however, but from a sense of duty."

"What do you propose to do in this State?"

"We have decided to place a full ticket in the field in Maine. Undoubtedly our vote would have been greatly diminished had Governor Bodwell lived and been re-nominated, but the conditions are changed now."

"Do you regard the approaching campaign as an important one?"

"Yes, extremely so for the Republican party. It is life or death with it. If it loses there will be a dissolution of the party, and a new organization will be formed with a prohibition plank in its platform."

"What particular argument will the prohibition speakers press?"

"We shall lay great emphasis upon the collusion of the Republican party with the liquor traffic and endeavor to draw the attention of voters to this in all parts of the country."

"What have you to say in regard to Mr. Blaine?" was the last query.

"Mr. Blaine is personally a temperance man and a Prohibitionist, I voted for him in 1884, thinking that if he were elected the Republican would recover the confidence and respect of the country. I shall not vote for him in the coming election. It is no longer a question of candidates, for the reason that prohibition cannot win in the lifetime of the Republican party."

Rays of Mirth.

It is a wise provision of nature that a man can neither kick himself nor pat his own back.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked a Sunday School superintendent. "Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma says if you give us each a dollar we are not to lose it on our way home."

A physician having directed one of his patients to bathe a wound in tepid water, the patient sent his little girl to the drug store with a note saying: "Please sell bearer one-half pint of tepid water."

"So the missus is to be married, eh?" said the gardner to the cook. "Yis; and in illigant stoyle, too. She's goin' for to have a dhress thray yarruds long, and four pall-bearers ter kerry it."

Pedestrian: "Madam, a boy who I am told is your son has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it?" Mother: "I don't know; have you tried arnica?"—*Tid-Bits*.

A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernathy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Abernathy's reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

A zealous preacher, who loved smoking as well as he ought, in a heated discourse exclaimed, aiming his rifle at some of his hearers: "Brethren, there is no sleeping car on the train to glory." One of the party whom he aimed to hit responded: "No, brother, nor smoking car either."

Old lady (to grocer's boy): "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old lady: "Told you to whistle?" Boy: "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."—*Harper's Bazar*.

The grandmma of two little boys was once obliged to reprove the younger brother. "My dear," said she solemnly, "if you tell lies, God will not love you, and when you die, your soul will not go to heaven."

"What ith my theul?" inquired Johnny, pleasantly.

"Your soul?" grandmma was overheard to exclaim, "your soul, my child, is—I am surprised that a child of your age does not know what his soul is. It is—is it possible that you do not know? Well, then—ahem! Pick up grandmma's specs, Johnny. There, now, you may run out and play, my dear."

Baby's First Shoes.

The first baby when she needs her first pair of shoes hears this from her proud and happy father:

"And does it want some little shoes-ums for its 'ittle feet-ums? Well, papa shall get all the 'ittle shoes-ums it wants, so he shall."

When the order for the second pair comes he seems a little surprised, and says:

"What! Has papa's little girl worn out its pretty new shoes so soon? She is a little rogue, so she is, to kick out her shoes so."

Before the child is a month older her toes are to be seen through her third pair of shoes.

"What!" cries papa, when he is informed of the fact. "Well, I'd just like to know how in thunderation that youngster kicks out her shoes so fast. She wears out more shoes than I do. She'd break up a bank president at this rate,"

And when the order for the fifth pair comes, papa observes:

"Well, if this don't beat the Jews! I'd like to know if I've got to get that young one a new pair of shoes every day of her life. I'm tired to death of this thing, Clara. If she wants another pair of shoes this month she can take the pennies out of her bank and buy 'em. I won't. Poor papa!—*Texas Siftings*.

One of the best arguments in defense of the present protective system is that of Senator Edmunds, in the February number of *Harper's*. It proves conclusively that the duties paid under the tariff are not a tax on the consumer, but have to be paid by the foreign manufacturer and producer, and that the non-producer in the United States is called upon to pay only a small portion, if any, of this sum. He also describes the successive steps by which England was transformed from a protective country to a comparatively free trade empire.

A note up in a rural postoffice reads: "Dear —: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the postoffice yesterday was because I hed a bile on my fase and kant laff. If I laff she'll bust. But I love you, bile or no bile, laff or no laff."

No Joke on Her.

A woman came down town the other day with a "yearling" in a baby carriage, and when she reached a certain dry goods store she left the cab at the door and went in to trade. The youngster was good natured over being left alone, and one of the clerks who knew the mother well thought to play a joke on her. While she was busy trading he slipped out and wheeled the carriage into an adjoining store. A rush of customers prevented him from seeing the woman as she went out. She stood at the door for a moment, as if wondering if she had forgotten something, and then started off and went straight home.

By that time "bub" had become uneasy and was raising a row, and they sent in for the clerk to come and get him. The mother having gone home, he was obliged to follow her with cart and baby, the latter howling at the top of his voice and attracting general attention. The clerk had reached the gate when the woman came, and as she saw the baby and cart she threw up both hands and exclaimed:

"Dear me, but I thought it was a spool of twist I had forgotten!"

Mr. Montgomery has been going wrong of late. He has got into the habit of staying out late at night.

"Fergy, dear," began his wife when he came home to dinner the other evening, "Christmas will soon be here." "Remarkable!" ejaculated Ferguson. "Do you know what I want!" she continued, without heeding the scornful remark, "The earth, with a shawl strap to carry it, probably." "No, Fergy; all I want is one of those beautiful little watches." "A watch! What in the thunder do you want a watch for?" "So that I won't become angry with you, Fergy," said Mrs. Montgomery, as she wound her arms tenderly about his neck. "Every night for a week I've heard the clock strike 2 before you came home. I know the clock can't be right, and I want the gong removed. If I have a watch we won't need the gong." Mr. Montgomery did not wait for Christmas. He bought the watch the next day.

Dan Rice, the veteran showman, was nicely fooled one day, as he was engaged announcing the wonders of his circus outside the tent. A man standing with a little boy in the crowd near by cried out: "I'll bet you a dollar you cannot let me see a lion." "Done!" said the showman, eagerly; "put down your money." The man placed a dollar in the hand of a bystander and Dan did the same. "Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll soon convince you. There you are," said he triumphantly; "look in that corner at the beautiful Numidian lion." "I don't see any," responded the man. "What's the matter with you?" asked the showman. "I'm blind," was the grinning reply, and in a few minutes the man pocketed the two dollars and went away.

Old Mr. Bentley—I hear that the Cadwalladers pay a thousand a year for their pew in the Church of the Holy St. Swell.

Old Mrs. Bentley—Goodness; they must be very religious folks.

Guest (calling down through the speaking tube) — "Quick? What shall I do? There's a man under my bed!" Night Clerk—"Sleep on top of the bed."

ORDER NISI.

In the matter of the estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, vs. George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a.

No. 138 Adm'r. In the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, By the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Maryland, this 12th day of January, 1888, that the sale of a part of the real estate of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, as made by George W. Merrill, Admr. d. b. n. c. t. a., to Henry Russell and Sarah A. Drummond, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of February, 1888, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county for at least three consecutive weeks on or before the 7th day of February next.

The report shows the amount of sales to be $250.00.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Register Wills.

True copy—Test:
1 21 3 SAMUEL LAWTON, Register.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at Aaron Beachy's, on the National road, thence through the lands of Chas. Leese, Samuel Baker, Perry Durst, James Fresh and others, intersecting the county road Northwest to Christian Orendorph and road leading to Oakland and Accident, near Mrs. Hetrich's.

JOEL BEACHY,
JAMES P. WILEY,
AARON BEACHY,
S. D. YODER,
Petitioners.

1 14 5t

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We carry the most complete stock in town of Plain and Fancy Stationery, Writing Padl, &c. Fine Gravely Tobacco, and finest line of Cigars in Western Maryland. Daily receiving supplies of finest Candies and Confectioneries. A full line of Fishing Rods, Hooks, Fish Baskets, &c., &c.

☞ PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED FROM PURE DRUGS. ☜
Jan. 29, 1887.—6 m.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

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Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A.M.
No. 82	—Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.37 A. M.
No. 81	—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
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General Passenger Agent.

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D. T. E. CASTEEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.
☞ Office in the Casteel Drug Store building, Oakland, Md. 10 28 tf

A Great National Journal.

THE NEW YORK
Mail and Express

The Advocate of the Best Interests of the Home—The Enemy of the Saloon. The Friend of American Labor. The Favorite Newspaper of People of Refined Tastes Everywhere.

For many years the daily edition of the New York MAIL AND EXPRESS has been recognized as the leading afternoon paper of the metropolis, while its weekly edition has been THE FAVORITE HOME PAPER in thousands of families in every State in the Union. It has attained its great popularity and influence by its enterprise in the collection of news, the purity of its tone, and the ability and courage of its advocacy of the Right on all questions of public interest.

FOR 1888 the MAIL AND EXPRESS will be a better paper than ever, and, as a clean, interesting, instructive

Home Newspaper,

it solicits comparison with any other in the country. It is one of the LARGEST PAPERS PUBLISHED anywhere, and spares neither labor nor expense to secure for its readers the very best in all departments of newspaper literature.

OUR POLITICS.

We believe the Republican party to be the true instrument of the POLITICAL PROGRESS of the American people; and holding that the honest enforcement of its principles is the best guarantee of the national welfare, we shall support them with all our might; but we shall always treat opposing parties with consideration and fair play.

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The MAIL AND EXPRESS is the recognized leading journal of the country in the great Anti-Saloon Republican movement. It believes that the liquor traffic as it exists to-day in the United States is the enemy of society, a fruitful source of corruption in politics, the ally of anarchy, a school of crime, and, with its avowed purpose of seeking to corruptly control elections and legislation, is a menace to the public welfare and deserves the condemnation of all good men.

In brief, all who wish to have in their homes a FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER of national scope, broad views, clean pages and courageous, yet kindly, utterances on all questions of general public interest, will not be disappointed in the MAIL AND EXPRESS, and we respectfully solicit their influence and support.

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EVERY SUBSCRIBER to the WEEKLY who sends ten cents to pay for packing and postage receives as a present from the MAIL AND EXPRESS ANY TWO of our elegant Premium Portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Logan and Beecher, exact copies of the finest crayon likenesses, 21x27 inches in size, sent to his address free and postpaid.

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ACCIDENT, MARYLAND,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Dacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 12 '87.—1y

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Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to
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Every Sack Guaranteed to prevent Skippers in Meat. They last from 3 to 5 years. Full directions on every Sack.

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SOLE MANUFACTURERS,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1888. NUMBER 51

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FLOATING SOAP

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For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

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v3n47.

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The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

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Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

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Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

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ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



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"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

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"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

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are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

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goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

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instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

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the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,

Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A Strange and Beautiful Dream.

BY A CITIZEN OF MORGANTOWN, WEST VA.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness was a bright Sunday in this month. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy chair, and scent the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheek and revived my languid frame. The bell of our church was just beginning to ring and the familiar sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshiper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer Book which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven-o'clock service should commence, and in the meantime closed my eyes, and soothed my impatient wishing by picturing to myself the streets that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking toward the church yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow. The children, from the Sunday School, filed up the staircases into the audience room, and except a few stragglers, huraying in as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity in words to this effect: "Mortal, who by divine mercy has just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned His solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention, which is in His solemn sight irreverence; consider well the privilege, the utspeakable benefit and blessing, of united prayer, lest, by again abusing it, thou tire the patience of thy long-suffering God, and tempt Him for ever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued."

[illegible] my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone: "I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the saints, and form them into wreaths of odorous incense, that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter now with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be enabled to discern those among the devotions about to be offered which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy they are."

As he ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, will *seem* to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness; when thoughts wander, the sounds will grow faint, and even cease altogether.

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all her might, produced no sound, and why, presently after the service began, though the lips of many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to Heaven. There was a low murmuring, and then, distant and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together; as he knelt his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and as the angel wrote on his tablets the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, where he says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.'

Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage—the prayer of the publican. A wretched-looking man, who swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the 24th chapter of St. Matthew. Some verses attracted his attention. He listened with more and more seriousness, until at length he put his hand over his face, and exclaimed aloud, "What will become of me at the day of judgment? Lord have mercy on me a sinner." That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh, may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things! May God indeed have mercy on such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them and care for their immortal souls!

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel. "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; He is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the THOUGHTS of all these people; so that thou shalt have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises toward those who draw near to Him with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him."

As the angel spoke my ears were deafened with a clamor which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here in God's holy house was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes!" said one woman, who saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set her family! Thank goodness, no one can accuse me of that sin!"

"New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning the neighborly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion.

"How they can afford it Heaven only knows, and their father owing all their Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah, there is Tom S.," nodded a young man to his friend; he is growing quite religious and respectable, I declare. He has been at church two Sundays running; how much longer will the devout fit [illegible]

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence. There were happily not many such; the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much more interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning; they were evidently betrothed—they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood, his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing there, called off his thoughts from Heaven. "How good she is," he began to say; "how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make. How happy am I to have won her love." By this time the countenance of the girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze: her eye-lids trembled, her attention wavered, and though she looked at the book some moments longer, she too, began to murmer of earthly things, and I heard her say: "Oh, how he loves me!—even here he cannot forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions,

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more—the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send and even altered whole passages and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recolection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers; some recalled the incidents of their last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes of economy, gave warning to their servants, arranging the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming trimming for a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to rouse this congregation to a sense of what they were doing, and, to my comfort, I saw that for the voluntary offenders a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and bitter remorse—of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing—wrung the heart-shocked of its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and I trust more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablets I was shocked to see how little was written therein.

Out of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the giver of all good, these few words are the the sum of what they offer.

"Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. "Such as these are, such hast though long been. Darest thou, after what hast been revealed to thee, act such a part again? Oh, could thy mortal ears bear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels, before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few, faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with such mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be accounted thee as an aggravation of guilt."

Suddenly the sweet solemn voice ceased, and the glorious angel disappeared: and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven; it must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers, and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

May the lesson I learned in those few minutes never be effaced from m[illegible] And if this account [illegible] them should aid in recalling one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of the church it will not have been written in vain.

A Novel Cure for Scarlet Fever.

In his early life Dr. Richardson knew a gentleman—the late Dr. Pinckney—who had a novel way of treating scarlet fever. Whenever any one of his pupils—he was a schoolmaster—was seized with the disease he had the youth outside the playground, and, clothing him warmly, had him walked about until the perspiration streamed from every pore. This effected, the sufferer was taken indoors, put into a warm bed, charged with warm fluids and made still to perspire. The patient usually fell into a gentle sleep and in nearly every case was virtually cured at once.—*Glasgow Herald.*

"When am I going to get that new suit of clothes I ordered three weeks ago?" asked Gilhooly of his tailor, Herr Schneider.

"Choost as soon as you pays for dot oder suit I makes you last year."

"But, my good fellow I can't f- a ford to wait that long."—*Siftings.*

The difficulty of running a country newspaper is fully shown by the editor of the Smithville, (Ga.) *News*, who explains the absence of editorial matter in a recent issue as follows: "A man can't cut three cords of oak wood a day and then sit calmly down and collect his ideas when he can't collect his money."

An exchange tantalizes its readers with this atrocity: "Have you heard of the man who got shot? "Got shot! No, how did he get shot." "He bought them."

There is no change in the style of fishing tackle this year, except that the jug has more body and not so much neck.

"No," said a Smithburg girl, "no electric light for me. It can't be turned down low enough."

A toast over a glass of grog—"Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

A girl waists her energy when she hugs another girl.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

[A lady of a wealthy Eastern family, through some estrangement, left her home and went to the West. Misfortune and ill-health swept away her little all, and in her old age she found a home in the poor-house. One evening shortly after, she was found sitting by her bed, reading the poem: "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," and weeping. That night the death angel came, and the tired feet rested on "the echoless shore."]

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"
Why does the reader pause? Why does she weep?
Withered the quiv'ring lips, head bowing low,
Care-worn the wrinkled face where the tears flow;
Far from her childhood home, old and alone,
No one, and nothing, to claim as her own;
Fortune and friends all are lost in the past,
Found, in her old age, the poor-house at last.

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"
Trembles the voice, for the mem'ries that sweep
Far from the sunny land when she was young,
Rush o'er her heart as a harp long unstrung.
Music that once has charmed, chords lost so long,
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"
Just as when weary of playing "Bo Peep"
Long, long ago, she would turn to her breast,
Yearning for love words and kisses and rest.
Turns she to night, a child now once more;
"Mother, come back from the echoless shore"
What do her dim eyes see? What does she hear?
Why does she linger where tear follows tear?
Over and over in sobs low and deep—
"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Morn came: the sun, like a fond mother's face,
Woke earth with a kiss from night's still embrace;
Hushed were those lips in that peaceful repose
Only the friendless who finds it o'er knows.
Mother had come from "the echoless shore."
Clasped her again in her arms as of yore;
Open the book lay beside the lone dead.
Tear-marked the lines o'er and o'er she had read,
Nevermore here o'er to wake or to weep—
"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep,"
Oh! when the night shadows round the heart creep,
When all the strife and the toiling are done,
Empty and prizeless the fame we have won;
Friends whom we loved passed away from our sight,
Hopes we have cherished all buried in night,
Fondly we turn to our childhood again,
Longing for love and caresses, as then;
Once more the words from the weary heart leap—
"Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

—*Ly B. Coke, in Youth's Companion.*

MR. TIDYWAITE.

His Service as Special Constable and What Came of It.

No slight sensation was occasioned in the household of Mr. Joseph Tidywaite, the senior partner in Tidywaite, Chink & Bullen's Bank, Pall Mall, when that gentleman announced his intention of enrolling himself as a special constable.

"Surely, Joseph, there are plenty of younger men available!" said Mrs. Tidywaite.

"Younger men! Pshaw!" exclaimed the valiant banker, drawing himself up, like a hero of romance, to his full height, which was just 5 ft. 6½ in. "We must show the youngsters that a man need not be past serving his country at fifty-nine."

"But consider the weather, Joseph, and your rheumatism," continued his wife.

"Think of your asthma, papa, dear, and those dreadful fogs," added Miss Tidywaite.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" replied Mr. Tidywaite, a little impatiently; for, to tell the truth, he had thought a good deal about all these circumstances already. "It is a matter of duty, Eliza. Besides, I have promised Lord Bayswater that I will serve. He called at the bank this morning to obtain recruits, and I wish to set the clerks an example."

Mr. Tidywaite expected that the allusion to Lord Bayswater would have effect upon his wife, and he was not disappointed. Miss Tidywaite, however, a young lady of much sense, as well as independence, was not so easily silenced.

"I can't see why they want to call out special constables at all," she observed. "There are not to be any more attempts to hold meetings in Trafalgar Square; and, if the people had not been stopped from going there, there would have been none of this disturbance."

"And where did you learn that, pray?" inquired the banker sharply, and casting a suspicious glance at his daughter.

Winfred blushed slightly, and turned away. "I have heard people say it," she replied. "But, papa, dear, if there be any danger, as you say, surely the police and the military are sufficient without the help of old gent—I mean persons in your position!"

"My dear Winifred," replied her father, "you must excuse my saying that you do not understand what you are talking about. The magnificent spectacle of a mass of law-abiding citizens marshalled in support of the civil and military forces will of itself strike terror into the mob, and nip the spirit of anarchy in the bud."

Winifred was a devoted daughter, but she had a sense of humor, and the magnificent spectacle of her father striking terror into the mob was more than she could discuss with gravity. The subject consequently dropped. Later on, however, when Mr. and Mrs. Tidywaite found themselves alone, Joseph suddenly said to his wife:

"Has Ted O'Brien been here again?"

"Not to my knowledge," replied the lady. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I am convinced that no one but O'Brien could have put that Radical claptrap about the special constables and the people into Winifred's head."

"I think that she met him last night at Mrs. Somerset's, Joseph."

"Then understand that I distinctly forbid her to go to Mrs. Somerset's again," said the banker, angrily, "or anywhere else where she is likely to meet that young jackanapes. He has quite turned the girl's head. We shall have her defying her own father next."

Now, Mr. Edward O'Brien was a young relative of Mrs. Tidywaite, who had come to London from Dublin to study medicine. Although he had distinguished himself at the hospitals, he was still on the threshold of his profession, and, as his private means were small, he was hardly an eligible son-in-law for the senior partner in Tidywaite, Chink & Bullen. Moreover, he was an earnest Nationalist and a thoroughgoing Radical, and in those characters doubly obnoxious to Mr. Tidywaite. When, therefore, the banker was apprised that an attachment had grown up between his daughter Winifred and the young doctor, he promptly ordered the latter out of the house and requested that the subject should never be mentioned again.

On the morning after the above conversation Mr. Tidywaite, accompanied by Mr. Chink, his partner, and a formidable body of their employes, was duly sworn in as a special constable. He had his first taste of active service on the following Sunday, when, after he had duly rendezvoused at Albany street barracks at eleven a. m., he was marched through the mud and the fog, perspiring and breathless, to Cavendish Square, and there "held in reserve" till about five p. m. The mob, to do them justice, did not appear overawed by the spectacle; on the contrary, they occupied themselves throughout the above period with facetious comments on the appearance of the "specials," individually and collectively. Mr. Tidywaite, although he had contrived to get into the rear rank, came in for his share of this fun, and he went home with the rudiments of a bad cold, an unpleasant stiffness in the legs, and an aggravated sense of grievance against the lower orders generally; but, fortunately, with nothing worse. A week or two later, however, his fortitude and sense of duty were put to a sharper test. He received a notice that, in view of the threatening demonstration being organized at the other side of London, the regular constables on duty in his district would be withdrawn in the evening, and special constables, in pairs, would replace them on their beats. The beat assigned to Mr. Tidywaite included Portland Square, Duchess Place and several adjoining streets in the West End.

The day duly arrived, and a dreadful day it was. Heavy snow in the morning was succeeded by a general drizzle as the day wore on. The cold which Mr. Tidywaite had caught in Cavendish Square had now assumed portentous dimensions and settled on his chest. His rheumatism was also troublesome. At the last moment Mrs. Tidywaite was anxious for a medical certificate, but, unluckily, did not think of it till too late, and she was about to help her husband get ready for his work when they were informed that the police superintendent desired to see Mr. Tidywaite.

"I just called, sir," said the officer, "to warn you to keep a sharp lookout on No. 9 Portland Square. It is the Duke of Dublin's house. He is the President of the Irish Landlords' Ancient Rights Maintenance League, you know, sir."

"Ah, certainly. You are not anticipating any attack on the Duke's house, I hope?" inquired Mr. Tidywaite, rather anxiously.

"No; but we have standing instructions to look after the residences of gentlemen in the Duke's position, and we know the dynamiters are very active again just now."

"Dear me, how dreadful! And can you tell me who will be with me on my beat?"

"The Hon. Guy Wyldfire, sir—Lord Littlebrain's youngest son. You will find him a very pleasant young gentleman, I think. Good night, sir. Sorry you have such a nasty evening."

This interview did not raise Mr. Tidywaite's spirits. On the contrary, it filled him with uneasiness. It was his rule never to keep firearms in the house, but he wished now that he had had a pistol that he could put in his pocket to supplement the protection of his truncheon. As it was, he could muster no more deadly weapon than a pair of handcuffs, which he had purchased shortly after being sworn in, as likely to be of service in the event of his having to effect an arrest. These he now stowed away in one of his deepest pockets, while Mrs. Tidywaite assisted him in his other preparations, wrapping a good length of stout flannel around his knee—the rheumatic one—and stuffing his pockets with sausage-rolls, sandwiches, a flask or two of comforting cordials, and a plentiful stock of cough lozenges. Thus provisioned, and encased in [illegible] goloshes, the banker marched forth.

"Stop, Joseph! stop!" cried his wife, as the door was closing on him. "You are going without your respirator."

"I didn't forget it, my dear," said the old gentleman, rather nervously. "But I thought that it would look—a—that is, that I should hardly require——"

"Look or no look, Joseph," replied his wife, who was accustomed to be obeyed in such matters, "you put on that respirator before you go outside the door."

Poor Joseph submitted with the best grace he could. The respirator was duly adjusted, and the good man made the best of his way to the spot where he was to relieve the regular constable, and where he found not only Hon. Guy Wyldfire, but also a select quorum of street boys and loafers who had come to see the fun.

"O, my eye! 'Ere's the City Corporation been and swore hisself in as a speshul!" ejaculated one of the bystanders at the sight of Mr. Tidywaite's portly form.

"Hallo, copper; when did you see your toes last?" inquired another.

"I say, Bill," said a third, "what's the bloke been and gagged hisself for?"

"To save his false teeth from bein' knocked down his throat, most likely," replied Bill.

"Please, sir, be you the speshul or the hextra, or the hextra speshul?" cried a cheeky Arab.

Amid an encouraging chorus in this key the two constables started on their rounds. They walked slowly over the extent of their beat, and then came to a standstill in Portland Square. Snow had now set in again vigorously, and a keen northeaster drove the flakes in the faces of the two specials, and caused the elder to shiver beneath his wraps.

"Do you think," said the banker, presently, "that it would appear—a—unprofessional if I were to put up an umbrella?"

"Contrary to all the regulations," replied Mr. Wyldfire, who kept up his spirits very creditably under the circumstances. "Don't you let the Inspector catch you at it! I think, though, that I can put you up to a better dodge than that."

"Pray, what is it?" inquired Mr. Tidywaite, much interested.

"P 73, the peeler on the beat, tipped me a wink as he was going away, and whispered that we should find No. 24 the right sort of shop. I can't say what he meant, but I caught a glimpse of a larky-looking slavey at No. 24 Duchess Place, as we came by. I mean to have another look. If you'll stop here a minute I will return anon and report progress." And, without further explanation, the scion of the aristocracy departed. At the end of about a quarter of an hour he returned, visibly satisfied with the result of his mission.

"It's all right," he said. "P 73 is a brick. There's a comfortable kitchen entirely at our disposal at No. 24. The slavies are full of fun. The family are out, and I've sent for a bottle of whisky. Come on!"

The banker gazed at his comrade in blank amazement.

"You don't mean to say," he gasped, "that you expect me to——"

"Why not? What's the use of playing at peeler if you don't do the thing properly?"

"But what about the beat, and the Duke's house here?"

"O, they'll look after themselves for half an hour. For the matter of that, it wouldn't be much loss to society if the Fenians were to blow old Dublin into smithereens. You had better come. The cook's a topper, I can tell you—just your sort."

Had it been any one else than an Earl's son who spoke, Mr. Tidywaite would undoubtedly have met this ribald speech with the rebuke it merited. As it was, he contented himself with declining the invitation as stiffly as politeness permitted.

"As you please," said the Honorable Guy. "You will know where to find me if I am wanted. No. 24; don't forget. Ta-ta!"

He was soon out of sight, and Mr. Tidywaite was left alone with his own reflections. Solitude did not add to the charms of his situation. The storm seemed to be steadily increasing in violence, and though he had no desire to imitate the example of Mr. Wyldfire, the banker presently moved round his beat, looking for a chance of gaining shelter. He came thus to No. 9—the Duke of Dublin's house. It was a fine mansion, with a large portico extending to the pavement; and, remembering his instructions from the Inspector, Mr. Tidywaite thought he would be doing his duty, as well as consulting his inclination, if he stood up against one of the pillars at the side, sheltered from the wind. He stood there about a quarter of an hour, his toes numbed and his teeth chattering, when the clock of a neighboring church struck nine. The last stroke had scarcely ceased when Mr. Tidywaite was startled by a low whistle close at hand. Looking out from his shelter he perceived a tall man, in an ulster, standing under a neighboring lamp-post. As if in response to the whistle, two other men hurried up from opposite directions. Their movements were so mysterious that the special constable drew back as far out of sight as he could get. The men were now talking together, and the Inspector's instructions—the allusion to the Duke of Dublin and the dynamiters—recurred painfully to Mr. Tidywaite's mind as he caught fragments of the conversation in a rich Milesian brogue.

In another minute or so the two last-comers again departed in opposite directions, and Mr. Tidywaite's heart sank into his boots as he saw the tall man advance stealthily towards No. 7. He was now close alongside the special and looking into the area, beyond doubt with some sinister purpose. The inclination to fly was almost irresistible in Mr. Tidywaite's breast, but he summoned up all his sense of public duty, and with a supreme effort stepped out and accosted the mysterious stranger.

"Now, sir," he said, "what is your business here?"

"What has that to do with you?" returned the man.

"I am a representative of the law, and it is my duty to ask what you are doing."

"And suppose I don't tell you?"

"Then I must ask you to come along with me."

"And suppose I say I sha'n't come?" said the man with a contemptuous laugh.

"Then I shall arrest you in the Queen's name," replied the valiant constable. And producing his handcuffs he made a vicious grab at the stranger. Perhaps the tall man was taken aback at this unexpected display of resolute government. At any rate, he stood quite still much to Mr. Tidywaite's relief, and allowed the bracelets to be slipped on to his wrists. Then he began to move off.

"Stop!" cried the special; "we are going the other way."

"I ain't!" said the tall man. "You can if you like."

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Tidywaite had taken the precaution of attaching the handcuffs tightly round his own waist. The prisoner showed no disposition to stop, and as his advantage in strength more than counterbalanced the special's superiority in weight, and as, moreover, the pavement was too slippery to afford any foothold for resistance, Mr. Tidywaite felt himself reluctantly compelled to follow.

"Help, help!" he cried, frantically, as he found himself being hurried into a trot.

The two confederates came running up at the sound of his voice.

"Stuff his respirator into his mouth, Mike," said the tall man, "and tie his muffler over it, or he'll rouse the whole neighborhood."

This was quickly done, in spite of Mr. Tidywaite's resistance, and the unfortunate special found himself again dragged off behind his prisoner, while each one of the accomplices held one of his arms.

There was just one hope, he thought, of escape. He was being marched towards Baker street, where he knew that other special constables were on duty. The idea, however, seemed to strike the conspirators as soon as himself, for, at a word from the tall man, one of the others presently took the key of the handcuffs from Mr. Tidywaite's pocket, and in another moment the special himself was handcuffed, while the tall man took possession of the truncheon and transferred the constable's armlet to his own arm. No sooner was this done than they met a pair of specials on their beat.

"It's all right," said the tall man, in answer to a question from one of the constables. "He was drunk and disorderly, and assaulted this gentleman here. But we've got him safe enough now." Poor Mr. Tidywaite was just attempting to explain matters when he was hurriedly carried on by his captors, and not allowed to again stop until the party arrived at a dingy-looking house in the neighborhood of High street, Marylebone, where the prisoner was conducted to a large room, scantily furnished, in the upper part of the house.

A very few minutes' observation satisfied the terrified banker that he was in a nest of conspirators of a dark and malignant character. To begin with, his three companions, as they entered the house, one and all assumed black masks. They exchanged remarks, too, in a language which Mr. Tidywaite had never heard before, and addressed one another by numbers instead of names. The prisoner was bidden to sit down at one end of the room. His pockets were turned out and his stock of provisions were distributed among the gang, who disposed of them, excepting the cough lozenges, with evident relish. Then, on his solemnly swearing neither to move nor speak, the handcuffs were removed, and an individual known apparently as "Number Siven" took up his post beside him, pistol in hand. In the course of half an hour two or three desperadoes, all masked and armed, dropped in and took their seats at a table at the other end of the room. When half a dozen were thus assembled "Number Siven," at a word from the tall man, led the prisoner into a small room adjoining. "The Council are going to consider your case," said Number Siven. "Ye'll know your sinthence in the course of half an hour. In the meantime keep quiet, or ye're a did man."

"One moment," whispered the banker, as his jailer was about to leave the room. "You can not object to tell me where you are and where I am."

"Sure ye can guess!"

"I may be wrong; let me know the worst."

"Ye're just in the hands of the Clan-na-Gael, and the gintlemen to whom ye've been introjuiced are the Executive Council of the London Division—more power to them!" And with that Number Siven hastily retired.

Heavens what a situation! The banker's head reeled, and he wiped the perspiration from his brow. Presently he looked around the room but it contained no window, nor any hope of escape or succor. For half an hour or more he remained there, listening to the voices in the next room, at the end of which time he was reduced to the last stage of mental and bodily prostration. Then Number Siven returned, revolver in hand, and led him into the presence of the Council, who were seated round a table, all masked.

"Joseph Tidywaite," said the Chairman, whom the banker at once recognized as the tall man whom he had captured in the square, "you have been charged with being an inimy of Oireland, and with thwarting an important operation of the Provisional Government. The Council have considered your case, and your sinthence is—Death by the Third Process."

The wretched man essayed to speak, but terror tied his tongue, and he clung to Number Siven to save himself from falling.

"The Council have, however, mercifully attached a proviso to the sinthence," pursued the Chairman. "Your life will be spared on condition of your taking the oath of fidelity to the Oirish Republic. Ye will have five minutes to make your election. Siven, give the prisoner a chair!"

At the expiration of five minutes, Mr. Tidywaite made the choice that might have been expected, and took the oath of fidelity to the Irish Republic, in the following terms:

"I, Joseph Tidywaite, hereby solemnly renounce all allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain, her heirs and successors, and declare myself a true and loyal subject of the Irish Republic, to the Executive Government of which for the time being I swear henceforward to render with body and soul unconditional obedience, for good or evil, for life or death. So help me God."

This oath having been administered, Mr. Tidywaite signed the document in blood from one of his own veins, which Number Siven dexterously opened for the purpose with a lancet. The ceremony over, he drank "God Save Ireland" in some hot whisky and water, and was then blindfolded, led out of house, and restored to freedom in the shape of a hansom cab.

It was nearly a fortnight before the doctor allowed Mr. Tidywaite to leave his bed, but as soon as he was able to get about again the old gentleman sent for Edward O'Brien. On the young man's arrival he at once narrated the story of his terrible experience.

"I sent for you, Edward," he said, at the conclusion of the recital, "in the hope that you might have influence with some of your Irish friends which would help me out of my horrible position. Think of it, Edward! Think of me sworn body and soul to the service of a treasonable conspiracy! How can I, as an honest citizen, evade my duty to disclose the whole business to the Government?"

"Good God!" exclaimed O'Brien. "How can you talk of such a thing! Do you know what it means! Remember James Carey!"

"I know, I know," replied the wretched banker. I am aware of my peril, and the knowledge is driving me mad. Can't you help me, Edward?"

"If things had been otherwise," said O'Brien, presently—"I mean if there had been any tie between you and me on the strength of which I might have made a personal appeal to the Executive, I tell you frankly there is no man in London who has a better right to ask a favor of the Clanna-Gael than I have. But as it is, on what ground can I appeal to them?"

"My dear Edward," replied the banker, "I have never desired more than to be convinced that you and Winifred were sincerely attached to one another. If my consent to the engagement—conditionally, of course, on your rendering me this service—will facilitate your negotiations with the Council, pray consider you have it."

This assurance did facilitate matters very much. Two or three days later O'Brien reported that, after a difficult negotiation with the leaders of the Clanna-Gael, he had persuaded the Council, in recognition of his own services to the cause, to rescind Mr. Tidywaite's oath of allegiance, on his swearing perpetual secrecy as to his own relations with the Clan. A few days later the banker was conducted again, this time by O'Brien, to the headquarters of the London Division. Here certain formalities were gone through, the oath of allegiance was rescinded, and the special constable found himself once more a faithful subject of the Queen.

Early in the honeymoon O'Brien told his wife how her father's consent to their marriage had been obtained.

"But I don't understand it now," said Winifred, when she had heard the story of her father's singular adventure. "Who were the other conspirators? And who planned it all?"

"The conspirators, my dear, were a party of promising medicals from St. Mary's reinforced by one or two of our compatriots from Guy's. It was my respected best man, Jim Sullivan, who captured your father. He met you at a dance, you may remember, where you told him the governor was going as a special. He planned the business—bless his soul!—as a mere practical joke at first. We developed the idea afterwards."

"Poor papa!" said Winifred. "I wonder he survived it. He must never know, Ted."

And he never did.—*London Truth.*

THE WINGS OF BIRDS.

Their Position When in Flight Shown by Instantaneous Photography.

Our readers have been made aware, from time to time, of the remarkable results obtained by M. Marey in his instantaneous photographs of various animals when progressing from place to place. A large number of photographs of men in the acts of walking, running and jumping have been given, and also, *a la* Muybridge, of horses in motion in various kinds of gaits. But perhaps the most interesting series of the whole is that relating to the flight of birds. In *La Nature* a number of illustrations taken from M. Marey's negatives are given, and they show a most remarkable and interesting set of positions. M. Muybridge's pictures were a great source of wonderment and amusement when first introduced, on account of the very strange shapes into which the limbs of his horse seemed to be contorted; and here, instead of those beautiful pictures of birds, with their pinions extended above the body as is wont to characterize the Western representatives of bird-motion (the Chinese and the Japanese draw their flying birds indifferently, with wings either depressed or raised) we see their pinions in as many and as remarkable positions as those of the celebrated horses above alluded to. In some the wing tips are high in the air, in others quite low and beneath, and, indeed, in front of the body; while, again, in still different views of the same bird we seem to see nothing but wings, apparently extended to imitate an umbrella. The pictures of the pelican are particularly ludicrous. It is desirable, again, to point out with regard to such photographs that their value is not for artistic but for physiological uses.—*British Journal of Photography.*

THE PATIENT TRAVELER.

He Couldn't Manage Baby, But Whipped an Individual of His Own Size.

Just this side of Bloomington a baby in the rear of the car began to cry. He was a lusty-lunged little fellow, and made more noise than half a dozen babies ought to have. The passengers turned—a good many of them with no very pleasant expressions on their faces—to investigate. They found a man holding the little one, and doing his best to quiet him. There was no woman in sight. That was what the tiny sufferer wanted—a woman—his mother—to drive away all his little troubles and soothe him into quiet slumber. The man did all he could. He was a large, benevolent-looking man, with a sad, melancholy expression and a world of tenderness in his eyes as he looked down at the little bundle of humanity and rocked it to and fro. But the baby refused to be comforted and screamed the louder. So it went for a dozen miles. The other passengers were growing impatient, and two or three of them got up and went forward. There was a touch of sympathy in some faces, but more bore a scowl. Neither seemed to make any difference with the baby—he screamed louder, if any thing, as the train sped on. The man who held him was weary, but still he bent over his little charge and sought in low words—clumsy baby talk—to hush his weeping. There was a man in the next seat in front—a cold, hard-featured man—who had been disturbed in reading a book. Half a dozen times he turned and looked at the man working with the baby. Each time he glanced with a deeper scowl. Still the other strove to soothe the little one. "There, there, don't oo cry so! Maybe oo mama ——" He stopped.

"If you can't keep that howling brat of yours still," said the hard-featured man as he turned in his seat, "you'd better chuck it out the window!"

The man with the baby glanced up surprised, pained. For the space of half a minute he looked the other full in the eye, and then he leaned forward and with a voice choking with emotion said:

"This young one isn't mine! A dodgasted woman gave it to me to hold while she made a fool trip forward to the baggage car to see if they'd got her trunk, and I guess she's never coming back! But I'll be dashed if *you* can run on me!" And he dumped the baby down in one end of the seat, and, with an altogether different look in his eye, jumped out in the aisle and got the hard-featured man by the collar, and jammed him down on the floor between the seats, and got up on him with both feet, and took hold of the hat-rack with his hands, and raised himself up and dropped back on the hard-featured man till he had the features pretty well softened up. And it appeared quite as if he would have been going up and down like a pile-driver yet if the woman who owned the baby hadn't flounced back into the car and rescued the infant and quieted him in about ten seconds, and told him in a loud, clear voice that she didn't know she'd left her little, darling, pwecious baby boy with a great, big, ugly prize-fighter. Then the benevolent man quit jumping and went and sat down in another seat with his face very red, while the hard-featured party crawled up looking as if he would have to carry his features in a sling for three weeks.—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Lieutenant Rogers Predicts the Ultimate Completion of the Great Work.

No exact estimate of the time and money required to finish the canal can be made, as much of the data needed is unknown. M. Charles de Lesseps said to me: "In two years the canal will be finished from Colon to kilometer forty-four, and from La Boca to Paraiso. As to the Culebra, I leave you to form your own conclusions. It is a great and difficult work."

It is evident that the rate of excavation in a work of such magnitude must be small until the plant is complete; it is equally true that more work can be done in a given time with a complete installation than with one of less size. Hence it is false reasoning to conclude that if 32,000,000 cubic meters are excavated in five years, it will require twelve years to extract the remaining 73,000,000. That such reasoning is absurd is shown by the cube of last year, which was 11,727,000 cubic meters. At this rate it would require about seven years to complete the canal. It is not probable that this rate will be exceeded materially for a year or more.

Keeping in mind the sum already expended, and the purposes to which it was applied, it is unreasonable to presume that the final cost of the canal will be less than 2,000,000,000 francs, or about $375,000,000. These figures are now acknowledged by the company; but owing to the great sacrifice at which the loans are obtained, the liabilities of the company will be nearly double this amount.

Any views concerning the completion of the canal by the present company must be conjectural; but if the present loan be expended with economy the results will enhance the prospects of success.

At Colon there were many residents and foreigners not interested in the canal. The most bitter opponents of the enterprise were Americans and Englishmen, or former employes of the company who had been discharged or had a similar grievance. But from all sources there was a free admission that the company has both brains and energy, that the canal presents no insuperable obstacles, and that its completion is a question of time and money.—*Lieutenant Charles C. Rogers, in Popular Science Monthly.*

ANCIENT MOSAICS.

Interesting Historical Specimens Representing Mythological Subjects.

Mosaic was applied with good effect by the Romans to portraiture, which gained in durability what it lost in finish. Instances are given of Caracalla's gladiators and the friends of the Emperor Commodus, whose portraits were erected in a portico of his garden. Early in the first century B. C., mosaic had become a necessary part of official furniture, and Mr. Parry quotes Suetonius, who tells us how Cæsar carried mosaic about in his campaigns that his official "pavement" might be always ready. The common adoption of mosaic suggested the use of native materials. Where marbles could not be obtained stones of various colors and clay, baked red or black, were employed. Frequently, as has been remarked before, the composition is so superior to the execution that it is impossible not to believe that the originals were the work of able artists. And thus an additional interest is imparted to mosaics as preserving some record of the composition of ancient pictures and wall paintings. Interesting as mosaics are which represent mythological subjects, those are even more interesting which illustrate contemporary life. "One of the best examples of the kind is the great mosaic of Italica near Seville." This represents the interior of a Roman circus, and bears testimony to the importance of a city of which little remains, though it was founded by Scipio Africanus, and was the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius. A still finer specimen of mosaic representing the entire scene of the circus is at Lyons. This is fully described, and is an excellent illustration of the lively interest taken by the Romans in the games of the circus. Another favorite subject was taken from the kingdom of Neptune. There is a good instance of this on the coast of Spain, on the floor of the Church of St. Michael at Barcelona, "where the whole glory of the ocean kingdom is portrayed in mosaic, with fishes, nereids, and tritons sporting among the waves, and indicating the spot once occupied by a temple of Neptune." These subjects were very popular toward the close of the first century A. D., a fact attributed to the extension of Roman commerce by sea. Of all such designs the palm is given by Mr. Gambler Parry to the mosaic found at Constantine, described in glowing language, which should be studied, as it contains, among other memorable expressions, a fine euphemism for "naked" viz., "relieved of all impediments of drapery." The marine deities who enjoy this privilege are Neptune and Amphitrite.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

It Has Ruled as High as Forty Thousand Lines to the Inch.

Dr. H. A. Rowland, of the Johns Hopkins University, has a new engine for ruling his plates for spectrum analysis or decomposition of light. This engine was made entirely at the university under his personal supervision, and is the result of the most careful, painstaking effort. The most important part of it—the screw and its attachments for regulating the width of the lines—was carefully ground under water kept at a constant temperature, so as to avoid all error arising from expansion and contraction, and is guarded against so small an error as one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The engine is run by water power, and is inclosed in a glass case and kept in a double-walled brick chamber in the basement, so as to provide as equable temperature as possible. So delicate is the machinery that while it is running the case is kept closed, as the heat from a person's body would affect it. The new machine at first was not satisfactory, but now the worst ruled plates by it are better than the best ruled by the old one. The old one hardly ruled more than 10,000 lines to the inch, while the new one has ruled as high as 40,000, and can be graduated to rule an almost infinite number, but the metal usually crumbles, and the lines run into each other above twenty thousand to the inch. The plates are highly polished, and are made of what is known as speculum metal, though glass is sometimes used for experimental purposes. The prepared plate is placed on the machine, and the screw regulated to the required distance, and when the machine starts it moves the plate the distance, say, one-twenty-thousandth of an inch, and a small diamond point runs across and draws the line while the plate is stationary. It is a matter of infinite care, and several days are necessary for ruling a plate three or four inches in diameter. The diamond point can be so arranged as to vary every fiftieth or one-hundredth line, while at the end of the engine is a small counting machine for recording the number of lines drawn. In an adjoining room is a very costly instrument for measuring the width of the lines, and so marvelously accurate is it that an error of one hundred-thousandth part of an inch, or even less, can be detected. The rulings of this machine are the finest in the world, and have been sent to different parts of the scholarly portion of it, one of the largest and best plates being presented to Prof. Helmholtz, the world-famous physicist of Berlin. If a perfect machine means one that perfectly does the work it was designed for this is probably the most perfect one in the world.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Sugar Drop Cakes: One pound of flour, three-fourths pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs and one gill of rosewater; bake on paper. This will make sixty drops.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

LOST AND FOUND.

A Story of the Boyhood of the "Wise Men of Gotham."

May be in Essex, may be in Kent,
Or on the borders of the Trent,
Somewhere they dwelt, I know not where,
These twelve six men, so wise and rare.
Gotham was called their native town,
Search for it up, search for it down;
But though their dwelling we can not fix,
You now shall hear their clever tricks.

These men, when boys, went out to bathe one day.
A lovely morning in the month of May.
The sun it shone upon the river bright,
While in they plunged and swam with all their might.
They dived and floated, shouting merrily,
And were as full of fun as boys can be.

But when, the play all over, they were dressed,
They said among themselves: "'Twould sure be best
To see if, now we've had our pleasant game,
We are as many as when out we came."
Then one began to count; but he with awe
Said that eleven, and no more, he saw.
He thought that he had told the lot;
To count himself he quite forgot.

"You must be wrong," another said. "Let *me*
Go through them, and they'll all come right, you'll see."
Gaily he said: "One, two, three, four"—until
He reached eleven, when his heart stood still!
He thought that he had told the lot;
To count himself he quite forgot.

Then each lad, thinking he could reckon best,
Tried, but to find eleven like the rest.
Each thought that he had told the lot—
And each to count himself forgot.

Then it was true! they'd learned it to their cost;
One of the merry party had been lost,
And now their fear and horror found relief
In loud lament and tears of bitter grief.

Just at this time a traveler passed by
And sought to know the reason of their cry.
"Ho! Gotham lads," he cried, "what's all this clatter?
Come near, and tell me what there is the matter."

"Dear sir," one answered, "when we left our home
Twelve of us did unto the river come,
But now eleven only can we find,
Yet know not which it is we've left behind."
In chorus they all sobbed: "Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo.
We see that one is drowned, we don't know who."

The traveler loudly laughed. "My lads," said he,
"'Tis really sad that you so sharp should be,
For boys, they say who're so uncommon clever
Live to grow up to manhood hardly ever.
Now lie down on the ground in two straight rows,
And in the sand make holes, each with his nose."

When they a little time thus still had laid
He bade them rise, and count the holes they'd made.
O, then to gladness turned their deep despair,
For, looking on the ground, twelve holes were there.

To tell their joy it would be vain to strive,
As they with rapture cried: "We're all alive!
Thank you, kind sir, for finding our lost brother!"
"Right welcome, lads," the jolly traveler said,
"And now he home, each youngster to his mother!"
And then he laughed and laughed and shook his head.
—*Harriet Power, in Our Little Men and Women.*

ADOPTING A GRANDFATHER.

Daisy and Dannie's Pleasant Surprise for Their Mamma.

"Oh, dear, whatever *shall* we do next?"

Two forlorn little faces were pressed against the window, as four blue eyes looked out at the snow, which was having a merry frolic all to itself, playing mischievous pranks on those who ventured out of doors, without respect to age or person.

"I don't know," said Daisy, thoughtfully. "We've played 'pussy wants a corner,' and 'where's the thimble?' and 'hide and seek,' and 'tit, tat, toe,' and mamma hasn't come yet. She said she'd be here, *sure*, by the time we'd played all the games. I s'pose we might begin and play 'em all over again," she added, soberly, flattening her nose against the window-pane, until even papa, who loved his little daughter so dearly, would scarcely have recognized that queer-looking face as belonging to his Daisy.

"I don't want to play games. I want to go out and snowball," said Dan, impatiently. "Mrs. Brown never lets mamma come home when she 'runs in' just for a minute."

"But you mustn't go out in the snow, Dannie, Mamma said not."

"She meant you. Course girls can't go without getting sick. Girls ain't big and stout like boys."

Dan stretched up to his full height as he made this speech, and put on a very wise expression.

"I'm taller than you," cried Daisy, indignantly, with an angry sparkle in her blue eyes.

"That's all you know about it," said Dan. "Who weighs the most? Just tell me that!"

"You do," admitted Daisy, faintly, "and we're both just of an age; but I'm the tallest, anyhow."

"You cheated, you know you did!" retorted Dan.

And then an ominous silence fell between the little brother and sister who seldom quarreled with each other.

Dan tried to whistle—he was just learning how, and imagined he could whistle any tune—but somehow the whistle stuck in his throat, and his lips forgot the proper pucker.

Daisy didn't even try to appear unconcerned; for how could she, with the tell-tale tears filling her eyes and running over, making damp little spots on her white apron front?

Pretty soon Dan saw the bright tear-drops, and his conscience upbraided him as being the cause of his little sister's grief.

"Daisy, don't you wish that somebody'd leave a baby on our door step?" he asked, suddenly, as though nothing unpleasant had occurred.

"Oh, don't I, though!" exclaimed Daisy, with a sunshiny smile driving the shadow from her face. One sweep of her chubby hand across her eyes, and all trace of tears had disappeared. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if they did some time, and course we'd adopt it if they did."

"Of course we would," replied Dan, decidedly. "If we found one there when mamma was gone, we'd adopt it ourselves."

"Oh, let's run an' seef" suggested Daisy, eagerly.

"Let's," agreed Dan.

And away the little ones scampered to examine the front door-step; but though they searched the entry, the broad porch without, and even went so far as to look under the steps, they failed to find the baby "in a basket," and were about abandoning their search in despair, when Dan's bright eyes caught sight of a little old man in the street, who seemed to be dreadfully perplexed about something, for he was standing quite still, gazing steadily at the number on the front door of the next house.

"Daisy," said Dan, in a subdued whisper, "we haven't got a grandfather anywhere."

"No," replied Daisy, with a sigh.

"Babies are lots of bother; but grandfathers are just splendid," remarked Dan.

"I've always wanted a grandfather," said Daisy, with a growing interest.

"Then let's adopt *him*," said Dan, quickly. "Mamma'll be so glad when she gets home."

"Let's," echoed Daisy.

The twins ran down the steps, hand-in-hand, and Dannie accosted the little old man, who seemed to have lost his way.

"We want you for a grandfather," he said, innocently—"me and Daisy do."

The old man turned about quickly, and the moment his eye fell upon the small, animated faces, he exclaimed:

"Why, to-be-sure—to-be-sure you do!"

He stooped and kissed them both.

"I don't see how you youngsters knew me, though. Did your mother send you out to fetch me in?"

"Oh, no!" replied Daisy. "It's to be a surprise for mamma."

"Sure enough, sure enough," said the old man, merrily. He had a habit of repeating his sentences, in order to make them more emphatic. "I intend to surprise her, and that's how I came to get lost. It beats me how any one can get their bearings in such a tangle of streets and houses."

"Now you're our grandpa, we must be very good to you," said Dan, leading the way to the front parlor, and offering the "new grandfather" the easiest chair.

"Children, what are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Dimple, as she suddenly opened the outer door and entered the hall. "Haven't I forbidden you children to go in the parlor when I am away?"

"Yes'm," said Daisy, meekly; "but we've adopted a grandfather, and—"

"Adopted a grandfather!" interrupted Mrs. Dimple, in horrified tones, as she stepped quickly to the parlor door, expecting to see some tramp helping himself to the parlor ornaments; but a familiar form arose from the great easy chair, and a familiar voice addressed her.

"I'm right down glad to see you, Sarah. Such a time as I had to find you, and may be I'd 'a been hunting for you now if these blessed children hadn't known me. It's remarkable, Sarah, remarkable what memories they must have! They never saw me but once, and they could not have been more than eight months old then."

"Uncle Daniel, this *is* a surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Dimple, in delight. "But surely the children did not know you?"

"Yes they did," replied Uncle Daniel, firmly.

And no power of argument could shake his belief in "those children's remarkable memories," and if they had not really found and adopted a grandfather, they had certainly discovered a very nice old uncle, which both Daisy and Dannie declared was "most as good as a truly grandfather."—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe, in Golden Days.*

A HEBREW CUSTOM.

How Orthodox Jews Cherish the Memory of Their Dead.

In the home of one of our Jewish citizens was seen recently a tiny flame burning in a handsome goblet. Examination showed the goblet half filled with water, on the top of which floated an inch of sweet oil. On the ring was placed a wax taper, hardly thicker than a thread, passed through a small circle of thin wood, so that the lower end of the taper dipped through the ring into the sweet oil. The upper end was lighted. The sweet oil drawn up through the wax-covered wick served to keep it alight for several hours.

"We burn this," said a rabbi, "in memory of one of our dead. When that taper burns nearly out we substitute another, so that the flame, like the vestal fire, is never allowed to go out. We light the taper when our relative dies and let it burn a year. The last taper we let go out of itself. It flickers, flames up, sinks, flares again and then goes out, just as human life does in its last hours. We tend this light with great care, and thus keep alive in the memory of our loved one. It is an old custom which is now becoming less observed. Many now only burn the taper for a month and some but for a week."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"How bright the heavenly stars are to-night, Mr. Sampson." "Ah, yes, Miss Smith; but they are dim and lusterless compared with certain earthly ones," he said, looking into her eyes. "And the wind," she went on, "how soft and low, as it gently moves the chestnut trees."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A tight roof on the shed, a clean fleece on the sheep.

—Experiments show that it pays to grind the cob with the grains of corn, as it possesses nutritive qualities.

—If your land is well underdrained you will often be able to plow while your neighbor who may not have underdrained is waiting for his ground to dry off before he can begin.

—It is not safe to apply unleached wood ashes around the base of very young trees. Ashes give better results when spread broadcast over the surface of the ground around the trees. Cases are known in which young peach trees have been injured by the application of wood ashes thickly around and close to the trunks.

—Many swine breeders regard a solid earth floor the best for a pig pen. It must be high enough to be readily drained, so as to be dry at all times. It is also customary with some breeders to remove from six to eight inches of these earth floors every spring, drawing the manure-soaked earth on to the fields and renewing the floors with fresh earth.

—Marrow Balls: Soak beef marrow over night in cold water. Take one-third cup of marrow and rub to a cream. Add two or three rolled crackers (according to size.) Add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a very little nutmeg or mace, one egg, yelk and white beaten separately. Roll in balls. Cook in the soup five or ten minutes.

—It is desirable to have a clean soil with growing crops, but if no crops be growing it would be better to have weeds grow to be plowed in than to have nothing; weeds of themselves do not do the harm, but with growing crops, or when allowed to seed. If plowed in green they will return to the soil all that has been abstracted from it, and, in addition, all that has been drawn from the atmosphere.

—A very pretty and useful catch-all may be made of four pieces of cretonne, say about eighteen inches long and six inches wide; cut each piece in a point about six inches from the bottom; sew together, putting a tassel at the point; face the top on the inside with a color of tassel below; stitch two rows around an inch below the top far enough apart to insert a piece of skirt springs, or narrow hoop enough smaller in circumference to allow a little fullness; suspend with cord and tassels, and rest assured it will soon merit its name, being a receptacle for every article imaginable.

BEES FOR BEGINNERS.

Advice to a Farmer's Widow Who Desires to Engage in Agriculture.

If you have a liking for out-door pursuits, with a fixed determination to succeed, and are not afraid of bees, in time you might make a living. Do not purchase more than two colonies to start with; if you can manage these successfully, you will have in the fall (provided it is a good season) four good strong colonies and between four and five hundred pounds of honey. If you succeed, your knowledge must increase in the same ratio as your bees. You must also expect reverses, like the past season, which has been one, with few exceptions, of entire failure all over this continent. I met a lady at one of the conventions who had read that charming fiction, "Blessed Bees," and caught the bee-fever so badly, that she invested $600 at once. She later wrote: "All that I have for this investment, is hives full of foundation, with a queen and a handful of bees running over it." Now if you do not wish to buy your experience dearly, as this lady did, commence at the bottom and go up.

As you have lived on a farm, you probably know how to raise chickens, and might keep them while you are building up an apiary. When you have a large apiary, you will have no time for them, unless you manage somewhat in this way. Set the hens in February, so the pullets will be old enough to lay in the fall, and sell off all the old hens and cockerels in the spring. It will be little work to feed the pullets during warm weather, and if you have good, warm quarters for them, and give them the right kind of food, you will have eggs to sell all winter, when they bring a good price. A German who lives across the alley from me has a hen house almost all under ground, and the chickens lay all winter. Managing in this way, the busy season with bees would be in warm weather, and that of the fowls in cold weather.

The surest places for honey are along water courses, and where there are overflowed lands, but I think it would be best for you to follow Longfellow and "take whatever lieth near you, and work from it thy work of art." Remember the story of the old lark and her young ones, and stay where you can look after your property yourself. If possible rent a place surrounded with shrubbery and low trees like May cherries Where an apiary is located near large forest trees, swarms sometimes cluster very high, and it is very difficult to hive them. If the place is small, very near neighbors are not desirable, as bees are a kind of stock not always to be controlled, and are dangerous near horses. Avoid locating near a public square, or blacksmith's shop. I know of a town where the business is very much injured by an apiary located at a public square, where there are wells, drinking troughs and hitching posts for teams. Several accidents have occurred here, as a horse, when once stung, becomes almost frantic when he hears a bee hum, and farmers drive off to other towns in place of coming here for fear of the bees.—*Prairie Farmer.*

S.S.S.

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Nerves.—Everyone of the thread-like nerves has each a latent power to cause excruciating pain, the limit of which is simply the limit of human endurance, and NEURALGIA has a few of these fibrous torments all pulsing painfully at once.

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SYMPTOMS.

Symptoms.—Neuralgia is defined to be a nerve disease, the chief symptom of which is an acute pain, intermitting, which follows the course of the nerve branch affected.

TREATMENT.

Treatment.—Apply ST. JACOBS OIL frequently, gently rubbing the afflicted parts; apply to the whole extent of the nerve soreness; keep up a gentle friction until a burning sensation is produced.

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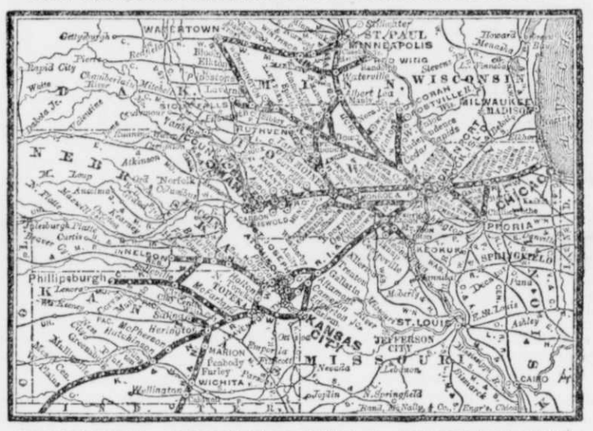
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GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

THE WORLD-FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY.

WHAT AILS YOU?

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ARE YOU SICK?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the variety and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "Being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "For five years previous to taking 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' I was a great sufferer; had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am now well and strong."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and **all skin and blood diseases,** for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

SALT-RHEUM AND RHEUMATISM. "COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Gentlemen*—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bandages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and herbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphlets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The *name* struck my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier, I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her, and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-rheum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' so jealously flaunted before the public, as *gold* is above the baser metals.

Respectfully yours,
F. W. WHEELER, 182 21st St."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

CONSUMPTION. SOLOMON BUTTS, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

GAINED 25 POUNDS. Wasting Disease.—WATSON F. CLARKE, Esq., of (Box 104, *Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING. Mrs. N. W. RICE, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE. W. R. DAVIS, Esq., of *Bellville, Florida*, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was."

Discovery $1.00, Six Bottles for $5.00; by Druggists.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Propr's, No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE REPBULICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 18, 1888.

Legislative Notes.

There has been but little local legislation for this county since our last issue. A few bills, already noted, have been advanced but no new ones introduced.

Mr. Friend's bill to prohibit hunting and fishing in this county by non-residents of the State, met with decided opposition here, and a strong protest against its passage was sent down Monday. We understand that Mr. Friend will so amend the bill as to exclude Districts 7, 8, and 10 from its provisions.

The bill providing for the appointment of a treasurer for Calvert county came up for a second reading. It proposed to have the treasurer appointed by the Governor. The bill was amended so as to have the treasurer elected by the people.

The House Judiciary Committee have instructed their chairman by a unanimous vote to report favorably the bill to strike out the word "white" from the bastardy law.

The joint committee on elections sat until midnight of Monday, and they will meet every night this week to complete the new election law. Its features have already been published. The Governor is to appoint election commissioners for Baltimore city and the counties. In the city these commissioners will appoint boards of registers for each ward, and in the counties one register for each election district. They shall also appoint the judges and clerks of election, and serve as canvassers of the vote. A new registration is to be had in 1889, and every four years thereafter in the city and every ten years in the counties, with annual supplementary registration.

Vicious Legislation

We observe that there is a bill for Garrett county to take the appointment of County Treasurer or Collector from the County Commissioners and give it to the Governor. Can there be anything worse than legislation of this kind? It is a precedent for all kinds of narrow and dangerous legislation. If the people of a county should change their Commissioners, and for the best of reasons, at once application is to be made to the Legislature for a law divesting the Board of all appointing power and conferring it upon the Governor. Here is a violation of the home rule principle that no one, and especially a Democrat, should for a moment entertain or justify. The transference of so exclusive a county appointment as this to the Governor, who, not residing there, cannot be expected to know the people of the county, and must in the appointment be more or less directed by a few, or it may be by a coterie of intrigueing politicians, and who it may be in this instance, are engaged in getting this change so as to put some favorite in place.

So, also, is there a like bill to take from the Judges their present power of appointment of School Commissioners for the county and give this appointment to the Governor. There is no doubt but that this movement is inspired by some persons not satisfied with some appointments made by the School Commissioners, and who in such a change may get the chance of putting themselves or favorites in place.

The Governor, of course, cannot be expected to know personally the gentlemen recommended for these places and must, more or less, depend upon the few who may be interested in these appointments. The whole tendency of these changes is the concentration of power and patronage in the hands of one man. Then it is expected by the persons engineering these changes that the appointments will be made to suit them. It is said that these are local matters that should be controlled by the local delegates. But not so—these are changes affecting an entire system. If these changes are needful for one county, why not for all the counties? and hence have a general change. We have general systems for the collection of taxes and for the government of schools, and these local changes should not be allowed to interrupt the systems.

If it is a wrong system for the Judges to appoint School Commissioners, change the system. We believe ourselves that it is not the right system; but do not have these partial changes, and especially when sought to put either political or personal favorites in place. There is neither principle, sentiment, wisdom or policy in any such legislation.

In respect to the school system for counties, we think that the election of School Commissioners for each county upon the cumulative system of voting would be the wise policy.—*Hagerstown Mail, Democrat.*

Come up to the Scratch.

If it is not impossibible to impress upon the present Legislature the necessity of dealing with questions of great dublic importance from a public standpoint rather than in the interest of private individuals or political schemers and bosses, it will aid very materially to the sense of security the people are entitled to feel in the law-making body of the State. Not only are they entitled, in a general sense, to have the best and most conscientious service of those who have been chosen to represent them at Annapolis, but in a special sense in the case of the Legislature now in session, for the reason that it was elected under the solemn pledge of the dominant party that it would formulate into laws the reforms confessedly needed. We do not, of course, mean to say that these duties and pledges will in the end be disregarded, but it is painfully apparent that up to this time, at least, legislation is haulting in its tracks, and so far as it has moved at all, moved by no means surely. Take, for example, the bill so recently rushed through the Senate extending the terms of our mayor and city council, and now recalled from the House for further consideration. It was manifest from the beginning that in its present shape it is an ill-advised measure, effecting such a radical change that it is impossible to suppose that it is intended to promote the public good exclusively. * * * *

Again, the election law, which, more than any other measure, is hedged about with promises, drags its slow length along, until it is openly charged that those who shape so much of our legislation are devising means to keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to our hopes. The main feature of the bills now pending are substantially the same, and ought to be enacted into a law. Why hesitate in order to gain some party advantage in a law ostensibly intended to promote fair play? The purpose in view ought to be to secure a fair registration and election, and not to give to the party in power an undue advantage over the minority. This is not what the party promised when it sued for votes in the last campaign, and whether it suits the aspirations of certain politicians or not, the people are honest enough to demand that the pledges be redeemed in fullness and good faith. Nor do the affairs of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal seem to be progressing as satisfactorily as the public would like. It is a singular fact that the aid proposed to be extended by those who ought to be best informed upon the subject is just such as the constitution prohibits, while the solution of the problem, which violates no constitutional obligation, is not supposed to be received with favor. We have devoted some space heretofore to the discussion of the constitutional question, and our conclusion has been that the State can neither buy the unproductive bonds of the canal for its sinking fund nor advance the money to pay interest upon them. * * * But whatever is done for the relief of our canal let it be done with some regard to the best interests of the State, and not to prolong a burden upon the public, simply because it is thought to be necessary to the success of the party in power that places shall be supplied at the public expense for its hangers-on and dependents. The Democratic party needs no such bolstering up in this State. Its worst enemies to-day are in its own ranks, and are the very men who are seeking to strengthen its machinery at the cost of public confidence. It can readily take care of itself if honestly dealt with, but if legislation is to be manipulated to keep it in power, and the State treasury sapped to reward its henchmen, it will find when its day of trial again comes that its misdeeds will be remembered and its promises laughed to scorn.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Mr. Blaine will not Allow the use of His Name as a Candidate.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 12.—The Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette* will publish the following to-morrow:

Mr. B. F. Jones, Chairman of the National Republican Committee has received a letter from Mr. Blaine declining to allow his name to be presented to the National Republican Convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Mr. Jones when asked whether Mr. Blaine's declination would prevent his friends from nominating him anyhow, said: "As I am Charman of the National Committee, I do not think it would be proper for me to have anything to say on that subject."

"Do you think Mr. Blaine would accept the nomination if tendered to him?"

"I have no authority to speak for Mr. Blaine and have no conjectures to offer on the subject. The latter speaks for itself and I must decline to be interviewed on this question."

BLAINE'S ULTIMATUM.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Jan. 28, 1888.

B. F. Jones, Esq., Chairman of the Republican National Committee:

SIR.—I wish through you to state to the members of the Republican party that my name will not be presented to the National Convention called to assemble in Chicago in June next for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. I am constrained to this decision by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago. But I cannot make the announcement without giving expression to my deep sense of gratitude to the many thousands of my countrymen who have sustained me so long and so cordially that their feeling has seemed to go beyond the ordinary political adherence of fellow partisans and to partake somewhat of the nature of personal attachment. For this most generous loyalty of friendship I can make no adequate return, but I shall carry the memory of it while life lasts. Nor can I refrain from congratulating the Republican party upon the cheering prospects which distinguish the opening of the National contest of 1888, as compared with that of 1884.

In 1882 the Republican party throughout the Union met with a disastrous defeat. Ten States that had supported Garfield and Arthur in the election of 1880 were carried by the Democrats either by majorities or plurslities. The Republican loss in the Northern elections, compared with the preceding National election, exceeded half a million votes, and the electoral votes of the Union, divided on the basis of the result of 1882, gave the Democrats over three hundred electors out of a total of four hundred and one. There was a partial reaction in favor of the Republicans in the elections of 1883, but the Democrats still held possession of seven Northern States, and on the basis of the year's contest could show more than one hundred majority in the electoral colleges of the whole country. But against the discouragement naturally following the adverse elections of these two years the spirit of the Republican party in the National contest of 1884 rose high, and the Republican masses entered into the campaign with such energy that the final result depended on the vote of a single state, and that state was carried by the Democratic party by a plurality so small that it represented less than one-eleventh of one per cent. of the entire vote. The change in a single vote of every (2,000) two thousand of the total poll would have given the State to the Republicans, though only two years before, the Democratic plurality exceeded (192,000) one hundred and ninety-two thousand. The elections of 1886 and 1887 have demonstrated growing strength in the Republican ranks. Seldom in our political history has a party, defeated in a National election, rallied immediately with such vigor, as have the Republicans since 1884.

No comparison is possible between the spirit of the party in 1882-3 and its spirit in 1887. The two periods present simply a contrast, the one of general depression, the other of enthusiastic revival. Should the party gain, in the results of 1888, over those of 1886-87, in anything like the proportion of the gain of 1884 over 1882-3 it would secure one of the most remarkable victories of its entire existence. But victory does not depend on so large a ratio of increase; the party has only to maintain relatively its presstige of 1886-7 to give its National candidate every Northern State but one, with a far better prospect of carrying that one than it has had for the past six years.

Another feature of the political situation should inspire Republicans with irresistable strength. The present National administration was elected with, if not upon, the repeated assertions of its leading supporters in every protection State that no issue on the tariff was involved. However earnestly Republicans urged that question as the one of controlling importance in the campaign, they were met by the Democratic leaders and journals with persistent evasion, concealment and denial. That resource the President has fortunately removed. The issue which the Republicans maintained and the Democrats avoided in 1884 has been prominently and specifically brought forward by the Democratic President, and cannot be hidden out of sight in 1888.

The country is now in the enjoyment of an industrial system which in a quarter of a century has assured a larger national growth, a more rapid accumulation and broader distribution of wealth than were ever before known to history. The American people will now be openly and formally asked to decide whether this system shall be recklessly abandoned and a new trial be made of an old experiment which has uniformly led to national embrarassment and widespread individual distress. On the result of such an issue, fairly presented to the popular judgment, there is no room for doubt. One thing only is necessary to assure success—complete harmony and cordial co-operation on the part of both of those who aspire to lend and of those who are eager to follow.

The duty is not one merely of honorable devotion to the party whose record and whose aims are alike great, but it is one demanded by the instinct of self interest and by the still higher promptings of patriotism. A closer observation of the conditions of life among the older nations gives a more intense desire that the American people shall make no mistake in choosing the policy which inspires labor with hope and crowns it with dignity, which gives safety to capital and protects its increase, which secures political power to every citizen, comfort and culture to every home. To this end, not less earnestly and more directly as a private citizen than as a public candidate, I shall devote myself, with the confident belief that the administration of the Government will be restored to the party which has demonstrated the purpose and the power to wield it for the unity and the honor of the Republic, for the prosperity and progress of the people.

I am, very sincerely yours,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Press Opinions.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—The *Times* says: "A variety of circumstances conspire to throw a visible shade of doubt over Mr. Blaine's actual meaning. But after all the striking feature in the present political situation is the extraordinary activity of the Republican clubs all over the country. These clubs are Blaine clubs, the men who have organized and who control them are Blaine men, and it is from Blaine centres that the influences have gone forth and are still going forth to build up these clubs and prepare them for effective work at Chicago in June and during the campaign. This conspicuous political fact belies the words which Mr. Blaine writes from Florence, and makes his letter almost rediculous. A machine of such unusual proportions so carefully elaborated and put together, has not been set up on the mere chance that Mr. Blaine would be a candidate, or might be persuaded to be, and it will not be taken apart or turned over to the service of any of Mr. Blaine's rivals merely because Mr. Blaine has written a letter to Chairman Jones stating that his name will not be presented to the nominating convention. The Blaine agitation will go on as merrily as ever, in spite of this rather ambiguous disclaimer of presidential aspirations on the part of Mr. Blaine. And if, when the Chicago convention adjourns, Mr. Blaine shall discover that he is the nominee, nothing will be easier than for him to write another letter to Mr. Jones, or to Mr. Jones's successor, explaining that when he was in Florence he really did not understand the weight and poteney and irresistible character of the popular demand for James G. Blaine."

The *Herald* says: "We part from Mr. Blaine on his withdrawal from public affairs. The Republican party has many leaders ready for the campaign. New England has presented Hawley, with a strong following, and the advantage of a meritorious civil and military career. In new York we have Evarts and a score of statesmen.

"The West will send many candidates with John Sherman easily in the lead, and unless the enthusiasm aroused by the name and glory of Sheridan should disturb Republican political calculations, John Sherman will probably take the place as Republican leader which Mr. Blaine surrenders."

The *Tribune* says: "This letter is no surprise to the friends of Mr. Blaine who have known how reluctant he has been from the outset to give the sanction even of silence to such consideration. It is the simple fact that Mr. Blaine was almost dragooned by his friends into the candidacies of 1880 and 1884, and that he has constantly assured them that he would not be put into the position of even seeming to seek a renomination again. It has long been evident that nothing but his own positive action could prevent a renomination this year, and so he has finally felt forced to say to the public what he has been saying in private. We regret the dicision profoundly, since we have believed that he would command more votes in the doubtful States than any other Republican yet proposed. But various candidates, all excellent men, and deserving well of the Republican party, are actively in the field, and the next few weeks may be expected to present some unusually lively politics, and may the best man win."

Organizing Republican Clubs.

To the Republicans of Maryland:

In accordance with the provisions of the Constitution adopted by the Republican League of the United States, at its Convention held in New York, City, December 16th, 1887, a call is hereby respectfully issued to the Republican voters of the various cities and counties of the State, earnestly urging immediate organization of permanent Clubs in every ward in cities, and in every County District, if dossible, in the State, with a view to establish a Maryland Republican League; the State League to be made up by delegates from the various Local Republican Clubs within the State.

The object in forming Club organization and a Republican League in our State, is to maintain Republican principles, to secure unity of action and effective work, and promote, by all legitimate agencies, the success of the Republican party and its candidates,

In the formation of the Clubs the following is respectfully suggested, and thereby we can hope to exact a potent influence among the masses and strengthen the Republican party:

1st. Do not name your Club after any State ar local leader.

2nd. Do not allow your Club to be used to further the interest of any candidate for office previous to nomination, or to gratify the individual desire of any candidate to represent your City, County, or District Republican Convention, but reserve all your force to be exerted in behalf of all candidates nominated by Republican Conventions.

3d. Let it be especially impressed upon the Republican masses in the Wards and Counties that Club Organizations do not intend to interfere in any manner with State City or County political committees. Our purpose is simply to organize that sentiment which favors a fair protection to Home industries and American Labor, and to engage heart and soul in an earnest contest to help elect the Republican President and Vice-Prisident named by the Chicago Nominating Convention.

4th. As to your membership admit any male person over eighteen years of age, who is a Republican and in hearty sympathy with the principles of the Republican party, and gives his word of honor that he will support its candidates.

5th. The officers of your Club should be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five, of which the President and Secretary should be ex-officio members. All officers to be members of the Club.

6th. After a meeting of members of not less than ten present, submit a Constitution for your guidance. The name and regular meeting of your Club and time and place of meeting, and after the adoption of your Constitution by a membership of not less than twenty members, elect at least three, and not more than five to represent your Club in a Republican State League Convention, for the purpose of encouragement and enrollment of permanent Republican Clubs, and to establish a full co-operation with the regular Republican Committees of the State, each Club will have only one vote in the Councils of the State League.

It is earnestly desired by the member of the Executive Committee and the Vice-President for Maryland National League, that every Republican in the State will give this work his hearty support, and before our party selects its representatives to the Republican National Nominating Convention, we will be in a condition to organize our State League upon the plan adopted by the National Convention of Republican Clubs, and be fully prepared through Club Organization to aid and assist the regular committees of our State in the distribution of sound political knowledge, so that the voter shall not only be informed, but have opinions and convictions of his own, and that the present and future issues shall guide his ballot in expressing his choice of candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States, and not the skeleton of the dead political past.

It is further suggested that upon the organization of a Club, the President or Secretary thereof at once give notice of the fact to W. W. Johnson, Executive Member for Maryland National League, 23 W. Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md.," (and where Clubs are already existing they are requested to meet and elect delegates to the League Convention,) giving name of the Club, the number of members, the names of the officers and the names of the delegates chosen to attend the Convention to form a State League, and the City, Ward, County and District in which the organization has been effected; this will enable the proper formation of a roll for the meeting of the State League.

Let us work together and we will have an enthusiastic gathering of the Republicans of Maryland in Convention, assembled not later than the 20th of April, 1888.

W. W. JOHNSON,
For Maryland National League.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12th, 1888.—Democratic Congressmen have a very convenient habit of laying aside temporarily their pet hobby, "retrenchment and economy" whenever their own comfort is in any manner at stake. Two entirely new committees have been made by the Democratic House, one on Indian Depredations, and the other on the Eleventh Census, of which those two shining lights of Democracy, Mr. Whitthorse, of Tennessee, and "Sunset" Cox, of New York, are respectively the chairman. As it was eminently necessary—in the eyes of these gentlemen—to have separate rooms for these committees to meet in, they have persuaded a majority of the House Committee on Accounts to recommend that two rooms be rented for them, in the large stone building opposite the Capitol known as the Butler mansion, at a rental of $100 per month, and that the Clerk of the House shall furnish the same. This is a sheer waste of money. It is not at all likely that either one of these committees will be in actual session for ten hours during the entire session. The rooms will simply be elegantly furnished, private offices for the chairmen of the committees and their friends. In order to save that $100 a month, one or two postal employes will have to be discharged.

For making the best out of a bad situation, the average Democratic official beats the world. Speaker Carlisle allowed the corridors of the House to be occupied by the private officers of several New York stock brokers during the entire session, until an enterprising correspondent showed the thing up, then he at first denied their existence, then made them get out, and now he and particularly his friends for him, want to claim credit for bringing about a great reform by abolishing these places, that never existed before he was Speaker. How's that for Democratic cheek?

A leather medal sheuld be at once awarded Mr. Dockery, of Missouri, (Democrat of course) for the able manner in which he stood up in the House for the inefficient mail service the administration is giving the country just now. Postmaster General Dickinson should see to it that he has a postoffice named after him at once.

The Cleveland and anti-Cleveland Democrats will probably have their first real fight right here in Washington. Although the citizens of the District of Columbia are not allowed to vote for President or Vice-President after they are nominated, both of the great political parties, allow them two delegates in the national nominating conventions. It is over the election of these two delegates that the fight is going to take place. In fact it has already begun. Of course Cleveland expects the friends of his local Federal appointees to see that Cleveland men are selected; but it will not be by any means an easy task, as Cleveland is probably more thoroughly disliked by Democrats in this District than anywhere else in the country.

The we're-here-to-stay expression which was worn by Democratic officials in the early days of the administration, has been superseded by a frightened can-we-carry-New York look. They are losing confidence every day, while Republicans are gaining it. This is the direct result of the unbusiness like policy of the administration, which has made the Democratic party thousands of enemies whose votes will for the first time be cast for the Republican party this fall.

It is daily becoming plainer that as long as the House is controlled by the Solid South, no new states, no matter how large they may be, are to be admitted to the Union for fear they may be Republican. These same Southern Democrats tried for years to break up the Union and ignominiously failed, but the thought of the vast power they wield under the present administration, serves as a mitigation to a great extent, of that failure. They are now accomplishing, by means of suppressed votes, what they lost by fighting.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shartzer died at their home near Oakland last Saturday.

—Patmos Council 386, A. L. of H., was visited Thursday night of last week by the Grand Officers of Maryland.

—Mrs. Annie McDevitt, late of Arkansas City, Kansas, an older sister of Mrs. J. B. Fay, of this place, and who had been an invalid for several years, died on Saturday night last, at Emmittsburg, Md.

—we would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue, of Hoopes, Bro. & Thomas, the well-known Nurserymen of West Chester, Pa., who are in want of a few more salesmen to sell their specialties in Nursery stock.

—Mrrried, at the residence of the bride's parents, Jan. 31st, 1888, by Rev. Joseph B. Feather, Mr. Wm. A. J. Broadwater, of Garrett county, Md., and Miss Tempie E. Harshbarger, of Barbour county, W. Va.

—Senator Browning and Mr. Peddicord came up from Annapolis Saturday and returned Monday. They were accompanied on their return by Messrs. P. and G. S. Hamill and D. E. Offutt. Dr. E. H. Bartlett and Mr. C. M. Milier also went down Tuesday night.

—Mr. Isaac G. Michael, of District No. 4, this county, a graduate of Western Maryland College, will open a select school in the public school building, Oakland, immediately after the close of the present term of the public school. Previous to the opening Mr. Michael will call upon the patrons of the school and make known his terms.

—We learn from a letter written by Miss Lillie Brown, bearing date of Feb. 5th, who taught select and public school in our town and county for a number of years, and is now teaching in Pasadena, California, to Mrs. J. A. Grant here, that out of the 107 days she has been in California it has only rained four days and nights, besides two other days that it was disagreeable to be out. She says the ground that was covered with sand when she arrived in Pasadena is now covered with a verdure of beautiful green as far as the eye can see, and the orange trees are bending with fruit, and strawberries are in perfection. The thermometer has ranged from 70 to 90 degrees in the shade, the lowest being 38 degrees above zero, and that for a few mornings only, and no frost to injure the most delicate fruits.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Gen. Kelley Dying.

A special Washington dispatch to the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, dated Feb. 14th, says that General B. F. Kelley is gradually sinking. Colonel Hawkes, formerly on Kelley's staff, called on him to-day and found him very weak. He says he cannot last long. The General is at the Buckingham Hotel with his wife.

Mid-Winter Announcement.

I take pleasure in announcing to all my customers and the public in general that I have recently replenished my stock of Confectioneries, &c., which their liberal patronage during the holidays had well nigh exhausted, and am now prepared to greet them with a full and fresh lot of Confectionaries, Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Cocoanuts, Cigars, Tobaccos, Cakes, Crackers, Nuts, &c., &c. Oysters in bulk, or stewed or fried in first-class style, always on hand at reasonable prices. Having made the necessary arrangements, I can furnish on short notice all kinds of Periodicals and Books, Sheet Music, Music Books and Musical Instruments. Give me a call before going elsewhere for anything in my line.

Respectfully,

1 21 J. M. LITZINGER.

N. B.—Remember the place—next door to B. & O. Depot.

Prominent Lumberman Killed.

Mr. M. E. Howe, a prominent lumber dealer, residing at Mt. Lake Park, was killed Wednesday night, by being run over by a "helper," between Tunnelton and Rowlesburg. Mr. Howe was about forty years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.

Child Killed.

The eight year old boy of Mr. Francis Pritts, residing about four miles from Swanton, this county, was killed Friday evening of last week, by being struck on the head by a cross tie thrown from the shoulder of the father, who did not know that the child was near. Death was instantaneous.

Appointments for Garrett County.

The following appointments by the Governor were sent to the Senate Tuesday and referred to the Committee on Executive Nominations:

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

No. 1.—William McRobie, William Sharpless.

N. 2.—Levi C. Fike, Walter W. Griffith.

No. 3.—Peter Nathan, E. Benton Fuller.

No. 4.—Wm. Moody, Marcus M. Fazenbaker.

No. 5.—Henry Kahl, Jos. H. Davis.

No. 6.—Peter H. Echart, D. Harrison Friend.

No. 7.—Andrew B. Gonder, R. B. Jamison.

No. 8.—Jeremiah Browning, Chas. Best.

No. 9.—Perry Wimer.

No. 10.—Emile F. Droege.

No. 11.—John F. Robeson.

OFFICERS OF REGISTRATION.

No. 1.—Henry O. Hamill.

No. 2.—Reese E. Friend.

No. 3.—Isaiah Fuller.

No. 4.—John Collins.

No. 5.—Henry Lininger.

No. 6.—Nathan C. Browning.

No. 7.—Peter A. Chisholm.

No. 8.—Henry A. Shaffer.

No. 9.—Samuel Johnson.

No. 10.—Michael T. Brady.

No. 11.—John C. Chaney.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.

James M. Litzinger, Oakland, John M. Kessler, Selbysport.

Card of Thanks.

FRIENDSVILLE, Md., Feb. 13. 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please allow us through the columns of your paper to return our sincers thanks to the brethren, sisters and friends of Johnstown for the very liberal donation received from them last Friday evening. We especially enjoyed the visit of those (32 in number) who conveyed the gifts to us, also the excellent music rendered by Bro. Bishoff and his choir.

Yours in Christian Love,

A. S. ARNETT,
H. A. ARNETT.

The Covention at Wheeling.

The passenger department of the B. & O. R. R. announce that arrangements have been made to sell Excursion tickets to Wheeling and return at single fare for the round trip, from all stations on its lines between Harpers Ferry and Parkersburg, Grafton and Benwood, and Morgantown and Fairmont, on account of the Immigration Convention to be held at Wheeling on the 29th inst.

The tickets will be sold for all trains, February 28th and 29th, and valid for return passage until March 2nd, 1888.

Serenades.

The Oakland Brass Band Monday night serenaded two newly wedded couples—Mr. John Yellowly and wife (*nee* Gussie Rinehart,) who were married Sunday, and Mr. Frank M. Robbins and wife (*nee* Hattie M. Naylor,) of Hedgesville, W. Va., who are spending their honeymoon here with the bride's brother, Mr. A. D. Naylor. The members of the band were handsomely entertained at both places.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle by cash, note or produce, on or before March 1st, 1888, as all open accounts after that day will be put in shape of judgments. This may seem somewhat harsh, but remember an open account will be of no good to me after I go West. Everybody is able to give their note. No produce taken on old accounts after the above date.

Senator Sherman's motto is a good one: "A free ballot and a fair count, unless secured to the whole country, the constitution is set at naught, the suffrage imparied, and the republic imperilled"—and might with profit be adopted by the entire Republican party, and if there be any member of the party who objects, let him go where he belongs—to the Democrats,

[Published by Request.]

The Model Sunday School Superintendent.

The following essay was read by Rev. J. M. Davis at the M. E. Quarterly Conference at Johnstown last fall. As a number of requests have been made for its publication, we take pleasure in laying it before our readers:

The subject given me for discussion is one of vital importance. A model is a sample to be imitated. If the pattern be defective the mechanic cannot construct a machine that will be perfect in all its parts, or do work as the inventor designed, hence the model should be thoroughly tested before used as a pattern by the builder. A Model Sunday School Superintendent, or one who is a *perfect pattern* would be difficult or impossible to find. Yet there are those who are efficient workers who, by years of experience, careful preparation and successful work become worthy and safe examples to follow. We would advise, however, that Sunday School workers should have the highest ideal, and imitate as far as possible the "*Great Teacher of Teachers.*" But we cannot discard the fact that we are to a very great extent influenced by contact and association. Almost unconciously young people learn to imitate others in action, in manerism, in speaking, in gesticulation, &c. Not unfrequently is it the case that young ministers imitate their presiding elders, at least in some of the ways we have mentioned. It is not too much then to say that scholars will to some extent imitate their teachers and superintendent. But while it is true that a perfect model may not be found—one eminently successful in *all* departments of Sunday School work—yet it seemes to us there are certain traits of character and qualifications that must be sought by every one who would become successful in this great department of church work.

We will notice a few of the qualifications we regard as essential to the Model Sunday School Superintedent. Also negatively what he must not be.

1st. He must not be careless; he must have a time for everything and see that everything has its place and is completed within the time.

2d. He must not be a scolder or fault-finder. He should be positive and see that there is good order in the school, but this is not generally done most successfully by scolding. A man who is a grum, snarly or sarcastic is not a suitable person to fill the responsible position of Sunday School Superintendent, but on the other hand if he be gentle, affable and kind he will command respect and have the affection of the children.

3d. He must not be what we sometimes call a blabber. Many superintendents talk too much and thus interfere with the study of the lesson. Talks should always be short and to the point. They should generally be confined to the lesson. No question should be brought up and discussed that is foreign to the lesson of the day. No catch questions should be allowed, as they only result in a waste of time.

What the superintendent should be.

1st. The Sunday School Superintendent should be a religious character; not merely moral or religiously inclined, but one whose life reflects the beauty and power of the Christian religion. He should be a "bright and shining light," known and read of all men."

2d. But *goodness* alone will not qualify. Many mistakes are made and schools sadly injured by placing men at the head because they possess the first qualification and have no other. Many good men are failures, not only as Sunday School Superintendents, but as Class Leaders, Exhortors and Preachers. But in addition to goodness, and closely connected, the Superintendent to be successful must be *studious*. Man must know before he can impart. A teacher or superintendent has no more right to go to school on Sunday to teach the lesson without careful preparation than the pastor has to enter the pulpit without making the best preparation he can for his sermon. He should be correct. The superintendent is not only a teacher, but a teacher of teachers. He is expected to be able to explain the lesson and should correct any errors of inexperienced teachers. Hence if he does not understand the text or lesson thoroughly, he should by all means consult some standard authority before he gives an opinion.

3d. He must love his work and the souls of children. To insure success, he must be willing to make sacrifices for the cause and for the good of others

4th. In short, he must remember that he is teaching by precept and example. Those placed under his care are continually taking cognizance of his actions and example. He should be careful that the example is such as it would be well for young persons to follow; an example of early and regular attendance, of seriousness of deportment, earnestness of spirit, of devotedness to the work, of purity of purpose, of untiring zeal, of christian affection, of dilligent preparation. If it be possible he should be at every meeting of the School or teachers. He should lead, cheer and encourage, ever holding up to the minds of his teachers the greatness and glory of the work in which they are engaged, the object at which they should aim, and the blessed though unmerited reward which every faithful teacher shall at last receive. He should encourage the young christian teacher with tender counsel, cheering words and christian sympathy.

These, dear brethren, are some of the traits and principles which if formulated and practiced in the life will make the superintendent successful and his character worthy of imitation.

We conclude by repeating the rules we would lay down for the model Superintendent:

NEGATIVELY.

1. He must not be careless.
2. He should have business habits. Do every thing in time and at the time.
3. Should not scold or use sarcasm.
4. Should not talk too much and always on the lesson.
5. Visitors should be treated cordially and if invited to address the school should be brief and generally upon the lessen of the day.

AFFIRMATIVELY.

1. Let the Superintendent be a man of piety and settled christian principles.
2. Of intelligence, information and prudence,
3. A man of punctuality and business habits.
4. A man whose heart is thoroughly in the Sunday School work.
5. A man of tact and ready resources.
6. A man of persevereance and gentleness of spirit.

We have briefly outlined a few of the qualifications we conceive necessary to constitute a successful Sunday School Superintendent. It may be impossible to find all these qualifications concentrated in one individual, but they should be aimed at. No one should be discouraged. By earnest effort and Divine help we may be qualified. You may have more elements of success in you than you think. The latent powers that lie dormant should be brought out.

Elkins.

Mr. Jerry Browning, whose horse some weeks ago fell with him, mashing his foot and leg badly, is slowly improving.

Mr. Thomas Dayton, who had his finger broken some time since, cut his foot last week while making crossties, thus laying him up for a time again.

Mr. Joseph Shillingburg has sold his store here and will engage in business elsewhere. Mr. Charles Hilary, of Piedmont, was the purchaser. Mr. Hilary will locate in our town the first of March. He is a son-in-law of Mr. Isaac Thompson, and has been engaged in the machine shops at Piedmont. We wish him success in his new enterprise.

Rev. R. S. Welch will preach for us at 10½ A. M. Sunday, Feb. 19th.

Mr. Woodworth will preach for us Sunday night.

Mr. Jesse Hyde, who is located here as an artist, began a series of lectures the 5th inst, on "Salvation," the "Second and Third Coming of Christ." His audience the first time consisted of some eight or ten males; the second some two or three, so this time it was a failure. Mr. Hyde is a Universalist.

Mr. L. L. McCrum lost a valuable horse last week, which he had recently purchased for $180.

Mr. George W. Wilson has been having quite a serious time with his family with the measles.

Mr. W. P. Lee's family have also had the measles.

Mrs. Isaac Moreland has been seriously ill for some time, but we learn she is convalescing.

We understand the Fort Pendleton school is preparing to have an exhibition on Saturday night, March 3d, also that Mr. Gibson, of the Oak Grove school, is going to close his school with an entertainment.

We are glad to note that a greater interest is being manifested in education in this part of the county than heretofore, notwithstanding our school facilities are so shamefully limited. We, with many others, earnestly believe that "something should be done," but we are not of that number who would abolish the Public School system, neither would we destroy our elective franchise nor abridge it by having the appointees of the Governor fill many of our county offices. Surely the good people of Garrett county have an ordinary degree of common sense. Surely we are capacitated to elect our county officers and even our school commissioners,

Franklin.

Work continues very dull at the mines.

Rosa, daughter of Mr. Patrick Grant, is suffering with a bad cold.

Charles McDade is down with inflammatory rheumatism.

Thomas Garrett, of Deer Park, paid our town a visit last Saturday.

Thomas Campbell and Patrick Carney, who have started a butchering business in Piedmont, are doing very well.

John Darr has quit the mines. He is engaged with H. Rehs, of Westernport, in his pop making establishment.

The farmers are busy putting in timber to the mines during the fine sledding.

James B. McGraw was in Deer Park part of last week.

The ball to be given by the Evening Star Assembly, K. of L., of Piedmont, in the Opera House, promises to be a big affair.

ANON.

Deer Park.

The Young Girls' Christian Friendly Society will give an oyster supper at Wing and Wing, where they hold their meetings, on Thursday and Friday evenings of next week, Feb. 23d and 24th. The proceeds will be added to the funds of the Society, which is devoted to charitable purposes. There will be a table of fancy articles, and also one of home-made confectionery. All are solicited to patronize it and aid in the good work.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Droege returned from Baltimore yesterday. Mrs. Droege's mother, Mrs. Reinhardt, died on Saturday last at the advanced age of ninety years.

Mr. S. C. Hoye, our postmaster, has been quite ill lately but is now better.

Mr. Patrick Griffin, of our town, while jumping over a fence last Sunday, sprained his hip badly.

Rev. C. W. Maysilles is holding a protracted meeting in the Union church.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Aikin lost an infant boy last Saturday.

Mrs. C. H. Tillson is absent on a visit to her relatives in Davis, W. Va.

Col. E. C. Tillson has returned from his visit East.

Mr. B. B. Savage, the principal of our school, who has been absent on account of the illness of his father returned on Monday, leaving his father much better.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

A Victory for the People.

The Maryland House of Delegates at last appears to realize that its services are due to the people and not to a clique of politicians. A bill was before the House yesterday to create the office of treasurer for Calvert county, and place the power of appointment in the hands of the Governor. The committees seem to have a strange aptitude for maturing such measures, as none of general public importance have yet escaped from their hands. The Calvert bill was similar to several already passed for the purpose of disciplining counties which had voted against the ticket stamped by the impudent and unscrupulous cabal of politicians which has usurped all real power in the Democratic party. It was equivalent to saying to the people of Calvert, "You have had the audacity to question the wisdom and disobey the orders of the managers, therefore you are not fit to choose the most important officer in your county. We will choose him for you, and we have already selected a treasurer who suits us exactly."

Dorest has been thus dragooned in the past, while Garrett has been the most recent and conspicuous sufferer. But the House yesterday concluded that this petty partisan tyranny had gone far enough. An amendment was offered to the bill empowering the citizens of Calvert county to elect their own treasurer. It was vigorously opposed by the friends of the managers, and the Baltimore city delegation, with the exception of Mr. Joyce, voted solidly against the right of self-government in a county which might, as it has done before, reject the insulting dictation of the Democratic cabal.

The Republicans voted solidly to continue the right of self-government in the counties, and were joined by enough anti-ring Democrats to make their strength effective, there being forty-two votes for the amendment to allow Calvert county to elect its own treasurer, and thirty-three against it. The delegation from Baltimore county manfully upheld the rights of the counties against a usurping oligarcy, and ranged itself on the side of decent politics.

This is unquestionably the heaviest blow yet received by the managers, and may possibly put an end to their outrageous schemes, such as doubling the term of the mayor of Baltimore, depriving the people of Garrett of the right to manage their own affairs, and other projects equally pernicious, which are not yet fully developed. It is the first streak of pure azure in a terribly murky atmosphere, and gives ground for hope that a majority may yet be found with nerve to accomplish a modicum of the reforms so earnestly promised the people. — *Baltimore American, Wednesday.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock. Permanent employment and good salary to honest, energetic men. The business is easy learned. We grow all the reliable new varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
West Chester, Pa.

Established 1853.
2 18 6t Maple Avenue Nurseries.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road in District No. 3, beginning at Swanger's mill and running through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christopher Miller and P. McAndrews, to intersect McAndrews' road at the Old Camp.

PETER J. STEPHEN,
JOHN W. STARK,
245 MICHAEL McANDREWS.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty day from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm and to run in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to the Davis tram-road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Frank Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, C. Glass, George Walters and Perry's Heirs.

J. Z. BROWNING,
GEORGE WALTERS,
RAMSEY BROWNING,
1 21 5 Petitioners.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

NOTICE TO BRIDGE BUILDERS AND STONEMASONS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 25th, 1888.

SEALED PROPOSALS Will be received by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Maryland, at their office in the town of Oakland, until two o'clock P. M. of the 28th day of February, 1888, for the construction of a single truss, wrought-iron bridge over the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport, in said county, on the site where the old bridge stands. Proposals will be received at said time and place, for the proper repairing or rebuilding of the stone piers or abutments at said place. The required length of said bridge will be about 200 feet; height about 12 to 16 feet, and a roadway of about 14 feet in width. The bids must be accompanied by general and detailed plans and specifications. The party or parties to whom either contract is awarded, will be required to execute a good and sufficient bond, to be approved by said Commissioners, for the faithful performance of the contract.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board.

W. H. HAGANS,
1 28 td Clerk.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MORE FACT THAN FANCY.

He stayed at home, a dreamer still,
Unknown of all—with small desire
To roam beyond his native hill,
His own hearth-fire.

A common toiler, poor and plain,
No unsuspecting eye could scan
The promise ripening in the brain
Of that lone man.

His lowly life was like a cloak,
That held concealed his conscious power,
Till one bright day his genius broke
From bud to flower.

Then great men came and grasped his hand,
And praised his work, and called him wise—
And yet they could not understand
His sudden rise.

They reasoned—questioned thro' the dark—
They marvelled at his eminence;
They called his gift "a special mark
Of Providence."

He smiled—and quit their courtly hall;
He strode into the midnight murk,
And sighed: "The secret after all,
Is work, work, work."

—*J. N. Matthews, in Indianapolis Journal.*

"OLD HOPELESS."

He Tells the Pathetic Story of Poor Nancy.

Two great rocky cliffs in Southern Colorado form the walls of a dark abyss something like fifteen feet wide, from the bottom of which comes up the eternal moan of waters as they rush on in the solemn darkness over their rough course to the Rio Grande. The walls of this chasm are over a hundred feet high, and almost perpendicular.

The place is called Purgatory, and not altogether inappropriately, for, standing near its forbidding edge, with the waters seething and moaning far below, it is not improbable that thoughts of the final resort of sin is suggested to the mind of the awe-struck visitor, and cause him "to shudder and grow sick at heart."

To within ten feet of the edge leads a well-worn trail, which abruptly ends at a grave. The latter is marked by neither rough stone nor slab, and the many visitors to the spot are told, by the loquacious mountain guides, of a romantic incident of which this lonely mound is the fatal outcome.

One day in the beautiful summer time in company with my guide, I halted my steed near the edge of Purgatory and took in the widely picturesque scene.

My guide was a hunchback, horribly disfigured in form, and his dress and manners were rough in the extreme. His coarse, iron-gray hair was long and unkempt, and his distorted face was covered with a repulsive shock of beard. From out this growth shone his great dark eyes, whose uncertain expression bespoke a half-vacant mind.

"Old Hopeless" he had been called in my presence, and the landlord of the Colorado House had told me that he was a character of the region, almost entirely insane at times, rational at others, but never dangerous and always a good guide. So, for want of a better, he had been engaged for that day.

When, in the course of our rambles, we drew up at Purgatory, he suddenly burst out in a tumult of incoherent expressions, in which I caught the word "Nancy." I spoke to him. He calmed himself, as if his mind were all at once strengthened by a visitation of reason, and began talking to me in an earnest tone.

"I'll tell ye all about Nancy—Nancy Summers, Felix," he said, in the characteristic dialect of the mountains. "Long years ago she war knowed all over Colorado, an' no one ever said thet her name warn't spotless. Beautiful?—yas, yas, more'n thet. She was ez fair as a May-day moon, ez fresh ez dew-kissed flowers. Her face war a trifle brown from exposure to ther sun, but it war perfect in outline frum forehead ter neck. It war full of firmness, an' tenderness, too, sometimes. Her eyes war a rich, dark brown, an' when a feller looked into 'em, he war her slave forever. Her ha'r war of the same color, an' long an' wavy. Thar never war a better figger ner hers, an' she knowed how ter dress ter set it off. She lived with her parents, who kep' ther Colorado House, ther hotel we left this mornin', Felix. Even at thet day there war a good deal o' travel along hyar, an' they war makin' money.

"Mebbe ther travel war on Nancy's account, for she counted her lovers by ther score, an' she used ter hev a proposal 'bout ever' day in ther week. Ever' young fellow in the Southwest tried his charm on ther purty Nancy, fer gals war gals them days; but they gener'ly drew off mighty quick when they found they made no impression, an' got a firm 'no' in ther teeth.

"One day thar come along a quiet-dispositioned, good-lookin' young feller, who hed a little sheep ranch all his own, not a hundred miles from Purgatory, and he put up at ther Colorado House, and began ter make love ter Nancy. He war happy in ther promisin' name of Luke Golden, an' he war head an' years in love with ther little gal. An', Felix, it warn't long afore it war noised all over the kentry thet he hed succeeded in winnin' Nancy's heart. It war plain ter all thet seen them together thet Nancy liked him mighty well, an her old man had no objections ter him on account of his character.

"Ever' mornin' they used ter go fer a ride, an' sometimes they would gallop side by side fer hours through ther mountains. Often they would visit Purgatory, an' one pleasant day like to-day they drew their hosses up 'bout whar we set now, Felix, an' they set an' listened to ther ceaseless gaspin' of ther water 'way down thar fer a long while in silence. He looked at her finally with an expression of sad disappointment. He hed been pleadin' with her to be his wife, an' while she did not refuse, she would not give her consent. She hed never told him thet she loved him, but her preference fer him showed it, an' it give him hope. No one hed ever stirred ther love in her heart afore, an' she struggled hard against yieldin' to ther feelin'. In her soul she must hev yearned ter be his, but she would not let him see ther truth.

"She set on her hoss ez silent an' motionless ez a statue, fer a long time, an' he looked at her beseechingly, an' with all his passionate love in his eyes. Suddenly she seemed ter be possessed of a desire ter test his love, an' ter see how much power she hed over 'im. To think war ter act with her, and turnin' her beautiful face up to his, she says:

"'Do yer really love me, dear Luke?'

"Her words an' her tones made him wild with love fer her.

"'I swear by ther heavens above, I worship you!' he cried, catchin' her arm an' devourin' her with his love-lit eyes.

"'I am goin' ter test yer affection,' she says:

"'I'll die fer you, Nancy,' he replied. 'Only tell me how I kin prove my love.'

"She didn't withdraw her arm, but looked 'im straight in ther face.

"'You hev boasted thet you ride one of the best hosses in ther Territory,' she says; 'ride 'im across Purgatory, bring me thet little bunch of yeller-jackets over thar, an' I will kiss you an' name the day.'

"He was a ridin' a fine hoss, one he was more'n proud of. He only waited ter give her a long look, and then he spurred his hoss for'ard.

"Mebbe she hed thought 'e wouldn't try it, er thet ther animal wouldn't jump over; but she war mistaken if she hed. Ez he neared ther edge she seemed ter realize what she war doin' —sendin' ther man she loved more'n any bein' on earth inter horrible danger—an' she called him ter come back.

"'O, Luke! don't go!'

"But it was too late. The hoss from Golden Ranch was no common one, but one of the fiery, fearless kind, and when he felt the cruel spurs sink inter his sides he give a wild snort of pain and sprung inter ther air a-flyin' over Purgatory, safe to ther other side.

"Luke plucked ther yellow-jackets, kissed 'em an' waved 'em to her, an' then remountin' he again urged his steed ter leap ther terrible chasm. Hoss an' rider hung fer a minit in ther air. It was awful—it was awful! You kin hev no idea of what it war, Felix. Ther hoss failed to clear the chasm this time. His forefeet struck the edge, an' fer a minit he struggled ter gain a footin' then his hoofs slipped off ther rocks, an', with a cry that was almost human, he fell back—down, down, down, carryin' his rider into the dark an' terrible depths below!

"Poor Nancy! Fer long weeks she laid on her bed with a rackin' fever, ravin' in delirium, an' livin' over an' over again thet fearful scene. She never was conscious long enough ter be made ter understand thet her lover still lived—thet by falling on ther body of his hoss he hed escaped alive, though he was terribly wounded. He never was able ter leave his bed ter see Nancy, an' she wouldn't hev knowed 'im ef he hed. It was long months afore ther fever left her, an' then she hed lost her reason forever. But ther good Lord took mercy on her, an' afore ther warm breezes war blowin' again she hed been laid hyer ter rest. Thet's her grave, Felix.

"They call me 'Old Hopeless' an' say I'm crazy. They're not fer wrong. You've guessed it, Felix—I'm Luke Golden. I rode a fine hoss down to death at ther bottom of Purgatory, fer Nancy's love. I couldn't set up fer over a year after ther terrible fall, an' you see how I hev been ever since—a hunchback, Felix, one of the wust lookin' critters on ther face of ther earth.

"I've never been back to ther ranch. They give me some money fer it, I don't know how much, an' I hev stayed around hyer whar' she used ter be. I'll die before long, Felix, an' they will bury me hyer at Purgatory, beside Nancy. Poor Nancy!"—*Arthur C. Grissom, in Yankee Blade.*

A Surprising Statement.

We boldly assert that all American china and glazed crockery ware is enameled with a preparation consisting largely of the red oxide of lead, or as it is commonly known, litharge. This salt of lead is very soluble in the fatacids especially in butyric acid. All fatty goods contain this acid and when from the frequent alternate expansion and contraction of the enamel or glazing on the various dishes and plates we use on the table, cracks have formed, the butyric acid insinuates itself under the enamel, takes up the lead, and with the food on the plate is taken into the stomach, where being a cumulative poison it insiduously poisons the system. Do not let us deceive ourselves by thinking that the quantity of lead is small, but remember that the quantity of lead set free by carbonic acid in the water running through a lead pipe is still less, and yet no less authority than Professor Chandler has proven that much lead-poisoning is due to this.—*American Analyst.*

—It is admitted by foreign electricians that the progress made in the United States in the use of electricity is far in advance of that of any other nation.

CATCHING LARKS.

An English Method of Netting Little Birds in Open Fields.

Larks, as a rule, have a habit of roosting on stubble-fields, when such are available, and later on repair for the most parts to fallow lands or occasionally open heaths and moors, preference being generally given to fallow; and it is here that "trammeling" is most generally carried on. The dimensions of the net vary, but the average is: "Length, thirty-six yards; breadth, five or six feet, and mesh either an inch or three-quarters; two light poles some six or seven feet long (bamboo for choice, and fitted together like the joints of a fishing-rod) complete the arrangement. The plan of procedure is simple in the extreme. To work the trammel the services of two men are required, one at each end, and a third usually accompanies the others, carrying a sack to hold the birds. The ground to be operated upon is decided on beforehand, also the direction in which each field shall be worked, this, of course, depending in a great measure on the conformation of the surface, and more still on the direction of the wind. Having arrived at the spot where it is proposed to make a start the net is extended to its full length flat on the ground, the poles being attached to either end, and all is ready to commence operations. The poles, when the net is at work, are held by the workers in such a manner that the bottom end of each just touches the ground, and the upper is depressed sufficiently to make the intervening stretch of net cover the area immediately beneath, without the top edge brushing; the bottom or tail, on the other hand, trails along its entire length, and the rustling noise thus created causes the birds to rise. In theory, to do this seems absurdly easy, but, like throwing a fly or hitting the leader of a team in the exact right spot, it requires no small amount of practice to attain proficiency. The poleman must more forward in perfect time and step, otherwise the net will "bag" and become altogether unmanageable; in the same way it must be dropped smartly and simultaneously at both ends when a bird or birds "strike;" above all, the exact extent of the field being worked must be known to a nicety, so as to allow the pivot man time to make the wheel when the end is reached without getting "tangled up." A couple of adepts will frequently secure fifteen or twenty dozen birds in a night; by no means unremunerative business, whereas two novices would probably not capture two dozen all told. According to Dr. Lister, who occupied the position of physician-in-chief to Queen Anne, the lark, when eaten either boiled or roasted, "helps the colic." How far the theory may be correct we are unable to say, but no one who has tasted the dainty will, we fancy, be inclined to deny that, either in aspic or roast, a dish or lark is fit to set before a king.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Honest Old Isaac Encounters a Man Who Would Not Rob Him.

Customer—The coat is too large, I tell you, Isaac. Why, man, it hangs on me like a sack.

Clothing Dealer, (second hand)—Do you dinks this vas a coal yard, or a grocery sdore, eh? Vell, it vansn't! I gifs you goot measure, mine vriendt. I gifs you the vorth of your money. Vat you vant mit a goat dot fit you like de paint on a parper's bole, preezes blowing through mit you viskers, eh? I guess node. I gifs you plenty cloth to keep the cold owid.

"But, hang it, a man wants to be as near the fashion as possible. I don't want to look like a clothes-pole wrapped up in a blanket."

"Ho! ho! You vants to be a dude! Ho! ho!"

"No, I simply want to be decently dressed."

"Vell, mine vriendt, dot goat make you so. Led me see; turn rount. Ha! you looks like Bresident Cleveland in dot goat. No you vas node so tall as Bresident Cleveland. You vas about the heighd of the Brince of Vales, und by shiminy you looks shoost like the Brince in dot goat. Node kvide so sdoud, but shoost aboud id. Vot did I say vas de brice of dot goat?"

"Seven dollars."

"By shimney gracious, I was rob myseluf if I sells dot goat for seffen tolar. Dat was a fifteen tolar goat——."

"But you offered it to me for seven dollars."

"Vell, vell, dake it, dake it. I dond go back on mine vort. But I was rob mineseluf, so helup me gracious."

"You are robbing yourself by giving it to me for seven dollars?"

"So helup me gracious!"

"Well, then I will rob no man. I swore off all evil on New Year's day and I am not going to begin to rob people as early as this. I won't take the coat."

"You wond dake dot goat? Dot goat dot make you look like the Brince of Vales?"

"Not if it made me look like John L. Sullivan. I will rob no man."

"Say, mine vriendt, vat you gif for dot goat?"

"I'll give you three dollars."

"Tree tolar! Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps you dinks I keeps a sharity bureau."

"Three dollars." (Preparing to take the coat off).

"Say fife tolar."

"Three dollars."

"Say four tolar."

"Three——"

"Dake it, dake it, dake it."—*Boston Courier.*

—A hailstone with a nucleus of gypsum, probably sucked up in a waterspout, fell in a recent shower in France.

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA.

A Trip Through Sacramento Valley, the Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers.

[Special Correspondence.]

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 18, 1888.

Here we are in Sacramento City after a visit to the surrounding country, under a cloudless sky, the thermometer this day standing at forty-eight degrees above zero, merchants doing business with open doors, and people on the streets without wraps, flowers blooming in the open air, oranges and lemons on trees in the door-yards of the cozy residences, a revelation to one who arrives from the frozen east and who has dropped down in four hours from the summit of the Sierras where the snow is ten feet deep and the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero.

Sacramento City is the capital of the State, is located eighty-three miles northeast from San Francisco at the confluence of the American and Sacramento rivers, the latter a navigable stream, and is the railroad center and the largest fruit shipping point in California. Fifty-four trains from seven different directions arrive and depart daily, the shops of the C. P. R. R. furnishing employment to two thousand mechanics and laborers. The city is built upon a level plain, wide streets running at right angles, lettered from A to Y north to south, and 1st to 31st from west to east.

Many fine buildings adorn the residence portion of the city, but many of the business structures with their wide awnings remain as erected during the mining era of thirty years ago, presenting a novel appearance to us from the East. The State Capitol building is modeled after the Capitol at Washington, and cost over two million dollars; is surrounded by grounds not excelled in beauty of landscape gardening and semi-tropical plants by any capital grounds in the United States. The city boasts of the Crocker art gallery costing over four hundred thousand dollars, donated to the city by Mrs. E. B. Crocker, said gallery containing a large collection of choice statuary and paintings, in which is in active operation an art school. This gallery, second to none in the United States, will amply repay the tourist who may visit it.

There are many other fine buildings, among which are the new Catholic cathedral, Masonic and Odd Fellows' temples, different churches, school buildings, and two elegant theaters, numerous hotels and business structures. The city contains about 30,000 population, and has a large wholesale trade, one store having 225 employes. The city is well lighted by two electric light and one gas company. The State fairs are held here in September each year, the State Agricultural Society having a large exposition building and mile race-track.

An exposition building adjoining the railroad depot is being erected, where a continuous exhibit of the products of Central California will be shown and printed information relative to same distributed. The area of Sacramento County is 620,000 acres. The land is of three characters, foothill, plains and river bottom. The foothill land is peculiarly adapted to the production of fruits and grapes. The plains lands are mainly devoted to grain raising, and no failure of crops since the American occupation of this country. In some portions of the county fruits, berries and grapes are extensively produced on this class of land, and from small farms of forty and sixty acres considerable incomes are derived.

The best lands are those on the immediate banks of the rivers, and are devoted to the production of fruits and vegetables. The income per acre is fabulous, enabling the owners of the river-bank orchards to own and manage a line of steamers on which their produce is transported to San Francisco markets or to Sacramento City for shipment East. Previous to the last two years many of these lands were held in large tracts; now the owners are subdividing them and offering them for sale to actual settlers.

For many years California was regarded as valueless save for its mineral wealth, but American enterprise has developed that its richness in the line of agriculture and fruit raising is inferior to none in the world. From the cultivation of cereals the step was taken successfully in the line of fruit and vine raising, and lastly in the growing of oranges and lemons, consequently the fruit-grower here has no waste time, but can, if he will, utilize every day in the year. He may actually gather fruit of some kind from his orchard every month of the year, as the winter fruits embrace oranges, lemons, pomegranates, olives and persimmons, which ripen during the months of November, December and January. The spring fruits embrace strawberries, raspberries, blackberries and cherries, and are marketed in April, May and June. The summer fruits are apricots, plums, peaches, figs, pears and nectarines, and are marketed from June to October. The fall fruits are apples, pears, grapes, quinces, prunes and peaches, to which may be added almonds, walnuts and peanuts. Hops, broom and Egyptian corn, alfalfa, sweet potatoes, etc., are all grown with profit. We who have spent our lives east of the Rocky Mountains can have no reasonable conception of a country that apparently has but two seasons, an autumn and spring, as it is here in the Sacramento valley. The rainfall commences about November 1 and ends in May, but only at intervals during that time, so that with few exceptions there is no cause for suspension from out-door labor. Plowing begins here as soon as the rains commence—in fact, many farmers who summer-fallow their lands in April and May seed the same in August and September before the first rains.

The change from one season to the other is marked with no sudden or severe climatic changes. While sleet and snow, to say nothing of blizzards at this time of the year, are the fortune of the people at the East, here in the Sacramento valley the people are basking under clear skies and can pluck fruits and flowers. The writer noticed in one of the markets this morning the following fruits and vegetables, being informed they were grown in this immediate vicinity: Asparagus, cauliflower, cabbage, celery, artichokes, sweet potatoes, sprouts, spinnach, peas, salsify, string-beans, new potatoes, onions, oranges, lemons, persimmons, English walnuts, almonds and raisins. In an interview with the signal service officer located here, I am informed that this present winter has been an unusually cold one—in fact, the coldest in the past thirty-four years.

A few days since a snow-storm actually swept over the valley and snow fell to the depth of an inch, affording great amusement to men, women and children during the few hours it lay upon the ground. He also informed me that Sacramento County shows a warmer winter, spring, and yearly average temperature and about the same summer and autumn temperature that the great citrus belt in Northern Italy does, as shown by the following table which he kindly furnished me:

	Ave. winter temperature.	Ave. spring temperature.	Ave. summer temperature.	Ave. autumn temperature.	Ave. yearly temperature.	Highest temperature.	Lowest temperature.	Ave. No. of clear days.
Sacramento Co.	48.1	60.4	74.3	62.0	61.2	106	1	80
Northern Italy..	47.4	57.3	73.7	61.1	59.9	8	28	121
North Carolina.	41.8	59.5	77.6	64.4	61.9	103	*	116

*Below zero.

A branch of the Central Pacific railroad is being completed to Placerville (or what was known as Hangtown in the early mining days, and which was the objective point of the overland emigrants), the county seat of El Dorado County. Said road is fifty miles long and runs through almost one continuous line of orchards, hop-fields and vineyards, including the famous Natoma vineyard and orchard of 2,000 acres, to Folsom, twenty miles distant from Sacramento.

TEMPERANCE READING.

TO A BROKEN WHISKY JUG.

Thou shattered fragments of polluted clay!
God's mold accursed by man's most cruel foe!
Of fiery blood that from thee flows away,
Each atom tells a tale of deepest woe.

From out thy mouth hath gurgled sin and shame
Suffice to people Hell with vice unspoken;
This drop, that lingers on thy lips, can claim
A mother's yearning heart once to have broken.

The spoonful, left in this, the smallest piece
Of thy wrecked self, is proud to know it slew
A man, who, fortune-tossed, sought sweet surcease
Of grief, and to its constant temptings flew.

The dregs that on thy flinty bottom lie
Well represent dead hopes and loves of those
Who, ere they knew thy poison, could descry
Their future lives as fair as opening rose;

But who now crouch, defiled, beneath the rot
Of crime—to degredation bound, annealed;
By friends of other days disdained, forgot,
Without a home this side of Potter's Field.

The very soil that drinks thy baneful blood,
It seems would taste not Heaven's dew again;
Or, penitently pray the clouds to flood
Away its sin in purifying rain.

—*Charles S. Blackburn, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

A SAD STORY.

He Ruined Home—An Appeal and a Warning to Young Temperance Crusaders.

It doesn't seem right to tell you any thing that will cloud your faces, yet it is, perhaps, best after all, that you should know what sorrow and trouble our old enemy, King Alcohol, brings into the lives of people who are not strongly fortified against him.

Not many months ago I was visiting a friend in a large Western city, and one day she took me in her carriage for a drive, out in the suburbs, where there were many beautiful homes. Bright-eyed, sunny-faced children were playing on the lovely lawns about these homes; children playing croquet; children tossing each other up among the leafy boughs in swings; children in hammocks reading story-books; children digging in the dirt; girls playing "lady;" boys on bicycles; all of them having good times, and so happy it made me happy, too, just to look at them.

After awhile we passed by one of the loveliest homes we had seen yet; roses in bloom everywhere, fountains playing, birds singing, every thing in nature seeming joyous and glad; but there were no children anywhere to be seen, and the house looked shut-up and lonely.

Then my friend told me one of the saddest stories I ever heard. Years before there had been a boy in that home, too; a dear little innocent boy, who was the joy and delight of his papa and mamma and the good grandmother who lived with them. But the papa and mamma thought there was no harm in having wine at their fine dinners, and they let Charlie have a little, too. So he grew to love it, stealing it off the side-board, and thus, before they realized it, and long before he was a man, Charlie became a drunkard. He lost his bright, manly looks and his frank, loving ways, and gave those who loved him many a heartache. He spent all the money he could get in drunken carousals, and one evening after he had lost all he had playing cards, and while he was half-mad with drink, he went home to get more money.

But his father and mother both refused to give him any. Then he went to his grandmother. He felt sure she would give him some, because she always had done so before, but this time she could not, as she had spent all she had at home that day, and it was too late to get any out of the bank.

This made Charlie very angry, and he told her she must give him the costly diamond ring she had on her finger. She did not want to do that, of course, because it was her wedding ring.

Then Charlie *cursed* her—just think how dreadful that was—and tried to take the ring from her by force. Somehow—he never could tell how it happened—in trying to get the ring, he threw the poor old lady on the floor, and the shock and the fright killed her.

Yes, there she lay, the dear old grandmother whom he had always loved, and who loved him so fondly, who had often held him in her arms as he slept, his little brown head cuddled up on her bosom. How often she had sat by his little bed and told him stories, when he was almost a baby, or knelt beside him and prayed for God's richest blessings upon him. Now she lay there still and cold in death, and Charlie was her murderer.

So that bright day when I saw the lovely home all shut up and silent, he was away off in the penitentiary, behind iron bars, shut up from the sweet, fresh air and sunshine, his heart filled with vain and bitter remorse for the crime he had committed in his drunken madness, while his mother, who had died of a broken heart, slept quietly in her grave beside her murdered mother.

When I heard this sad story my heart ached for Charlie, and for other Charlies all over the land who are taking their first drinks, and so I want every young Temperance crusader to fight more bravely than ever against the demon that destroyed the happiness of that lovely home, and above all things never give him a chance to creep into your lips and darken and blight your lives.—*Laura J. Rittenhouse, in Union Signal.*

PROF. BUNGE, of the University of Basle, Switzerland, and four of his students have signed the total abstinence pledge. A number of persons have been induced to take the pledge by reading his pamphlet: "The Alcohol Question."

PHYSICIANS' OPINIONS.

Beer "Kills Quicker Than Any Other Liquor"—A Fruitful Source of Many Diseases.

In answer to an inquiry by a correspondent the *Voice* says:

Not long ago Mr. D. R. Locke, of the Toledo *Blade*, interviewed ten of the principal physicians of that notoriously beer-guzzling city. This is some of the testimony:

Dr. S. H. Bergen, of thirty-five years' practice, said: "It kills quicker than any other liquor. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fever, etc., have a first mortgage on the beer-drinker."

Dr. S. S. Thorne: "In regard to surgical operations every physician dreads to have any thing to do with beer-drinkers. It is dangerous for a beer-drinker to even cut his finger."

Dr. M. H. Parmalee: "Beer is worse than whisky, the hops contained in the beer producing congestion of the liver, dyspepsia and kindred diseases. Habitual beer-drinkers seem to have no constitutional power to resist disease."

Dr. W. T. Ridenour: "Beer-drinkers are very liable to die of pneumonia, and when a confirmed beer-drinker takes pneumonia he dies."

Dr. S. S. Lungren: "Every part of the body of a confirmed beer-drinker becomes loaded down with morbid and poisonous matter, and every part will soon fall into ruin and decay."

Dr. J. T. Woods: "Lager beer, if used at all, should be used as a medicine, as ipecac, quinine, rhubarb and strychnine."

Dr. C. A. Kirkley: "There is no more fruitful source of Bright's disease than beer-drinking. The evil effects are not confined to the consumers of the beverage, but are transmitted to their offspring."

Dr. C. W. Chapman: "I regard beer as harmful as ardent spirits, brandy and whisky, as it produces fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and kidneys."

Dr. G. A. Collamore: "Beer-drinking produces a morbid effect upon the heart, lungs, brain, stomach, liver and kidneys. The brain is kept in a hyperemic condition which prevents normal cerebration or the accurate use of the mental faculties."

Dr. W. H. Mays, superintendent of the Stockton (Ia.) Insane Asylum, in his ninth biennial report to the State Board of Health, has the following on beer-drinking:

"Nothing will lower the vital forces so steadily and surely, nothing will degenerate the organic tissues so rapidly as the use of beer every day, and year after year. It coarsens a man in appearance, in morals, in mental fiber, in physical constitution. It is more productive of brutality, sensualism, and the lower forms of crime than is whisky-drinking. It is the beverage of the Bill Sykes, of the vulgar ruffian, the bestial tramp."

Temperance Documents.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Kansas brewery cases has been published by the National Temperance Society in neat pamphlet form. The dissenting opinion of Justice Field is included. The decision is one of the most important Temperance documents ever issued. The same society publishes a fac-simile of the infamous hand-bill circulated among the colored people of Atlanta by the whisky party during the recent campaign in that city. A cut is printed representing Abraham Lincoln striking off the shackles from the slave, and below this is given a pretended extract from one of his addresses, warning the people against prohibition. The President is made to say that "a prohibitory law strikes a blow at the very principles on which our Government was founded." There can be no doubt that this poster turned many votes in favor of license. But what can be thought of a class of men who could commit such a foul act as this, who could thus drag the martyred Lincoln from his grave and put a lie between his lips for the purpose of carrying out their own vile ends. There is surely no crime too black for the rum party to commit in the furtherance of its schemes. The saloon breeds crime as naturally as a noisome swamp breeds disease. Theft, arson, forgery, assault, perjury, offenses against decency, wife-beating and murder are only a part of its numerous progeny.—*N. Y. Observer.*

No Cause for Impatience.

Some of our good friends who are doing so noble work in the temperance cause are inclined to be impatient when they ought to be thankful and full of encouragement. It is not uncommon to hear them say: "The drink curse is growing worse and worse;" "All our efforts in the past have been unsuccessful;" "We have tried this and that method and failed, and now we must try another." These, and similar expressions, often appear in print, and are sometimes heard on the Temperance platforms, while in private conversation, among a certain class of people, they form the staple of their utterances. But the truth is that hardly any cause has made so rapid progress, of late years, as that of Temperance. The private drinking habits of good society have been, to a large extent, reformed, and public drinking was never so unpopular as it is to-day. The ban that has been put upon the liquor traffic, together with the war made upon it by men and women, exhibit it as a business that must, within a short time, be reduced to helplessness, if not entirely exterminated.—*United Presbyterian.*

THE liquor-dealers say the worst blizzard yet did not come from Manitoba, but started at Washington in the room of the Supreme Court.—*Voice.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A Newburg firm is building 100 lawn mowers to fill an order from India.

—Strawberries are $12 a quart. There ought to be gold in quartz of this kind for the producer.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—There are no real estate agents in Alaska. That's why nobody pretends it has the most delightful climate in the world.—*Boston Globe.*

—If animals be debilitated and should lose appetite a warm mess of a mixture of corn-meal and bran twice a day will serve to invigorate them. The drinking water should also be warmed for them.

—"Well, my little boy," he said, to his neighbor's son, "so you've got back home, eh?" "Yes, sir." "Been out in the country rusticating?" "No, sir; we've been out in the country living on grandpa's folks."—*Golden Days.*

—When Emperor William first met Von Moltke after the dawn of the present year, he asked him whether he had begun it asleep or awake. "Asleep," said Moltke. "Well, then," said William, "I think you may sleep it out."

—A possible tenant inspects a cottage to rent, and inquires about the quality of the air. "The air!" cries the landlord, "the air is wonderful. One becomes a centenarian quicker here than anywhere else.—*French Fun.*

—"Prof." Sullivan, who was called to testify to the correct embalming of General Grant's body, in a libel case at Albany, N. Y., was asked where he obtained the title of "professor" and replied that "the dictionary written by Daniel Webster gave him the right to use it."

—"Wose, deah? Tell me—ah—did you make a memowandum of the—ah—wemark I made to you when I was here befoah?" "No, Charlie, I didn't." "That's dweadful, cause, don't yer know, I cawn't wecollect myself whether I pwoposed to you or Clawa."—*Whitehall Times.*

—Eleven hundred applications for State pensions were filed at the State House in Augusta, Me., between January 1, 1887, and December 1, 1887. The appropriation for State pensions for the year was $35,000. The average per year to each family by the above figures was $41.89, or $3.48 per month.

—One of the strange coincidences of nomenclature is that the daughter of General Logan married a Mr. Tucker, while the daughter of ex-Representative Randolph Tucker married a Mr. Logan. Each couple have a son. The name of one is Tucker Logan and the other is Logan Tucker. The boys are about the same age.

—A benevolent gentleman, who is well known for his generosity, says that he was asked for a donation by one woman who would like to be independent of her wealthy husband. Another wrote for a barrel of salt pork, and a third wanted a lavender silk dress for a reception which was soon to come off.

—Progressive observation is the name of a new game which has become popular in Boston. The players are shown a large number of articles of all kinds on a tray. In about half a minute the tray is taken away and the person who is most successful in naming the articles on the tray scores a point.

—Truckee, Cal., recently celebrated the second anniversary of the expulsion of the Chinese from the place. Although the mercury was fourteen below zero, a large torchlight procession paraded the streets and marched over the ruins of old Chinatown. There were big bonfires, salutes from cannon, and speeches by the most prominent citizens in the place.

—Thomas Peterson, of Perth Amboy, N. J., rejoices in the distiction of having been the first colored man to cast a vote in the United States. This important bit of paper was dropped in the ballot-box March 31, 1870, the morning after the adoption of the Fifteenth amendment. A few years ago the citizens of Perth Amboy presented Peterson with a gold medal in commemoration of the interesting event.

—Woodland, Mich., can boast of the largest dogs in the State, a male and female, owned by a butcher, and valued at $90 each. The male weighs 330 pounds, and is the breed known as the lion mastiff; it is only nine months old. The female weighs 150 pounds and is the breed known as the wolf mastiff. The owner of these dogs says that President Cleveland has ordered a $200 pup, and that he has advanced $25 on the same.

—A prominent citizen of Steubenville, O., has a habit of looking very frequently at his watch. A Sunday or two ago he was in his regular seat, and every ten or fifteen minutes he would take out his watch, look at the hour and close it with a snap. The town clock struck 12, and out came the watch just as the minister was in the midst of an impressive passage in his sermon. Upon the appearance of the watch, and before it was opened, the minister paused in his discourse long enough to say, "It is just 12 o'clock, brother," and then proceeded.

—In the Northern States the ruffled grouse, commonly known as partridges, have a habit of nestling down in the snow, and hunters say they do so to keep warm. In Oxford County, Maine, a man was passing through a wood lot and was startled to see a bird start almost under his feet and fly away. Looking carefully ahead of him he saw a dozen or more black specks on the snow. Closer inspection proved that each of these was the head of a partridge. The birds sat quite still until he was almost near enough to touch them, then shook themselves free from the light snow and flew hurriedly away.

FURNISHING A ROOM,

How to Produce a Warm, Agreeable and Pleasant Effect.

In a well-furnished house—the furniture of which may have cost twenty-five thousand dollars or five hundred no one article stands out in violent contrast to its neighbors, either in color or in quality, but each helps to produce a harmonious whole. As the writer has said elsewhere, furnishing may be done artistically without following rigidly all the rules of high art. There is such a thing as carrying art to an extent that produces a cold, disagreeable effect. A few fundamental rules, however, can not be disregarded with impunity; and these concern appropriateness, proportion, simplicity, harmony and stability. There should be no overcrowding on the one hand, nor bareness on the other; and there *should* be a central tone of color, to which all the tints must be subordinate.

Carpets are the very foundation of a good or ill effect in furnishing; and they are usually, too, the point of extravagance. Three or four dollars a yard will be paid for a parlor carpet, while showy, machine-made furniture takes the place of substantial articles with lines of grace and beauty. The coloring of this carpet is frequently an offence to a cultivated eye, and utterly inharmonious with the other furnishings. Obtrusive, dominating colors should be avoided—likewise a white ground, which always has a glaring effect. Scarlet is a very unmanageable color, and should never be seen in a floor covering.

Small, rugby figures are always desirable, and quite a necessity in small rooms; and carpets of this character, made up with a rich border, and supplemented with a margin of inlaid or stained floor, will often be as effective as an imported rug. A good, five-frame, body Brussels can be bought now at a very reasonable rate—as well as the softer Moquette; and made up as a large rug, either carpet is both handsome and stylish for almost any room. There are also beautiful ingrains with borders; and many an ingrain at eighty cents is preferable to many a Wilton at treble the price—the carpet not being intended for decoration, but for comfort, and to show to advantage the articles placed on it.

Besides, one wants a few etchings and engravings, at least; and if there is no special sum set apart for them, they had better be taken out of the carpet.

Wall papers are quite as great marplots as carpets; and a paper which is very pretty in the piece, may utterly ruin a room. Subdued coloring is very desirable here, and as few colors as possible; a paper at twenty-five cents a roll will sometimes make a room look better than one at $2.50. A dado should never be used with a low ceiling; and the coloring of the frieze should not be in violent contrast to that below it, but rather gather up and concentrate what is already there.

Both paper and carpet are intended to serve as backgrounds, and should therefore be in subdued styles. The ingrain, or cartridge papers are admirably calculated for this purpose, and they are moderate enough in price to be within the reach of most purses.

Whatever else the young householder may do, let her avoid buying a "set" of furniture covered with silk plush. Sets of any kind are objectionable; but silk-plush that is sat upon and used wears badly, and entirely loses its original color. Mohair-plush is another matter; but much furnishing of any plain color becomes monotonous. Figured goods are preferable for ordinary wear, and one does not tire of them so easily.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

VALUABLE ADVICE.

An Experienced Detective Offers a Suggestion to Housekeepers.

"There are only ten persons in a thousand who, when they hear strange noises in their house, do not immediately make a light to find out the cause," said one of the detectives of a private agency. "This is the most absolute piece of folly a sane person can commit, and yet it only seems natural. But let me tell you that when you hear any noise that indicates the presence in your house of a person who has no business there, first take the precaution to put out the light. Then, if you want to search do so in the dark. Of course you know the house better than any intruder, and the chances are that if you keep quiet the intruder will expose himself either by showing a light or stumbling over something. Then you have the advantage of knowing his position without his knowing yours.

"There is many a murdered man in his grave to-day who would have been alive had this advice been followed. What can be more preposterous than the idea of a man in his right mind (knowing that if a burglar is in his house and is discovered he will take desperate means) actually offering himself as a target by appearing with a light in his hand, which does no more good than to betray his presence, as it is only natural that he can not see three feet beyond the rays of the light. Take the record of murders committed where only burglary was intended, and you will find that three-quarters of them are due to the folly of searching for the burglar with a light."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Boots Gave Him Away.

Omaha Dame—Do you know what time it was when you got in last night?

Husband—Nearly one o'clock, I guess. It was after midnight when I got through balancing my books. Well, well! This is curious; here's my hat under the bed. I must have hung it on this chair and it fell down.

"Probably."

"Where are my boots?"

"On the hat rack."—*Omaha World.*

—Pulling weeds is not so unpleasant work, particularly when they grow on a pretty little widow's bonnet.—*Puck.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A machine of one-horse power would keep 27,000,000 watches going.—*La Nature.*

—Type made from paper is the latest novelty. A process has been patented in England by which large type can be made from pulp.

—In a paper on injurious insects, Prof. J. A. Lintner placed the total number of insect species in the world at 60,000. Of these found in the United States 7,000 or 8000 are fruit pests, and and at least 210 attack the apple.

—Scientists claim that a tide mill located at the Bay of Fundy would generate 700,000 horse-power twelve hours a day. This distributed electrically and sold to every State in the Union would save the coal supply.

—The *Electrical Review* says that the uselessness of the lightning-rod is becoming so generally understood that the agents find their vocation a trying one. Fewer and fewer rods are manufactured each year, and "the day will come when a lightning-rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horseshoe over a man's door."

—It is said that the big cattle ranches of the far West and Southwest are breaking up. A year ago the Niobrara Land and and Cattle Company, which has become bankrupt, refused $1,000,000 for its property. Instead of the big companies swallowing the little ones, it is thought that the tendency is toward the breaking up of the big ranches into smaller ones.

—An infant loses from three to six ounces in weight during the first four to six days; by the seventh day it should have gained its birth-weight; from that to the fifth month it ought to gain about five ounces per week, or about six drachms a day; after the fifth month, about four drachms a day; at the fifth month it ought to have doubled its birth-weight, and in sixteen months quadrupled it.

—A chemical explanation of Ireland's distress is that it is due to too exclusive subsistence upon potatoes. Though a healthful luxury, this food alone supplies too little nutrition to support people other than in a half-starved and dissatisfied condition. It is probable, therefore, that Ireland's woes would be greatly reduced if the productive soil and climate were applied to the growth of nutritive cereals instead of the tubers.

—The latest idea in the direction of waterproof foot-wear is a shoe made with a stout calfskin vamp, seamless, underlying which is a vamp of thin rubber, and between it and the lining, which is of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoe has a rubber interlining between the outer and the inner soles, and thus the shoe is about as near waterproof as a leather shoe can be. It is said to wear well and preserve its waterproof qualities for an indefinite period.

—A sound issuing from a fog gives no trustworthy indication of the direction of its source. A recent writer gives two cases in his own experience near Newport when the sound from a fog-horn at Beaver Tail seemed to come from several directions, each ten or fifteen degrees apart, and there is a well-known case where a transatlantic steamer, bound to New York, going direct but slow, and sounding her whistle, finally picked up a pilot who declared he had heard the blast for half an hour and that the steamer had been sailing around him in a circle.

LIFE IN HINDOSTAN.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) Lady Writes of Her Home in the Jungle.

Miss Mary Graybiel, one of the missionaries sustained in India by the sect known as Disciples, writes very interesting letters to her family in this city. It is now over four years since she went to Hindostan, in company with the Rev. Mr. Wharton, formerly pastor of the Church of Christ, and his wife. The place at which Miss Graybiel is now located is in the heart of India, on the line of the railroad which is to be built from Bombay directly across to Calcutta. The children of the Sunday-schools of the denomination in the United States contributed a fund of some four thousand dollars with which to erect a house for this mission, and in her last letter she modestly tells how the work was done.

It appears that she had to serve as architect, master, builder and general boss mechanic. First, she bought four yoke of buffalos to do the teaming; then a few big trees—they are very scarce in that part of the country. She employed a hundred natives, or nearly that number, whom she taught to quarry stone, which had to be hauled several miles, and to make brick, first trampling the clay, fashioning it into bricks, and then burning them, using the spare portions of the trees for fuel. The trunks of the trees were laboriously by hand sawed into boards for the floors, roof, etc. A stone foundation three feet thick was laid three feet below ground and as much above, this solid base wall being deemed necessary to keep out the white ants, which are a great pest of the country. Evidently a good job was made of the wall, for Miss Graybiel ingenuously relates that an Englishman visitor inquired who had been the engineer, and expressed much surprise when she told that she had directed the work herself.

It takes a Buffalo girl to hold her own among the heathen, or any where else. Incidentally Miss Graybiel states that the son of a German missionary living some forty miles distant was killed by a tiger. She attended the funeral, making the journey through the solid jungle in a cart drawn by a pair of the buffalos, with the chance of being sprung upon by that or some other tiger at any moment. Such is life in the wilds of Hindostan.—*Buffalo Courier.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Many a broadcloth husband owes his prosperity to the fact that he married a gingham girl.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

—The men who have walked barefooted over the burning sand of the desert always know all about the times "that tried men's soles."

—"Nothing is more pernicious than the habit of contracting debts," remarked a father to his spendthrift son. "Don't you think expanding them is a little worse?" asked the latter—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Some people are so sanguine in this world that they think they can plant a handful of seed in a snow-drift and gather a car-load of strawberries the day after the first thaw.—*Baltimore American.*

—"Ma, did that comedy you saw last night make all the folks cry?" "Why, no, my dear, I never laughed so much in all my life." "Well, pa told Mr. Jones everybody in the theater sat in tiers!"

—In the valley of Taos, in New Mexico, there is a field of alfalfa that is reliably credited with having produced three crops a year for more than 100 consecutive years. The present owner claims to have cut the grass from the field for sixty years, and he believes the present crop the largest he has ever seen.

—Teacher—"Johnny, do you remember the proverb I gave you yesterday?" Johnny—"No'm." "Speech is silver and what is it?" "I dunno, mum." "I know," spoke up a little boy at the foot of the class. "Very well, you may recite it." "Speech is silver, but money talks.—*N. Y. Sun.*"

—"How are you and your wife coming on?" asked an Austin gentleman of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss." "What's the matter?" "I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so proud she had no use for me. She said I was too dark to match de dress."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"You have mentioned several times during the evening," observed one of the audience to a lecturer, "the word periphrasis. Would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?" "Certainly," said he, "it is simply a circumlocutory and pleonastic circle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

—Anxious Father—"I wish you would tell me what to do with my boy. He is willful, disobedient and surly. I dress him down with a horsewhip a dozen times a week, and sometimes lock him in the coal-house for half a day to discipline him, but it does no good; he comes out as defiant as ever. What does such a boy need?" Rev. Mr. Surplice (decidedly)—"He needs a change of fathers."

STORIES OF ELEPHANTS.

The Esteem in Which the Huge Animals Were Held by the Ancients.

The ancients, who are sparing in their praises of the dog, (by far the larger part of the world has always abhorred him as the very type of uncleanness), could not speak too highly of the elephant. The elder Pliny, who was a diligent collector of anecdotes rather than an observer, surpasses himself when he treats of this animal. He places him as unquestionably next to man. Intelligence, obedience, memory, ambition, affection, honesty, prudence and justice are among the catalogue of virtues which he ascribes to these creatures. He even declares that they are religious, worshiping the stars, the sun and the moon, an assertion in which he is followed by Plutarch and Ælian. The stories which he tells of their sagacity and aptitude for acquiring accomplishments are marvelous. That they should go through the motions of a dance or a gladiatorial combat is credible. Busbecq tells of one which he himself saw in Turkey that danced and played at ball. But our faith is taxed when we read of four elephants walking on tight ropes, carrying another in a litter. Yet the testimony of the ancients as to this particular accomplishment is very strong. Possibly the funambulism of elephants is one of the lost arts of antiquity. Writing also is an accomplishment which we fear the animal no longer acquires. Mucianus, the friend of Vespasian, knew of an animal which could write a Greek hexameter, not, however, out of its own head; and we have a pathetic story of one which, having been beaten for being somewhat backward in its reading—for the elephants own the human trait of having dunces among them—was found diligently conning its task by night. It was, however, in a sterner character than that of dancer or scholar that antiquity best knew the elephant. He was a most formidable implement of war. The Carthaginians were the first so to utilize him in European warfare, and it is a remarkable fact that they, and they only, have been able to educate the African species of the race for human uses. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the military utility of the animal compensated for the enormous expense and trouble which he must have caused. If Hannibal had not lost all his elephants but one almost before he began his campaign he would certainly have found it impossible to feed them. Their use, indeed, in Western warfare has not been frequent. One of the latest occasions of their employment seems to have been by the Emperor Claudius when he invaded Britain in the third year of his reign. They are still found, but for show rather than use, in the military establishments of the East. But it is clear that they could not exist in the face of the arms of precision.—*London Spectator.*

To Allay Common Garget.

Anthrax and tuberculosis are both contagious. The first is very sudden in its action, but rarely attacks cows, and is not so dangerous to the human family. Tuberculosis does not strike an animal down suddenly and is often a hidden foe in the milk-pail. Garget is often, though not always, the result of this disease. When it is difficult to get rid of, and one-fourth or more of the udder is hard, it may be considered dangerous to those using the milk. I am not sure that the meat of such cows is unfit for food if they are not otherwise affected. To allay common garget, ten drops of nitre or a teaspoonful of saltpeter, two or three times per day is good. Garget is too often the result of abuse, though it may be constitutional.—*Dr. Noah Cressy, in Farm and Home.*

Knowledge and Truth.

A desire for knowledge is by no means the same as a desire for truth. One often studies industriously in order to acquire facts, without being interested in the use to which those facts shall be put. Another seeks to know the truth in a given line of research; and in his seeking he gathers facts industriously as a means of arriving at the truth. A truth-seeker is pretty sure to find the truth. A knowledge-seeker is often kept from perception of the truth by the very knowledge which he has gathered aimlessly. It is greatly to a young man's credit that he is a truth-seeker. It is not always to his credit that he is a knowledge-seeker.—*S. S. Times.*

—It is said to be a common thing for a Chinese merchant, when importing diamonds from Cuba to San Francisco, to place the precious stones in his mouth when the custom house officials search him. If the examination chance to be rigid, he quietly swallows the stones and when released follows them up with an emetic, which speedily brings them to light again.

—Caller (to Mrs. H.): "Your daughter's husband is an A. M., is he not, Mrs. H. ?" Mrs. H. (a trifle sourly) "Yes, he is about two o'clock a. m."

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced cutpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient.

A NECK-AND-NECK race—giraffes.—*Boston Bulletin.*

MANY MEN of many minds;
Many pills of various kinds.

But for a mild, effective, *vegetable* purgative, you had better get Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They cure sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks, 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

NEVER too late for the peas—apples.—*New Haven News.*

THE THROAT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

AN action for breach of promise—making love to a girl.

THE Original Land League—three miles.

THE worst of the blowhards—the blizzard.

SPOT cash—that won on an ace-high bluff.—*Binghamton Republican.*

IT is the man who will get in front of bars who eventually gets behind them.—*New Haven News.*

WHEN a hare suddenly becomes frightened he stands on end.—*Puck.*

BEHIND time—the back of the clock.

A GROWING sentiment—business is business.

THE best corn remover—the crow.—*Burlington Free Press.*

IT is the havday of youth when the old man forks over liberally.—*Boston Youth.*

LAWYERS are always ready to bring new suits. Tailors are not.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NORTH OF ENGLAND ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross!"—*Life.*

TAXES come high, but we must have them.

LEAP YEAR—Man poses and woman proposes.

THE tonsorial artist who colors whiskers gets so much per dye 'em.—*Texas Siftings.*

AS "CHUCK" steak is to beef, so is conscience to man—the toughest part.—*Tid-Bits.*

MANY a hotel that has opened with eclat has been subsequently closed by the sheriff.—*Hotel Avail.*

A BAD sign—an illegible signature.

A STRONGHOLD—the Bull-dog's.—*Puck.*

A SELECT affair—a first-class oyster stew.

A BIG cable-pool—the Atlantic.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by mail. Circulars free. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A "Put and Call."

This is a funny phrase to the unmitiated, but all the brokers understand it. They use it when a person gives a certain per cent. for the option of buying or selling stock on a fixed day, at a price stated on the day the option is given. It is often a serious operation to the dealer, but there is a more serious "put and call" than this: when you are "put" to bed with a severe cold and your friends "call" a physician. Avoid all this by keeping in the house Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The great cure for pulmonary and blood diseases. Its action is marvelous. It cures the worst cough, whether acute, lingering, or chronic. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short Breath, Consumption, Night-sweats, and kindred affections, it surpasses all other medicines.

A COTTON boom makes quite a business bustle.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Much Needed Reform

In the condition of a disorderly or torpid liver is no sooner instituted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, than the headaches, pains in the right side, yellowness of the skin, fur upon the tongue, and constipation, which accompany this malady, take their departure. Dyspepsia, also, twin brother of biliousness, vacates the ranch. Kidney troubles, malarial affections and nervous complaints also succumb to the Bitters.

THE path of duty—through the custom-house.—*Dayton Democrat.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

A TUG is the only thing that has its tows behind.

ACTORS, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THERE is very rarely a wedding without a "Missgiving."

Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC,

THE GREAT STRENGTHENING AND INVIGORATING REMEDY,

FOR THE POSITIVE CURE OF

Nervousness, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Nervous and Physical Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Paralysis, Numbness, Trembling, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in Side and Back, Hysteria, Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Palpitation, Nervous and Sick Headache, Tired Feeling, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Etc.

Weak and Nervous.

These are the feelings of which so many complain. They are weak, tired and exhausted; they have no appetite, no strength, no life or ambition to work; may become irritable, cross, blue and discouraged; in some cases there are pains and aches in various parts of the body, and there is often indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, dull head and general dispirited feeling. RESTLESS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. Sleepless, restless and wakeful nights follow. Neglect of these symptoms results in excessive nervous prostration or paralysis, with numbness, trembling, cold feet and legs, prickling sensation and weakness and weariness of the limbs. Thousands become prostrated, paralyzed or insane AND PARALYSED. Many by neglecting the first symptoms, not knowing that the nervous irritability, gloom of the mind, loss of memory, nervous weakness and depression show MENTAL DEPRESSION, an exhaustion of nerve force which will, unless the proper restorative remedy is used, result in utter mental collapse and absolute prostration of nerve and physical power. Save yourselves from these terrible results while there is yet time by the use of this wonderful nerve invigorator and health restorer, DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and may be used by children or the most delicate invalids with absolute certainty of cure. Its effects are truly wonderful, and it is only necessary to use it to be convinced of its marvelous restorative and strength-giving powers. IT IS GUARANTEED as an absolute specific for 6/2 M.S.E. nervous debility and physical exhaustion. Persons with weakened nerves and exhausted vitality can regain their strength and vigor by its use. Don't fail to use this remedy, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century, and an absolutely certain cure will result. All druggists keep it. Price, $1 per bottle. Be sure and get DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, 35 West 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. WRITE HIM HIS GREAT SYMPTOMS AND WHAT'S HIM ABOUT YOUR CASE.

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

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FARMS in Ohio, Cheap, Good. Send for description and price. H. N. BANCROFT, Jefferson, O.

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Quaint and Curious.

Evansville, Ind., boasts a child born with two heads. It died shortly after being born.

New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia in 1785. Entered into legislative union with Canada 1867.

In Rio Janeiro, Brazil, drunkenness is almost unknown. It is said that this is owing to the large consumption of coffee.

The duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, by which the former lost his life, took place at Weehawken, N. Y., July 11, 1804.

In New York hospitals the discovery has been made that attendants become intoxicated through drinking the alcohol from the bottles of specimens.

The last sailing vessel built for the United States navy was the Constellation, completed in 1855. She is at the present time the practice-ship at the naval academy.

A sweet potato, measuring four feet and one inch in length and two inches in diameter, and grown in J. C. Townsend's garden in East Gainesville, was exhibited in East Gainesville, Ga., recently.

A ring which has been controlling the price of coffins in this country has finally been broken, and the several manufacturers have gone to cutting prices at a tremendous rate.

M. de Lesseps is a confident old gentleman. He now says that the Panama canal will be available for the passage of vessels in 1890 on account of the immense metallic locks which are to be built.

Of the seventeen presidents of the United States, eleven were college graduates. Of twenty vice-presidents ten were college graduates. Nineteen secretaries of state out of twenty-nine were college graduates, while thirty out of forty-one associate judges of the supreme court were college men.

A woman, in order to decide whether her canaries had eyes for color, placed in their cages two bathing-cups, one of white-ware, the other of pink glass. The birds looked at the two cups critically for an instant, and then both fluttered into the colored one, and since they won't bathe in any other.

Mrs. Taylor, of Galena, Ill., spoke disparagingly of Grocer Scott's salt codfish. He said they were not like boards, and offered to let her hit him on the head with one for twenty-five cents. She planked down the money and slapped him with the fish, breaking a jaw and tearing off part of one of his ears.

Frank Hartly, of Taylor, Ga., while taking care of his horse, dropped his big pocketbook from his coat. He picked it up and laid it in the manger until he should have finished his work; but the horse took a liking to it and chewed and swallowed the contents, excepting $30 in gold. Over $400 in greenbacks went down the good steed's throat.

A rubber ball, two inches smaller than the pipe, was placed in one end of a new natural gas main in McKeesport, Pa., and five pounds pressure suddenly turned on. The ball turned several sharp corners, passed through two T joints up six feet to the top of the regulator and landed at the other end of the main, a mile distant, in 45 seconds, actual time.

Chinese Advice to Tea Drinkers.

A Chinaman gives the following advice to tea drinkers. If followed it would do away with some of the injurious effects of this beverage as commonly concocted: Use black tea. Green tea when good is kept at home. What goes abroad is bad, very bad and horrible. Besides containing the 203 adulterations the Chinese philanthropist puts up for the outside barbarian, it is always pervaded by copper dust from the dirty curing-pans of the growers. Infuse your tea, Don't boil it! Place one teaspeonful of tea in the pot and pour over it 1½ cups of boiling water, that is, water really boiling. If your tea is poor, use more. It is cheaper, though, to buy good tea at the outset, Put your pot on the back part of the stove, carefully covered, so that it shall not lose its heat, and the tea its bouquet. Let it remain there five minutes, then drink it. Drink your tea plain. Don't add milk or sugar. Tea-brokers and tea-tasters never do; epicures never do; the Chinese never do.

In the Directory to the Iron and Steel Works of the United States, just issued by the American Iron and Steel Association, it is said that "thirty furnaces are now under construction, and of these nineteen are being built in Alabama (seventeen to use coke and two to use charcoal), three in Tennessee. two in Maryland, two in Ohio, and one each in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Michigan and Wisconsin." Thus out of a total of thirty furnaces actually building at present, twenty-five are in the Southern States. In addition to these, a number of others are projected, some of which will doubtless be built in the near future.

Wise Words.

A man's part is to bear misfortunes rightly.

It is the cause and not the death that makes the martyr.

Borrowing is the canker and the death of every man's estate.

Trusting to luck is only another name for trusting to laziness.

The thing which we do not mean to say is frequently the thing which is said.

It is not enough to study life, one must live it if one would be truly an artist.

Envy is the sunshine of another's life, making the shadow of our own seem deeper.

It is better to be discarded without ceremony than being endured with patience.

Every man is in some sort a failure to himself. No one ever reaches the height to which he aspires.

No man ever got rid of a lie by telling it; it is sure to come home sooner or later to hobnob with its author.

When I caution you against becoming a miser, I do not therefore advise you to become a prodigal or a spendthrift.

Some things after all come to the poor that can't get in at the doors of the rich, whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way.

Time is the greatest of tyrants and extortioners. As we go toward age he taxes our health, our limbs, our faculties, our strength and our features.

Where there is abuse, there ought to be clamor; because it is better to have our slumbers broken by the fire bell than to perish amid flames in our bed.

They say that the truth is not to be spoken at all times, which is the equivalent of saying that truth is an invalid, who can only take the air in a close carriage with a gentleman in a black coat on the box.

They must have the civil service business down to a very fine point in China. This is the way they do it, according to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "The Yellow River burst its bank in a time of great flood, and the story of the terrible disaster it caused has already been told. It appears, however, from the reports in the Chinese official papers, that no difficulty was had in finding somebody responsible for the catastrophe. Public works were in progress on the bank of the stream at the time—an effort to extend the embankments and keep the river within bounds—and no sooner had the outbreak taken place than Chieng-fu, Director General of the Province of Honan, in which it occurred, sent off a report to the Imperial Government, detailing the calamity, charging the officers in charge of the river works, including himself, with "unpardonable remissness," and recommending that they be degraded. The cheerful promptness with which this exemplary officer besought punishment for himself and his associates is worthy of all praise, and one would think, should have moved the most rigid disciplinarian to mercy, but his Imperial Majesty's Government is of spartan mold. It did, indeed, acquit the unhappy Director General, not in mercy, but as an act of strict justice, saying: 'In view of the fact that the memorialist has been only a short time at his post, we commend, as a special act of grace, that he be exempted from the penalty which he requests.' But it more than made up for its leniency to him by its severity to the other culprits. Considering that he had recommended for them 'an unduly light form of punishment,' it not only degraded five of them, but ordered them to be exposed along the banks of the river, while the mandarin in charge of the circuit was deprived of his button and handed over to a board—not for trial, but merely to determine the extent of his punishment.

Some of Last Year's Inventions.

According to the New York *Sun*, here are some of the inventions made during 1887:

A small, round, rubber mat, with little spikes all over it, on which the cashier drops the silver change, and from which the customer easily picks it up.

A cheese cutter, consisting of a swing knife by which the grocer can, with certainty, cut ten ounces from the cheese whenever the customer orders half a pound.

A baloon which carries a lightning rod high in air over an oil tank.

A cigar selling machine that drops out an all-Havana, clips the end off, and exposes a match and a piece of sandpaper, whenever a nickel or lead blank is placed in a slit in the side of the machine.

A nose protector (Idaho invention) by which a woolen pad is snugly carried on the end of the nose in cold weather.

An electrical boot blacking machine, in which a brush is rapidly revolving in a non-rotating handle. The whirling brush brings the shine in one-tenth of the time of the old vibratory elbow method.

A rubber funnel which may be fitted over the head, big end up, so as to enclose all the hair while the barber shampoos a customer. A tube hangs down behind, so as to carry away the suds, while a hose for flushing out the hair, a funnel and a tube are provided.

A monstar bicycle, with places for two men in a basket swung below the axle, who operate the mechine with leavers geared to the axle.

A decoy duck with a variety of detachable heads.

An air pump to force oil from a tank on a ship over a stormy sea.

A fan rotated by the wheels of a baby carriage to keep the flies off the baby.

A church pew that looks like a pew, but has comfortable chairs within.

A device which will prevent the most restless indivinual from kicking the clothes off the bed. It is the invention of a Chicago woman.

A new gun with a battery in the stock, and cartridges which have coils of platinum wire where the cap is. Pressing the trigger connects the coil with the battery.

A combined rocking chair and cradle (indescribable.)

A combined kitchen ventilator and clock winder, being a device for connecting the ventilator wheels commonly placed in windows with the family clock.

Twelve Resolutions.

1. I will recolect every day that I am mortal, and that in this life I am prepared for eternity.

2. I will consider myself as accountable to God for the right use of my time and all I possess.

3. I will take the Bible as "a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," and will pray for the Holy Spirit to teach me, and to impress all its truths on my heart.

4. I shall keep sacred the Lord's day, and faithfully attend on the worship of God.

5. I will "keep the heart with all dilligence," when all things go well with me, and in time of trouble.

6. I will make it my constant endeavor to do all the good I can to all with whom I am connected.

7. I will not eat or dring any kind or quantity of food that I have reason to believe will be hurtful to health, or unfit me for the duties of life.

8. If I am tempted to anger or to speak hastily, I will take time for reflection.

9. I will live under the deep conviction that I am a sinner, utterly unable to save myself, and will rest in Christ alone for the pardon of my sins, and the salvation of my soul.

10. Under a sense of my own weakness, I will daily pray for the Spirit of God to make me whole in soul and body.

11. I will strive after holiness of heart and life, through the knowledge and love of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

12. I will continually look forward to the pure, perfect, and lasting enjoyments of Heaven.

Of the Representatives in Congress 316 are lawyers, and of the delegates 5. Several of the States have delegations composed entirely of them. Mississippi has 7, South Carolina 7, Texas 10, Vermont 2 and West Virginia 4. The farmers number 12, and with the planters 17. There are 13 manufacturers, 13 merchants, 10 bankers, 10 journalists, 6 physicians, 3 ministers, 2 druggists, a stenographer, 1 railroad president, 1 stock raiser, 1 brewer and 1 cooper. One hundred and seventy-eight members were educated in colleges and universities.

No man can truly say he is happy and healthy and that he loves everybody when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that the undersigned will after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to appoint examiners to alter the public road lately located from Wilson's Store to Swanton, said road beginning at Wilson's Store running through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro., Perry Spiker, Jos. R. Anderson, J. H. Harshberger, J. C. Beckman, and Rudolph Beckman, and intersecting the Swanton road at the old McRobie place. The proposed alteration to be as follows: To change the location of the aforesaid public road from where it is now located, so as to run from the Northwest corner of John C. Beckman's land on the Swanton road and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright, a distance less than two miles, to the Spring drain near the "Hogan" place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store.

J. F. FRIEND,
A. FAIRALL,
R. M. FAIRALL,
1 21 5 J. D. ASHENFELTER.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8) on the Wood road, and running thence to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JAMES CONEWAY,
JOHN BLAMBEL,
1 28 5 ISAAC W. ABERNATHY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, 1y

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN

THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS, BALTIMORE.

A. S. ABELL. GEORGE W. ABELL.
EDWIN F. ABELL. WALTER R. ABELL.

The BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN continues to preserve its position, maintained for many years, as a model Family Newspaper, During the past year, in order to accommodate the great variety of matter seeking admission to its columns, it has been found necessary to issue a Supplement almost every weak, presenting a home newspaper unequaled for freshness and variety. Its literary features are selected with discriminating taste and with special reference to the entertainment and instruction of the family circle. Its Agricultural and Veterinary Departments, edited by specialists, have been of great value to the Farmer, while its Fashion Articles, Household Recipes, etc., have continued to be a source of weekly interest and intruction to ladies. The latest news up to the hours of publication is given in its correspondence and telegraphic dispatches, while its editorials, besides discussing current events in an impartial spirit, afford much wholesome advice and suggestion on social, economic and other topics. The proceedings of Congress, the Maryland and other Legislatures, the National Political Conventions, and the Presidential and Congressional elections are among the important features that will be promptly and copiously presented in its columns during 1888.

FULL COMMERCIAL, FINANCIAL, COTTON, CATTLE WARKET AND STOCK REPORTS UP TO the HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

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THE BALTIMORE SUN ATMANAC, a valuable publication of one hundred pages, is published as a Supplement to THE SUN about the first of each year. It is not for sale, nor is it distributed except to subscribers of THE SUN, Daily and Weekly, for whose benefit it is published. Every subscriber to THE SUN, Daily or weekly, whose name is on our books when it is issued, will receive a copy of THE SUN ALMANAC, *free of charge*.

Getters up of Clubs will find the above terms the most liberal that can be offered by a first-class Family Journal.

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NO DEVIATION FROM PUBLISHED TERMS

Address

A. S. ABELL & CO.,
12 10 The Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,

ACCIDENT, MARYLAND,

GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,

With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in N w York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Dacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.

Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 12 '87.—1y

D. T. E. CASTEEL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.

☞ Office in the Casteel Drug Store building, Oakland, Md. 10 28 tf

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strictly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.00 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation		10.30 A. M.
No. 6—		11.38 A.M.
No. 82—Accommodation		5.00 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.17 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation		9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 85—Accommodation		5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1888

THE MORNING HERALD

$3.00 A Year.

$1.65 Six Months.

30 Cts. Per Month.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE SUNDAY HERALD

$1.50 A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE WEEKLY HERALD

50 Cents A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, bright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald*.

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading literateurs of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

The Weekly Herald is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright: It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

FOR SALE!

Steam Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine.

I am authorized to sell a Fifteen Horse Power "Page" Engine, Saw Mill and Shingle Machine, with carriages, &c., complete, the property of Mrs. Eva F. Riggs. The mill has been in use about five years and is in good running order. Will be sold cheap for cash or collateral which may be easily converted into cash. May be examined at Swanton, Md. Must be sold soon.

For price and terms address or apply to

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1888. NUMBER 52.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

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Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnol's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 20, '87.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th '1885.—1 y

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Married by Accident.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb "to love" they go through all the forms and finish the conjugation of the verb before the altar. The few may give this subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is reason to fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am very sorry for you, Mr.——," she said, smiling. "I want a mate, too, and cannot get one. I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll be mine I'll be yours." He closed with the bargain, and the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazar was buttonholed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds.

"Why" he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price.

"I will be cheap enough," she said, coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps——"

"O, come! You are just the person I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up an agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased every thing on the stall. Then, at settling up, there was something said about discount.

"I cannot return any money," she said, blushing, "but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma. She can give you my hand. The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms," she inquired.

'I may say, never."

'As you are so easily pleased—here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a check for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in!" she added, producing the check.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a check; I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate, the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This was how a gentleman got his wife when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile, that eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring, which she saw ticketed in a shop window, went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely; I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure will tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said, laying down the money amid blushed. Of course he accepted the money, but, getting her address, he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of shoes.

"I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said:

"A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?"

"Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm soul, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at any rate says that he made her his wife.—*London Rare Bits.*

The Circus Didn't Show.

Texas Sittings.

John P. Smith, the theatrical manager, whose recent benefit at the Star theater was a handsome testimonial to his popularity in New York, tells the following story of two circus advertisers well known in their day, Charley Castle and "Doctor" Jones. These two worthies were advertising a circus in Virginia just after the war.

One day they reached Lexington, Va., where Stonewall Jackson is buried. Their first move was to find the clerk of the corporation and arrange for a license. Southern officials did not look kindly on show people from the north, and they often charged a license that made a showman turn pale. Jones, who was a ready talker, set out to propitiate the clerk.

"A brave fight you made of it," said Jones, after making themselves known.

"We did the best we could," said the clerk, who carried the scars of numerous battles.

"But the valor of the gods themselves," exclaimed Jones, grandiloquently, "backed by the purest and most exalted patriotism, could not have withstood such overwhelming odds as were brought against you. Yet while fearfully scourged by the demons of war, you have the proud satisfaction of knowing that you came out of the sanguinary struggle with honor still bright and untarnished."

"Are you a Southern man, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Yes—no—well, partially. I was born in the southern portion of Philadelphia. I may say that I sympathized strongly with the Southern cause."

"That's what ailed me," chimed in Castle, mentally figuring on the amount of reduction they were likely to get on the license.

"By the way," Jones went on, "near your town, I am told, repose the earthy remains of one of the bravest and most distinguished defenders of the Stars and Bars—noble Stonewall Jackson."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "he is buried in the little graveyard up on the hill yonder."

"The purest man and the greatest soldier that America has ever produced," exclaimed Jones, enthusiastically. "His name engraven on the enduring walls of eternity. His deeds will be recalled by the historian, the orator and the poet when the names of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are lost in oblivion. How far is it up to that cemetery?"

"About three miles."

"Oh, come to business," interrupted Castle, impatiently.

"I can do no business," said Jones in a tone of stern reproof, "until I have first made a pilgrimage to the grave of Stonewall Jackson. Come, Castle, it is a pious duty for us both."

It was a hot day and the roads deep with dust, so Castle did not relish the pilgrimage very much, but circus licenses came high in the South and he was disposed to try the uses of conciliation. Towards the close of the afternoon Castle and Jones might have been seen returning from the cemetery on the hill, dusty and tired, each with a buttonhole bouquet formed of material gathered at the grave of the hero they professed to worship. When they again found the clerk Jones burst forth:

"I have visited the hermitage of Andrew Jackson, I have wandered in groves of Monticello, I have stood by the tomb of the immortal Washinuton himself, but I look upon this as the greatest and most exalted pilgrimage of my life!"

"Yes, sir, and I want to add—"

"Add nothing," broke in Castle, tired of this roundabout way of doing business; "what I want to know is, how much do you charge here for a circus license?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," replied the clerk.

From Castle—"WHAT!"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Why blank blank your blankety blank to blank and blanknation!" yelled Castle fairly dancing with rage; "the war ended too soon. You wasn't licked enough!"

That circus didn't show in Lexington.

There is one crop which never fails. It belongs to the chicken.

The Convention and its Work.

The Convention of Republican Clubs has met, done its work, and gone home, and the results of its labors are before the people of West Virginia. The first thing to be said of this body is, that for intelligence and general character, it has never been excelled by any gathering in this State. It is the common expression of the citizens of Wheeling representing all parties, that the men who came here to this Republican Convention, bore themselves everywhere as gentlemen should. This of course will be very gratifying to the Republicans of the State, whom these men came to Wheeling to represent.

When this club movement was first suggested, there were Republicans, as intelligent and earnest as any others, who doubted the wisdom of such a gathering so early in the year. They argued that it would stir up the Democratic party, increase desperate efforts of the Democratic leaders to keep up the spirit in their followers, and by giving early notice of Republican organization and Republican determination, increase the obstacles in the way to victory.

No man who sat in that Convention, as a delegate or spectator, can now doubt the entire wisdom of the movement which has thus far shown fruit in the organization of this splendid League of working Republicans, the new instrument placed in the hands of the Republican party for the redemption of West Virginia from the rule of the Democracy. We are going to fight this year, we are going to begin early, we are going to keep it up late, and we shall not cease working from now until the close of the polls on the day of the election. This is the spirit which animates the whole body of the Republicans of West Virginia.

Every thinking man in the party realizes that our numbers have become so great, and the dividing line of the majority between the two parties so narrow, that to halt, that to hesitate, to wait to see what the enemy will do, to go about by night with dark lanters, or by day wearing masks, would be precisely the way not to sweep West Virginia over to the Republican side.

The key-note of the Convention was, "We lead, let those follow who can." This is a good motto for all Republicans in this important campaign. Thus inspired, thus determined, thus aggressive, watching closely every point, occupying every possible ground of advantage, the chances are more than even for such a triumph of Republican principles, as shall shatter forever the reign of Democratic rule in West Virginia. Republicans of West Virginia, are you ready for the charge? Forward along the whole line!—*Wheeling Intelligencer*

Service Pension Bill.

The "Servics Pension Bill" now pending in Congress is as follows:

The Secretary of the interior is hereby authorized and directed to place on the pension roll of the United the names of all persons specified in the following section, upon making the proff that that they performed the service specified in said section:

2. That persons entitled as beneficiaries under the preceding section are as follows: Any officer or enlisted man who shall have served in the Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States, including regulars and volunteers, subsequent to the 12th of April, 1861, and prior to the 1st day of July, 1866.

3. That the rate of pension for such service shall be at the rate per month of one cent for each day's service rendered in the said Army, Navy or Marine Corps of the United States.

4. That the period of service shall be computed from the dates of muster in to the United States service to the date of discharge, but no pension shall be granted under this act to or on account of any who deserted prior to July 1, 1865, until he shall have obtained a discharge from the service from which he deserted, and no discharge which was given to any person by reason of re-enlistment as a veteran volunteer, or to enable him to accept a promotion, shall be deemed a discharge from the service within the meaning of the act.

5. That pensions under this act shall be at the rate specified in section 3, and shall be paid to the person entitled thereto for the term of their lives from and after the passage of this bill.

6. This bill is intended as a Service Pension bill, and as an addition to all invalid pensions which have been or may hereafter be granted for disability.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY MOTHER'S SLIPPER.

It's mighty cur'us, so it is, how these here poets try
To bring a sympathetic tear to some poor fel lor's eye,
A-chymin' and a singin' of a mother's love and care,
An' touchin' on her faded gown, or stout, old-fashioned chair,
But none of 'em, I've noticed, an' I've wondered o'er and o'er,
Has sung about the slipper that my good old mother wore.

I recollect as well as if 'twas only yesterday,
When it seemed a dreadful waste o' time to study 'stead o' play
With other little youngsters who were hookin' off from school
An' goin' to the swimmin'-hole, so shady, deep and cool,
An' many a time I'd 've missed my chance, through learnin's heights to soar,
Ef 'twerèn't for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

An' later when the female sex began to interest,
An' other fellows called on gals dressed up in their best,
She knowed that though I couldn't keep myself to save my life,
That like as not I'd undertake supportin' of a wife;
But I waited for maturer years and her whom I adore—
All swivin' to the slipper that my good old mother wore.

She's settin' in her arm-chair now a smilin' all benign,
A-talkin' to our neighbors 'bout that "grown-up son o' mine,"
An' she tells of all the time she felt obliged myself to whale,
To keep me out of prison, or at very least from jail;
An' she allers makes me own that I'd been there long before,
Ef it wasn't for the slipper that my good old mother wore.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A SLIP OF PAPER.

The Part It Played in a Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

"O, dear, I am so tired," murmured Katie Rinway, as she sank into the comfortable car seat. "I don't think I had an idea how tired I was until I gave up," she went on, to herself. "I don't think I could have taught another day. It just makes me sick to think of the number of times I have said one—two—three—four during the last year. Horrid little wretches! I wish I had banged their heads against the wall while I had a chance—but there, I'm growing 'enthusiastic' to say the least," and she checked herself with something between a hysterical sigh and a sob, as she reflected with satisfaction that for six long months she need not count any more.

She had truly come to the end of her tether by the time the sweet, warm June days came round, and her kindly physician had given her the choice between giving up her work now and building up for the future, or continuing a little longer, only to sink into confirmed invalidism, to be a burden to her friends and public charity. Frightened at her own state, and firmly believing the wise words said to her, she had concluded at last to accept an invitation given her long ago to come and spend any length of time with her dear friend Madge Wharton, now Mrs. Jack Wilding. It had been agreed, therefore, that this poor and pretty young woman should go down to Madge's country home and assist her in entertaining her guests.

"For you know, Katie dear," Mrs. Wilding had written, "with my hands full of twins, (and I never neglect my babies, no matter what turns up), and all the company dear Jack does have in the summer, and all the company I have invited myself for a week or two weeks at a time, such an amiable individual as yourself at my finger ends will be an immense help, to say nothing of the relief you'll be. I consider your ill-health my especial blessing, however unpleasant it may be for you."

The result of all this was, Katie had given up her rooms, packed her belongings in her two trunks, sent back the rented piano, and now, as I began to relate, was seated in the cars for Engleside. That wasn't the name of the town, by the way, that was only the name of the country-seat. But it is as good a name as any.

So she settled herself comfortably, and as soon as the conductor had punched her ticket for the third time in fifteen minutes, and she knew that she was to have immunity from his oppressive attentions for a half hour's run, she proceeded to take a nap. Waking up in time for the fourth punch, she found herself much refreshed and prepared to take some notes of things round her for some sketches she meant to make for an obscure daily, to which she contributed at times.

Growing tired of this occupation, she laid her pencil in her lap, and sat idly tapping the floor with her foot, as she gazed dreamily out of the window. Slipping her fingers down the crack at the end of the seat she came in contact with a piece of paper.

As it takes but little to arouse one's curiosity when there is but little of vital interest at hand, she went through some little maneuvering to secure the morsel of paper. On it was the legend: "I would like to become better acquainted." A scornful smile curved her lips as she said to herself, "some fool of a girl or other has been trying to get up a flirtation" (for the writing was evidently feminine) and with contempt in her heart for the woman who could so far forget herself, she threw the paper out of the open window.

Another hour and she was safely ensconced in Madge Wilding's pretty "blue room" of which, no matter what happened or who came, she was to be queen as long as she remained. And to the weary, overtaxed girl, the pretty room, in all its simple elegance, for Madge had too much tact to oppress a poor guest with too much display, was a treat in itself.

"Now, Jack," that small woman was saying as Katie came into the dining-room to dinner, "behold, my prime minister. Bring on your company! Now that I have a right hand man (or woman, rather,) I don't care much what you do."

"All right, Mrs. Madame. If you have reached that reckless state in regard to my actions, I shall immediately go back to six cigars a day."

"No, sir—three. Three is what you are allowed and I shall soon cut you down to two if you don't behave yourself."

"You see, Miss Katie, how I'm abused," sighed the martyred man, as his wife grasped his hair in her small fist. "Once upon a time I was weak enough to promise my wife that in the matter of smoking I would be guided by her, as she got some weird idea, through some old poke of a doctor, that it wasn't good for me. So I promised to try to stop it and being——"

"Being a thoroughly out and out gentleman, he has kept his promise like a man, even though he did make the promise to nobody but his wife," interrupted Madge, softly, the tender light shining in her eyes, proving what a "gentleman" she had always found her liege lord. Jack said "Nonsense!" but the answering light in his face was sweet, indeed, to the wife of five years' standing. This week of quiet was spent by Katie in resting and playing with the twins, while Madge and Jack planned no end of delightful possibilities for the coming four months, at the end of which time it was decided that Katie and the twins were to keep house, while Ma and Pa Wilding went on their annual wedding-trip of a month, a ceremony with which nothing had ever been allowed to interfere.

"Did you know Spencer Sherwood had come back from California?"

"No; are you sure?"

"Well, Ned Herly told me that he saw him yesterday in the town. Shall we have him down for August?"

"Have him down! Well, I should think so. But why not make it July?"

"Can you fit him in? I thought you were full."

"I am, my son, but there are a few things left you to learn, and one is that I can always make room for Spencer Sherwood."

"Even if you have to turn away some one else, I presume."

"Exactly! Even if I have to turn away some one else," replied Madame Madge, serenely.

"Nice thing for a husband to hear. And pray how long has this undying, never-to-be-obliterated-and-all-that-sort of thing affection for Spencer Sherwood been buried in your heart."

"Ever since we made mud pies together and he rescued me from the jaws of an avenging but long suffering calf which I had teased into rebellion."

"My dear, do you mean to assert that that calf would have eaten you up if Spencer Sherwood had not played the part of a devoted knight."

A ringing laugh was Madge's reply.

"Well, no, hardly. But, Jack, it would have knocked me down."

"And if I recollect the circumstance at all, Mrs. Wilding, with all due deference to womanhood even in pinafores, I must say it would have served you most uncommon right," and the gentleman under discussion stepped gaily into the room.

"Hello! old fellow," shouted Jack Wilding.

"It was an awful mean thing, no doubt, to be eavesdropping, but indeed I didn't listen long. I just heard enough to permit me to recognize the calf. That calf had a good many fine points and was likely to be remembered and easily recognized."

"Yes, I remember two especially fine points it had just between its ears," laughed Mrs. Wilding.

"But, bless me! we're so interested in you that we have forgotten to introduce Katie. Miss Rinway—Mr. Sherwood. Now won't we just have a jolly time for the next two or three days before any one else comes," rattled on that talkative little woman, not noticing a very peculiar expression which swept over Sherwood's face as she introduced him to Miss Rinway. Jack noticed it, but the utterly unconscious expression of Katie's face routed the notion that had entered his head that these two had met before.

"I don't think I can stay just now," answered Sherwood, rather confusedly.

"Well, I'd just like to see you go away! Spencer Sherwood; you know perfectly well there isn't one thing to stand in the way of your remaining here for the month of July, and if there is, it shan't stand," spoke up the Brigadier General.

"That settles it, my dear boy! Just give in at once. If you had been married to that young woman for five years, as I have, you would not even have dared to look opposition in the first place."

So Sherwood, with much inward opposition, was induced to remain.

It became evident to all hands, however, that there was something wrong with him in regard to Katie Rinway, and to none was it so apparent as to poor Katie herself.

"Whatever have I done to the man?" asked she of herself. "Nothing! I never saw him before, and yet in these three past days he has managed to impress me most effectually with the fact of his strong disapproval, but as I have never pined for the reverse I don't know as I need care much, though it is somewhat uncomfortable when there are but four of us. And one does not like to be disliked for no cause, even if one doesn't care any thing about it," she added, rather incoherently, it must be confessed.

"It certainly is detestable," Sherwood was saying as she came into the parlor before dinner one evening.

"O, I don't know about its being detestable," answered Jack. "Of course it isn't just the thing, you know, a fellow wouldn't like to see his sister engaged in that kind of thing you know——"

"Or his wife," interpolated Spencer.

"Well I should think not," answered Jack, emphatically, "but I don't think they mean any harm half the time, it is only a little thoughtless fun," he added, charitably. "What do you say, Katie?"

"If I knew what you are talking about, I perhaps would be better able to give an opinion," laughed Katie, little dreaming how much hung upon her reply.

"We were discussing the subject of public flirtations, street flirtations, etc., and Jack, here, feels anxious to know your opinion of any woman who does such things. I confess myself curious to know, also."

There was a certain meaning tone to his voice that made Katie regard him quickly with a vague sense of discomfort, but the expression of his face was inscrutable.

"I agree with Mr. Sherwood, decidedly," she answered, scornfully. "Any woman who could condescend to do such a thing is more than thoughtless."

"Ah, hypocritical as well, eh?" commented Sherwood, mentally.

"Though I do think that some very young girls may be led on to such thing by bad influence, and, as Jack says, the desire for what they falsely call 'fun.'"

"By Jove! she carries it off well," again commented Sherwood, mentally. "Then you think, Miss Rinway, that after a girl is eighteen, she is old enough to know better?" he asked, aloud, in calmly, discursive way, under which lurked the ring of cynicism.

"Most assuredly so," replied Katie, in a tone of such genuine disapprobation that Sherwood was for a moment bewildered.

"Can I be mistaken?" he asked himself. "Isn't she the same girl? She must be, I never could be so mistaken."

Just here dinner was announced, and the subject was dropped. But all through dinner Sherwood was evidently occupied with his own thoughts, which were of a very mixed character, truly.

Dinner over, a sudden resolution seized him. Turning to Katie, he said:

"I am going into the village, will you not walk with me?"

Katie's breath was nearly taken away, but intuition led her to accept. So, off they started, while Jack winked, (yes, I am sorry to record it, but he actually winked) at Madge behind their backs, a performance to which that lady replied with a grimace, which would have sadly distorted most any other face than hers, and a murmured, "Well upon my word! and they fairly seem to detest each other, too."

"All signs fail in dry weather, my dear!" remarked her astute husband.

"I presume you wonder why I asked you to walk to the village this evening, Miss Rinway!" remarked Sherwood, after they had sauntered along in oppressive silence for a quarter of a mile.

"And I presume you wonder why I should have accepted with such alacrity," replied Miss Rinway, question for question. To tell the truth, it had not struck Sherwood in exactly that way, and he found himself a little embarrassed at her direct question in regard to his sentiments on the subject.

"I was very anxious to speak to you about something," he replied, hesitatingly, and very much at a loss for the words which he had thought so ready. "I wanted to talk to you—that's—that's the reason I asked you," he added, lamely.

"O don't mention it," replied Katie, airily, feeling the game in her own hands, and likewise feeling considerable curiosity as to the final result. "I supposed, of course, that there was something important back of this unusual honor," with rather too much emphasis on the word honor to be altogether pleasant.

Spencer was about to make some hot reply, but concluded that discretion was the better part of valor and held his tongue. The more especially as he reflected that he alone had brought it upon himself.

"That conversation, you know, that we had before dinner. You know," he went on.

"Yes?" replied Katie, in that tone of polite inquiry which is so exasperating.

"I didn't see how you could, you know, in the face of the circumstances." He found himself floundering round and gradually sinking, till all this, which he had flattered himself would be so easy, threatened to overwhelm him in disgrace. But it was a very different matter with that girl staring straight at him with those big, clear gray eyes of hers, and he wondered to himself that he had ever imagined he had the requisite courage to attempt it.

"I must say," he broke out, with the courage of desperation, "that you are either an excellent actress or else I am ducedly mistaken.

"Probably both, Mr. Sherwood," responded Katie, serenely.

"But you forget that you have not honored me yet with a very lucid expsition of my fault."

"It's just this. I looked at you this evening as you were talking, and wondered that any woman could be such a hypocrite."

"You are nothing if not charmingly candid, Mr. Sherwood," responed Kittie, flushing and biting her lips with vexation, adding, impatiently, "I do wish to goodness, Mr. Sherwood, you would say out what you mean."

He hesitated, then made a plunge:

"Let me tell you a little story, Miss Rinway. One day I was riding in the cars quite a distance. Sitting in front of me was what I considered a very pleasant-faced young woman. I could see her profile very well, for she kept her face turned towards the window, but I did not think she noticed me, especially; in fact, I did not think she noticed me at all. But after a while she took out her pencil" (here he gazed searchingly at Kittie's face, on which was expressed only curiosity, combined with wonder, as to his motive in telling her all this) "and some paper, and suddenly there fell into my lap a no e——"

"Well?" questioned Kittie, as he paused impressively, as one who has made a hit.

"Upon the slip of paper was written:

"'I would like to become better acquainted.'

"And yet, to-night, you would condemn, utterly and entirely, a girl who would get up a street flirtation."

A look of dawning intelligence, a suffusion of color and then, spite of the discomfort of the situation, a ringing laugh.

"O, Mr. Sherwood! it is too funny! Do let me sit down on this stump and recover. I admit, I do admit, that circumstantial evidence is very strongly against me. But wait a minute. Have you that slip of paper about you?" Sherwood produced it. "Now see here," and she quickly wrote the same sentence upon the back of an envelope "Does my writing look any thing like that?"

Sherwood was forced to admit that there was not the faintest resemblance.

"Then how do you account for it?"

Sherwood was forced again to admit that he couldn't account for it, and, further than that, he began to be aware that he was in a decidedly awkward and uncomfortable position.

"I can only imagine that you are the wrong girl, but the resemblance is marvelous—marvelous."

"It will be still more marvelous when I tell you that I am the same girl, but, that to my knowledge, I never saw you before that day I met you in Madge's dining room."

"Then you never saw that piece of paper before?"

"O, yes, I did."

"Then it was you who threw it to me."

"O, no, I didn't."

"What did you do then?" he asked, helplessly.

Then the whole story came out.

"But," added she, "I do not at all know how it came into your lap, for I threw it out of the window."

"The wind must have carried it out of your window into mine. But, seeing you with your pencil, and suddenly finding myself in possession of a note flung from somewhere in front of me, it was natural for me to think you threw it, wasn't it?" he said, dejectedly and pleadingly.

But Katie resented this inference.

However, they must have fixed it up some way between them, for Katie wears a large diamond which Jack has begged her to cover up with a glove finger, for fear it will strike him blind with its rays.

And Spencer Sherwood has only just gone away (and all that happened two months and a half ago), and Katie has written to her employer that she will not teach any more. So it seems pretty patent that there is a wedding imminent—that is, if there is any thing in "Circumstantial Evidence."—*Mrs. Emma C. Hewitt, in Yankee Blade.*

A Remarkable Texas Plateau.

This celebrated plateau, comprising about ten acres, and rising sixty feet above the surrounding prairie, and ninety feet above the level of the sea, lies six miles northwest of Columbia. It is covered by a fertile soil, with a red clay foundation, resting upon a substratum of shale, which is richly charged with sulphate of iron, magnesia, lime and other salts usually found in mineral waters emerging from slates. This shale, disintegrated in water and steeped, possesses medicinal properties of great value. A yet lower stratum consists of a compact limestone, yielding a good quality of lime. There is but little doubt that the mound is of seismic origin. Deep crevices abound penetrating it would seem, into the very bowels of the earth, as a stone dropped in can be heard striking against the ledges of rock until the reverberations are lost in the mysterious depths below.—*Old Capitol.*

—The man who found "every eye in the audience fastened upon him" must have felt like an optician's advertisement.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ODD EXPRESSIONS.

An Amusing Collection of Verbal Bulls and Blunders.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who paid a call in this country and was about to be introduced to a family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I vould before, if you please, vish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine hair!"

But the various nationalities of the British isles are sometimes not a whit behind in verbal bulls and blunders and in what may generally be described as odd ways of putting things. It is said that when Constable's aunt was dying the good, deaf old lady said: "Anne, if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if any thing can be done for my hearing."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant-maid that she could never be found when required: "She'll gang oot o' the house," said he, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A Welsh landlord who for some time had been annoyed by an obstreperous guest, walked across the room to him and striking the table with his fist, shouted very volubly: "You haf kick up a row all day ere to-night! We was not interfere with you, do we? Efery man here mind his own piziness; yes, by Jink, no."

The beggar was verbally mixed who thus accosted a passer-by: "Sir, would you please give me a little money to buy a bit of bread, for I'm so dreadfully thirsty that I don't know where I am to get a night's lodging?"

The same may be said of a country yokel who went to the menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentleman expressed the opinion that the orange-outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentleman expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! he's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

An amusing announcement was issued by a corn-cutter from Leige: "They extaret the corns vidout the litest pain. Cut nales, deformed vitch spreds in the fleisch—by a new methode vidout pain. They spokes French, Anglish, Italien, Spanitch, Portogeese, Dutch and Garman vid equal fluency and rites dem."

Over a bridge in Georgia is the following: "Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white man, be fined five dollars, and if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer."

In a small town near Avignon the houses in the suburbs became flooded up to the level of the first floor. An enterprising resident distributed among his neighbors the following card: "M. Brochet, professor of swimming, is prepared to give lessons at the pupil's residence," The professor may be said to have taken fortune at the flood.

A shop exhibits a card warning every body against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." We are afraid the shopman does not say quite what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating-house near the docks, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

A boarding-house keeper announces in one of the newspapers that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land. A dealer in cheap shoes was equally ambiguous when he counseled in one of his advertisements: "Ladies wishing these cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long." The same may be said of the following: "This hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

A Scottish blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, replied: "When the party wha listens disna ken what the party wha speaks disna ken what he means himsel'—that's metaphoesics."

Perhaps as odd a way of putting things as any of the foregoing examples was furnished by a little Parisian mendicant, who, following a gentleman, said: "Monsieur, give me just a penny; I'm an orphan by birth." The definition was worth ten centin to her.—*London Spectator.*

Cremate Your Love Letters.

Lovers' letters are usually treasured up as something too precious and sacred to cast into the fire. But into the fire they ought to go, every one of them. They are proverbially sweet, sickening sweet, and silly to every body but the twain interested. They have no earthly value for others. And when true love does not run smooth, as so often happens, and the letters are read in the divorce court, or as the foundation for damages for wasted affections, in what depths of mortified vanity, impotent rage and helpless ridicule are poor lovers plunged. When the adored one writes to his angel, if she be gifted with mortal prudence, and if she really and truly love her Charles she will destroy his letter after reading it twice and kissing it three times. So also will Charles treat the missive of Angelina if he be worldly-wise. But lovers seldom or never are worldly-wise, and behold how the world is continually laughing at their unburned folly.—*Philadelphia Record.*

—It is said that whisky is being made from old rags. Any clothes observer will remember instances where whisky has made rags.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOME SAXON CUSTOMS.

How Our Remote Ancestors Ate, Drank and Transferred Real Estate.

It seems somewhat paradoxical, perhaps, to use the term table manners about a people who had no tables strictly speaking, but a board that, when required, was brought out from its place of storage and placed upon trestles, and on this, after covering with a piece of carpet or tapestry, the meal was placed. From this source comes our word "boarder;" one who sits at our board to eat, but who is not of the family.

The salt-cellar was the most important article upon the table. It was very large, made with a cover and, when the host could afford it, was of solid silver elaborately chased. It occupied the place of honor on the table, and the most distinguished guests sat above it. Thus "to sit below the salt" shows the position of an inferior.

The meats were brought in on spits, just as they were cooked, and in that way passed around by the servants to the guests, who in the more barbarous times tore off a portion as best they could. When they were a little further advanced in civilization there was a carver who held the meat in one hand while he cut with the other. The guests helped themselves, using their hands, throwing the bones and refuse to the dogs and cats, of which there was a goodly number, and which scrambled for their share among the rushes. A few had knives shaped like razors, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended and luxuries began to appear; porcelains and glasses to drink from instead of pewter mugs. In her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance.

At first, two persons ate from one "trencher." These trenchers were nothing more than a huge slice of bread. Two qualities of bread were made; one fine, to be eaten; the other of coarse, inferior flour, which was cut in substantial slices and used as plates. After the meal was ended, if the guest or member of the family was unusually hungry he was at liberty to eat his plate, which was found to be quite palatable in consequence of having soaked up the gravy; if he did not choose to devour it, it was placed in the alms-basket, which was always to be found in the dining hall and into which was gathered the broken food and sent out to the poor, waiting at the gate.

When plates first came into use the rich provided themselves with handsome silver ones, while the poorer classes had to be content with those made of pewter or wood.

Every one had his drinking horn or cup. Usually it was a horn elaborately carved and ornamented with gold and silver and considered a very valuable article among a man's possessions. The drinking horn was often left by will, as in later times people bequeathed snuff boxes and as now they might dispose of a valuable watch or diamond ring.

In the transfer of land, before the custom of witnessing by seal was introduced, the owner gave something in pledge as an assurance or token of the contract, and in such cases it was not uncommon to make use of the drinking horn for this purpose. One family held their estate from Canute by his drinking horn. This was their sole proof. One can get from this fact an idea of the value which was attached to this article of personal property. Probably the expression "taking a horn" could be traced back to the use of this form of drinking utensil, for they were so fashioned, as were the first drinking glasses also, that they could not be placed in an upright position, therefore it became necessary as soon as they were filled to swallow their contents at once. From their propensity to tumble over is said to have come our word "tumbler," as applied to a drinking glass.—*Louise Phillips, in Current.*

MRS. STOWE'S "YARBS."

An Amusing Anecdote of the Authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Mrs. Stowe's daily life is much the same as that of any other old lady of her quiet tastes. She is very fond of taking long walks when the weather is fine in the fields and byways on the outskirts of the city. She wanders around alone and her slight figure is a familiar one to most of the old residents of Hartford. A rather funny incident happened as she was strolling the fields one day last summer picking flowers. On one of the low hills lying in the vicinity of Hartford's famous cemetery has lived for over sixty years a man by the name of Dix. Mr. Dix is now approaching his eightieth year, but is a hearty, well-preserved old gentleman, and is extremely proud of the fact that he is the father of several generations of children and grandchildren. Old Mr. Dix was picking "yarbs," as he calls them, one afternoon in a field near his house. I will let him tell the rest in his own words:

"I was picking some yarbs in the field when all of a suddint I heard some one say: 'Old man, what are you picking them yarbs for?' I looked up, and jist over the stun wall I see the funniest looking little woman I ever laid eyes on, kinder simple looking, too. I told her I was getting the yarbs for rheumatiz. Then she asked me my name. I told her my name, and said I had lived in the little house on the hill for nigh on to sixty years. Then I said:

"'What may your name be, marm?'

"'O,' she said, 'my name is Harriet Beecher Stowe.'

"Wall you could have knocked me down with a feather. I was never more dumfounded in my life. There I'd been taking that woman for er fool."—*Hartford Letter in Brooklyn Eagle.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Venus, the morning star, is brighter than it ever appeared to any man now living, and nearer to the earth than it will be again for 340 years.

—German experiments have shown that cast-iron pillars remain nearly upright and sustain their load in very hot fires, while those of wrought iron bend to such a degree as to be valueless as supporters.

—Cherry tree gum is an exudation from the trees of that name, and occurs in shiny red lumps. With water, in which it is only partially soluble, it forms a thick mucilage. This is not used commercially.

—Electricity on railroads will surely not be long in coming. We are at the eve of greater changes than we have yet seen. The New York street car lines are experimenting with a promise of immediate action. The "Julien system," at present, meets with most favor. In Europe electric lines are a decided success on a small scale.

—An important announcement to chemists is the recent synthesis of glucose, or grape-sugar,, by Drs. Fischer and Tafel, at the University of Wurzburg. A remarkable attribute of the artificial product is that, unlike other sugars of the same composition, it will not rotate a beam of polarized light.

—Since the first appearance of the great red spot on the planet Jupiter some nine years ago, Mr. W. F. Denning, the well-known English astronomer, has made about three hundred observations of the phenomenon. He believes the red spot to be a feature of Jupiter's atmosphere, and not of the surface of the planet.

—It still seems to be an unsettled question whether wood can be ignited by the heat of steam pipe in contact with it. It is admitted, theoretically, that it is impossible for wood to take fire at a temperature of 212 degrees, or somewhat higher; but it is well known that there have been a large number of cases of fire reported as occuring from this cause, and the evidence is very conflicting.

—According to Besnier, leprosy is spreading rapidly. Since the extension of the French colonial possessions, soldiers, sailors, traders and missionaries have fallen victims to it in large numbers. Besnier, therefore, exhorts physicians in all countries to study the fell disease in order to find means of counteracting its ravages, for it has active focuses of infection in every part of the globe.

—An electrical heating stove, invented in France, presents some interesting points of arrangement and operation. In it the conducting wires are led through apertures in plates of refractory clay and plumbago, and in which wire bobbins are placed as part of the electric circuit. To carry out this plan the bobbins are heated by the passage of the current, and in turn heat the air, which is allowed to pass freely through the apparatus.

—Scientists are asked to tell why land that has been densely shaded, or protected from the sun by piles of lumber, brick, wood, stone or any thing else, for a few years, always becomes richer than adjacent land that has not been thus shaded or protected. It is alleged that a great number of facts have been collected showing that there is no doubt of the enrichment of land thus protected from the sun for any considerable period of time, but that no explanation of the phenomenon has yet been reached.

VATICAN ETIQUETTE.

How the Pope Entertains Princes and Other Important Personages.

The etiquette of the Vatican requires that the Pope shall dine alone, and while eating he reads the newspapers. When he wishes to show especial honor to a foreign Prince or to any personage of importance, he invites him to take a cup of coffee with him after the morning mass. On such occasions the guest is expected to attend the first mass and to receive the communion from the Pope's hands. The visitor, however, does not sit at the same table with his Holiness, but a smaller one alongside of him. Among those recently honored in this way were Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, on the occasion of his son's confirmation, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Prince Borghesa, Aldobrandini, Altievi and Pombino, while the same favor is often shown to the Pope's nephews. Cardinal Pecci used to live in the Vatican, and he frequently visited his brother while the latter was eating dinner.

Dinner is served at one o'clock, the usual hour in Rome for that meal. This repast consists of soup, a dish of roast meat and vegetables, fruit and some old Bordeaux wine. No boiled meats or pork in any form or cheese is ever seen on the table.

The meal ended, his Holiness indulges in a nap of an hour's length while seated in a large arm-chair; then, weather permitting, he goes for a walk in the gardens, accompanied by one of his private chamberlains and a Lieutenant of the Papal Guards. His carriage is also in attendance, so that he can ride when overfatigued by walking. His Holiness still considers himself a prisoner, and never leaves the precincts of the Vatican; but the gardens of that palace are very extensive, the main drive measuring quite a mile in length. At one end of the park is a vineyard, cultivated by the children of an agricultural orphanage that was founded by Pius IX., and named after him the Vinga Pia. Leo XIII. often visits the vineyard, and whenever he notices one of the boys doing his work intelligently he stops to have a chat. He takes much interest in agricultural matters, and is well posted in botany.—*Rome Letter.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LOST WORD.

I lost a very little word
  Only the other day;
A very naughty little word
  I had not meant to say.
If only it were really lost,
  I should not mind a bit;
I think I should deserve a prize
  For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find
  Again that little word,
So that no more from any lips
  Could it be ever heard,
I'm sure we all of us should say
  That it was some thing fine
With such completeness to have lost
  That naughty word of mine.

But then it really wasn't lost
  When from my lips it flew;
My little brother picked it up,
  And now he says it, too.
Mamma said that the worst would be
  I could not get it back;
But the worst of it now seems to me
  I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad, papa looks grieved;
  Johnny has said it twice;
Of course it is no use for me
  To tell him it's not nice,
When you lose other things, they're lost;
  But lose a naughty word,
And for every time 'twas heard before
  Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost!
  O, then I should be glad
I let it fall so carelessly
  The day that I got mad.
Lose other things, you never seem
  To come upon their track;
But lose a naughty little word,
  It's always coming back.
—*Alice Wellington Rollins, in Wide Awake.*

A SERMON FOR BOYS.

In-Door and Out-Door Work and Recreation—The Boys Who Prove the Winners in the Contests of Manhood—A Doctor's Views.

One morning, some years ago, I walked with Dr. Phillips Brooks from the play-ground of St. Paul's school to the chapel, where I heard him preach, to the boys, a great sermon, seventeen minutes long.

The text was: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The man who is not at times a boy is not much of a man. As for my preacher friend he has always hovered on the verge of boyhood, and his sermon showed how friendly to boys his large inclusiveness enabled him to be. He said that all relations in life are like tax-gatherers, and should have their dues. A boy, he said, has duties to God, to his country, to his school, to himself.

The thought of a boy's duties to himself brought back to memory the text which is strong enough to be the seed of many sermons of many kinds.

The duties now referred to are not such as the preacher meant, or not altogether these. I am speaking now as a doctor, to boys old enough to think, and shall leave to others to say how much boys should study; nor shall I, least of all men, advise them against hard, mental work in youth, because I think that a regular, steady use of the brain makes all the mental labor of manhood more easy.

But this conviction is not inconsistent with a hearty appreciation of a scrimmage at foot-ball, nor with that sturdy feeling of the boys, that the games which are without risks are poor things. For they are deficient in the qualities which make boyhood games useful for training youth in courage, self-control, discipline, calmness and general suppression of emotion, and that it is this training which gives value to cricket, base-ball and foot-ball.

In spite of games, gymnasiums and the increased knowledge which the men of this generation have of the laws of health, one still sees many sick young folks. Some of the ills to be observed are incidents of life, some are its accidents, and come down from the sins or follies of grandparents; but, many are due to causes which sadden us to think about, and cause one to long for more city play-grounds, and to wish to make wood-Arabs for a summer month of some of these little fellows deprived of the rights of childhood.

In the richer classes of life, where the chances for health are better, they are lessened too often, because boys are stupid and do not enjoy fitly the noble citizenship of boyhood, or because parents are inert, or lack insight. It is mostly among this class, the easy class, that we see the weakly boys, tallow-colored and sluggish, who struggle along and are more and more damaged because they do not like sports or dread to compete with their fearless comrades. Every school-boy knows all the varieties of this kind; the weakling who reads and reads, good books or poor, but does nothing else; the fellow who studies, and finds no time for play; the merely accumulative boy who collects, but has no joy in the search.

Last week I asked a pasty-faced lad what game he liked best. He said: "Collecting postage-stamps." Then he volunteered the remark that his bro her had a splendid collection of eggs, but that these were all bought from other boys. He had never found an egg for himself.

The boy who collected postage-stamps had dyspepsia, and it was said that he liked to play croquet. These are the business boys. If I live until that fellow is fifty years, which is improbable, he will come to me with a large liver, having cleverly become rich, and, in getting money, forgotten its uses.

The out-of-door boys do not greatly enrich the doctor, and escape many of the ills which beset the lazy. It is odd how rare are certain disorders among boys in the country, where fellows must be out-of-doors so much. Every spring I have a good crop of young patients, flabby lads, with mushy muscles, who twitch and squirm and drop things and wink at you wildly and are getting St Vitus' dance. It is apt to be an in-door boy who falls a prey to this saint, and the country lad seldom gets into his clutches.

There is another kind of boy who should live out-of-doors. He is the timid, emotional, merely nervous boy, apt to be labeled "girl-boy." Fine temperaments fall to these lads often, and none are more easily misunderstood. The fellow will not fight; all risks appal him. If in the water, he likes to feel bottom. He has a good chance of going to pieces early; but if he lives he comes to something, and only needed kindly help to have given him in youth the sturdiness he misses so much in later life.

I will recall two such fellows. We used to try to make them fight one another. It was like a battle between two doves. One grew to be a gallant Major-General in our great war, and the other became a resolute and fearless guerilla soldier in the wildest fighting on the Kansas line in that great strife.

What did Wordsworth mean about the child being the "father of the man?" Character is often a question of health. Out-of-doors is a great steadier of nerves, and these lads should get it early and in large doses. If wars were fought in-doors, everybody would run away at once.

I rode once through the Yellowstone and across Montana in days when Sitting Bull was a name of fear, and the common, daily risks of travel were serious enough. A bad ford was our first experience, and my saddle turned an hour later on a rocky path in a canyon eight hundred feet deep. I decline to say how scared I was; but a week later we were all of us more or less indifferent to danger. It was worth while to go into the woods once a year to get made over again in this fashion, and "kind of feel yourself persimmoned up a bit," as my guide Dan Harington used to say, when we floated together down the swift Allegash.

Among the indoor boys are often good scholars, who lead their classes, and at college take honors, and then some fine day merely stop living for want of good stomachs or sound hearts. It seems as if some of them were wound up to run just so long and no longer.

But suppose that they go through, and come to the bar, or get to the nobler position of physician, and are looked to as the successes of the future. Then something happens, and the man ceases to live. Meanwhile some young scamp who spent his youth in the manufacture of legs, and took honors at base-ball, picks up the peach the other fellow let fall, and goes on comfortably munching it, with health for a partner, having illustrated the fact that life is essential to success.

What I want to say to the boy who merely studies or reads, and does not also play, is that plenty of men win in life who never did much with their heads in youth; but, that, as a rule, the great winners in the contest of manhood must have healthy bodies, and that youth is the season for play.

Very often it is not the boy's fault that he has no out-door life and no taste for it. The father, a lucky merchant or manufacturer, proud of a clever lad, sets him to work early, and sees with joy his eager ambition. College life the father looks upon as time lost, as four years given to games and the learning of what makes no man materially richer. At last, years after, the lad grown old, and broken in the dull monotony of successful trade, comes to me or to some one and says: "I am rich, I am wretched, what shall I do?"

I answer: "Go and shoot ducks, lure trout, kill salmon, ride a horse." He has neither vigor nor enterprise to do any of these things. As to travel and pictures, books and music, he lacketh custom of liking. He has been forty years in trade-prison, and being driven out of a sudden, knows not what to do. The gentle art of being pleasantly idle, he can never know. I have not yet learned what to say to that man.—*S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., in Youth's Companion.*

A Good Motto.

The first experience of a millionaire merchant in Philadelphia on his arrival in this country aptly illustrates what push can accomplish. When he stepped ashore from the sailing vessel, he said: 'I was without money or friends. I spoke to a man on the wharf, and asked him what to do. He replied: 'Work, young man. Have you any motto?' 'No,' I said. 'What do you mean?' He said: 'Every man must have a motto. Now think of one. Go out and hunt for work.

"I started thinking of a motto. As I walked along the street I saw painted on a door the word 'Push.' I said: 'That shall be my motto.' I did push at the door, and entered an office. I was asked what I wanted. I said: 'Work; and the word on your door gave me not only a motto, but confidence.'

"My manner pleased the man. He asked me many questions, all of which were answered promptly. He said at last: 'I want a boy of 'push,' and as you have adopted that for your motto, I will try you.'

"He did. My success followed, and the motto that made my fortune will make that of others."

The word is old, short and crisp, but it expresses every thing, and has carved out fortune and fame for hundreds of thousands of poor and obscure boys.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

—Prof. Van Benschoten, of Wesleyan University, owns one of the rarest gems in Greek pottery in existence. It is an Athenian vase which was made 1000 B. C.

Energy and Pluck.

Who of us is not aroused to sympathy when we see a child deprived of any of its powers? But a boy in Maine has taught us that pluck, energy and perseverance will enable even one whose physical powers are limited to accomplish a man's part in the world. A boy living on his father's farm near Troy, Me., was sick and lame, and it was considered that he could be of no use on the farm. One day he saw a sheep buyer pay his father three dollars for lambs. The boy made up his mind that he could buy lambs for two dollars and a half. He borrowed one hundred dollars of his father and started off on foot, buying lambs throughout the entire region. In five months he cleared five hundred dollars, and to-day I. C. Libby is known as "The Maine Cattle King."—*Christian Union.*

—A Cincinnati elevator stuck midway between the first and second floors and wouldn't move either up or down. Experts were sent for, and after a long search they found a huge gar fish wedged so firmly into one of the valves of the hydraulic pipes that it was no easy matter to pull it out.

That Celebrated "Cook Book."

A choice selection of valuable recipes, with much other useful information pertaining to the culinary art, including many formulas contributed by noted cooks and caterers has been issued by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

An elegant volume of 126 pages in illustrated cover, one department (105 pages) being devoted to the cooking of meats, fish, game, oysters, entrees, vegetables, baking, frying, roasting, etc., another to medical prescriptions and a chapter to laundry work. Housekeepers are delighted with it and find it indispensable for frequent household reference. Copies sent at ten cents each (for postage) to any applicant. Address E. A. HOLBROOK, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

CRIMINALS and old books are bound over, but mummies never.

A Secret

of good health is found in the regular movement of the bowels and perfect action of the Liver. These organs were intended by nature to remove from the system all impurities. If you are constipated, you offer a "standing invitation" to a whole family of diseases and irregularities which will surely be "accepted," and you will have guests unwelcome and determined. All these unhappy conditions may be averted by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Powerful for the effectual regulation of the bowels and Liver, establishing a healthy action of the entire wonderful organism with which we are created.

IT never reduces the size of a claim against the Government to file it.—*Puck.*

Honey-moon.

"Say, Perkins, old boy, why don't we see you at the club any more? Has your mother-in-law shut down on you?" "No, Brown; the fact of the matter is, my home is so happy now that there is no inducement for me to leave it. You look incredulous, but it's a positive fact. You see, my wife used to suffer so much from functional derangements common to her sex, that her spirits and her temper were greatly affected. It was not her fault, of course, but it made home unpleasant all the same. But now, since she has begun to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, she has been so well and so happy that we are having our honey moon all over again."

THE defendant in a murder case often hangs upon the judge's words.

A SLIGHT COLD, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

ALL stir and bustle—the sewing society at tea.

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHEN a widow is left "all for lawn," she comes naturally by her weeds.—*Life.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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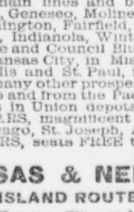
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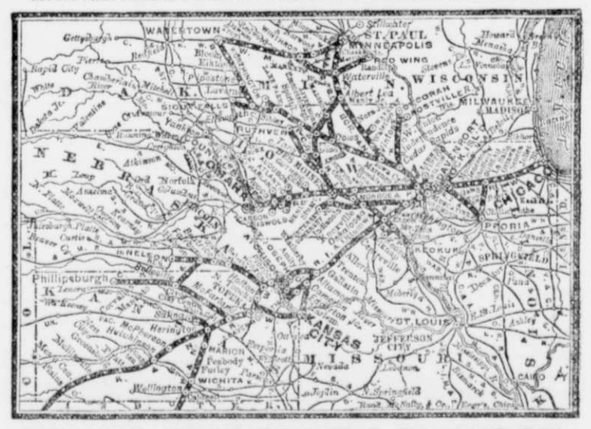
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SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1888.

A cyclone struck Mount Vernon, Ill., Sunday and nearly destroyed the town. Twenty-seven dead bodies have been taken from the ruins and two hundred and fifty are injured and missing.

We invite all honest temperance people to give a careful perusal to the speech of Dr. H. K. Carroll, editor of the New York *Independent*, which we reprint in another column, Every fair minded man must admit the force of the arguments which Dr. Carroll makes against the methods of the third party.

The anti-saloon Republican national committee has issued a call for a national conference to be held in New York on April 18 and 19 next. Its purpose is stated to be, "to assure and signalize the complete withdrawal of the national Republican party from all complicity with the saloon infamy, and to emphasize its positive antagonism thereto."

The following letter from "Cumming Nye," in the New York *Tribune* of February 7, contains so much graphic history in a short space that we herewith give it in full:

If Mr. Cleveland had ever read the history of the United States, he would probably not have written such a message as that which he laid before congress last fall. From the day that he entered upon the office of president, it was perfectly evident that his one controlling purpose in all that he did was to get himself nominated and elected for a second term. The peculiar composition of his cabinet announced this policy, which up to the time of the message of December, 1887, was followed steadily and unflinchingly. The message marks a point at which he was compelled to make a choice and take one of two risks, and apparently his ignorance of American history has led him to choose the greater risk.

For half a century no presidential nominee of the Democratic party, whether elected or not, has been renominated, and the last one to be renominated (Martin Van Buren, in 1840) was defeated by the same opponent whom he had defeated four years previously. The reason is that they have all, or nearly all, been made scapegoats. And this applies not only to those who were elected as Democrats, but also to three that were elected vice-president by the other party but on succeeding to the presidency practically went over to the Democracy. In every case they have been used to further the purposes of the extremists in the party, and the party has then thrown them overboard to escape the popular odium of their acts. James K. Polk, who was president during the Mexican war, which was brought on by the extremist of his party for the purpose of extending slavery territory, was one of the youngest of our presidents, and had done everything that his party required him to do, but he was not renominated. Millard Filmore, who went over to the Democrats and signed the fugivitive slave law in 1850, did not receive their nomination in 1852. Franklin Pierce, who used all the power of the general government to crowd free labor out of Kansas, in obedience to the Democratic demand for still more slave territory, was not renominated. His successor, James Buchanan, who continued his Kansas policy and vetoed the homestead bill when northern Democratic congressmen no longer dared to vote against it, was not renominated, though no candidate had ever so thoroughly identified himself with the platform of his party. Andrew Johnson, originally a Democrat, had not been president very long when he returned to that party and did all that he possibly could for it, obstinately opposing congress to the last. But the Democratic convention of 1868 did not nominate him for re-election.

In each of these cases the man was used by the extremists of the party, and when he had done their work he was cast over that the party might escape the loss of votes that would result if it tried to carry him. The present extremists of the Democratic party are the free traders, who constitute its most aggressive element and they appear to have put Mr. Cleveland to the old familiar scapegoat use. What a pity that he had never acquired enough of the reading habit to enable him to find out what became of his predecessors!

THIRD-PARTYISM.

Its Bearing Upon the Cause of Temperance Reform.

Under the auspices of the Prohibition party a discussion of the subject whether temperance reform requires a national prohibition party was held in the Brooklyn academy of music on Thursday evening, February 2. The chosen advocate of the Prohibitionists was Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, lately their candidate for governor of New Jersey. The other side of the question was supported by Dr. H. K. Carroll, of the *Independent*. After referring to the magnitude of the task of overthrowing the saloon, he said:

But, gentlemen of the Prohibition party, you have not hesitated to plan for yourselves additional or preliminary tasks which to everybody but you, must seem hopeless—I mean the destruction, practically, of the two old parties. You cannot grapple with the saloon until you have political power; you cannot have political power until you can wrest it from the old parties. To be the first, instead of the third party, you must practically destroy the Republican party in the north and the Democratic party of the south. [Applause.] Let me remind you that old-established parties, like the Democratic and Republican, are not often or easily killed, You all remember at the close of the civil war the feeling was quite general that the Democratic party had reached the end of its history. It had espoused the cause of slavery, it had waged a bitter and bloody war against the Union and the constitution; and, when the rebellion was put down, men said that the Democratic party fell with the confederacy, and that its name and organization and principles must never be resurrected. That was less than twenty-five years ago. Where is that party to-day—lost in the history of the fast-moldering past? Nay; but in the full vigor of life and power, holding the reins of the national government. If slavery and treason and rebellion will not kill a party, what have you, gentlemen, that is more effectual? [Applause.]

But you say the Republican party is doomed, also. The grand old party must go. It has done glorious things; its record is without taint of treason; it saved the country; it broke forever the bonds of the slave; it restored the Union; it brought back peace and prosperity to our distracted nation; it is the party of Lincoln and Summer and Grant and Garfield. [Applause.] Do you think that if wickedness could not kill the Democratic, virtue will make the Republican party an easy prey? [Applause.]

You expect to succeed by detaching the better element from these old parties and attaching it to your own. You must wreck and rob these old parties, so to speak, in order to equip your own. You assume that it will never occur to the veterans who man the old ship to protect themselves from the attacks of your little canoe. It does not seem to occur to you that the Republican party in the north may be wise enough and strong enough to circumvent your plans and resist your attacks. It does not seem to occur to you that both of these old parties must be credited at least with the instinct of self-preservation. And is it not perfectly plain that, possessing this instinct, which belongs to everything that has life. both the old parties will know how to protect themselves when the danger becomes manifest.

The temperance movement was not born with your organization. There was prohibition in force before you named your first presidential candidate; and all the recent magnificent advance in temperance legislation was not only not due to your influence; it was, in some cases, despite your influence. What reasonable prospect have you that you will come into political power by fighting and destroying the old parties? Not the slightest. [Applause.]

But you say you have a strong hope grounded in the history of political anti-slavery; and that as slavery was abolished by a special party, growing out of the little Liberty of 1840 to the mighty Republican party of 1860, so prohibition will triumph by your party. But, unfortunately for you, the analogy breaks down at the citical points. Neither of the two political parties of those days was willing to do anything to oppose or restrict slavery. In no state did either the Whig or Democratic party make any attempt to abolish slavery. The relation of the old parties to prohibition is as different as possible. There is hardly a state, north or south, in which the one or the other of the old parties has not adopted restrictive or prohibitory legislation. They are giving us such legislation constantly. What the old anti-slavery heroes wanted was restriction or abolition, not party triumph. You are not satisfied to get prohibition; you want your partisan organization and the triumph of your party.

In the second place, you make your own success impossible by dividing and antagonizing the friends of temperance. It is just as bad generalship in politics as in war to divide and distract your own forces. Your movement creates three distinct camps, while there is only one of the enemy. There are Republican Prohibitionists, Democratic Prohibitionists and Prohibition Prohibitionists. And, gentlemen, of these three divisions of Prohibitionists yours is the smallest, most decidedly. This is easily demonstrated. In Massachusetts the total vote in cities and towns against license was, in 1886, about 102,000. The third party for governor the same year was only 8,251. The vote for prohibition in Michigan last year was 178,000. The vote for the third party candidate for the supreme court was only 18,530. In Texas, the vote for the Prohibition amendment last year was 129,273. The year before the third party vote for governor was 19,186. In Georgia 112 of the 137 counties have adopted prohibition. In the same state the third party presidential candidate got 168 votes, a little more than one for each county. The election returns abound in illustrations like these.

Your Prohibition party does not draw the Prohibition voters, either in the north or the south. And the reason is in the plain sight of everybody. It is because your policy antagonizes them. You run your candidates against their candidates; you do what you can to defeat their candidates and elect the candidates—often rum candidates—of the other party; you harass, worry and annoy them, and tell them, as you did in New Jersey, that they are "accessory to the liquor crime and equally guilty with the man who carries on the traffic," You do all this and rouse their political pasion, and then expect them to break their party ties and kneel as penitent converts at your political shrine. And you are so earnest in this warfare against the Republican party in particular that you seem almost to forget that your sole aim is not to wreck parties, but to establish prohibition. In 1886 you waged a hot campaign in New Jersey. In Morris county the Republicans nominated for the senate a man who had made a record as a Prohibitionist in the assembly. The Democrats nominated a man that was known to be for rum, and you nominated a man. Early in the campaign a letter was sent to every saloonkeeper in Morris county by Gottlieb Kruger, the Newark brewer, telling them that the Republican candidate was a dangerous man, an avowed Prohibitionist, and urging them to do all in their power to defeat him. Did the third party say, here is the man for us, the man whom the saloons fear and propose to cut down? Did they say that? Nothing of the sort. They kept their own man in the field. Nor was this all. In the town of Randolph there were more than a score of third party tickets voted with the name of the third party candidate erased, and that of the Democratic candidate inserted. I immediately challenged the correctness of this statement, but got no denial. On the contrary, I was assured that the same thing was done in other parts of the state. Is it any wonder that such incidents as this should drive some men to the conclusion that the third party is not first, last, and all the time for prohibition?

In the third place, your temperance platform is too narrow for a National party, or even a sectional party. [Applause.] Your "bed is shorter than that a man may stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." If the fearful power of the saloon is to be broken, we must begin at once and with whatever means we can command. If state prohibition is impossible for the present, then local option may be used. If local option is also out of reach, then such restrictive measures as are possible should be applied. I have no sympathy with the sentiment that cares not whether the saloons in a community be few or many. Every saloon is a school of vice and a center of bad influences. The reason which leads us to multiply public schools should lead us to reduce public saloons. [Applause.] But your platform, gentlemen, calls only for state or federal prohibition. You must wait everywhere until the sentiment will support that before you can apply any legal remedy. Your influence as a party is really against all other methods. It is only tolerance at best, not active favor, which the Prohibition party gives to any legal method of fighting the saloon, except state or federal prohibition. And so, gentlemen, you propose to build a great National party on this narrow platform; to leap direct to state prohibition without any intermediate steps! The same sort of wisdom would lead you, if you were half a mile from a ditch you wanted to jump, not to take the trouble to walk the half and then jump, but to jump the half mile and ditch, too with such a leap as the world never saw—and never will see. [Applause.] Political parties are not built up in any such way,

In the fourth place, temperance reform is going on bravely without your help. Your party has fought four presidential campaigns, and you have run full tickets in many of the states for several years. How many congressmen have you elected? Not one. How many governors? Not one. How many members of state legislatures? I find seven credited to you in 1886, one of whom was elected by Democratic votes and two by Republican. You still have seven one each in four states, and three in Kentucky. It is rather mean, I know, to taunt you with questions as to what these seven legislators have done but I think the questions are pertinent. What legislation have they devised and placed on the statue books? Where are the breweries and the distilleries and saloons they have closed? What have you to your credit? You have not passed a single law, nor closed a single brewery or distillery or saloon: and you cannot possibly say that you ever will be able to pass a law or close a saloon. Who passed all the hygiene laws in the State and in Congress? Who passed all the local option laws by which hundreds of counties north and south have been freed from the saloon? Who submitted the amendments in Oregon, Michigan, Tennessee, Texas, Rhode Island? To what political organization is due the magnificent advance in the past few years in temperance legislation? Not to you, gentlemen of the Prohibition party. You, as a party, have had no greater part in all this glorious work than a fly on the spoke of a wheel has in moving the carriage. [Applause.]

Does temperance reform require the Prohibition party? Well, I should say not.

Temperance reform requires legislation. The Prohibition party has no political power and cannot, therefore, provide legislation.

Temperance reform requires legislation now. There is no prospect that the Prohibition party will ever be in a position to furnish it.

Temperance reform suceeeds best on a non-partisan basis. The Prohibiton party insists on a partisan basis.

Temperance reform requires all measures and all weapons to fight the saloon, The Prohibition party discards all these save one.

Temperance reform requires unity. The Prohibition party creates division.

Temperance reform proposes a steady advance all along the line. The Prohibition party requires it to wait while the party begins to prepare to get ready. [Applause.]

No; temperance reform does not require the Prohidition party any more than a wagon going up hill requires a brake. It does not require a distinct National party. The fight must be in the states, and when the states or a majority of them are right, Congress will be right, and will give us all needful legislation. Temperance reform, gentlemen, does not need your party but it needs you. I have not attacked you as individual members, but your party as a party. Temperance reform needs your earnestness, your courage, your enthusiasm. It needs your energies and the energies of your magnificent leader, Gen, Fisk. [Applause.] I do not plead for the Republican party or Democratic party, but for temperance reform—practical, common sense temperance reform. I do not say that the continuance of the Prohibition party is a crime. I say it is worse than a crime—it is a blunder! [Loud applause.]

The Sunday Cyclone.

MT. VERNON, ILL., Feb. 20.—The cyclone that visited this city yesterday afternoon at five o'clock destroyed nearly three hundred residences and places of business and unhoused from twelve to fifteen hundred people.

In the fall of the walls many persons were buried under the debris and thirty-five were killed, while twice as many more were injured, eight or ten so seriously that their recovery is despaired of.

Preceding the destructive wind was a heavy fall of rain for half an hour, which drove all the inhabitants to shelter. This was followed by a slight hail storm, accompanied by lightning, and the furious blow which formed into the funnel-shaped cyclone, struck the northwestern portion of the city, unroofing everything in its patch, taking a diagonal course through the business part of the city unroofing and dismantling the Supreme Court building, near the Louisville & Nashville depot, and skipping along to the Methodist and Baptist churches, caving them into worthless masses. What was left of the Supreme Court building was turned into a morgue.

STORIES OF EYE WITNESSES.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 21.—Conductor Reardon, of the Louisville and Nashville train which was caught in the Mount Vernon cyclone, tells the following story:

"It was all over in a minute. The thing that most impressed me was the destruction of the county court house, a magnificent three-story brick building. The court house stood in a prominent place and could easily be seen almost from the tower to the ground. It looked to me as though the huge pile of brick and mortar had been struck by a gigantic batteriug ram, or, if you please, by a big club in the hands of a power strong enough to knock it down at a single blow. It seemed to collapse all at once, spread out, crushed and buried the buildings surrounding it," Marcus Aarons, a Philadelphia drummer, who was a passenger on the train says:

"It was a terrible calamity. I never witnessed anything so frightful in my life. On reaching the Mount Vernon station it began to thunder and lighting. Presently it began to rain and hail, driving every one to shelter. Just about this time, a portentous black cloud, funnel-shaped was seen over our heads. Some of the people knew in a moment what was coming, and began to cry out words of warning. The cloud burst in a minute after forming. It came with the roar and crash of a mighty battle. Houses of all kinds went down like wheat before the flail. Men, women and children ran hither and thither, screaming and praying in their peril and fright. The county court house was utterly wrecked and a three story mill was blown across the track just behind us. Our train was lying in the track of the cyclone, and it was taken at a flying rate down the track. The engineer could not control the train, and fortunately for us the brakes were not on. Trees were uprooted and the cars lifted cleanly off their wheels. The passage of the cyclone must have occupied at least two minutes. I think that fully half the town was totally wrecked, and, to add to the horror of the wind, many fires broke out among the ruins. From the train we could see the smoke and flames rising from a dozen different houses. Our train did not wait long enough for us to learn the accurate loss of life and property, but the devastation was terrible. A strange thing was that three minutes after the cyclone the sun was shining brightly and serenely on the scene of desolation."

J. W. Wallace, agent of the Southern express at Shelbyville, Tenn., also a passenger, described it thus: "I beheld a fearfully black cloud coming from the Northwest. It was in the shape of a large inverted cone, and it could be plainly seen to be revolving around an imaginary axis, and at the same time to be bouncing up and down through the air with wonderful and frightful speed."

Miraculous Cures.

CHAMBERSBURG, Feb. 20.—Mrs Maria B. Woodworth, the trance evangelist, who has gained such a reputation by the wonderful cures she has performed, has been in this place for the past two weeks and numbers her miracles by the scores. Until last Tuesday evening she held her meetings in the United Brethren Church, but this building, although a large one, would not hold half the crowd, so she changed to the rink which has a seating capacity of 2,500 and it has been crowded every evening since she has been there. The interest in Mrs, Woodworth is not confined to the town alone, but people from miles in the country flock to hear her, and it has been found necessary to charge an admission fee to keep the crowd within limits.

The exercises are opened with a service of song, which is conducted by three young women, who assist the evangelist in her work. After the singing Mrs. Woodworth preaches for about thirty minutes, walking up and down the platform, hugging a large Bible to her bosom and occasionally smacking her hands together and using more or less excited and unique gestures, The moment she sits down the young women vociferously begin to sing, and while this is going on Mrs. Woodworth performs her miracles and cures and goes into trances.

One of the greatest cures she had effected here was upon Ex Sheriff Josiah Flitcher, one of the most prominent men of the county, for a year a helpless paralytic; another is Mrs. John Lochbaum, for as long a time helpless with rheumatism. Mrs. William Myers, believed to have consumption, seems to have been cured.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 20th, 1888.—The battle has begun. The first gun was fired by Mr. Blaine when he wrote to Chairman Jones of the Republican National Committee, announcing that his name would not be presented to the Republican Nominating Convention. The gun was loaded with a dynamite shell, which exploded when the letter was published, and although it was a week ago, the reverberation may still be heard and the echoes will be heard for months to come from all sections, The first question asked was, what will be the result of the letter? The answer depended entirely on whom you asked. If opposed to Blaine it would be emphatically insisted that the letter had completely removed Mr. Blaine from the field, but if you asked a Blaine man, he would promptly reply that the letter had insured the nomination of Blaine by acclamation, that his friends did not propose to allow him to have any say whatever in the matter. They are going right ahead to nominate and elect him President, as a small compensation for his accidental defeat in 1884.

So there you are. These two classes represent the opinions of all Republicans. You can take your choice. But it is only fair to say that the proportion of opponents to Blaine compared with his supporters is only about one to ten,

One direct result of the Blaine letter is to show how much really good Presidential material the Republican party contains. There are Allison, Sherman, Sheridan, Cullom, Ingalls, Edmunds, Hawley, Harrison, Gresham, Hiscock, Evarts, Frye, and others yet. Is it not an imposing array of brains and ability? Not a man in the list that would not make a good President. Compare that showing with the Democratic list. They have only two, Cleveland and Hill, both from the same State.

The House has instructed the Committee on Manufactures to report on Mr. Millikins resolution, directing the Secretary of the Treasury to investigate the sugar trust in New York, on Friday next. A lively fight is expected over this matter.

It seems as if the average Democratic Congressman is always ready to vote against any legislation that is likely to improve the moral condition of the country. An instance of this was given by the adverse report made on the bill to prohibit the circulation through the mails of newspapers containing lottery advertisements, by a sub-committee of the House Postoffice Committee, composed of two Democrats and one Republican. The latter voted for a favorable report on the bill.

Having passed the Senate, the Blair Educational bill is now before the House, where its fate is enveloped in much doubt.

The Administration merry-go-round starts out to-morrow on a weeks' hunt for Southern Cleveland delegates to the Democratic Nominating Convention, The pary will consist of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, Secretary and Mrs. Whitney, Col, and Mrs. Lamont. The special train is kindly donated by the railroad, but owing to the absence of the palace car with plate glass sines, which was used on the Western trip last fall, the loungers around the way stations will not see so much of the occupants as did their Western fellow citizens. The enthusiasm which this trip is depended upon to arouse, is expected to carry Cleveland along with a rush until enough delegates are secured to make his nomination certain, an expectation that all good Republicans hope will be realized. It would take away half of the pleasure of defeating the Democrats this year if Cleveland should fail to get the nomination.

Saturday was given up by the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia to a hearing on the Platt bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in this District. There was quite a crowd present, mostly ladies, and the hearing of the same old arguments on both sides of the question had grown somewhat monotonous when the slender figure of Dr. Mary Walker arose from a back seat. With silk hat in hand she made her way through the crowd to the front of the table around which the committee sat, and asked for five minutes time. She started out by saying she was opposed to the bill. This created great surprise among the lady prohibitionists present, as many of them remembered that many years ago the doctor had asked Congress to pass a law almost identical with this bill, She said her reason for opposing the bill was that such a law could not be enforced. She said Congress might as well attempt to pass a bill forbidding women wearing hoops, busties, corsets, and trains, or to compel them to dress like Dr. Mary Walker. She concluded her remarks by saying that tobacco was more injurious to the human race than alcohol. The ladies, who do not affiliate with Dr. Mary of late, did not relish the episode.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Don't fail to go to S. P. Spechi's and see his new stock of goods.

—The last auction at Shartzer's store Saturday, Feb. 25. Will sell all kinds of goods.

—Mr. G. W. Delawder has been re-appointed as State Fish Commissioner.

—Squire Gonder returned from his visit to Washington and Baltimore Tuesday.

—A six months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. King, of Oakland, died Wednesday morning.

—Died, Feb. 10th, 1888, at her home, Compton's Mills, Mrs. Samuel Compton, aged 58 years, 7 months and 17 days.

—Died, Feb. 6th, 1888, at the residence of James Maust, near Salisbury, Pa., Mrs. Nancy, wife of Henry Glotfelty, aged 79 years, 2 months and 6 days.

—S. P. Spect has just received and opened up the finest and best assorted line of dry goods ever brought to McHenry. Call and examine goods and prices.

—Exhibition at Fort Pendleton school house, on Friday night, March 2d, at 7:30 P. M. All are cordially invited. A good time anticipated. J. G. Nine, E. C. Harvey, R. L. Cornwell, Committee.

—Died, suddenly, of heart disease, near Friendsville, Garrett county, Sunday last, Mary, wife of Mr. Jesse Friend, aged about 21 years, leaving three small children. Funeral on Tuesday. Sermon by Rev. A. S. Arnett.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

The Last Chance For Cheap Goods.

John Shartzer will have his last auction Saturday, Feb. 25. This will be the biggest chance for bargains, as everything must be sold.

Card of Thanks.

Please allow us, through the columns of your paper, to return our sincere thanks to our friends and neighbors for the kindness bestowed upon us in our late sad bereavement.

C. & L. WAMSLEY.

G. A. R.

Frank Thomas Post No. 30, G. A. R., will meet at Wheeler's store, Altamont, Md., Saturday evening March 3d, and every alternate Saturday evening thereafter. Old Soldiers and sailors are solicited to join our ranks.

The Bank.

The establishment of a bank in Oakland is an assured fact. Mr. D. E. Offutt will most likely be president, and Mr. Scott Jones, son of Ex-Senator J. P. Jones, of Terra Alta, W. Va., cashier. Mr. Jones has had several years' experience in the banking business.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

All taxes not paid on or before March 20th, 1888, will, without further notice, be collected according to law. I have authorized the following named persons to collect and receipt for me:

Townshend & Son, Oakland.
J. E. Gnagey, Accident.
Jonas Frazee, Selbysport.
A. L. Gnagey, Grantsville.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
2 25 4t. Collector.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to John Shartzer are hereby notified to call and settle by cash, note or produce, on or before March 1st, 1888, as all open accounts after that day will be put in shape of judgments. This may seem somewhat harsh, but remember an open account will be of no good to me after I go West. Everybody is able to give their note. No produce taken on old accounts after the above date.

Appointed Mine Inspector.

The announcement Monday of the appointment of Hon. R. T. Browning as Inspector of Mines, created some surprise, as his name had never been associated with that appointment. The Senator's many friends in county express their pleasure at his good fortune.

The Cumberland *Times* of Tuesday, in commenting on the appointment, says:

R. T. Browning, of Garrett county, has been chosen mine inspector for Allegany and Garrett counties. We had hoped that this position might be retained by Allegany, but as it has fallen to our sister county, there is no man, out of Allegany, upon whom the mantle could fall with better grace than Dick Browning. A man of sterling worth, widely known and generally esteemed and trusted, Mr. Browning will make a good inspector. He may not be a practical miner, but he is a most honorable, competent man, in whose hands the rights of miner and operator will be alike respected and preserved inviolate.

A Correction.

MT. LAKE PARK, Feb. 20th, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—Having recently received a letter of inquiry in regard to a statement in my letter published in the REPUBLICAN on the 24th of December last in which I said that it was my opinion "that no man can make a living in Texas by tilling the soil exclusively," I wish to correct that statement by saying it should have read: Judging from information gathered from old settlers, it is my opinion that no man can make a living, one year with another, on 160 acres of high up land in some Northwestern counties in Texas, by tilling the soil exclusively, for lack of moisture. I will say in connection, as a redeeming feature of Texas, that I saw farmers in some localities on 160 acres of land who raised plenty to do them, and some to spare, dry as the season was; and was told that in favorable seasons wheat yield 30 to 40 bushels per acre, corn 50 to 70 bushels, and oats 75 to 100 bushels per acre.

E. W. KELSO.

Mountain Lake Park.

Miss Jennie Smith returned home on the 11th inst., and remained until the 15th. She gave us valuable assistance at our meeting which closed on the 19th, with good results.

The very startling and sad news reached us on last Wednesday night that Mr. M. E. Howe, who has been residing here for about two years, was instantly killed by a helper on the B. & O. R. R., near Tunnelton, W. Va. His family went to Rowlesburg on the accommodation Thursday morning to where the body had been taken. Mrs. Howe and children have the deepest sympathy of this entire community. We hope she will return here and make this her permanent home.

Mr. Shipley and family are all convalescent.

Mr. Hardy, one of our residents, is not so well again.

Mr. Joseph King, an old and well known resident of this community, was thrown from his horse yesterday and had one of his legs broken between the knee and foot. We hope his sufferings may not be great.

Miss Ella Dawson, of Rowlesburg, is to open a private school here on next Monday.

We have been having very fine weather here for some time. The old snow has nearly all disappeared.

J. A. E.

Grantsville.

Some of the farmers are making sugar while others are waiting for a warm spell of weather.

John Foy was seriously hurt by the falling of slate in the coal mine of Samuel Baker.

The family of Mr. Pat. Dorsey have the scarlet fever.

Another wedding on hand, and the young couple don't care who knows it, either.

Ross Compton warns all lovers of chickens to stay away from his coop.

If we get all the promised new buildings this summer our town will experience quite a change.

Noah Broadwater made a trip to Cumberland this week.

A cheese factory in the Forks, we are told, is a settled fact, if the milk can be obtained.

John Mellinger will put up his saw mill at Jockey Hollow in a few days.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of Peter Reitz, deceased, either by note or account, are hereby notified to settle up by the 1st day of April, 1888, All claims not settled by that time will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEORGE W. REITZ,
2 25 4t Administrator.

The Woolen Factory in New Hands.

Last Saturday the Oakland woolen factory passed into the hands of Messrs. Julius C. and Arnold Scherr, of Grant county, W. Va. The mill will be put in repair at once, and be in full operation by the first of May. This will afford our wool growers a cash market for their wool, and will give employment to from fifteen to twenty persons. The Messrs. Scherr are energetic business men, with ample means for carrying on the business successfully. We wish them success.

The Coyention at Wheeling.

The passenger department of the B. & O. R. R. announce that arrangements have been made to sell Excursion tickets to Wheeling and return at single fare for the round trip, from all stations on its lines between Harpers Ferry and Parkersburg, Grafton and Benwood, and Morgantown and Fairmont, on account of the Immigration Convention to be held at Wheeling on the 29th inst.

The tickets will be sold for all trains, February 28th and 29th, and valid for return passage until March 2nd, 1888.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

The B. & O. Relief Association.

The report of the Baltimore and Ohio Employees' Relief Association for the month of December shows that there were eleven accidental deaths, in which cases the benefits amounted to $10,000; fourteen cases of natural death, with benefits aggregating $9,731; accidental injuries 348, benefits $5,339; natural sickness, 477, benefits $7,661.94, making aggregate payments of $34,718.52, including bills for physicians. From May 1, 1880, to December 31, 1987, the association has paid in benefits to members for deaths, injuries and sickness, $1,597, 886.61.

Sheridan Won't Have It.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19. — The Washington agent of the Associated Press sought an interview with Gen. Sheridan this evening for the purpose of ascertaining whether he would consent to make an authoritative statement in regard to his alleged Presidential candidacy. The General gave his consent, and it will be seen from the following verbatim report of the conversation that his declarations are thoroughly explicit:

Agent. "Of course, General, you have noticed that there has been considerable mention of you during the past few weeks as a possible or probable candidate for the Presidency next autumn?"

Gen. Sheridan. "Yes, I have noticed it, but have never looked upon these newspaper articles as anything more than the usual shooting around in the woods which has once or twice before, in Presidential years, brought my name up in that connection."

Agent. "But, General, the talk is more serious this time, and there appears to be something like a concentrated movement to bring about your nomination."

General Sheridan. "Well, I know nothing more about this alleged 'boom' than what I have read in the papers, except that now and then some friend has twitted me about becoming a candidate. But, if the matter is really now discussed seriously, it is time that all parties concerned should be informed that they are wasting their breath. I have never had the presidential bee in my bonnet, and I don't intend to have it, for there is nothing that would induce me to leave the profession in which nearly forty years of my life has been spent to enter upon a civil career. So all talk about my being a candidate may as well end."

Agent. "But, suppose the Republican Convention should—"

Gen. Sheridan. "Nominate me? I would not accept. But there is not the slightest probability of my being nominated; and, in any event, I would not accept. No! Not under any circumstances! I do not want that or any other civil office."

Boys Who Became Famous Men.

About sixty years ago a certain Mr. Doty, a silversmith of Albany, had an apprentice who appeared to be a very bright fellow of seventeen years. He read books with avidity, but none with more pleasure and eagerness than Shakespeare and the works of other dramatic writers. He seemed to have an especial passion for such, indeed, coupled with an inclination for the stage. The time came soon for the indulgence of this taste; he joined a company of young amateur actors who played at a little theatre called Thespian. The young apprentice's talent for dramatic impersonation became the talk of the town before long; and when Mr. Bernard, a noted manager in those days, came to Albany with his own strong company of professional actors he was impelled to visit the Thespian theatre to see the young amateur of whom he had heard so favorably. The play that night was "Hamlet;" and the manager was struck so with the young man's ability and intelligence that he sent for him and made him a very tempting offer to join his own company and adopt the stage as a profession.

Just before this the young man had received an offer of a gratuitous education from Dr. Beck, president of the Albany academy; and the night the manager spoke to him he sought his two "chums." One of these two was master Thurlow Weed, then a journeyman printer. Both advised him strongly to accept Dr. Beck's offer. But the young appaentice was still in doubt. His inclination prompted him to go on the stage, while his judgment dictated the acceptance of Dr. Beck's kind offer. He left at last saying that he would talk with his employer about it. Silversmith Doty liked the lad, and believed that he had a career of usefulness before him in some learned profession; so when the lad told him of the two ofers he had received, he said kindly but firmly:

"Joseph, you are under identures to me for two years yet. If you will accept the ofer of a free education I will let you go freely. But if you conclude to go on the stage, you must make good to me the loss of these two years' service."

This determined the lad; and he went to Dr. Beck's, studied faithfully and graduated with honors, and became one of the first scholars of his day.

"Of course," added the narrator of this story, the venerable Thurlow Weed, "you are curious to know who he was; I will tell you. The lad was Dr. Joseph Henry, late president of Smithsonian Institute."—*Presbyterian.*

A True Gentleman.

When you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman, it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Leo Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less—a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offense, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sydney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier.

St. Paul describes a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favor. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world." — *Bishop Doane.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
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Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

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ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road in District No. 3, beginning at Swauger's mill and running through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christopher Miller and P. McAndrews, to intersect McAndrews' road at the Old Camp.

PETER J. STEPHEN,
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☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay. ●

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Oakland, Nov

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander
From the sweet simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the Yonder
And search for the root of all truth,
No matter what secrets uncover
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover,
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you to grief;
The dead lock the portals behind them,
And he who breaks through is a thief.
The soul with such ill-gotten plunder,
With its premature knowledge oppressed,
Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder
Alway by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain
That hides the unknown from our sight;
Though a shadowy faith becomes certain
Of the new life that follows death's night;
Though miracles past comprehending
Shall startle the heart in your breast,
Still, still will your thirst be unending,
And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too holy
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch,
We are happier far to be lowly:
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning
To fathom all labyrinths unguessed,
And the soul that is bent on vast learning
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott's.*

BRAVING A STORM.

The True Story of a School-Teacher's Heroism.

The 31st of December, 186— is remembered by many persons as the date of the beginning of one of the wildest and most fatally destructive winter storms that ever swept across the wide, unprotected prairies of the West. The inhabitants of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and of the West generally, suffered severely.

In Middle Illinois the storm broke with almost the suddenness of a tornado, resulting not only in great destruction of domestic animals, but in the loss of many human lives. The season until then had been uncommonly mild, and even on this last day of the year the roads were deep with mud.

The morning dawned with a deceitful brightness; a gentle, spring-like breeze came from the south, the sky w[as] cloudless, and the old-fashioned [rail] fence cast a distinct zigzag shad[ow] along the south side of the road. [Miss] Mary Rast, a girlish school-teacher, [and] several of her small pupils, all in h[igh] glee over the approaching New Yea[r's] holiday, picked their way carefully [to] ward the school-house. This buildi[ng] stood out by itself on the prairie, a[nd] the only dwelling within half a m[ile] was that of Mr. Kent, in whose fam[ily] Miss Rast boarded.

The attendance on that day was [not] usually small: only twelve scholars [re]ported themselves; and these w[ere] mostly from the nearest families; [for] the older settlers, accustomed to [the] capricious weather of the West, h[ad] viewed the brightness of the morn[ing] with suspicion, and kept their child[ren] at home. By noon a slight haze ov[er]cast the sun, but the air was still qu[iet] and mild. Three boys, who lived ab[out] a mile distant, and a cousin stay[ing] with them, ran home across the fie[lds] to dinner, and, somewhat to the teach[er's] surprise, did not return.

She was thus left with a flock of eight. Four of these were children of Mr. Kent; two of the others lived a mile and a half away, while the remaining two, Willie and Mary Wood, who were only ten and eight years old, respectively, came from a house fully three-quarters of a mile west of the school-house.

At about two o'clock the day suddenly began to darken, and there came a few short, but fierce puffs of wind from the southwest. The young teacher looked out anxiously, wondering at the change, and saying to herself that she must hold a short session and send the children home in good season. For half an hour all was quiet again, but a thick, murky gloom came creeping over the landscape, and a few flakes of snow fell slowly and silently, melting as fast as they touched the muddy ground.

An older and more experienced person would have known what to expect from such signs, and would have fled with the scholars to the nearest place of safety; but Miss Rast, as we have said, was only a girl, and, moreover, had never wintered in the West before, so that she knew little about the fierceness of a winter storm on the prairie.

Again the wind blew in angry gusts, this time longer, louder and more directly from the west, and again followed a short interval of strange silence. The temperature fell with great rapidity, until, in a few minutes, the air was freezing cold; then all at once, with a wild, thunderous roar, the storm burst. From west to north stretched a black, heaving sea of cloud, tossed and torn by the wind, that now shrieked and screamed like a storm demon. In trembling haste the teacher set about preparing the children for their terrible journey. There was no staying at the school-house, with neither food nor fuel for the long, bitter night, and she determined to take the whole company to her own boarding-place, knowing how welcome they would be—if only they could get there.

By this time the frightened children were clinging about her, and little Mary Wood began crying to go home. Poor little thing! she could not bear to be separated from her mother, even over night. Willie sturdily declared that they could get home well enough, but the teacher would not consent to their making the attempt. By going east with her they would have the wind nearly at their backs, and it was clear enough that no child could live in the face of such a storm.

Of the eight scholars, the oldest was little more than twelve, while Robbie Kent, a delicate boy, was younger even than Mary Wood. This smallest and weakest of the flock Miss Rast made her especial care, and, taking him by the hand, she made the rest grasp each other firmly, bidding them keep together, and close to her. Then, at last, she opened the door that had stood, a frail barrier, between them and the storm. The first gust took them off their feet; but the little teacher summoned strength and courage, and, with a silent prayer for help, gathered them up, hushed their outcries, and, putting the smaller children between the larger, and making them take hold of her cloak, her dress, her hands—somehow they must keep together—started them again on their well-nigh impossible journey.

It was like trying to walk through deep-drifted snow, so thick was the air, while the the wind raged and howled, twisting and flinging them from side to side.

"Keep—together—children!" panted the little teacher, as she huddled them up for a few moments to take breath.

There was no crying now; only a weak, quavering wail from Robbie, that caused the teacher to catch him up in her arms, and clasp him close, with a sinking heart, lest he should be smothered by the blinding snow, fine as flour but sharp as needle points. And so, panting and struggling, now stopping to count if all were there, and now pushing on again, they fought their fearful way, step by step.

"Keep—together—children!" was all the breathless teacher tried to say; and still the storm increased in fury; every moment the sky grew blacker and thicker, and night was fast settling down on the poor, struggling band.

Their puny strength was all but exhausted. Every crevice of their clothing was filled with snow, their eyelids were covered with frost, tears were frozen on cold little cheeks, tiny hands grew too stiff to hold on to each other; and still the teacher counted her flock, and hoped and prayed that somehow she might yet save them all.

But in such a tempest human strength and ingenuity are of small avail; and when, at last, gasping, numb and near-

never be resurrected. That was [more] than twenty-five years ago. Wh[at] is that party to-day—lost in the [his]tory of the fast-moldering p[ast]. Nay; but in the full vigor of life [and] power, holding the reins of the [na]tional government. If slavery [and] treason and rebellion will not k[ill] party, what have you, gentlem[en] that is more effectual? [Applau]se.

But you say the Republican p[arty] is doomed, also. The grand old p[arty] must go. It has done glorious thi[ngs]. its record is without taint of trea[son]. it saved the country; it broke forem[ost] the bonds of the slave; it restor[ed] the Union; it brought back pe[ace] and prosperity to our distracted [na]tion; it is the party of Lincoln a[nd] Summer and Grant and Garfie[ld]. [Applause.] Do you think that [the] wickedness could not kill the Dem[o]cratic, virtue will make the Repu[b]lican party to be immortal? [Laughter.]

protecting their faces from the storm as best she could, in order that they might rest, and recover their spent breath; she gently rubbed and talked to Robbie, until he revived a little; then getting them all in front of her, the smallest in the center, she made them start again.

But the stupefied children now began to whimper, begging to lie down; and she had almost to force them on, step by step, pushing one, pulling another, gathering them up when they fell, and keeping them all the time in a bunch, lest others should drop out, as Mary and Willie had done.

So she fought and struggled till the hands with which she tried to grasp the children were too deadened to feel any thing, and bitter despair filled her heart.

Then, all at once, some one, groping through the snow and battling with the wind, brushed against them, and she heard a shout, as if it were muffled and far away. In another moment, Robbie was in his father's arms, while the little teacher, completely overcome, sobbed aloud for relief and joy.

Mr. Kent had taken with him his grown-up son and a hired man, and, to prevent separation, had adopted a device of mountain climbers and fastened them all together by a long line passed round the body of each.

Miss Rast, in eager haste, reported the loss of Mary and Willie, and begged the men to endeavor to find them; but Mr. Kent pronounced the attempt out of the question, especially as the remaining children were fast freezing to death. They must not sacrifice seven lives in a fruitless effort to save two.

The three rescuers now surrounded the worn-out group, and the rope proved to be of the greatest service, keeping them as in a small pen. Even the teacher was glad to cling to it for support. The men hurried the children onward, carrying them at times, and then driving them like bewildered sheep; till, finally the friendly doorway was reached, where a mother's longing heart and eager arms gathered them in with thankfulness too deep for words.

Fingers, faces and feet were found to be badly frozen; but willing hands worked rapidly, stripping and rubbing, thawing the frosted parts with snow and cold water, and soon the weary little sufferers fell into a heavy sleep.

Miss Rast's own hands were injured so badly that it was weeks before she could use them; but her thoughts were all of the two lost children. All that night, exhausted as she was, she scarcely slept. O, if she had but watched them more closely! So she reproached herself, while to every one else it seemed little less than a miracle that she had been able to save so many of her charges.

It was nearly three days before the wind died away, so that word could be taken to poor, widowed Mrs. Wood. She had feared the worst, yet the news came with crushing force; for however much we may expect death, we are never prepared for its actual presence. For weeks she found herself often looking out of the window, half expecting to see Mary and Willie coming home again after school.

The whole neighborhood turned out, as soon as the storm was over, and worked day after day, shoveling over the snow. But all proved in vain, and it was not till spring that the little bodies were found, buried under one of the largest drifts, several rods from the road. Evidently the children had lost their hold on the others while crossing the little brook, and the wind had carried them down the bed of the run and lodged them against a steep bank in the field, where the snow soon packed its cold and pitiless weight upon them.

Poor little brother and sister! Their hands were still tightly clasped. With all their childish strength *they* had striven to obey their teacher and "keep together;" and together they had gone home, on the wings of the wild, wintry tempest.—*Mrs. L. J. Strong, in Youth's Companion.*

A FUNNY EPSODE.

An Esquiman Medicine Man's Astonishment and Fright.

There was another episode which these peculiar people seemed to consider as a huge joke, which I will explain as briefly as possible, to show what the native people consider as funny in the frigid zones. One of the Esquiman men had a peculiarly disfigured face, to which he pointed so often that one of the party was finally led to ask him the cause. He most cheerfully assented to explain, amidst the grins and suppressed laughter of the others. When he was a young boy he was one of a small band of natives that came upon the remains of one of Sir John Franklin's unfortunate parties, that had starved to death, and they found many curious things among the scattered material at the site of the sad scene. One, which immediately took his boyish eye, was a flattened can that he found, full of "black sand," as he expressed it. The "black sand" was of no possible use to him, and, on the first occasion he had to utilize the can, which was one winter evening, when he was sitting by the lamp in his snow-house, he poured this useless material out on the platform of snow that held the lamp, and in doing so some of it splashed in the flame. There was an instantaneous explosion, which he tried to explain by yelling "boom," until I thought the top of my head had been knocked off, and when some of the shock had passed away he found that the top of his snow-hut had disappeared in the dark night, the stone lamp was broken into pieces, and the kitchen utensils and parlor furniture all mixed up. He was a medicine man of the tribe—that is, one supposed to cure sickness by magic, incantations, etc.—and at the time the powder-can exploded a patient was visiting him, who disappeared in the confusion, and his whereabouts was not known for a month or two afterward, when he turned up in another tribe farther south, whose doctors, he claimed, were not of such a pyrotechnic school of medicine. The medicine man said that his own nervous system was badly shattered for a long time, and his hands and face were fearfully scarred as evidence of his story, but if his appetite was at all injured he had more than fully recovered, for he was the most enormous eater, savage or civilized, that I ever saw in my life, and could easily dispose of a reindeer ham at a lunch, whenever he came around to repeat his story, which was altogether too frequent; but we luckily found a good plan of ridding ourselves of him by the apparent careless handling of a powder-can.—*Lieut. Schwatka, in Woman.*

MOST UNFORTUNATE.

How an Unlucky Fellow Was Pursued by the Demons of Adversity.

I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world," said a man whose persistent bad luck had given him a sort of reputation.

"What is your latest stroke of misfortune?" some one asked.

"Why, last summer I rented the second story of a house in a very cheerful part of town, and after signing a lease, had begun to congratulate myself, when some fellow started a Turkish bath on the ground floor, with the sweat-box immediately under my sitting-room. Well, sir, I actually thought we would melt, but we stood it, encouraged by the fact that when winter should come we would be put to no expense for coal. I did not think that we could live through August, but we pulled through after losing more flesh than could be well spared. When the newspapers began their annual howl against the coal dealers, my wife and I laughed. We were out of the clutches of the dealer. The thermometer might cut its zero capers, but our room would be warm. Alas!"

"Any thing go wrong?"

"Well, yes. About the time the mercury fell to zero the infernal fellow down stairs moved his bath away, and as the money which would have been our coal allowance had been spent, we were left to freeze. Yes, I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A sea-green glass vase has recently been found in Bologna. It beats all what these butchers will put in bologna!—*Epoch.*

TEMPERANCE.

TOO LATE FOR THEM.

A Father's Broken Promises and the Anguish and Remorse That Followed.

It was a place where poverty had long made its home. By the fireless stove sat a man of rather powerful physique in a dejected attitude, his heavy, bleared eyes fixed upon vacancy. In one corner of the room, upon a mean bed, a little child lay, with pallid, want-pinched features, moaning, with closed eyes, at intervals.

"Water, water!" she cried, faintly, and listlessly arose the man and placed a cup to her fever-parched lips.

Her large eyes opened and fixed themselves upon his face.

"Father," she said, as a shudder shook her frame, "father!"

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "Your mother's gone out to her work. Do you want any thing?"

"Want any thing!" exclaimed the child, faintly gazing about the nearly empty room; "*want* any thing?"

He caught her glance and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"Want," she again moaned, turning her head wearily upon the pillow; "it's always been want for mother and me, ever since I can remember."

The man's fingers worked convulsively as he replied:

"And for your poor old father, too, Lena. Don't forget your father, who loves you so."

A smile broke over her face.

"Love me?" and her little hand timidly sought his "Oh, father."

"Forgive me, Lena," he cried, "forgive me. I were drunk when I struck ye down, and didn't know what I were doin'."

"Drunk," she said, simply. "Yes."

He bowed his head, while the tears trickled down his intemperate face. She tried to lift her face to his, but a groan of agony broke from her lips.

"Ye are sufferin', Lena?"

"My head, oh, my head," she moaned, stirring it uneasily and disclosing a much-discolored temple. "It bleeds inside, father, I think, but never mind," she added, marking his shame, "never mind. You never struck me so hard before, I'll get well, though, and you know I—I saved mother, poor mother."

Her eyes closed, and seemingly she slept. The man resumed his place beside the stove. His chin drooped upon his breast, and silence—only disturbed at intervals by a faint moan from the child—filled the room.

The afternoon waned, and the chill of a November twilight presently shook the man's frame. Night had fallen when the door opened and a fragile, toil-worn woman entered the room. It was the wife and mother. The child stirred and smiled into the eyes of the compassionate ones above her. "Mother," she murmured, "dear mother."

"Did ye get your money," eagerly inquired the man.

"Only part of it," said the weary woman. "Mrs. Brown always leaves something over, yet she has plenty of money. There are some cold scraps, if you want them."

"I'm not hungry," said the shivering man, "but I want to get Lena an orange or two. She's been asking for 'em," he added, in a low voice, turning his face from her sad eyes.

"I'm so tired," answered the wife, "and—and—I can't trust you, John, to go. You'll not come back."

"Yes, I will, oh, yes, I will," he replied, eagerly; "and bring wood for a fire. I'll hev to watch by Lena while you sleep to-night, and it's very cold. I'm a changed man, wife—a changed man. No more want, no more drink, no more blows. I'll be a *man!*"

A look of hope filled her eyes. She had caught at the straws of his promises, oh, how many times, how many times! but his tone this night was so convincing, the sob in his throat, the tear in his eye so unwonted, that despite the past with its broken promises and failures, a new hope, sweet and strange, thrilled her being. She gave him the few bits of silver. He stooped over the child, as he turned to leave the room, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Dear father," said the delighted child, "it's so long since you kissed me. Wake me up that way in the morning, and if I groan through the night, don't think of the blow, but kiss me, and I'll smile through the pain, perhaps."

His eyes were dry now, and so was his throat, no sob, no tear.

"Where's father?" cried the child, as the minutes sped on.

"Gone to get you the oranges you wished, dear," was the answer.

"Oranges," cried the child. "O, how nice, but, mother, I didn't ask for oranges. We are too poor for that, little mother, too poor."

The wife's heart sank.

"A lie," she muttered, "a lie built upon the sufferings of his child. Alas! he will not come back!

Hours passed. Colder and colder grew the room. Shivering, the mother lay beside the child, the scanty covering over both.

"I am ill, I fear," she murmured, "and there's such a pain at my heart."

Ever and anon the child groaned. The clock from an adjoining steeple struck one.

"Has father come?" cried the little one, opening her eyes.

"No! he will be here presently, though," wearily answered the mother.

The clock struck three.

"Has father come," more faintly now the question.

"No, my child, no."

The white dawn of morning crept into the room. The mother slept; the little one ceased to groan. The sun lifts his head, and rosy-red blushes the dawn. Smilingly the god of day arises and peeps into the attic window, creeps over the floor, and shyly kisses the face of the sleeping mother and child. Eight o'clock rings out from the steeple.

"Father," suddenly cries the child, unclosing her heavy eyes, "come, kiss me good-morning."

The mother made no response. Lena's eyes closed again. Nine from the steeple clock. Hark! a heavy foot-fall upon the stairs, a fumbling at the latch. Father has come home.

"In bed yet," he mutters, angrily. "Here, get up," shaking the sleeping woman's shoulder; "get up and make a fire, I'm cold."

His wife stirred not. Waveringly he makes his way to the chair beside the empty stove, droops his head upon his breast, then sinks into a drunken slumber. Noon passes. No movement breaks the silence. Twilight again ere the man raises his head. Dazedly, at first, he gazes about him, then recollection sits enthroned.

"Lena," he cries, stooping over the quiet little figure. "Lena, father was too late to kiss you good-morning, but he will to-morrow, indeed he will. Your father is going to be a man."

Cold and rigid were the lips he touched with his.

"Dead!" he cried, starting back, "dead! Wife, wife, wake up; see, our Lena is dead."

The wife made no movement, and in terror he turned her face to his, that face whose lips were forever dumb, whose ears were forever closed to his frail promises; eyes, to which his vain words had brought the last gleam of hope, closed in an eternal sleep.

His dead for years filled a pauper's grave, then one day a prosperous man stood beside a new mound in a beautiful cemetery. Upon the headstone was the simple inscription: "Hope Grey"—"Our Lena."

A kneeling figure, chisel in hand, was adding a few words—"Too late."

"Yes," said the man, in anguished tones, falling upon his knees, when the work was done, "for them it was *too late.*"—*Mrs. Nora Marble, in N. Y. Observer.*

A Mother's Influence.

In a railway car a man about sixty years old came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on Temperance. "I am master of a ship," said he, "sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fifteenth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot, shipped while dead drunk, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain asked me: 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune. 'My boy,' she said, 'I don't know any thing about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me they make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said: 'I laid my hands in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kinds of life and men; they laughed at me as a milksop and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor, I saw my mother's pleading face, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe it all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he. My companions took it," and, he added, "it has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others."

That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness; how many more, He who sees all can alone tell.—*Wendell Phillips.*

A Dog Demoralized by the Saloon Influence.

The Washington *Post* mentions a saloon-proprietor of that city who "has a big mastiff dog which has proved the relation of the brute to man by taking up one of the vices which heretofore has been deemed a manly prerogative." This dog, it appears, "is an inveterate toper;" will take a drink every time invited, "and has a capacity for beer that is really surprising." When any one enters the saloon and calls for drinks the dog, generally lying asleep on the floor, will get up, walk slowly to the bar, put "paws upon the counter, and wink at the bar-keeper," and, given beer, "drinks it with relish." It will also go to other saloons in the vicinity, and push its way in and repeat the same performance. Alas! for saloon influence that should thus demoralize even a dog!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

At the Boston election dastardly outrages were committed by the liquor men upon the women who held "No" ballots. Miss Dodge, of Cambridge, was distributing "No" ballots in precinct 1 of ward 20, when some one came behind her and poured vitriol down her back. Turning to see who it was, she received some of it on her hands. The fluid left scars which will remain for life. A police officer, to whom she called for aid, refused to arrest the scoundrel.—*Voice.*

A LAW has been passed and is vigorously enforced in Copenhagen, by which every man leaving a wine-shop drunk is conducted back to the tavern in a vehicle at the expense of the wine merchant who allowed him to get drunk on his premises.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

SACRAMENTO CITY, January 21, 1888.
[Special Correspondence.]

California, the largest State in the Union except Texas, is 700 miles long with an average width of 250 miles. The Sierra Nevada and Coast Range of mountains run parallel, northeast and southwest, the Sierras having an altitude of from 8,000 to 14,000 feet; the Coast Range from 2,500 to 4,000 feet, and they are divided by a number of valleys and rivers, the principal one being the Sacramento valley, 200 miles in length and 45 miles average width, through which runs the Sacramento river, a navigable stream for about 150 miles from its entrance into Suisun bay, a small bay at the head of the bay of San Francisco.

Sacramento valley proper includes the counties of Sacramento, Yuba, Butte, Tehama, Colusa, Sutter, Yolo and Solane, these being bordered by the mountain counties of Amador, El Dorado, Placer, Nevada Sierra, Plumas, Shasta, Trinity, Mendocino, Lake and Napa, affording a great variety of soil and climate, owing to the difference in elevation.

The soil of the valley counties bordering upon the Sacramento river is principally a dark, rich adobe and alluvial soil, and well adapted to the growth of cereals. Along the foot hills varieties of soil from black adobe to light sandy soil appears. The lower slopes of the mountains contain different soil, some being sands, of light color, others light clay, and much a deep red clay. The summits are more rocky and volcanic, and the soils vary, some being clay hills, sandy ridges, loamy meadows and deep, rich valleys in the very tops of the mountains, being the favorite resort of large herds of sheep and cattle during the summer months.

Stretching along the foot-hills and up the mountain sides to the altitude of 2,500 feet is what is known as the "thermal belt." It is in this belt where the warm air lingers when the sun goes down, and to which the warm air rises when the first rays of the morning sun are thrown upon the valley. Tender plants and semi-tropical fruits are grown in profusion, as was fully demonstrated at the Citrus fair held in Oroville, Butte County, in December last. This "thermal belt" is also noted for its wonderful curative qualities in lung and asthmatic complaints. But very little good Government or railroad land near the railroads or rivers remain. Land is worth from $5 to $500 per acre according to location and improvements. In the foot-hill region land is selling from $5 to $50 per acre. In the valley bordering on the Sacramento river large ranches of from 1,000 to 60,000 acres have been the prevailing feature. As population comes in, these will be subdivided and on their rich alluvial soil thousands of small farms, the homes of thrifty families, will be established, but this can not be accomplished until the population increases and there is a demand. The population of this great State is about 1,500,000, but it is capable of supporting 10,000,000 people.

All this vast region of soil, water and climate, unsurpassed by any other, now invites population—not lazy, shiftless, impecunious persons, such would soon starve or be found begging—but men with brain and muscle, and enough money to give them a fair start, enough to sustain them while improving the lands, to make them produce that for which nature intended them—such men, if with families so much the better, can find abundant opportunities to secure at moderate cost such a home as will be pleasant and profitable. A man with a family willing to help him, if he has from $1,000 to $3,000 in hand, is safe to make a beginning which, if he is judicious, should lead him to prosperity.

There are mineral springs in the foot-hill ranges upon both sides of the Sacramento valley that vie in their curative qualities with the far-famed springs of Germany, and are resorted to by invalids from every section of the United States.

Two branches of the Central Pacific railroad leaves Sacramento—one on the east side of the valley, via Marysville and Chico and the intermediate towns, the other on the west side, via Woodland Willows and Williams and intermediate towns uniting at Tehama, the now head of navigation on Sacramento river. From thence the road is continued to Portland, Ore., this road having been completed within the last sixty days, opening up country wonderfully rich in farming timber and mineral products.

Until the past five years, the raising of wheat and barley was the principal occupation of the farmers of the Sacramento valley, the grain being transported to Europe on ships, but the completion of three trans-continental railroads—the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with the prospect of other roads soon coming, affording increased facilities and reduced rates of transportation, has given a wonderful impetus toward raising fruit, and California will soon be considered the garden spot of the world. The Sacramento valley has supplied nine-tenths of the fruit sent East, and the "Fruit Growers' Union," an association of farmers, in the year 1887 sold their fruit in New York and Boston on the auction plan, and with gratifying success. It will be tried in other cities this coming season, with reduced rates of transportation, so that sixty million of people in the United States can afford to purchase these California fruits, and the progress and development of the fruit business will be something wonderful.

The largest grain-growers in the valleys do their plowing with gang plows and their harvesting with the latest improved machinery. Consequently farm hands in the past had employment only during a portion of the year, but since the fruit and vine business is coming to the front, more and continuous labor is required, and in some of the more advanced fruit districts during the fruit picking season the school vacations are extended in order to allow the children to assist in securing the crops.

Fruit canneries and driers are being established and thousands of tons of fruit are preserved in this manner. Good farm hands get from $25 to $30 per month by the year; harvest hands, $1.50 to $2.50 per day; mechanics, from $2 to $4 per day; good house servants, from $15 to $30 per month, and are scarce. Chinese are largely employed in house service, but could be easily displaced by bright American or German girls who would be willing to go into the country. The Celtic girls, as a rule, dislike to leave the cities.

Railroads now traverse the principal valleys, the rate of fare being three cents per mile on valley and four cents per mile on mountain routes.

Dry-goods, clothing, and, in fact, all the lighter class of goods can be purchased as cheaply as in the Western States. Heavy goods, where freight is an important item of cost, are more expensive.

Banks, both commercial and savings, are plenty, the current rate of interest at this time being seven to nine per cent. per annum. Hotel accommodation both good and reasonable, fair board being obtained at twenty-five cents per meal and four dollars per week. First-class hotels charge from two to four dollars per day for room and board.

There are plenty of good newspapers, churches and schools. The writer, in his wanderings over the mountains and through the valleys of the central portion of this wonderful State, could not help noticing the cosmopolitan character, free and easy, hospitable, kind-hearted character of the people.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—"What's the matter with the baby, John?" "Dunno, Maria; but I think it must be the yeller fever.—*Washington Critic.*

—The punch bowl has been nearly banished from Washington society. Tea and coffee take the place of the intoxicating draught.

—Brigham Young's body lies under a 14,000-pound inscription stone and there are three feet of solid masonry around the grave.

—"Mamma, does it hurt a sheep to shear it?" asked a little Austin boy of his maternal parent. "What a silly question. Does it hurt your daddy to shave himself?"—*Siftings.*

—Mr. and Mrs. Marion Blackburn, of Springfield, O., have a week-old baby which weighs just a pound and a half. The boy is perfectly formed and looks healthy. A lady's ring will go over a foot and up the leg to the body. The parents are large and healthy.

—Naomi—"William do you love me as much as ever, now that we are married?" William—"Love you? I worship the ground you walk on!" Old Man (who has overheard them)—"You do, eh? Then drop into my office on your way down and I'll give you some bargains in real estate that'll make your eyeballs jingle. You have excellent judgment, young man."

—Scientists say that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. This explains why a man can't sneak into the house at midnight and crawl up-stairs as noiselessly as a feather without being heard by his wife, who is asleep. If women were to sleep with their eyes open married men would have more fun at the lodge when there is a protracted session.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In the Chinese language, coutsil, spoken with a rising inflection, means trousers; with a falling inflection, fruit. One day a new missionary gave a dinner to some of her foreign friends, and, among other things, ordered her native servant to have coutsil for dessert. The dinner proper passed off pleasantly, but what was the lady's horror at the close of the meal to see her servant enter the dining-room bearing on a large waiter three pairs of her husband's trousers.

JAPANESE MOXA CURE.

How Patients are Treated with Burning Cones of Sticky Dough.

While we lunched in the open quadrangle before the temple groups of cheery Japanese came in, chattering as gayly as any picnickner could wish to, took off their straw sandals, washed their feet, and disappeared in jolly parties to the interior of the temple. When we dropped our shoes and followed to the one upper room, we found our jolly chatterers all there, sitting in rows with their faces to the walls. All were stripped to the waist, and the old priest made marks on their backs in sacred characters to indicate where the moxa should be burned. Following him came a small boy with a lump of what appeared to be very sticky dough in one hand. With dexterous fingers this youngster pinched off a piece of dough, rolled it into a small cone, and stuck it over the priest's mark. After him came a staid, stoical youngster, who in the most cold-blooded way touched a match to the tip of the moxa cone and went down the lines giving lights. It burned without flame, a slow red glow like charcoal, consuming the cone down to the flesh, where it sizzled and smoked for a few seconds, that must have seemed years to the victims. Searing with a red-hot iron would be quick and humane treatment compared to this slow-eating fire of the moxa. The men and women that I watched for the few minutes that I could endure it, stood it heroically, but by the tension of every muscle in their backs and arms one could judge of their agony. One old man folded his arms, bent his head over and indulged in suppressed chuckles that varied with groans and hysterical ha! ha! ha's! A woman buried her face in a blue cotton towel and made no sign or movement, while two moxa cones were burning down and into her flesh. A young man started to rock to and fro when the fire began entering into his very bones, but soon stopped it, braced himself, and sat motionless. The priest, having set his seal on his victims, sat down by a brazier, put on his big spectacles, and was lost in reading a pious book, wholly indifferent to the row of backs frizzling beside him. This mine priest has some secret of composition for his moxa dough that has kept it in favor for many years, and about the only revenue of the temple is from his patients' fees. For rheumatism, lumbago, and such aches and ills it is most beneficial, and gives quick relief to any one heroic enough to endure it. The Japanese resort to moxa for almost everything that ails them, and one sees coolies with their backs and the calves of their legs covered with moxa scars. Foreign doctors have discovered the virtues of the treatment for certain things, and in Paris many cases of paralysis have been successfully treated. Charles Sumner having been one of the famous cases, whose paralyzed nerves were revived by the moxa. A variation of the treatment used in Paris under the name of moxa consists in burning with white-hot irons, which is much less painful than with paste cones, and Clara Morris was one of the best advertised subjects undergoing the white-iron moxa. When the patients descended from the moxa room, put on their sandals, and muttered a sullen prayer toward the open door of the temple, they were hardly to be identified with the gay people who had arrived earlier; and when they walked, it was plain by the way they held their shoulders, that the raw places still smarted.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BOGUS COATS-OF-ARMS.

Americans Who Decorate Their Houses With Armorial Bearings.

Coats-of-arms are much used now in house decoration. In one of the grand old houses in Westchester County, which like its first owners has seen vicissitudes, the family arms are painted on glass over the front door, and the decoration remains there where it has been for a hundred years. This fashion is often followed in halls of private houses, but principally in mosaic instead of painted glass. In country houses the coat-of-arms often forms part of a large window in the hall. A window of this kind recently finished by a well-known firm in this city, for a private house in one of the Eastern cities, shows two full-lengths, life-sized female figures, while in the two upper lights are the coats-of-arms and crests of each side of the family. In a smaller window representing a graceful figure of a woman, with a border, the arms were displayed in the upper corners and repeated in the lower ones. In a handsome country house on the Hudson the long, broad hall has a large fire-place at one end, on one side of which is a small stained-glass window containing the arms of the owner, and on the other side a window containing those of his wife.

Next to the hall window the library offers an appropriate field, and a popular one for the display of heraldic designs, and several houses in this city have libraries in which the arms form the whole of a small window, or a panel in a large one. Many families, who care little for display but regard a coat-of-arms as an honorable possession, have them illumiuated on white paper, simply framed, and hung in an inconspicuous place in dining room or library. A far less ostentatious way of exhibiting arms than in stained glass is in carved wood. Panels carved with such designs are sometimes inserted in doors, buffets, cabinets, chair backs or as part of a border to a wainscoting. This is either done in relief or incised. In a trypitch of mahogany, intended for a portrait, a brass panel inserted over the doors was engraved with a crest. Panels of wood or brass or tile, decorated with the coat-of-arms, may be used in any way that fancy suggests, the mantlepiece seeming particularly appropriate for armorial designs.

China for the table is often decorated with the arms, or with the crest above the initial or monogram, and where the house linen is made to order the arms are frequently woven in with other designs. Embroidery offers the largest field, perhaps, for such decorations. Aside from the smaller articles on which arms may be embroidered, and which ladies find so necessary to their comfort, such as sofa-pillows, foot-stools, sachets, pinchushions, mouchoir cases and the like, the coat-of-arms may be seen to great advantage on a screen. On a low fire screen it would, of course, be the sole design and occupy the entire space, but on a higher screen it would be appropriate as part of a panel or border. A firm on Fifth avenue has recently embroidered on a satin bedquilt a coat-of-arms requiring very brilliant coloring; the effect is very handsome. On portieres the design is effective, whether used as a centerpiece or in the border, as it is, also, on the back of an upholstered chair.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TO PREVENT EXPLOSIONS.

Valuable Suggestions for Dwellers in the Natural Gas Districts.

The following suggestions for avoiding explosions are offered by a natural-gas expert:

"To light fire, place a small piece of burning paper or other flame upon the grate or burner, and then turn on the gas, separately at first, afterward regulating flame as desired.

"Should gas fail to ignite at once, turn it off, open the damper and draft wide, and wait for a few moments, allowing the unconsumed gas to pass up the chimney before making another attempt to light fire.

"Never introduce flame in any form into a stove into which gas has first been turned.

"Always see that the valves are closed and open damper for a moment before lighting gas, to ventilate the stove or furnace. It is easy to cultivate this habit, and its observance is a good method of insurance against accident.

"Observe invariably the simple rule—Flame first, gas afterward.

"As a rule the best service is obtained by keeping bottom drafts closed tightly at all times, and damper in pipe nearly closed, but at night leave dampers nearly open.

"Do not turn fires too low at night. Leave them burning moderately.

"It is not necessary to fill stoves or furnaces with broken fire brick or any other substance. On the contrary, as a rule, better service is obtained by leaving burners bare and unobstructed except in open grates, and it is much safer. But where consumers insist upon 'filling,' great care must be observed not to clog the burner openings, which might cause a dangerous escape of gas through the mixers.

"There should be no odor of gas in the house. If any is detected turn out fires at once, ventilate thoroughly, and notify the company promptly.

"Should fires go out by reason of gas supply failing, close valves at all fires immediately."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Out of the Swim.

Young Mr. Waldo (of Boston)—Are you going into society very much this season, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—Very little, Mr. Waldo. My health is so far from robust that our family physician has charged me against undue excitement. An occasional five o'clock tea or divorce breakfast is the only social dissipation I indulge in.—*N. Y. Sun.*

MET HIS MATCH.

A Book-Agent Invades a Railroad Office and is Worsted.

A rather shabbily dressed man with a large book under his arm, inserted his nose into the orifice through which railroad tickets at the Union Depot at Austin are sold.

"What can I do for you?" asked Pete Lawless, the genial ticket agent.

"How much does a ticket to Dallas cost?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, I've got all but the seven dollars."

"That's hardly enough."

"Look here, my friend, I'm a book-agent, and I got roped into a little game of poker and want to get out of town. Now, if I stay here I'll have to drum, and I'm a terror. I've talked lots of people into the lunatic asylum. You don't want me to talk you silly, do you?"

"Suppose you try."

"In the interest of the people of Austin you want to help me leave this town. My staying here a week will retard its growth ten years."

"So you are really a book-agent. What book are you selling?"

A galvanized smile spread over the man's face, like a lot of butter on a hot batter cake, and in a sing-song voice he remarked:

"I am offering the public, in seventeen volumes, 'Dr. Bumblebee's Observations in Palestine,' a book that should be in every household; a book that not only contains the views of the learned savant on what he saw in the Holy Land, but numerous speculations and theories about what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am not selling this incomparable encyclopedia, but am giving it away at a ridiculously low figure——"

The agent paused. He expected that the ticket agent would be bored, but he was not. On the contrary, he seemed to be amused and pleased.

"Hadn't you better give me a ticket, instead of having me talk you to death?"

"Talk me to death! Why, man alive, I like to hear it. Say that over."

"Say it over?" queried the bewildered book-agent.

"Yes; I was a book-agent myself, before I went into the railroad business, and what you say is music to me. It calls back hallowed memories of the past, and makes me want to go on the road again. Why, man alive, I could listen to you all day. I wouldn't have you leave Austin for any thing. Come around every day, and we will swap experiences."

The book-agent closed his book with a bang, and faded away like a beautiful dream in the direction of a saloon where they set out free lunch. He had met his match for once.—*Texas Siftings.*

CONCERNING VISIONS.

Some of the Disagreeable Results of an Abnormal Condition of the Brain.

The brain is a very delicate and complex machine and, of course, is the more liable to get out of order because of its delicacy and complexity. The musical expert, however skillful, can produce only discord if his instrument is out of order. So with the instrument of the mind. A disordered brain produces no harmony, however learned, exalted and good the subject. The sad facts of insanity are familiar to all. But there are also mental states, not usually regarded as insane, when the mind certainly is not in its normal condition.

For instance, one thinks he hears voices distinct and familiar, and yet they proceed wholly from the person's own brain. Another listens, charmed, to sweetest music, without a suspicion of its internal origin. Others, fully awake and in broad daylight and in ordinary health, see—or seem to see, without a doubt of its reality—in their room, or advancing toward the house, a friend who is really miles away, or even in another world. Some, as soon as they close their eyes, though awake, are tormented with the most distinct appearances of hideous-looking men; while others see the most lovely forms.

These visions may or may not be of frequent occurrence. Some persons are able to recognize their unreal character; others can not reason themselves out of a conviction of their being veritable flesh and blood.

The *Medical Record*, not long ago, gave an account of nocturnal visions which for a long time disturbed a lady over ninety years of age. She was apparently in good health and was not in the habit of using opium or alcohol. Every night a group of gayly-dressed people would come to her sleeping-room and remain till morning. Some of them would sit and look at her, and the young women, clad in light, handsome dresses, and with gay caps and bonnets, would talk in a low tone and smile and hang wet flowers over her pictures or doors, and try to pass from room to room. They were not rude, but would not leave the apartments when ordered to do so. The old lady was not only annoyed by this violation of her privacy, but also felt disturbed when she thought how unwholesome it was to have so many persons in her room at night. The physician, believing the trouble to be due to defective nourishment of the brain, administered to her, a short time before retiring, an appropriate remedy, which was followed by immediate improvement. These visions doubtless occurred to her in dreams, which occupied very brief periods; but probably the condition of her brain was similar to that of those who see visions when awake, and all such cases might be benefited by proper treatment.—*Youth's Companion.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Hogs fattened on barley are reported to make superior meat with a large proportion of lean.

—Ducks usually begin to lay in February. They require a warm house, with leaves or cut straw upon which to sleep at night, as damp quarters are injurious to them.

—Common home-made lye soap, well mixed with cornmeal to a stiff dough, and given every few days, is now recommended as preventive and sure cure of chicken cholera.

—Sheep here do not pay as great profits as those in England. Every things depends upon the mode of management. Our farmers compel sheep to forage, while in England they are treated as carefully as are cattle.

—The seed of sorghum cane should be more extensively used. It may be ground or fed whole, if well cleaned. For poultry it is excellent, and as the yield of seed is from fifteen to twenty-five bushels per acre, it is really a very valuable portion of the crop.

—A heavy sod, plowed when there is a thin slice of frozen soil among the grass roots, makes a particularly mellow seed bed in spring. The frost works it down about as well as working on it half the summer could do.—*American Cultivator.*

—Keep cream apart from any strong-smelling vegetables, as nothing so rapidly absorbs odors as milk or cream. Never put it into a jar that has had vinegar, pickle or acids in it, until the jar is thoroughly cleansed and aired. The best plan is to have a jar especially for it, and be very particular that it is often thoroughly washed and aired.

—An Ohio girl, who tired of hearing the farmers in her section growl about wheat growing not paying, decided she'd see about it. She rented 5½ acres of land, kept strict account of every dollar expended in raising the crop, got an average yield of thirty-five bushels to the acre, and sold it for $142.10. The cost of production was $98.12, including $31.50 for fertilizers, and the gain on the investment was forty-four per cent.

—For gooseberry tarts, pour the juice off a can of green gooseberries, set it on the stove, wet a tablespoonful of corn starch with a little cold juice, and add to the juice on the stove when it boils, stir over the fire till it thickens, remove, add to the gooseberries, sweeten, and bake as cherry tarts. When done, cover with a meringue of white of egg and sugar, and return to the oven till it begins to color.

—Spanish Cream: This is one of the most delicious desserts. Put half a box of gelatine into a quart of sweet milk, keep in a warm place until the gelatine is dissolved; to this add the well-beaten yelks of four eggs, and one teacupful sugar. When scalding hot, but not boiling, stir in the whites, beaten to a froth. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Pour into a mold, and set away in a cool place to stiffen. Of course it is to be eaten cold.

—A Colorado farmer recommends a somewhat novel method of preventing the loss of water by evaporation from open tanks or ponds. It consists in giving the surface of the water a thin coating of oil, and was successfully adopted by him during the unusual drought of last summer. He demonstrates the correctness of his theory by filling two vessels of equal size with the same depth of water and pouring a few drops of oil on the water of one. In due course the water in the other vessel will entirely evaporate, while the one that was oiled shows no loss.

—Too many husbands seem to forget that their wives need labor-saving implements and machinery, that the farm house as well as the barn, the back yard as well as the barn yard should have conveniences for saving useless steps and burdensome drudgery. Here is a case plain enough for any husband to understand: A farmer near Gardner, Me., had allowed his wife to carry water from a distant spring for ten long years, but as soon as he had occasion to use the water for his cattle a pipe was laid and a force pump put into use. We fear there are not a few just such thoughtless husbands who will read this item and not see the point in it.—*Southern Cultivator.*

EXPENSIVE FLOWERS.

Roses That Were Sold at Eight Times Their Weight in Gold.

The cut flower business, which we might almost call another phase of floriculture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut flowers in New York for bouquets, baskets and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement here is vastly superior. It is estimated that $3,000,000 was paid for cut flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rosebuds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rosebuds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, N. J., took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as "General Jacqueminot," for which he received at wholesale $300, and which, no doubt, were retailed at $1.50 to $2 each. A flower dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at $60, or $15 apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold.—*Christian at Work.*

TRAINING WILD BEASTS.

How Ferocious Animals Are Taught to Obey Their Keepers.

The training is simple, persistent and effective. The king of beasts when conquered is like a lamb, and the young lions are tamed one at a time. For several days the animal is well fed. He is tempted to thrust his fore paws out in front of the den. Over them is slipped a noose, and the feet are then firmly tied down. The lion at once begins to roar and thrash his tail and hind legs about the cage. After a time he quiets down and the keepers enters the den. With a dexterous movement a bag is drawn down over the lion's head. The keeper sometimes bestrides his back, and holds his seat by tightening his legs around the body and grasping the mane of the animal. In the head covering is usually a sponge, saturated with about eight ounces of chloroform. The lion will try to shake off the keeper, but is powerless when his fore paws are tied down. In a moment or two the beast becomes unconscious. Other trainers then enter the den. Great attention and care is exercised over the pulsations of the lion's heart. The pulse is felt under the lower jaw the same as in a horse. It is dangerous to etherize or chloroform an animal of the cat species too severely, and the instant the pulsations becomes at all feeble the dose has to be lightened.

When the keeper becomes satisfied that the animal is unconscious, they begin operations upon his teeth. The canine, bicuspids and incisors are cut off. It requires great dexterity to know how far in the crown to cut without laying the nerve bare. After the operations on the teeth are finished, the keeper clips the claws, and in a few moments the lion is bereft of his teeth and claws. A heavy collar and chain are fastened around his neck, and when he comes to consciousness he is a very different beast than before.

The keepers will enter the cage at short intervals after this, and should the lion attempt to spring the chain retards him, and the keeper at once administers a sharp rap with a raw-hide whip. The lion, deprived of his teeth and claws, soon becomes cowardly. He is kept well fed, and if too ferocious is drugged until he becomes used to his keeper's presence in the cage.

Tigers are more difficult to conquer. Their teeth and claws are cut off in a similar manner to those of the lion. Tigers are more treacherous, and will spring at a keeper unexpectedly and without any warning whatever. They are drugged and kept chained for a long time, and often flogged into submission.

Leopards and panthers are easily tamed. With the wolf and the hyena the keepers fear only the teeth. They are "dog-footed," and do not strike like a cat animal. Their teeth are cut, and a good club will do the rest.

The operation upon the long tusks of the baboon is so painful and apparently so inhuman as to call for Henry Bergh's interference. The keepers will secure a baboon's paws and legs and draw the creature close up to the bars of his cage. The head will be tied also. After he is made fast his long tusks are sawed off. The baboon is subject to tooth-ache, and his teeth are extremely sensitive. When the saw cuts through to the nerve the poor beast will utter the most piercing shrieks and howls. To allay the pain, toothache drops of oil of cloves, oil of cajuput and chloroform are poured in the teeth and tar rubbed on to keep out the air.

After the operation is over the keeper retreats, the fastenings are removed and the baboon allowed to recover. After such an operation the baboon seldom shows a disposition to attack a man. It is, therefore, not so wonderful after all that the man-eaters and all sorts of carniverous animals are paraded through the streets with keepers among them. Timid people should take heart and remember that animals clipped, drugged and chained in cages are not possessed of such ferocious instincts as those of their native wilds.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Out of the pail of business—bucket-shops.

The painter on his scaffold is a man of high standing in the community.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"I GET your views," as the constable said when he levied on a stereoscopic show.—*Texas Siftings.*

The game of foot-ball seems to be a mechanical business. Principally fall and tackle.—*Boston Commercial-Bulletin.*

A SCHOOL-BOY remarks that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is switch.—*Exchange.*

Women in Washington Territory can vote. Those who take advan age of the privilege are called ballot girls.—*Texas Siftings.*

The fellow who invested his last dollar in a Duluth stone quarry made money out of his blasted hopes.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

TEN-PINS is a bowled game to play.—*Binghamton Republican.*

HARD times for the school-boy—the multiplication table.—*Golden Days.*

A ROUGH estima e—guess ng at the number engaged in a street brawl.

A LADY of high standing—Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.—*New Age.*

In the matrimonial breakers the more "rocks" you strike the better.—*Epoch.*

THEY raise vegetable tallow in Australia. There's the place to laugh and grow fat.—*Texas Siftings.*

A GRITTY paper—sandpaper.

A PRINTER ought to do well in a new mining region. He can set up a "claim" quicker than any body, if he has the type to do it with.—*Texas Siftings.*

SIGN for a money lender—Lucre here!—

St. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK

SCIATICA.

Misery.—It is instructive to note from the catalogue of diseases that nine-tenths of fatal cases reach their chronic stage through a stupid indifference to a correct treatment when the system is first assailed. It is easily shown that thousands of lives could be saved.

NERVOUS PAINS.

Torture.—For instance: SCIATICA, which so sorely afflicts the human family, and which is defined to be neuralgia of the sciatic nerve, rheumatism of the hip-joint, or parts adjoining it, hip gout, pains in the loins and hips, even in its mildest form never seizes its prey without due warning.

SYMPTOMS.

Acute.—Sudden and acute pains in the hip and loins; redness, swelling, tenderness, soreness, fever, lameness and sometimes excruciating pains. The disease rapidly develops into chronic or inflammatory stage.

TREATMENT.

Cure.—Rub the parts affected thoroughly and vigorously with ST. JACOBS OIL; create a burning sensation by the friction of rubbing on the Oil; apply warmth; flannels wrung out in hot water.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well-fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all Boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

The Original **Pierce's** LITTLE Pleasant Purgative LIVER Pellets PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative,** or **purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,



Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.**

Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *292 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."



DURANC'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY

will positively cure rheumatism when everything else on earth fails. It is taken internally, and cures quickly and thoroughly without ruining the stomach. **Price, one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars.** Sold by all druggists. Send for free 40-page pamphlet to **R. R. HELPHENSTINE,** Druggist, WASHINGTON, D.C.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Death of "Petroleum V. Nasby."

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 15.—D. R. Locke, editor of the *Blade* of this city, widely known as "Petroleum V. Nasby," died at 6:35 this morning. The immediate cause of his death was consumption. David Ross Locke was born at Vestal, Broome county, N. Y., September 20th, 1833, and hence was in his 55th year. His father, N. R. Locke, a veteran of the war of 1812, is still living in this city at the advanced age of 94 years. The father was one of the original anti-slavery men of the country, and young Locke inherited the intense hatred of the "peculiar institution" and love of freedom which made him such a power with his pen during the civil war. In his eleventh year he was apprenticed to the printing trade in the office of the Cortland (N. Y.) *Courier*. After serving his seven years he traveled through the United States, working at his trade and acting as a reporter. In 1852 he founded the Plymouth (Ohio) *Advertiser*, conducting it two years. 1856 he founded the Bucryus *Journal*, and afterwards was successively connected with the Mansfield *Herald* and Findlay *Jeffersonian*. He was editing the latter paper when the war broke out, and in its columns appeared the first numbers of the renowned "Nasby" letters, the first bearing the date of April 21, 1861. These political satires sprang at at once into tremendous popularity. They were copied into newspapers everywhere, quoted in speeches, read around the camp-fires of Union armies, and exercised enormous influence in molding public opinion North in favor of vigorous prosecution of the war. Secretary Boutwell declared in a speech at Cooper Union, New York, at the close of the war, that the success of the Union arms was due to three causes—"the army, the navy and the Nasby letters." Charles sumner declared: "Unquestionably they were among the influences and agencies by which disloyalty in all its forms was exposed and public opinion assured upon the right side. It is impossible to measure their value, Against the devices of slavery and its supporters, each letter was like a speech, or one of those songs which stir the people."

These letters were a source of the greatest delight to President Lincoln, who always kept them in his table drawer for perusal at odd times. Mr. Locke once raised a company of volunteers and applied to Gov. Brough, of Ohio, for a commission as captain, which was refused on the ground that he could do more good for the Union cause with his pen than in the field, The immense popularity of the Nasby letters led to the demand for Mr. Locke to enter the lecture field, and he appeared in all the principal cities of the North. Though, as he himself acknowledged, not master of oratory he always had crowded and delighted audiences. He was offered official positions by President Lincoln and also by President Grant, but steadi y declined, as his only ambition was in the editorial field. In 1865 he assumed charge of the *Toledo Blade*, first on a salary, afterward purchasing an interest and finally entire control. It had always been his design to found a great national weekly, which he now carried out. He was one of the founders of the Republican party in Ohio, and the Nasby letters were but part of the powerful work he did in political fields. He also did a vast deal of purely literary work, having written two or three successful plays, books of travels and many novels and sketches for his own paper. He was also a poet of no mean order, and several of his devotional poems can be found in various church hymnals.

Some four or five years ago his health began to fail after twenty-two years of arduous labor, and he gradually withdrew himself from active work. Since then he has written very little, save the occassional "Nasby" letters that have appeared and a few special articles, chiefly on prohibition. He became convinced that prohibition must be the final solution of the liquor question, and for six yeass has strongly advocated it in his paper, but always through non-partisan methods. He remained faithful to his Republican ideas and deprecated any attempt to build up a seperate prohibition party. Consumption was inherited, it being in his mother's family, and several brothers and sisters dying of it. Its approach was very slow, and it was not till last November that he was confined to the house. His literary labors and newspaper were very profitable and in his latter years he was largely interested in building and manufacturing in Toledo. His fortue is estimated at a million dollars, exclusive of the *Blade*. He was married while at Plymouth to Miss Martha Bodine, who, with their three sons, all grown to manhood, survives him. The eldest, Captain Robinson Locke, has been associated with his father on the *Blade* for the last dozen years, except while consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, to which office he was appointed by President Arthur.

Hannibal Hamlin on Lincoln.

Venerable Hannibal Hamlin, white and wrinkled with his eighty years, a life-long Republican, Vice-President with Abraham Lincoln and beloved and honored by Republicans all over the land, proved in a speech here last night that his political faith is unwavering. The occasion was a meeting of the Veteran Republican Club, which was organized after the first great triumph of the Republican party to commemorate the election of President Lincoln. The marvellous old man began thus:

"I thank God there is no vote of mine in thirty-four long years of Congressional life that was not for freedom," Speaking to the young men present he beggeu of them to "shun the Democratic party as they would a viper. The Democratic party is not one whit more patriotic or more honest to-day than in the closing days of Buchanan's administration. I do not know but the Democratic party of to-day is worse than the Democratic party of 1860.

"Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States. Now if you think that all over, it is very comprehensive. When you recall that he had such men in his Cabinet as William H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase, yet towered above all others and dominated them all, you will get a little idea of the meaning of the fact that Abraham Lincoln was President and not his Cabinet. I will call to your minds a historical fact. Almost the very first days of the organization of his administration the question was presented to his Cabinet whether Fort Sumpter should be surrendered or not and the Cabinet voted yes, but Abraham Lincoln voted no, and the fort was not surrendered. I state that fact because it has not been stated historically, I cannot say how many, bnt in a great many other instances the whole direction of the government was controlled by Abraham Lincoln, with his Cabinet not in harmony with him."

The emancipation proclamation, Mr. Hamlin said, was "the act of Lincoln and nobody else; not the act of his Cabinet. I was urging him in season and out of season to issue that proclamation, but the time had not come. I happened to be in Washington just before it became known that it was to be issued, and at Mr. Lincoln's desire accompanied him to his study, and he said that I had been urging him at all times to issue an emancipation proclamation. Then said he: "I think the time has about come, Mr. Hamlin, and as you have said a good deal about it I am going to show it to you as the first man who has ever read it. No member of my Cabinet has seen it.' So I use the language that it was Abraham Lincoln's proclamation and not the proclamation of his Cabinet."—*Portland, (Me.) Telegram.*

A Wonderful Invention.

Baltimore Sun.

There was a meeting yesterday of the Electro-Automatic Transit Company of Britimore City. It was decided to build a test line for the rapid delivery of newspapers, mails and express matters generally. The mechanical contrivence, under the new system of rapid transit invented by David G. Weems, of this city, and controlled by the above named company, bids fair to revolutionize the world in this respect.

It is very simple, consisting of a light structure, elevated some 20 feet from the ground, thereby offering no hindrance to the cultivation of fields over which it may pass, Cars, pointed at both ends, are run on two tracks which acts in the two-fold capacity of a guide rail, and the conductor of the electric current. Each car is provided with an upper or guide wheel at each end, whose flanges inclose the upper or guide rail on each side, thus rendering the jumping of the track a matter of impossibility, The motive power consists of a permanent generator of certain prescribed horse-power, located at each end of the line, from which the current passes to the induction rail, where it is immediately taken up by the traveling motor, to which one or more cars may be attached. The whole train is automatic in its action, each car springing its own brakes in succession, in passing a permanent trip-lever, located at a sufficient distance from the stopping place, after the train has already passed a point where the electric current is cut off permanently, leaving the train to its own momentum only, when the brakes are automatically applied. By the proposed line Baltimore newspapers, mail matter or express packages would reach Chicago in about two hours. Chicago is distant from Baltimore 801 miles by rail. Matter from San Francisco to New York would be nine hours in transit.

A Female Bandit.

The death is announced of one of the most remarkable women that Mexico has ever produced. Notwithstanding her strange and perilous career she attained a ripe old age and became one of the wealthiest women in the Republic. This woman was Senora Amastia Rubio de Pascadero. In her early womanhood she devoted her time to robbery, and if half the reports regarding her career are true it is no wonder that she left a vast fortune at her death. One of her most notable exploits was a stage robbery in the State of Zacatecas.

One night she dressed herself in men's clothing, and mounting a horse rode from the little town of San Antonio to the Racatecas and Aques Calantes stage road, where she waited in a small mesquite grove for the south-bond stage to pass. As the postillions came up she commanded them with a revolver in hand to halt, put out their torches and fall into the rear of the coach, which was a few yards behind them. She then advanced upon the driver and keeper who were made to dismount, expecting every moment to be shot from ambush as she kept saying, "Don't shoot unless they offer resistance."

The passengers, eight in number who were inside the stage were led to believe from the female road agent's conversation that an armed party was in the brish, and when she came up demanded their money, watches and jewelry they lost no time in obeying her. She then bade the passengers goodnight, and after admonishing them not to make a movement within half an hour disappeared in the grove. During her career she killed agreat many men, and for many long years was a terror to the people of Sinaloa, Jalisco and Sonora. Troops and State police chased her for years, but could never entrap her. It was stated that the reason she gave for adopting such a remarkable mode of life was the murder by Federal troops of her intended husband years ago, when she was in her teens. She then made a vow that she would kill or ruin five men for every year she should be permitted to live. She was one of the most desperate bandits Mexico ever produced, notwithstanding she was a woman. Before her death she related her strange history and bequeathed her immense fortune to charities. At her request she was buried beside her dead lover in her native town, San Antonio.

Caught at Last.

Boston Courier.

"It must be very lonesome sitting all by yourself in your office balancing your books at night, John," said an affectionate wife.

"It is, my darling."

"I have been thinking about it for some time and now I have got a delightful surprise for you."

"A delightful surprise?"

"Yes, dear. I sent for my mother yesterday, and I expect her every minute. I mean to have her stay with us quite a while. She will take care of the house at night and look after the children and I can go down town and sit in your office with you while you work."

"The dev—that is to say I couldn't think of your going down town"—

"It is my duty, dear John. I ought to have thought of it before, but it never came to my mind till yesterday. Oh, John, forgive me! Forgive me for not thinking of your comfort sooner. But I will go with you to-night."

"To-night? Why, I—I—the fact is I got through with my books last night."

"Oh, you did! How delightful! And you can now stay at home every evening! I'm so glad!"

And the delightful wife ran off to make preparation for the reception of her mother, while her husband with sombre brow sat staring at the coals in the grate, in which he could see the picture of a mother-in-law's reproving face and a poker party with a vacant chair.

"All is over between us, Mr. Sampson," she said coldly. "The presents you have given me will be returned to-morrow."

He stood there proudly, but his face was ashen.

"Every thing shall be returned," she went on, with a queenly sweep of her rounded arm, "with the exception, of course, of the caramels and ice-cream."

And thus they parted.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8,) on the Wood road, and running thence to Dobbin, on the W. Va, C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JAMES CONEWAY,
JOHN BLAMBEL,
ISAAC W. ABERNATHY.

12 25

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, 1y

THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN
THE PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
A. S. ABELL & CO., PUBLISHERS,
BALTIMORE.

A. S. ABELL. GEORGE W. ABELL.
EDWIN F. ABELL. WALTER R. ABELL.

The BALTIMORE WEEKLY SUN continues to preserve its position, maintained for many years, as a model Family Newspaper, During the past year, in order to accommodate the great variety of matter seeking admission to its columns, it has been found necessary to issue a Supplement almost every weak, presenting a home newspaper unequaled for freshness and variety. Its literary features are selected with discriminating taste and with special reference to the entertainment and instruction of the family circle. Its Agricultural and Veterinary Departments, edited by specialists, have been of great value to the Farmer, while its Fashion Articles, Household Recipes, etc., have continued to be a source of weekly interest and intruction to ladies. The latest news up to the hours of publication is given in its correspondence and telegraphic dispatches, while its editorials, besides discussing current events in an impartial spirit, afford much wholesome advice and suggestion on social, economic and other topics. The proceedings of Congress, the Maryland and other Legislatures, the National Political Conventions, and the Presidential and Congressional elections are among the important features that will be promptly and copiously presented in its columns during 1888.

FULL COMMERCIAL, FINANCIAL, COTTON, CATTLE WARKET AND STOCK REPORTS UP TO the HOUR OF GOING TO PRESS.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
TERMS INVARIABLY CASH IN ADVANCE

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Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.
For terms and particulars apply to or address,
GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Heilbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
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INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; nospecial ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Cor. Water and Third streets
OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
in Oakland, and am prepared to do
All Kin s of Work
in my line, at
Reasonable Prices!
☞ All work Guaranteed.
A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MARYLAND,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.
Three Courses of Lectures.
Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Dacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.
Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 12 '87.—1y

D. T. E. CASTEEL, M. D.,
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Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.
☞ Office in the Casteel Drug Store building, Oakland, Md. 10 28 tf

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.
For terms, &c., address
REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.
HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	8.09	A. M.
No. 58—Accommodation	10.30	A. M.
No. 6	11.38	A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.09	P. M.
No. 4	11.53	P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.37	A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40	A. M.
No. 5	5.07	P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41	P. M.
No. 1	9.02	P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

*** * 1888 * ***

THE MORNING HERALD

$3.00 A Year.
$1.65 Six Months.
30 Cts. Per Month.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE SUNDAY HERALD

$1.50 A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE WEEKLY HERALD

50 Cents A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, bright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald.*

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading *literateurs* of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

THE Weekly Herald is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright: It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.
J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.
There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.
The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888. NUMBER 1.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., aboye drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnol's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 20 '87.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When it is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,

Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,

9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

"Tell you how I commenced in life? Certainly. Sit down and make yourself comfortable. You look thoroughly disheartened for a young man."

"I am discouraged, Mr. Myers. I have tried every day for six weeks to get a position, and there is none to be had. Tis is the sum and substance of the whole matter."

As he spoke David Edwards dropped into the proffered chair. The bright carpet, glowing grate and comfortable atmosphere of Lawyer Myers' cozy library were home-like and attractive, especially to the young man who had spent the whole day out in the rain trying to secure a paying position.

"There is no use," he said, with a long-drawn sigh. "I've tried for the last time. Prosperity is not for everybody."

Lawyer Myers laid down his evening paper.

"You have asked me to tell you how I got started, and I will. And I want you to profit by the rehersal.

"After I had taken my course of law, had graduated with honors and obtained my diploma, I supposed myself qualified to enter upon the duties of a professional man. So I packed my satchel, and came to the city to look for an opening.

"The first man I applied to was Colonel Hawkins, the now famous criminal lawyer. He was a particular friend of one of the professors, and I supposed that my diploma would be all the introduction I should need—that he would actually take me into his confidence at once."

"You discovered your mistake, I presume," interrupted the young man in a dejected tone.

"Yes, I discovered it, I went to the Colonel and told him my plans. I shall never forget the look he gave me. A look over a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles that made me feel as though I was about the size of a spindle.

"'Young man,' he said, in a sonorous tone that made me shiver, 'take my advice and never enter law! The profession is crowded to death! Men are actually starving, sitting in their office chairs, waiting for clients! There is no money in it, sir. Lawyers have had their day, and the rising generation must look up a new business.'

"With that he bowed and dismissed me.

"Of course I did what any other young man would have done under similar circumstances—went back to the cheerless room on the third floor of my boarding house, with the blues. I considered Colonel Hawkins an autocrat. If he said there was no chance in the profession, I accepted it as a foregone conclusion."

"What did you do then, sir?" asked David, his interest already becoming aroused.

"I was going to tell you what I did. While I sat there feeling so homesick, and wishing that I had never been born, Mrs. Green, my landlady, came in. She wanted to know what the trouble was, and I told her. She said Colonel Hawkins ought to know and advised me to abandon the idea of trying law. I was subject to advice, and I accepted counsel.

"'But,' she said, 'cheer up. I can get you a position in a bank. I am sure of that, if you want it.'

"Of course I wanted it. So she wrote a note to one of the bankers of the city, inclosed a letter of introduction, and sent me out again, not forgetting to add the usual 'best wishes for success.'

"I have often thought of it! How I put my hand on the railing and stepped into that bank that afternoon! Confidence lifting my feet as on a carpet of down. Imagination measuring the size of the bank I would be proprietor of in a few years.

"I handed my letter to a clerk, and he delivered it to some one behind a desk. Then he took his hat and went out, and I stood there and waited an hour at least.

"Finally a gray-haired old gentlemen came out and said:

"'You are the young man who brought this letter. I believe?'"

"Yes, sir"

"'Ahem! Yes; well please say to Mrs. Green that I am sorry not to be able to do her the favor, but we have no vacancies at present.'"

"I made no reply. Only stood and looked at him.

"'Young man,' he said at last, 'take my advice and never attempt to learn banking. You could hope for nothing better than the position of book-keeper for years, if ever; and it is nothing but a dog's life. Besides the business is crowded sir. There are more banks than there are people to support them. Every paper you pick up is full of bank failures.'

"And he bowed me out.

"I went back to Mrs. Green and told her the resnlt

"'Well,' she said. 'Mr. Switzer ought to know. He has been in the business thirty years. How would you like to be a druggist?'

"I told her I would like anything thing that was a paying business. She had a friend who was a druggist and she was positive he wanted a clerk.

"So she wrote another note and letter of introduction and sent me off to her druggist friend.

"I walked over this time and it was just as well. The position had been filled before I got there.

"But just as I turned to leave the store, the proprietor, who was quite an old man, stopped me and said:

"Young man, don't spend an hour trying to be a druggist. I have been in the business forty years and I know what I am talking about. You've got to work like a slave, night and Sundays not excepted, and probably in the end get sued for damages on account of some careless prescription clerk. Besides the business is overdone already. You will find a drug store springing up on every other corner. Take my word for it there is no money in drugs.'

"That night I sat in my room trying to decide which way to turn next when Charlie Griffin, the fellow who roomed next to me, dropped in.

"'Got the blues?' he asked.

"'Yes, I have,' I answered with a great, deep sigh. 'I am perfectly sick of the whole of it.'

"'O, pshaw,' he said, in a cheerful tone that brightened me a little, 'there are plenty of chances. You will get in somewhere. I believe the book business would just suit you. Why don't you try that?'

"'I hadn't thought of it,' I replied.

"'Well, that will be just the thing for you,' he said with great confidence. I can help you on that too! I am acquainted with a man in the book business and he wants a partner. There is your chance. I will go down with you in the morning and give you an introduction.'

"Then he rattled on for half an hour about subscription books and all other kinds of books. The fortunes that had been made out of them and the chances there were for young men in the business, and I went to bed with renewed hopes.

"The next morning we went down to the office. Charlie introduced me and told the proprietor I wanted to learn the business.

"'Want to learn the book business!' he exclaimed, as though there were something terrible in the very thought. 'If you had the experience I have you would never try handling books! It is the most tantalizing business on earth. Take a new subscription book, for instance. It treats of a popular topic and you know there is money in it. The books take, the agent secures large orders and everything looks prosperous. But wait till the delivery comes.—Some of the subscribers have changed their minds, some of them moved away, and probably those whom the agent felt the surest of will have diptheria or scarlet fever so that he cant's see them at all? The result is, two-thirds of the books come back on your hands. It is the most discouraging business in existence. I don't want any partner. I want to sell out.'

"'Do you know of any opening in any kind of business?'

"'No, sir, I don't he replied with a wild shake of the head. 'Every profession and every branch of business under the sun is overcrowded! There is not even a possibility of success in anything.'

Charlie went back to his work and I went back to my boarding house.

"'Mrs. Green,' I said, in a defiant tone, 'will you trust me for my board for two months!'

"'Why, yes, Mr. Myers, I will trust you,' she replied. What are you going to do?'

"'I am going to open a law office. I have spent my time and money in fitting myself for a profession, and I propose to follow it and make a living out of it.'

"That afternoon I rented a small office and commenced business for myself. I have followed the practice of law ever since and I have prospered. Any young man can do the same. Ask neither sympathy, assistance nor advice, but qualify yourself for the vocation you wish to follow, and then go to work in earnest.

"Daniel Webster only voiced the experience of a lifetime when he replied to a young man who asked him if there was a chance in his profession:

"'Yes, sir, there is room at the top.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Nail These Reminders to the Barn Door.

If the iron wedge will not draw build a fire of chips and heat it.

Heap up and tramp down solidly the snow around the young fruit trees.

Water, green food and meat, fowls must have to prosper during the winter.

Watch the outlets of the tile-drains that they do not become closed with ice.

There is one part of the farm that is not benefited by drainage; the manure heap.

Politeness pays in the cow-stable. A gentle man gets more milk than a harsh man.

Straw and corn-fodder are best worked into manure by putting them through good animals.

The best preventive of trouble at lambing time is daily exercise for the ewes during winter.

Take the bridles with you when you go to breakfast, and put them near the stove while you eat.

Separate the weaker animals; they need extra feed, whereas, with the stronger animals they get scant feed.

Profit in farming comes from the maximum crops, the products of winter thought and summer work.

If the chain pump is clogged up with ice do not give the crank a jerk. Both wheel and chain break more easily when very cold.

Every farmer may be the architecture of his own fortune, and it is poor policy to let the job out to luck.

Harness hung in the stable is damaged as much by the gasses and dampness there as it is worn by use.

When green wood is used for fuel part of the heat is absorbed to convort the water in the fuel into vapor.

If you do not wish cloddy and lifeless ground in the spring keep the cattle off the fields when the soil is soft.

Drive your horses a little to one side when you stop with a load on the sled. This makes it easier to start the load.

A fire burns better in a hot than in a cold furnace; it is equally true that an animal well wintered is half summered.

If open, outdoor feed-troughs are turned over at night they will not be filled with snow and ice in the morning.

If you place the ax near the stove for fifteen minutes it will cut better and not be so apt to break along the edge.

The flavor of the fuel used for smoking meat is somewhat imparted to the meat; hence the fuel should be selected carefully.

You have no right to feed a dog so long as you have not the money to provide your family with good papers and books.—*American Agriculturist for February.*

Death Preferred to Disgrace.

ALLIANCE, O., Feb. 22.—Charles Wingard, aged 24, and Miss Anna Fox, his niece, aged about 16 years, who were arrested here on last Monday for eloping from Monroe, Mich., committed suicide this morning about 10 o'clock. Sheriff Eaton, of Monroe, arrived here this morning and identified the prisoners. Chief of Police Stacy of this city and Sheriff Eaton had a conversation with the prisoners and requested them to go back to Michigan without a requisition. They asked for a short time in private to decide on what they should do, and the officers left them alone for a few minutes. On returning to the prison they found Anna dead and Wingard in a dying condition.

There was a bullet-hole in the forehead of the girl and one through the top of Wingard's head, made by a 32-calibre revolver. A note was found stating that they had decided to kill themselves rather than go back to Monroe, and that they had taken their own lives.

After coming here Wingard succeeded in obtaining employment as a fireman on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad. The couple secured board at Reader's boarding-house and passed off as man and wife. Becoming frightened they fled to canton last week, where they were arrested by Officer Stacy on Monday and brought here. It is understood that both parties are highly connected in Monroe.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE YOUNGEST CAT.

A small bright face, two roundgreen eyes,
A fluffy head as soft as silk,
Two ears pricked up in swift surprise,
Two whiskered lips to drink the milk.
So sleek, so quick, so fair, so fat,
There's nothing like the youngest cat.

She has no reverence for the rest;
Plays unconcerned with Sambo's tail;
Pulls gently at Lord Earnest's crest—
A feat that turns her mother pale.
He growls and bites. What of that?
She's safe up high, our youngest cat.

Then creeping round the sofa back,
She pats her mistress with her paw;
Disturbs the monarch, sleek and black,
Whose lightest mewings once were law:
He wakes; he spits. She's reached the mat
And flown out-doors, that youngest cat.

She's here, she's there, she's everywhere;
No spot is sacred from the pet.
Of food she takes the lion's share:
She rushes where the saucer's set;
The mouse she claims; she hoards the rat
Within his hole—the youngest cat.

She climbs the desk, she spills the ink,
Then chases swift the lagging pen.
We put her down, but, ere we think,
She's up and at the game again.
An author's words come scarcely pat
When walked o'er by the youngest cat.

A tease, a joy, a plague, a dear—
Her names are many as her tricks,
We chase her off, then call her near:
The rest look on as cross as sticks.
No house is dull, be sure of that,
Which always holds a youngest cat.

—*J. E. Panton, in Harper's Young People.*

UP ROARING FORK.

A Mountain Tale of Love and Adventure.

[Written for This Paper].



HE sun's rays filtered through the dense foliage of the trees on the banks of Roaring Fork, where that boisterous stream flowed noisily over rocks in its wild haste to unite with the waters of the Red river. The meager beams of sunlight fell gently upon the disheveled dark locks of a young girl. She was seated on the moss-covered, gnarled roots of a large tree. Her slender, dark hands held a fishing-pole steady, while her large, velvety dark eyes were fastened intently upon the cork that bobbed up and down on the surface of the stream, in obedience to the wind that played gently over the Roaring Fork.

Three beautiful speckled fish of good size, now and then made a slight undulation of the water at her feet, in the vain effort to free themselves from the forked stick on which she had secured them.

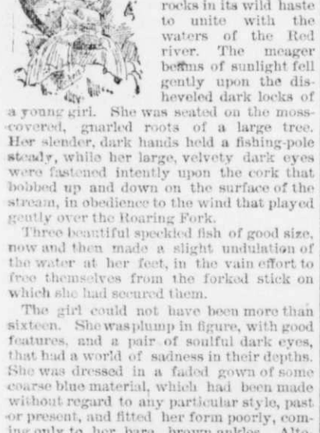
The girl could not have been more than sixteen. She was plump in figure, with good features, and a pair of soulful dark eyes, that had a world of sadness in their depths. She was dressed in a faded gown of some coarse blue material, which had been made without regard to any particular style, past or present, and fitted her form poorly, coming only to her bare, brown ankles. Altogether, she was a wild, dark little creature, that looked not unlike a natural part of that picturesque sylvan scene round about the Roaring Fork, and might have been taken for a larger sister to the beautiful wild flowers that bloomed in such prodigality on its banks.

A footstep fell on the hearing of the girl. She turned her head in the direction from whence the sound came. A man was coming towards her. The girl recognized him at once and a deep frown broke the calm of her countenance.

The man that approached her was a handsome, devil-may-care sort of fellow, thirty-five years of age or thereabouts, tall and graceful in manners, with golden hair and whiskers, and restless, penetrating eyes of gray. A somewhat cruel, sardonic expression constantly hovered around his small mouth, and, just now, as he stopped above her on the bank, it seemed to expand and render his handsome face more repellent to the girl, whose dark eyes strove to read his thoughts.

For several moments he occupied a graceful attitude on the bank overlooking the girl's retreat without speaking. Neither did she utter a word, nor give any sign that he was near her, other than to fix her wondrous eyes upon him in distrust and repulsion.

At length the fellow broke into a laugh, not pleasant by any means, and he said: "You don't like me, Wild Bird of the Roaring Fork, do you?"



"YOU DON'T LIKE ME, DO YOU?"

"You don't reckon I hev any call ter like ye, do ye, Bert Coles?" she retorted, her eyes blazing.

"Well, really, now, that is a somewhat embarrassing question," he replied, mockingly. "I supposed that missionary fool you started to school to had taught you it is a Christian duty to love everybody."

"That don't mean fur us ter love ther ugly doin's an' hoss stealin', an' whisky smugglin'," answered the girl, speaking slowly. The man bit his lips to suppress the anger her implied charges called up, while big tears welled up in the girl's eyes as she remembered the kind missionary to whom she had been sent to school two years ago, but from which she had been recalled to the deathbed of her mother. She had never returned to school, deeming it her duty to stay with her lonely father, in his little cabin far up the wild Roaring Fork.

Bert Coles evidently deemed it wisest to change the subject, for he said:

"Well, Lenita, I can tell you one thing worth heeding. You won't catch a single fish as long as the wind bobs your cork that way, if you sit there till your raven tresses turn white as those blossoms over yonder," and he laughed again.

"You don't know nothin' erbout it, Bert Coles," she returned. "I've ketched three already, an' another's been nibblin'; but your talk's sorter scart him, I guess."

"Which, I suppose, is a mild hint that I should either 'button my lip' or decamp instanter; eh, Lenita?" he asked, leaning coolly back against a large pecan tree that spread its green branches over the girl, and sent darkling shadows out over the water before her.

"The trees is better company fur me 'an some folks is," replied the girl, with a flash in her eyes.

"Thank you," he returned, and his laugh rang out more pleasantly as he removed his broad-brimmed hat and gracefully ran one shapely white hand through his golden curls. "Your frankness is quite refreshing, Lenita. Had I heard more frankness and less flattery from your sex years ago, I might not now be what I am, an outlaw from justice, hiding here in the Indian Territory," and the man rested his head against the palm of his hand, while his thoughts were of his past, its lost opportunities, its course of reckless dissipation.

Lenita remained silent. Her eyes wandered across the Roaring Fork to the opposite bank, where the alder's snowy, flaky blossoms nodded to and fro in the warm south wind, and a red bird whisked among the branches. The girl possessed little learning, but she was of a thoughtful turn of mind. As she looked at the wild flowers, so white, emblems of purity, and the red bird so industrious, the secret of content and happiness, Lenita wondered why man, endowed by our Father above with so great intelligence, so rarely possessed the simple purity of the alder blooms, and attained to the happiness of the bird.

A heavy sigh from the man recalled her. She had almost forgotten that she was not alone.

"Where is your father to-day, Lenita?" he asked, after several moments of silence.

"He was at the cabin when I come away," answered the girl, fixing her dark eyes full upon him. "But I want ter tell ye, Bert Coles, I don't want you-uns ter git my pap inter no more devilment. You know well nuff what I mean. If you-uns will do what's 'gin the law, ye hev no bus'ness ter git others ter help yer in yer evil doin's. Pap 'ud do right well an' stick ter his religion if it wasn't fur you-uns. But he's that easy to gin in ter some body else's mind, that when you-uns comes eround our cabin with yer smooth tongue, he allus gin's in." Lenita had risen to her feet and stood with flushed face and flashing eyes confronting the handsome outlaw, who only smiled in his habitual fashion as she went on speaking. When she had finished he made her a courtesy, and, putting his hat on his head, he said:

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Lenita, for the oration just delivered, and although I should like to hear more, I am pressed for time and must leave you. However, I will think over what you demand, but not to-day," and he hurried off in the direction of the cabin, up the creek.

For a short time Lenita remained standing where Bert Coles had left her. After a while, she pulled out the fishing line, and removing the half devoured bait, she wrapped the line round and round the long cane stalk which served as fishing-pole. As she was thus engaged, the sound of a pony's hoofs striking the rocky path caught her ear. A moment later, a fleet-footed pony came into view on the opposite side of the Roaring Fork. The girl's dusky cheeks turned crimson as she recognized both pony and rider. The rider greeted the girl, and then he drew rein by the stream's side and allowed his pony to drink of the cool, limpid waters. He was a young man of twenty-one or two, perhaps, and sat his pony like a prince. The dark eyes, straight black hair and small jetty mustache that lent considerable beauty to his dusky face, all bespoke the Indian blood in his veins. He was dressed after the manner of the best educated and most civilized of the citizens of the Indian Territory, and not in the half fantastic style of costume supported by a certain class there. The belt, bristling with weapons, which encircled his waist, was not the insignia of border ruffianism, as is so often the case with young fellows so equipped. Scott Redleaf, as the young Chickasaw was called, was deputy sheriff in the district including the Roaring Fork region, where Lenita and her father lived in their isolated cabin.

Lenita knew Scott Redleaf well, and she had loved him for his manliness ever since the day, several months ago, when he had protected her from the insults of a debased character and drunken brute. Scott Redleaf, too, had been strangely drawn towards the lonely, unlearned girl in whose veins flowed some of the blood of his own nation, and he was very happy to have met her this morning.

After crossing the creek the young man sprang lightly from the saddle, and leaving the pony to feed on the grass that grew along the woodland path, he approached Lenita and told her his business there, in that part of the Roaring Fork.

Some ponies belonging to a ranchman in Texas had been run over the Red river into the Chickasaw Nation, and were believed to be concealed somewhere on the Roaring Fork. He told her that Bert Coles was the leader in the matter, and it was generally believed that her father was implicated and suspected of screening the chief of the outlaws and his gang.

"For your sake, Lenita, I am willing to let your father off on his promise to encourage such law-breaking no more," Scott Readleaf said, "but Bert Coles and his followers must suffer what penalties the law has in store for such criminals as he."

He did not ask Lenita if she knew any thing about the matter or could tell him of the whereabouts of the outlaw Coles. He had merely sought her out to warn her to put her father on his guard against the posse of men now scouring the country along the Roaring Fork to find the headquarters of the outlaws in hiding somewhere among its bold bluffs and deep gullies.

Bidding the girl good day, Scott Readleaf vaulted into his saddle and rode off towards the north, taking the opposite bank from the one on which the lone cabin of Joe Frenchy was situated.

Lenita gazed after the young fellow until the trees hid horse and rider from view. Then, fishing-rod in one hand and fish in the other, she walked up the noisy stream to her cabin home, a dark, uninviting abode amid a thicket of wild plum and trailing vines.

Joe Frenchy was leaning against his cabin, pipe in mouth, and hands thrust lazily into the pockets of his coarse jeans pants. He was a man of forty, tall and somewhat given to the bony order of humanity. His face, however, was bloated looking, revealing to an observer one who imbibed spirits or "bitters" to a considerable extent. His beard was scant and black. His hair and eyes, as well as his principal features, proved his Indian blood at once. Above his head, on the rude logs of the cabin, the skins of several wild animals were tacked to cure in the meagre rays of sunshine that penetrated to that tree-environed habitation. At his feet slept two lank, lean hounds that pricked their ears up as Lenita materialized down the path.

The stolid, bloated face of Joe Frenchy redeemed itself as his child came into sight. A moment before it had seemed nothing on earth had power to change th dull expression of his countenance. Now the lusterless eyes grew bright, and his whole face seemed to glow with different life. The power of love is beyond human estimate.

Joe Frenchy's acquaintances were wont to say that if it was not for the love he bore his motherless child, he would have gone to the dogs long ago. As it was, he had nearly done so anyway, despite the great affection he had for Lenita. Yet, that love was able to reclaim him to occasional reforms. He would break off from his evil associates and declare that he would never touch another drop of whisky again, and for a little time he would be truly happy in adhering to his resolves. But the tempters would come, Bert Coles and others, who understood just how to strike the weak cords of his nature, and, yielding to persuasion, he would do again the very things he had promised never to do more.

As Lenita put her fish aside, she asked:

"Was Bert Coles ter see you-uns, pap?"

"Yes, he war hyar," replied Frenchy, knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the side of the worm-eaten door. Entering the cabin, he laid his pipe up on a projection of a log over the fire-place. Then, putting on his coat, he prepared to go out again.

"Whar ye goin', pap!" asked Lenita, stopping in her arrangement of the rude, home-made furniture of the cabin.

"Just up the creek a ways, not fur," he replied, trying to evade her penetrating eyes, which sought his own so searchingly.

"Pap, yer needn't try ter fool me; you-uns air goin' among the hills up Roarn' Fork, ter holp Bert Coles run off them stold ponies he's tryin' to keep hid," and the girl looked dauntlessly into her father's face.

"Waal, what ef I air?" demanded Frenchy sullenly.

"O pap!" she cried, throwing her plump, brown arms around his neck, "Yer mus'n't go; please don't. The woods along Roarin' Fork air full of men tryin' ter fin' Bert Coles an' his gang. Scott Redleaf tole me so. He's a holpin' ter fin' him; he's dep'ty, ye know. He says you-uns air 'spected o' holpin' the hoss thieves, some, but if you keep away from them he'll let yer off fur my sake. So, stay ter home, pap," she pleaded.

"I done gin my word ter Bert to show him the gully whar Barney's gang usen ter run thar 'still'ry, up thar, 'fore they got scart out by the off'cers; an' I 'lew I'll do it. Thar, thar! Don't cry, Lenita. I'll promise yer never ter holp Bert again. But I mus' this time, shuah. Fur ef I don't he'll burn me out or do somethin' wuss."



"O, PAP!" SHE CRIED, "YER MUS'N'T GO!"

"Why, pap, ef that's all yer feard of, don't go," said the girl through her tears. "I'd druther be burnt out an' hev ter live in a holler tree like a 'possum, 'an ter holp do what's gin the law an' ain't right 'tall.

"But Bert's goin' ter gin me a heap o' money fur showin' him the gully up the creek this time, and if you-un's air a good girl, I'll spend it most all on gittin' yer new fixin's, ribbons an' sich," he said trying to pacify her.

"I don't need 'em, pap. All I want is fur you-uns ter do right."

"We kin live like fine folks, Bert says, if I'll holp him. W'y, Lenita, you-uns kin put on more style an' any gal along the Roarin' Fork, when I git that money," he said, trying to tear himself away from her clinging arms. But Lenita would not let him go.

"No, pap, you shan't go. Ye got ter stay ter home," she said, locking her arms more tightly around his neck.

Had it not been for the liquor Bert Coles had given him to drink in their interview, Joe Frenchy might have yielded to his child's entreaties. But, warmed by the fluid poison he had imbibed, her opposition roused a demon, and in freeing himself from her clasp, he flung her aside with too violent force, and she fell to the floor, a cry of pain escaping her as her head struck the rough boards. Frenchy did not look once upon his daughter to note the result of the fall; but he rushed out of the cabin and took the little flower-starred path up the Roaring Fork.

For a long time Lenita lay moaning on the floor, holding her hand to a slight wound on the side of her head. When she felt able, she sat up and looked around her. She had been partially unconscious before, but now she remembered everything, and a look of mental anguish settled upon her face. She tried to get up, but she was so dizzy she sat down again. When she felt somewhat recovered, she spoke aloud:

"I've a big notion ter leave him, a strikin' me down this a-way. But I done gin mother my word ter stick ter pap through thick an' thin, an' I reckon I'd be doin' ill ter up an' leave him alone by hisself. It'd hurt mother powerful-lik, in her angel home so fur frum the Roarin' Fork, ter see me go away frum pap, jest 'cause he struck me me down."

Then she managed, with the aid of a bench, to get upon her feet. She staggered to the door, where she got a pan of water. After bathing her head in the cool liquid she felt much better, and seated herself on the threshold of the cabin, where the balmy south air played softly over her face, like the touch of a loving friend.

"Poor pap!" she said, as big tears filled her eyes. "He'd been drinkin' some o' Bert Coles' smuggled whisky, or he'd never pushed me frum him so cruel like. He never treated me that way before; but he'll feel sorry fur it when he comes back ter himself. Poor pap!" and the girl wept as she thought of the probable fate of her father.

The day wore away. The sun went down, leaving the bluffs tinged with a wondrous halo of amber and purple. Lenita had nearly looked her eyes out, and yet Joe French did not come. Had any thing befallen him? Her mind pictured a hundred awful fates for him. Yet she waited in great mental torture, by the doorway, her dark eyes gazing far away into the gathering darkness, hoping to catch a glimpse of his figure coming home. Far into the night she watched and waited thus.

It must have been near midnight. Lenita was at her post. Suddenly Joe Frenchy appeared in view down the path. The rising moon partially lit up the woodland, and Lenita could see that he staggered as he approached the cabin, slowly and laboriously.

In a moment she was by his side, assisting him to gain the house.

"O, pap, yer shot!" she cried, as her strong young arms supported him across the threshold and to a rude couch in one corner of the cabin.

He sank upon the couch with a groan. Lenita stood over him with clasped hands.

"O, pap; air ye bad hurt?" she asked.

"Don't be scart, Lenita; but I reckon I'm purty well used up," he answered.

"How did it happen, pap?"

"It was up in the gully. We'd jest got the ponies run in when the cussed off'cers foun' us. It was sich a s'prise ter the hull of us-uns that we couldn't do nuthin' but break an' run. Bert an' me broke fur the woods. He got off without ary shot in him, but I got two loads in me," and he groaned heavily.

"O, pap! O, pap!" was all that the weeping girl could utter.

"Don't take on, Lenita. It's all my own blamed meanness. I wouldn't mind yer warnin', but throwed ye like an ole b'ar frum me ter the floor, an' went ter my fate. I only meant ter go this onct more, an' then break off. But I went onct too often. The Lowd never meant fur me tu prosper on money got frum Bert for holpin' him ter hide the ponies up the gully, an' he let the off'cers fin' us out; an' now I'm shot, an' the Lowd only knows what'll become of you, my girl," said Joe Frenchy, putting his big hand on the girl's bowed head.

"Never mind me, pap, but let me do something fur you-uns, ter stop yer pain an' sich," and the girl, brushing aside her tears, strove to make the suffering man rest easily.

Scarcely had she finished bathing his feverish brow, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard before the cabin door and the coarse voices of rough men broke simultaneously upon Lenita's hearing. Leaving her father's side, the brave girl stepped to the door just as a burly fellow with a Winchester in his hand came before it. A half-dozen other rough-looking men, all belonging to the Indian police, stood close behind him.

"That's Frenchy's gal," said one of the men.

"Air you-uns Joe Frenchy's darter?" asked the leader, halting before the girl.

"Yes, sir, I air," replied Lenita, placing herself in the door.

"Is yer daddy here?"

"He air."

"Tell him ter come out an' s'render ter onct," ordered the leader.

"O, sir! he kain't," cried the girl.

"Kain't, eh! I'll jest persuade him with this instermint, then," and he raised the revolver threateningly.

"Please, don't," she cried, never flinching, however, as the rough officer thrust the Winchester almost against her cheek.

"Then stand 'side, gal, an' let me tote him out."

"He's trying ter pet ther 'possum, Hi," spoke one of the men.

"No, he's not," put in Lenita. "He' shot; yer gang shot him twice, an' he's lyin' on the bed now, not able ter stand on his feet. O, men!" she appealed to them, "if you-uns hev hearts, please don't 'sturb him now. He's suffering so!"

"She's tryin' ter stan' you-uns off, while her dad crawls out at a winder an' 'scapes!" yelled a rough in the rear.

"That's a fac!" yelled another. "The gal's in with Bert Cole's gang, too, depen' on't. 'Rest her as a 'complice!"

"Yes, 'rest the gal, too. Go ahead, Hi!" came from another in the background.

"It's jes givin' her dad a chance ter 'scape," put in another.

Through it all Lenita stood, calm and brave, within the narrow door, debarring those rough men from entering the cabin.

"Stan' back, gal," roughly spoke the leader, "or I *will* 'rest yer, too, fur henderin' the law on Roarin' Fork." And he was in the act of laying rough hands upon the girl, when a manly form leaped from his horse's back and rushed between them.

"Any man who lays a hand on that girl, does it at his peril," and the voice of Scott Redleaf rang out on the night air, like a trumpet blast. Every man instinctively fell back as he recognized their superior officer.

"The girl is perfectly innocent; knows nothing of the Coles' gang, if her father does." Then he turned to Lenita, who was softly weeping by his side, and told her to have no fears, that he would protect her with his life if need be. When she was sufficiently calm, she told him that her father was seriously wounded and begged him to do something to relieve him. After Scott had examined Frenchy's wounds, he went to the door with a sad face and said: "Men, you are not needed here. Frenchy is dying. He has received two very bad wounds. Go back where the boys are and help guard the prisoners till I come."

The men rode quietly off up the creek. Scott turned to the bed where Joe Frenchy was breathing his last, his head resting in Lenita's lap. She had been talking to her father, as his last hour drew near, and had controlled herself to listen to his last words, which were:

"Lenita, you've been a good gal. God forgive me fur never makin' you-uns happier, an' fur givin' yer that mean push."

And as the dawn crept mellowly into the dingy little cabin, Joe Frenchy's spirit winged its flight. It was Scott Redleaf's kind hands that led the sorrowing girl away, and prepared the body for its lone resting place on the banks of the Roaring Fork, where its waters forever murmur boisterously on over mossy stones and jagged rocks.

Bert Coles' gang was effectually broken up. Bert was finally captured, but he escaped, and report says he has become a law-abiding citizen in a remote part of Texas.

Lenita was kindly cared for. She was placed in a good mission school, where she is obtaining a useful education. Scott Redleaf is patiently waiting for her to become his wife.

AD. H. GIBSON.

Costumes of the Tyrolese.

The costume of the Tyrolienne is a pretty one, consisting of a stuff dress, with a very full skirt, the bodice cut square in front and filled in with a silk handkerchief which matches in color; and a gay silk apron, which is of pink, blue or yellow, according to the taste of the wearer. The hats are not unlike the sailor hats worn by ladies, except that they have a stiff, straight brim and are generally adorned with tassels of gold bullion. The national costume of the men is even more picturesque, consisting of knitted dark blue or white stockings, knee breeches, waistcoat with two rows of silver buttons, a somewhat long skirtish coat, and a hat with a bunch of some wild bird's feathers at the side. But the prettiest costume of all is that of the jager, or huntsman. The breeches come to the knee only, and the legs are encased in embroidered leather gaiters, leaving the knees bare; the coat is dark green, with collars and cuffs of a lighter shade; a hat of dark green, with an eagle's feather, and an embroidered shot-pouch slung over the shoulder.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—At a recent ball in New York many guests had no appetite for the game, because imitations of living beasts and birds were also on the table. Underneath a big plate of salmon was a miniature lake of real water, in which goldfish and tadpoles swam about and little frogs disported.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Boracic acid dissolved in glycerine and frequently applied to the affected parts with a feather is recommended for diphtheria in fowls.

—A million dollars worth of chewing gum is used in the United States every year. Gum one, gum all, seems to be the American motto.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

—Scientists say that the savage has a more acute sense of smell than civilized people. When two savages get together how they must suffer!—*Boston Transcript.*

—Recent experiments have demonstrated that an incandescent electric light of 100-candle powder, sunk twenty feet in the ocean, will illuminate the surface sufficiently to distinguish objects within a radius of 250 feet.

—Experiments on the speed of the electric current prove that if a proper conductor could be wound around the globe a signal parting from it at any point of it would return to the starting point in one-half of a second.

—Tannin has hitherto been supposed to be a purely vegetable substance, but it is announced that it has been discovered in the animal kingdom. A French chemist—Mons. Villon—has extracted tannin from corn weevils, which contain about three per cent. of it.

—Pulled wools are largely used in the manufacture of flaunels, and one reason of their being so used is because the process of pulling, either by burning or sweating, destroys the felting properties of the fiber, and so better fits it for use in flannels, which will not so readily shrink in washing.

—Cream of tartar occurs in the juices of many fruit, among them the grape and pineapple; and when the grape juice is being fermented to make wine, a hard crust, known as argo, is formed on the sides of the cask, consisting mainly of acid tartrate of potassium, but also containing tartrate of lime and some coloring matter of the wine.

—The force popularly believed to be exerted by nitro-glycerine and dynamite, when exploded, is somewhat mis-estimated. Thus experiments show that the power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45,675 foot-tons; one ton of nitro-glycerine, similarly exploded, will exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons, and one ton of blasting gelatine, similarly exploded, shows a force of 71,050 tons.

—More than $10,000,000 worth of oysters were shipped from Maryland to all parts of the world this season. Over fifty thousand persons are employed in the industry in the State, and it supports besides 1,500 schooners and sloops. To enforce the law for the regulation of these vessels the State maintains an "oyster navy," consisting of five steamers, six schooners, and eight sloops.

—It has long been known that gold is to some extent volatile at high temperature; but it is evidently far more volatile than has hitherto been believed. Mr. Crookes mentioned incidentally at the last meeting of the English Chemical Society that he has found gold to boil violently when heated in the oxyhycrogen flame, and, in fact, to be so volatile that there would seem to be no doubt that it might be distilled in an apparatus similar to that employed by Stas in distilling silver.

—A new theory of the formation of mountains has been offered by Mr. T. Mellard Reade, the well known English geologist. He supposes that the periods of great sedimentary deposit that preceded the birth of every large mountain range have been followed by a great elevation of temperature, producing expansions of the strata, with consequent forcing up of ridges. Laboratory experiments with the various rocks show that heating would give such results.

DICKENS' CHARACTERS.

Why They Are so Deliciously Bewitching to the Average Reader.

Dickens must not only have had exceptional powers of observation and imagination, but extraordinary intensity of sympathy with ordinary feelings and beliefs. His genius in characterization tends to the grotesque and extravagant; his personages, in their names as in their qualities, produce on us the effect of strangeness; the plots of the novels in which they appear would with any other characters seem grossly improbable, and yet his mind is unmistakably rooted in common sense and common humanity. He thus succeeds in giving his readers all the pleasure which comes from contemplating what is strange, odd and eccentric, without disquieting them by any paradoxes in morals or shocking them by any perversions of homely, natural sentiment. The "Christmas Carol," for example, is as wild in grotesque fancy as a dream of Hoffmann, yet in feeling as solid and sweet and humane as a sermon of Channing. It impresses us somewhat as we are impressed by the sight of the Bible as illustrated by Gustave Dore. Thus held fast to common, homely truths and feelings by his sentiments he can safely give reins to his imagination in his creations. The keenest of observers, both of things and persons, all that he observes is still taken up and transformed by his imagination—becomes Dickenized, in fact—so that, whether he describes a landscape, or a bootjack, or a building, or a man, we see the object, not as it is in itself, but as it is deliciously bewitched by his method of looking at it. Every thing is suggested by his outward experience, but modified by his inward experience. The result is that we do not have in him an exact transcript of life, but an individualized ideal of life from his point of view.—*E. P. Whipple, in Scribner's Magazine.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—If you want to get up a subscription for a broken head, just ask a policeman what his clubbing rates are.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—It is a satisfaction to know that if we were pretty bad when we were boys our own were not there to make a note of it.

—America is ahead of Europe in everything. We have more weather here in one week than England can produce in six months.

—It is said that joint committees in legislative bodies frequently discuss a rib at the expense of the public.—*Boston Gazette.*

—"Charlie, didn't you leave Miss Smith rather suddenly the other evening?" "Well, yes. To tell the truth, she was beginning to get tender and I got frightened."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Caligula once spent $100,000 on a single supper. So history says. The truth probably is that he spent $100 on the supper and handed over the rest as tips to the waiters.—*Baltimore American.*

—Queen Victoria has been photographed smiling. The photographer brought the pleased expression to her face by promising her the pictures at half price.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—If some one who knows would explain why there is so much more coughing to the square inch in a church congregation than in a theater audience he would solve a much vexed question of the hour.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

—It is said that women are not naturally financiers. This is just about as true as the statement that all crows are white. Hand a $5-bill to the fair occupant of a bazar at a church fair and see how much change you get back. O, no, women are not financiers, O, no!—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The barber's pole used to represent an arm with blood streaming down, as barbers of the olden times were also surgeons. There is a question as to the origin of the blue stripes, but it is supposed to have been taken from the the patient's countenance when the doctor's bill came in.—*St. Paul News.*

—"And why are you surprised, Mr. Sampson," she said, drawing herself up with hauteur, "that I play the piano so well?" "Because your hands are so small, Miss Smith, that you must find it difficult to strike an octave." Then she played some more for him.—*Tid-Bits.*

—The civilized gormand expresses disgust when he hears about the bird's nest puddings and rat pies of the Chinaman or the redolent knappee of the Burmese; but half an hour later you may see him sitting down to a hotel table, and ordering such offal as calves' brains, sheep's kidneys, beef liver, pig's feet and other viscera too offensive to mention.—*Good Health.*

—When a Georgia man became engaged to his present wife a number of years ago he gave her a yearling heifer in lieu of an engagement ring. The woman now has a large herd of cattle, the product of her present. Few young women would accept a heifer in place of an engagement ring, but in some cases, when the marriage ceremony is performed, they accept a calf.—*Norristown Herald.*

WOMEN SHOPKEEPERS.

An Old Maid Prejudice Which is Being Surmounted Rapidly.

The prejudice once entertained against literary ladies has long since been surmounted; the famous passage at arms between George Sand and her mother-in-law is already recalled by most people with amazement; even the most fastidious relations in these days would be proud rather than ashamed of seeing their daughter's or sister's name "on the cover of printed books." But it is otherwise with regard to industrial callings, and the most daring innovation in England at this moment is the lady shopkeeper. At present but few women have had the courage to brave the current social prejudice. We draw such fine distinctions between wholesale and retail traders that our cotton spinners, calico makers and general merchants seem to think they belong to a totally different sphere, from which they look down on the lady who has had sufficient brains, capital and courage to open a shop. That an artist should sell her own paintings in her own studio is proper and becoming, but many people are shocked at the lady who trades in paintings done in other studios. But the Old World moves faster than it did in former days, and before the end of the nineteenth century it is probable a gentlewoman will be recognized in spite of her having entered on commercial pursuits, especially as we are growing accustomed to see scions of our noblest families on our Stock Exchange and in tea merchants' houses; one peer of the realm is now doing an extensive business in coals and another is a cab proprietor.

After speaking of the business success achieved by the Hon. Mrs. Maherley in her London milk-shop and of the reputation and wealth acquired by Miss Charlotte Robinson as a house decorator, Miss Faithfull concludes:

"The more highly educated our women of business are the better for themselves, their work and the whole community. Many of the professions to which ladies have hitherto turned are overcrowded, and when once the fear of losing social position is boldly disregarded, it will be found that commercial life offers a variety of more or less lucrative employment to ladies of birth and capital, who find it more congenial to their tastes and requirements to invest their money and spend their energies in a business which yields a fair return, rather than sit at home content with a scanty pittance and a colorless, monotonous life."—*Emily Faithfull.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—"A hen continually gorged with corn will be fat as a hog but lay no eggs," says a poultryman.

—According to the Department of Agriculture, the average per acre of wheat used for seeding is 1.38 bushels.

—When breaking in young colts, put them beside fast walking horses. The first few lessons will make a lasting impression on them.

—An inventive genius has invented a machine which looks as bulky as an old-fashioned stage coach, to rake hay and leave it on the ground in perfect compact cocks.

—Baked Pumpkin: Half a pumpkin with sweet, thick meat, covered with a tin plate, and baked slowly two hours in a brick oven; serve whole in its yellow jacket, and dish hot-baked pumpkin from its rind as wanted.

—When the farmer begins to estimate the value of sheep from the standpoints of meat, fertility and general advantage to the farm, he will not allow the market price of wool to determine whether or not he will raise them.

—Pigs can be most profitably put upon the market when not more than nine months old, at which age they can be made to and should weigh 200 to 300 pounds. To secure the greatest profit, even then the most of this weight should be made in the clover pasture.

—Cream Gingerbrea: One and a half cup nice molasses, one half cup sugar, one cup cream, and the same of buttermilk. Two teaspoons soda, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, and sifted flour to make a smooth batter. Bake in quite thick sheets in a moderate oven.

—To grow a horse's mane which parts in the middle and hangs on both sides of his neck, so that it will hang all on one side, braid it in position by little weights tied on the end of the braids. As soon as the mane will hang naturally remove the weights and commence grooming. By this treatment a very obstinate mane can be made to hang beautifully on one side.

—An authority on pigs says that he never thinks of cutting off the tails of his pigs. The tails are the indicators of the porker's condition. If piggy doesn't feel well, if his food doesn't agree with him, his tail begins to straighten. The sicker the pig, the straighter the tail; and the healthier the pig the tighter the curl. The old theory that it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch flail this pig raiser scorns. The pig's tail is his pulse; therefore never cut it off.

—Stewed Chops: Broil the chops and let them get cold; then put into a saucepan with two tablespoons of butter and one of minced onion; cover tightly and set in a kettle of cold water; bring slowly to a boil. At the end of an hour add a cup of hot broth (made from the trimmings of chops), seasoned with pepper, salt, a pinch of cloves and chopped parsley; cover again and stew gently until the chops are tender, setting the saucepan directly on the range. Then lay them on a hot dish; strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, stir in a good teaspoon of currant jelly; boil one minute and pour over the chops.

—One great secret in washing flannels is to beat and shake out all the dust from them before they are put into the clothes basket for the wash. They should be washed in clear, hot soap suds by themselves, then thoroughly rinsed by flopping them about in clean water, shaken and pulled after they have had the water pressed out by the wringer, but not twisted and wrung by the hands. It is not thoroughly rinsing out the soap that hardens flannel; it is washing it with all the dust in that grimes and discolors it. It is wringing that twists and mats the little fibers together, instead of pulling and shaking, which leaves them elastic and springy. The water should not be too hot for the hands to be comfortable, as boiling water is used to full cloth and shrink flannel.

HOW TO TEST SEEDS.

Valuable Suggestions Made at the Ontario Agricultural College.

A bulletin of the Ontario Agricultural College contains among other valuable matter the following to test the vitality of seeds:

1. Place one hundred seeds between sheets of blotting-paper laid on sand, and keep the paper damp in a place where the temperature is about 78 degrees to 85 degrees Fahrenheit. The number of seeds germinating will indicate the percentage good.

2. Place the seeds on a piece of flannel in a saucer, with sufficient water to moisten it thoroughly. After scattering the seeds (one hundred) on the flannel, put a piece of damp blotting-paper over the whole and place in a warm room. Keep it continually damp, and in a short time the seed will germinate; the number sprouting will be the percentage of good seed.

For examining seeds as to purity, scatter them on a piece of black cardboard, and the foreign grains are readily observed. If a good collection of seeds, true to their kind, is kept for comparison, the impurities can be easily identified.

The results of various tests in the germinator are given. The following inferences will practically cover the whole ground:

Age has a marked effect on the vitality of certain seeds.

Many seeds have lost much of their vitality from improper curing or other causes.

Frozen wheat is not reliable for seed, for even though germinating a fair per cent. of growth in the field is of a more or less weakly nature. All seeds should be tested for vitality and purity.

A small percentage of impure seeds means very many in a bushel.—*Chicago Journal.*

HEAVENLY WONDERS.

How They Have Been Revealed by the Progress in Astronomy.

Looking back to the year 1800 we are astonished at the change. The comparatively simple science of the heavenly bodies known to our predecessors almost perfect, so far as it went, incurious of what lay beyond its grasp, has developed into a body of manifold powers and parts, each with its separate mode and means of growth, full of strong vitality, but animated by a restless and unsatisfied spirit, haunted by the sense of problems unsolved, and tormented by conscious impotence to sound the immensities it perpetually confronts.

Knowledge might then be said to be bounded by the solar system; but even the solar system presented itself under an aspect strangely different from that it now wears. It consisted of the sun, seven planets and twice as many satellites, all circling harmoniously in obedience to a universal law, by the compensating action of which the indefinite stability of their mutual relations was secured. The occasional incursion of a comet or the periodical presence of a single such wanderer, chained by planetary or solar attraction to prevent escape to outer space, availed nothing to impair the symmetry of the majestic spectacle.

Now, not alone have the ascertained limits of the system been widened by 1,000,000,000 of miles, with the addition of one more giant planet and six satellites to the ancient classes of its members, but a complexity has been given to its constitution baffling description or thought. Two hundred and seventy planetary bodies bridge the gap between Jupiter and Mars, the complete investigation of the movements of any one of which would overtask the energies of a life-time. Meteorites, strangers apparently to the fundamental ordering of the solar household, swarm, nevertheless, by millions in every cranny of its space, returning at regular intervals like the comets so singularly associated with them, and sweeping across it with hyperbolic velocities, brought perhaps, from some distant star. And each of these cosmical grains of dust has a theory far more complex than that of Jupiter; it bears within it the secret of its origin, and fulfils a function in the universe. The sun itself is no longer a semi-fabulous, fire-girt globe, but the vast scene of the play of forces as yet imperfectly known to us, offering a boundless field for the most arduous and inspiring researches. Among the planets, the wildest variety in physical habitudes is seen to prevail, and each is recognized as a world apart, inviting inquiries which, to be effective, must necessarily be special and detailed. Even our own moon threatens to break loose from the trammels of calculation and commit errors which sap the very foundation of the lunar theory and suggest the formidable necessity for its revision. Nay, the steadfast earth has forfeited the implicit confidence placed in it as a timekeeper, and questions relating to the stability of the earth's axis and the constancy of the earth's rate of rotation are among those which it behooves the future to answer. Everywhere there is multiformity and change, stimulating a curiosity which the rapid development of methods of research offers the possibility of at least partially gratifying.

Outside the solar system the problems which demand a practical solution are all but infinite in number and extent. And these have all arisen and crowded upon our thoughts in less than one hundred years. For sidereal science became a recognized branch of astronomy only through Herschel's discovery of the revolutions of double stars in 1802. Yet already it may be, and has been called, "the astronomy of the future," so rapidly has the development of a keen and universal interest attended and stimulated the growth of power to investigate this sublime subject. What has been done is little—is scarcely a beginning; yet it is much in comparison with the total blank of a century past. And our knowledge will, we are easily persuaded, appear in turn the merest ignorance to those who come after us. Yet it is not to be despised, since by it we reach up groping fingers to touch the hem of the garment of the Most High.—*Sidereal Messenger.*

Thoroughbred and Pure Blood.

There is no difference between a thoroughbred and pure-blooded animal, for the first term means of a pure and unmixed breed, stock or race; bred from a sire and dam of the purest or best blood; but the English idea is that the word thoroughbred should only be applied to the thoroughbred race horse, an animal supposed to have descended from the best horses of Spain, Barbary, Turkey and Arabia. Out of such material as was to be obtained from the countries named the English race horse has descended, but is now called a thoroughbred to distinguish it, perhaps, from other equally pure breeds which are not race horses. The name thoroughbred is usually applied to a race of horses, and not to other kinds of domestic animals.—*N. Y. Sun.*

In a Newspaper Office.

In a newspaper office. Man comes in and says something. Everybody but a new reporter laughs loudly. Man goes out. New reporter (to old reporter)—Who is that chump that tries to be so witty?

Old Reporter—Why he's the owner of the paper.

Man comes back and makes a remark. New reporter laughs uproariously.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

—Sir John Lubbock's oldest queen ant has reached the age of fourteen, and still lays fertile eggs.

HOURS OF FARM LABOR.

Why They Can Hardly Be Regulated by Legal Enactments.

In our Northern latitudes the ten-hour or any other fixed limit of the hours of labor can not well be applied to work on the farm. As an employe who had years of experience in farm work well remarked, "If the ten-hour rule is strictly enforced it will be at the disadvantage of the working man." That this is strictly true is evident to any one who, in these short winter days, looks in any country neighborhood to see how long work lasts, how early it is begun, and how early it closes at night. In this season it is doubtful whether active out-of-door work averages much more than nine hours, and is often less. To do this the noon meal must be hurriedly eaten and the breakfast and supper be taken by lamplight. Not long ago we heard of a farmer who regularly, every year, when hiring his help, gave them their choice to work so long as possible in emergencies during the busy season, or to take the ten-hour plan and continue it through the entire year, losing time whenever they did not make the full ten hours. Nearly all the men took the employer's advice to adopt the flexible standard adapted to the farm. Those who stuck for the ten-hour system soon repented of their bargain.

There is a comparatively short season when farm work is excessively hurrying, as in seeding and harvesting. While these jobs are suffering for attention, men and teams may for a little time work much more than ten hours per day without any injury. But even then there are rainy days when little work can be done excepting chores, and these afford time for rest, so that even in the summer the farm laborer does not average much if any more hours of work per day than does the employe in the city workshop. And there is in farm labor a much greater variety of occupation and of thought than is common where the workman's duties are mainly in running machinery. It is this variety that makes farm-life more attractive. Nature is never monotonous. Each successive season brings new duties, and calls forth a different class of faculties in thought as well as in muscle. Even the tension of the busy season has its advantages. It is better that men occasionally test their powers of endurance for a short time, than to plod on in a monotonous round of labor that only partially develops their ability.—*American Cultivator.*

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

THE decoration of the Legion of Honor was bought by a blacking manufacturer. It is well that the decoration fell into the hands of a gentleman of so much polish.

A FRONTISPIECE—the hotel clerk.—*Puck.*

PLUMBERS are not supposed to come under the head of sculptors, but you often find them at work on a "bust."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

THE discourse of the spirits at a spiritualistic seance are of course always listened to with rapped attention.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE brain of an elephant is somewhat larger than that of a man, but the trunk of an elephant is considerably smaller than that of a woman.—*Lowell Courier.*

A DULUTHIAN, whose recently-acquired wife wears the name of Emma, says he's not exactly henpecked, but he feils slightly Embossed.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A MAN who has been hanged can very properly be used to point an argument for prohibition. It is a clear case of a "drop too much."—*Boston Globe.*

TIME is not always money to him who trusts.—*Puck.*

AN "old stamping ground"—the post-office.—*New Age.*

AT loggerheads—the policeman's Billy and the burglar's Jimmy.

WHEN is a theater manager like a dog? Ans.: When he lies about the house.—*Texas Siftings.*

WHEN a physician loses his skill it naturally follows that he is out of practice.—*Merchant Traveler.*

EASILY suited—a clothier's model.

NO WONDER the men who plan houses are proud, when they remember that Noah and Moses were arkitects.—*Burdette.*

Prepare for Spring

It is none too early to be getting ready for spring, and the first thing which should receive attention is your own system. If you have not been well during the winter, have been troubled with scrofula, salt rheum, or other humors of the blood, you should purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. You will then escape that indescribable tired feeling which is so prostrating and often so unaccountable in the spring months. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones up my system and makes me feel like a different man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and she derives great benefit from it." FRANK C. TURNER, Hook & Ladder No. 1, Friend Street, Boston.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Like a Circuit of Electric Wires.

The human sensorium resembles a circuit of electric wires, the various sets of nerves forming links in the circle of continuity. When digestion grows weak the epigastric nerve suffers, and the whole system is affected. Reinforce it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and the nervous organism grows tranquil and reposeful. Fever and ague, constipation, kidney troubles and liver complaints retreat before this remedy.

THE barber's apprentice is generally a strapping fellow.—*Boston Commercial Advertiser.*

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

THE professor of penmanship can not do a flourishing business when he drops his pen and uses a type-writer.

"I HAVE been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Piketon, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

IF there is any one who should be "wrapped in slumber," it is a man who snores.

PISO'S Cure for Consumption is the best Cough Medicine. If you don't believe it, take a dose. By druggists, 25c. a bottle.

WHAT is the difference between a tube and a foolish Dutchman? One is a hollow cylinder and the other is a silly Hollander.

DON'T hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

AN awkward waiter frequently plays the deuce with the tray.—*Hotel Mail.*

A DOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A CHARITY bawl—Please, mister, gimme a cent!—*Washington Critic.*

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Great Spring Medicine.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE NERVES.

For nervous and physical exhaustion, weak, tired and languid feelings, with no power or ambition for exertion, it is the very best remedy to find an use by certain cure. In cases of sleeplessness, wakefulness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, despondency and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific, and its effects wonderful. For neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity, it is the only recognized sure cure. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus's Dance.

THE BEST SPRING TONIC FOR THE BLOOD.

In the spring the blood requires a remedy which is cleansing, purifying, and at the same time strengthening and invigorating. Not only the sick, but those who call themselves well, should keep well by not neglecting this important duty. A few bottles of DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC, which is purely vegetable, will remove the languid, listless and weakened feelings due to spring, and restore the vitality, vigor and energies.

THE BEST STOMACH AND LIVER MEDICINE.

DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC has no equal in the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth mornings, constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, belching of wind, fullness and distress at pit of stomach, pain in side and under shoulder, headache and dizziness. In the spring all the organs become torpid and inactive, and require the gentle yet positive effects of this wonderful remedy to correct their condition and establish natural action.

THE BEST KIDNEY REMEDY.

The kidneys act as drains to carry the worn-out and poisonous substances from the system, and kidney complaints always injure the general health because these worn-out substances are retained in the body. For all kidney troubles, weakness and pain in the back, and diseases of the urinary organs, there is no medicine in the world which gives so certain and speedy a cure as DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM

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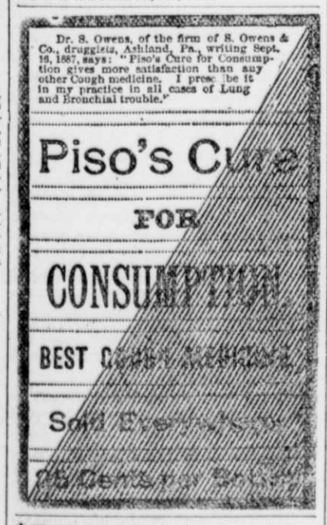
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Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

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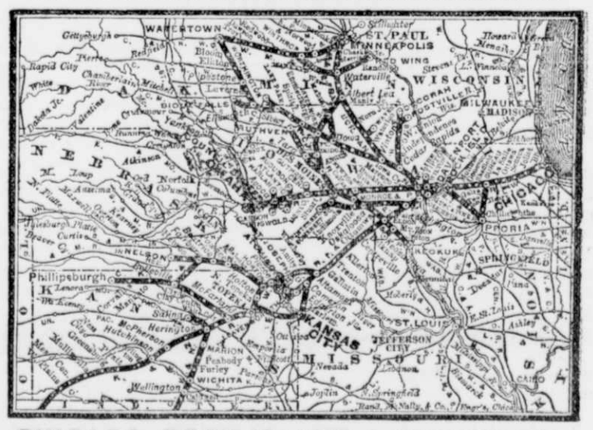
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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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Is More Positive.

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Mrs. Blaine and the other members of his family are most emphatic in their approval of his withdrawal, which is neither hasty nor recent in its decision. Mr. Blaine will not return from Europe until June, and not until after the Republican Convention. He declines to express himself on the subject of the Republican candidates now in the field, but asserts that he did not retire in favor of any particular one of them. He is convinced of a Republican victory, basing his conviction in particular on the tariff question. When Mr. Blaine was asked the direct question, whether he would, under any circumstances, permit his name to be used again as a candidate, he replied in the most emphatic negative, but then added:

"I do not wish to make any new affirmations upon the subject. I have said all that I wish to say on the subject in that letter, That letter, as you must know, was not a haphazard, off-hand affair. It was the result of much deliberation and careful thought. You will remember that I told you in Paris last December that I had no intention of being a candidate again, and that I had practically made up my mind at that time to forbid the use of my name in the approaching convention."

"I hold," he said later in the conversation, "that I have no right to be a candidate again. A man who has once been the candidate of his party and defeated owes it to his party to withdraw and not be a candidate a second time. More than this, there is another plain reason for my withdrawal. I could not go through the burden and fatigue of another Presidential canvass—such a one as the canvass of the last campaign. To accept a nomination, and to do less than before, would be impossible."

Mr. Crawford thus concludes his dispatch: "Toward the close of my last call I asked Mr. Blaine when he expected to return to America. He said that he expected to reach New York about the last of June. He expects to spend the late spring in London. He has not yet determined upon his movements. After leaving Florence he will probably go straight to England from Italy. He said, with an air of frankness not to be mistaken:

"'You have no idea what a relief it is to me to think that I am now out of the canvass, and that when I come back to New York in the summer that I shall not be going back there to face reception after reception and to enter into the turmoil and excitement of a political canvass, I can now come back quietly, after the convention has once decided its result, and enjoy my own life in my own way, free, I hope, from further criticism or comment.'"

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The more the Fisheries treaty is studied the more its weak points protrude. It is not believed here that the Senate will ever consent to ratify it. Nor should they. We are entitled to much more than the proposed treaty gives us and the citizens of the country look to the republican Senate to protect their interests.

The Pension Committee of the House have reported favorably the bill pensioning Union ex-prisoners of the war who were confined sixty days or more in Confederate prisons and are suffering from disabilities which may reasonably be traced to their imprisonment. The pension is to be at the rates now provided by law for like disability. The bill further grants a compensation of $2 per day to ex-prisoners of the war for each day that they were confined in prison. The bill increasing the pension for total deafness to $30 per month has also been favorably reported.

One of the finest floral tributes ever seen at the Capitol was on Senator Manderson's desk last Friday as he made his speech in favor of the Dependent (G. A. R.) pension bill. It was presented by ex-Union soldiers as a slight testimonial of their appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of their bill. By the way, this bill is almost sure to become a law. It will pass both houses and it is not believed that Cleveland will dare to veto it.

To-day week the Democrats of the House will commit another political theft by retaining Mr. Davidson, of Alabama, in the seat to which Mr. McDuffie was duly elected.

Society is all agog over the rumor that Mrs. Folsom, Cleveland's mother-in-law, who is now in Paris, has gone there to obtain her trouseau for her approaching marriage to Secretary Bayard.

The House Judicary Committee has reported favorably a bill rendering elegible to any position in the United States Army any person who has served in the military, naval or civil service of the late Confederate States. If the bill should pass both Houses Cleveland, can, should he see fit, appoint Jeff Davis to the next position that becomes vacant in the Army. But it isn't likely to pass.

The Administration circus arrived home safely yesterday morning. Ringmaster Lamont reports large attendance and enthusiastic receptions for the prize clown and his Garden of Eden jokes.

The Union ex-prisoners of War Association held their second annual re-union in this city Thursday night. They had quite a jolly time singing war songs and recalling incidents of their sufferings in Southern prisons. Among the speakers were Representatives Morrill and Holmes, both of whom favored giving a pension to every soldier who wore the blue, whether disabled or not. They urged the members of the association to get the legislatures of their States to memorialize Congress in behalf of such a measure.

Postmaster-General Dickinson is said to be very ill. He overworked himself last week in helping to win the Cleveland victory in the National Committee. Besides he is run to death by people who want him to discharge trained employes to make places for political strikers. This policy has already been carried so far in this Department that a protracted howl has been raised from the people irrespective of politics.

Cleveland had a hard fight to carry his point of having the Democratic Nominating Convention held before the Republican Convention. The anti-Cleveland men under the lead of Senator Gorman stole a march on the Cleveland people at the first day's session of the National Committee and rushed through a resolution fixing July 3d as the date. But the next day the Cleveland men rallied and with the assistance of numerous telegrams from Dan. Lamont who was with Cleveland in Florida, succeeded in getting a re-consideration and having June 5th made the date and St. Louis the place. The fight made shows very plainly that Cleveland is not to get the nomination without a struggle. Hill has many friends and they say from this time he is to be actively pushed forward.

The Oklahoma Territory bill was considered by the House, in committee of the whole on Saturday but no vote taken.

Senator Sherman advocates the Senate bill to incorporate the Maritime Canal Co., of Nicaragua, and says he would be willing even that the United States Government should construct the canal. He is not alone in his willingness. There are many people who believe it would be good policy for the United States to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, over the route proposed by the Nicaragua company or any route possible.

Another Canal Bill.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 29.—The committee on internal improvements, through Dr. Wootton, reported tonight a canal bill. It is entitled 'An act to direct the attorney general to institute appropriate legal proceedings to obtain a decree or decrees for the sale of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal under the mortgages held thereon by this State, and to impose certain obligations and confer certain powers upon the purchaser." The bill provides that the attorney general be directed to institute such legal proceedings as he shall deem appropriate in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and in the Circuit Court of any one of the counties of this State in which the Chesapeake and Ohio canal is located, in the name of the State of Maryland as plaintiff, against all parties properly entitled to be made defendants in said cause, to procure a decree or decress for the sale of the canal, its works and property, franchises and property rights under the revenue, mortgages and liens heretofore executed by the canal company in favor of this State, and upon which said company has long made default. That if the canal company shall during 1888 and 1889 earn money enough to enable it to keep the canal and its works throughout its entire length in good condition for navigation, pay the saleries to its employes and all its expenses and also the accruing coupons on the repair bonds, amounting to $500,000, no sale shall take place earlier than January 1, 1890, or any subsequent year, but if during 1890, or any subsequent year, the canal company shall fail to earn money sufficient to meet all requirements, the sale shall take place in the year next succeeding. The sale however, will not be ratified or a clear title given until the sale is confirmed by the General Assembly at its first session thereafter. The purchase price may be paid in cash or on such terms as the courts heretofore mentioned in which the legal proceedings authorized are pending may direct, if the purchaser is authorized to operate the canal, either as a waterway or by constructing a railroad over and upon the tow path or bed of the canal, and to make such use as may be practicable of the water power. The purchaser is also authorized to construct a railroad by complying with the State railroad laws.

The Business View.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Following is R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade for the week ended Saturday, February 26:

Both legitimate trade and speculation continues duller than is usual at this season, though moderate improvement in trade is noticed at Memphis, Charleston, Kansas City and Milwaukee, and in speculation there has been a little more activity in stocks. To natural causes of dullness at this season there is added quite unusual uncertainty in several important branches of business. The termination of the Reading strike has come at last, and, as was suggested some time ago, it only increases the uncertainty in the coal business. Efforts to settle railroad wars have not succeeded, but new cuts cause much disturbance.

The sugar trust meets unexpected opposition, threatening its existence; operations of other syndicates or combinations make it impossible to foresee the future in many trades; and meanwhile the uncertainty as to Congressional action on the tariff is in no degree lessened.

Within a few days the sharp rise in foreign exchange has also rendered the future of the money market less clear.

The fact that the Reading strike but slightly affected the iron business became clear before work was resumed, and it is now felt that, with the known shrinkage in the demand for iron, the resumption of work by a few furnaces would be likely to insure lower prices. A sale of extra good forge for $15.85 at the furnace is reported, and the competition to secure orders for rails is still keen. Bar iron is quoted at $1.90, but car building continues unusually large; the Pennsylvania Company alone has placed orders for 2,200 cars and 70 locomotives. Eastern nail makers are combined, and the price stiffens a little. Coke producers at Connellsville have at last consented to reduce the price 25 cents, which will help manufacturers. The Gogebic mine consolidation has collapsed and the orders for lake ore thus far indicate a heavy decrease in demand.

The failure of Graff, Bennett & Co., of Pittsburgh, produces no disturbance, but illustrates the over-confidence of the last year's expansion.

The moderate improvement in the stock market is interesting, but as yet has scarcely lifted prices above the level of February 1st. Of the new bonds issued this year, $54,000,000 are for new roads, and nearly $12,000,000 were listed last week, but how many of these have found purchasers, no one knows.

The quick advance in foreign exchange appears to indicate that investments of foreign capital on this side have ceased for the present and experienced bankers now discuss the possibility of early exports of gold. The actual exports of goods at New York for three weeks past, show an increase of 35 per cent over the same weeks of last year, but no such increase is expected in the aggregate.

The treasury has taken in $3,100,000 more than it has paid out during the week slightly diminishing bank deposits.

The situation at Washington does not promise any early action in regard to the surplus and even the bill authorizing purchases of bonds may be delayed.

Domestic exchanges are but slightly in favor of New York, and the movement of money this way seems to have ceased with one tendency to outgo in the direction of Boston. At interior points the supply of money is everywhere reported ample, and collections are on the whole improving, espeeially in the Northwest.

Trade in breadstuffs is hindered by foreign uncertainties, which keep alive hopes of war and higher prices. Corn and oats have declined about one cent each, while wheat has risen as much but is weak again. No change is noted in hog products. Oil has risen about two cents, while cotton has weakened. Sales abroad and the lack of domestic demand weakens coffee, and in the sugar trade a Philadelphia house offers to undersell the trust, and at Boston there is a rumor of a split, while from San Francisco news comes of organized opposition by Spreckles and others.

The dry goods market continues fairly active for cotton, though print cloths are a shade easier. In the jobbing trade growing activity is noticed. In woolens the prospect of improvement is disturbed by the renewal of the large auction sales and a peremptory sale of silks is announced.

Why it Opposes Cleveland.

Birmingham Age, Democrat.

Yes, the *Age* trying to beat Cleveland. Why? Because Cleveland will beat the Democratic party just as certain as he is nominated. He has deserted the platform upon which he was nominated, and elected—by the skin of his teeth. He has gone back upon the speeches he made in New Jersey when he foresaw that unless he stood squarely upon that platform he would be defeated. What was that platform other than a protection platform? What meant Mr. Cleveland's visit to the protection State of New Jersey except to proclaim to the people of that State that he meant to stand or fall by that platform?

How does the matter stand now? He has deserted that platform. He has utterly ignored it. In what respect? That platform says, "In making a reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries." Will any sane man say that the putting of raw materials on the free list, such as wool, cool, iron ore, etc., will not injure these industries?

Again, Mr. Cleveland has put himself on record in opposition to any repeal of any part of the internal revenue system, which the platform expressly declares to be a "war tax." And he insists that, in time of peace, when he knows the government has no earthly use for this tax, it shall be collected just as if the government was engaged in war and was compelled to raise a revenue by this system of direct taxation.

The *Age* does not care a snap about the reputation it may make by its opposition to Cleveland. It is working for the good of the country, and what it believes to be for the good of he party.

The Great Strike Begun.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—A few minutes before 4 o'clock this morning the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy yards at Canal and 16th streets presented the usual appearance. The early morning mail had left on time, and the switch engines were at work. One engineer took a switch train to the Chicago and Atlantic junction shortly before 3 o'clock. He said he had heard nothing of an order to strike and that he would certainly take his train to the junction and run the engine back to the round house. Other engineers of switch engines also said they had not been ordered to strike. At 3:30 o'clock there was the usual movement of cars at the freight and switching stations at 19th street and Western avenue, where cars for the East and the stock yards are handled. Just before the time appointed for the strike Trainmaster S. T. Pope issued an order that no trains should be moved west of Chicago. This was taken by the few trainmen in the yards as a confession that the company had secured no men worth mentioning, and that the road would in a moment more be practically tied up. At 4 o'clock precisely switch engine No. 487 went into the Western avenue round house. Three others soon followed it, and the engineers and firemen quit work. The strike was on in earnest.

The strike promises to be the most remarkable ever known, for in it the strongest single labor organization in existence has been pitted against the largest railroad corporation in the West and one of the greatest in mileage and wealth in the world. Should the strike long continue, it is probable that in addition to the 1,400 men directly involved, the great majority of 14,000 employees of the company will be thrown out of work, the 25,000 members of the engineers' brotherhood throughout the country called upon to contribute of their savings, and the industries of a vast section of country tributary to the road subject to a partial paralysis. The far-reaching effects of the strike can be inferred from the fact that the road has 6,000 miles of main and leased lines grid-ironing the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. From Chicago it reaches to Denver, over 1,000 miles away, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, equally as far. Minneapolis to the north and St. Louis to the south are also within its reach.

AURORA, Feb. 27, 4 A. M.—The shut-down on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road is complete. All operations ceased even before the hour set for the strike. Several trains came in just previous to 4 o'clock, and as they arrived in the yards one by one, each was quietly abandoned by the trainmen. The early mail train from Chicago had gone through on time, and when the appointed moment came for the strike nothing was stirring, and the company's premises were as silent as a cemetery and looked lonely and desolate in the dull gray morning light.

Horrible Story From China.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—The Chinese mail, which arrived to-day, brings the details of a remarkable tragedy in a Buddhist Monastery at Roundridge, near Canton. A number of monks and nuns appeared to take the vows of the order recently, and among the applicants were two unusually beautiful young women. Their physical charms proved too much for two of the monks, who, when the others had gone from the Temple, made a desperate assault on the young women. Their screams the others to the rescue. The abbot decided to turn the monks over to the Civil Magistrate, but the latter sent them back to the monastery for trial and punishment. Each offender received twenty lashes on the bare back in the presence of all the others. This punishment so enraged the culprits that when released they armed themselves with knives and attacked the abbot when they were bound and this time it was determined to make the punishment severe. It was resolved to burn the offenders to death in the cremating house of the monastery, that the purifying influences of fire might first cleanse their hearts. Then it was hoped that even on their behalf the saving power of Buddha might be exerted. On the 17th of January the sentence was carried out. The two priests were carried bound into the cremating-house, and in the presence of the brethren and a large crowd of spectators from the village they were burned to death.

W. W. Corcoran Dead.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 24.—W. W. Corcoran died at 6:30 this morning.

Mr. Corcoran was a very old man, having been born at Georgetown, D. C., December 27, 1789. Mr. Corcoran spent his whole life in the District of Columbia, where his father settled shortly after the Revolutionary war, and there he was educated and engaged in trade. In 1840 he formed a partnership in Washington with Mr. G. W. Riggs. Henceforward his prosperity was continuous.

His financial services to the Government at the time of the Mexican war, called out the thanks of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. No visitor to the National capital has failed to visit the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth street, over the door of which is the simple inscription "Dedicated to Art." This is a fine building filled with rich treasures of vast artistic and money value. The erection of the gallery was begun in 1857, but in the war time it was occupied by the Quartermaster's Department. The total cost was about $350,000.

Another and most touching expression of Mr. Corcoran's philanthropy, was the founding of the Louise Home for the sustenance of aged women, left without means. The Home is named after Mr. Corcoran's only daughter, Louise, long since dead, whose memory he tenderly cherished.

Another instance of Mr. Corcoran's public spirit and liberality was his providing for the re-interment of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the erection of a monument over his grave.

In 1835 Mr. Corcoran married Miss Louise Morris, daughter of Commodre Morris, one of the heroes of the war of 1812, but enjoyed only five years of wedded life. Mrs. Corcoran died, leaving a son who soon followed her to the grave, and a daughter, Louise, who, as she grew up, developed the loviest traits of character, and was remarkable for her sympathy and charities to the poor and needy. Mr. Corcoran never married again.

Mr. Corcoran was said to have personally known all the Presidents of the United States except Washington, and was the intimate friend of all since Madison.

Policy of Protection.'

The policy of protection is founded upon the idea that it is best for us as a nation to produce, by American labor, as many of the articles essential to human life and comfort as possible; that to encourage their production we are justified in levying upon foreign articles that come into competition with ours such reasonable rates of duty as will induce capital to embark in such industries and secure to American workingmen reasonable wages consistent with the higher wants and the better food, clothing and shelter demanded by American workingmen. The object of all this is to secure the greatest diversity of employments by the substitution of American products for foreign products. When this policy was first adopted there were practically no manufactures in America, and the principal object was to develop the simpler and ruder forms of manufacture and the raw materials of industry. Now, our manufactures have grown to such a marvelous degree that they amounted in 1880, according to the census, to $5,400,000,000, and according to an estimate made three years ago to over six thousand millions, and now to near seven thousand millions.—*John Sherman.*

Is the Young Woman Insane?

For months I have been in possession of facts concerning the alarming mental condition of a young lady residing on —— street, in ——, who was once the pride of her parents and delight of her friends, yet who has recently become so changed as to cause great anxiety to her relativee and gossip among the neighbors, and the case being one of great singularity now demands publicity.

Her father says he first noticed her idiosyncrasy last January, one morning at the breakfast table, when she not only acted as if in a State of great happiness, but said, "If you please," and "Thank you," as she asked for food and was served. A day or two later her mother found her in her room darning stockings, instead of reading novels, and she also appeared in the kitchen a day or two later, and insisted on helping her parent in the labor of baking and making pastry and bread.

A physician was at once called in, who, unknown to the patient, watched her through a keyhole for an hour while she was engaged in repairing her little brother's torn trousers, and sewing buttons on her father's shirts. The doctor said he had practiced 25 years, and never during his entire medical practice had he seen any young unmarried female manifest such symptoms as those witnessed. Her appetite, however, seemed to increase rather than diminish, and a rosy flush was observable on her cheeks which had not been seen before. But the most singular symp- was developed a few days since, when her father, hoping to draw her from her new ideas placed two hundred dollars in her hands with the remark:

"There, Nannie, rig yourself out in a nice new dress."

She immediately replied: "I do not need a new dress now, and if you will let me keep twenty-five dollars of this to pay old Mrs. McFlannigaaety's rent—her husband has just died, you know—I had much rather you would take the rest of the money and apply it to that new property you have purchased."

The old man looked at her for a few minutes, and then fell upon the floor in anguish, saying between his sobs, "Her mind is goue! Her mind is gone!"

I called to see her yesterday and found her building a nice pudding and putting a mansard roof of frostwork on a fruit cake. But there was a look in her eyes that told too plainly that she would not long be seen in her elegant home. A solitaire ring on her forefinger told the near approach of the winged and youthful destroyer who shoots his victims with arrows; and, as I left the premises, a young man bounded up the steps with the air of one who knows the affair will soon be over, She will pass away some morning in June. No cards.

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WASHINGTON, Feb. 27th, 1888.—General Sheridan, who usually refuses to talk politics, says that James G. Blaine will be the next President of the United States.

The more the Fisheries treaty is studied the more its weak points protrude. It is not believed here that the Senate will ever consent to ratify it. Nor should they. We are entitled to much more than the proposed treaty gives us and the citizens of the country look to the republican Senate to protect their interests.

The Pension Committee of the House have reported favorably the bill pensioning Union ex-prisoners of the war who were confined sixty days or more in Confederate prisons and are suffering from disabilities which may reasonably be traced to their imprisonment. The pension is to be at the rates now provided by law for like disability. The bill further grants a compensation of $2 per day to ex-prisoners of the war for each day that they were confined in prison. The bill increasing the pension for total deafness to $30 per month has also been favorably reported.

One of the finest floral tributes ever seen at the Capitol was on Senator Manderson's desk last Friday as he made his speech in favor of the Dependent (G. A. R.) pension bill. It was presented by ex-Union soldiers as a slight testimonial of their appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of their bill. By the way, this bill is almost sure to become a law. It will pass both houses and it is not believed that Cleveland will dare to veto it.

To-day week the Democrats of the House will commit another political theft by retaining Mr. Davidson, of Alabama, in the seat to which Mr. McDuffie was duly elected.

Society is all agog over the rumor that Mrs. Folsom, Cleveland's mother-in-law, who is now in Paris, has gone there to obtain her trouseau for her approaching marriage to Secretary Bayard.

The House Judicary Committee has reported favorably a bill rendering elegible to any position in the United States Army any person who has served in the military, naval or civil service of the late Confederate States. If the bill should pass both Houses Cleveland, can, should he see fit, appoint Jeff Davis to the next position that becomes vacant in the Army. But it isn't likely to pass.

The Administration circus arrived home safely yesterday morning. Ringmaster Lamont reports large attendance and enthusiastic receptions for the prize clown and his Garden of Eden jokes.

The Union ex-prisoners of War Association held their second annual re-union in this city Thursday night. They had quite a jolly time singing war songs and recalling incidents of their sufferings in Southern prisons. Among the speakers were Representatives Morrill and Holmes, both of whom favored giving a pension to every soldier who wore the blue, whether disabled or not. They urged the members of the association to get the legislatures of their States to memorialize Congress in behalf of such a measure.

Postmaster-General Dickinson is said to be very ill. He overworked himself last week in helping to win the Cleveland victory in the National Committee. Besides he is run to death by people who want him to discharge trained employes to make places for political strikers. This policy has already been carried so far in this Department that a protracted howl has been raised from the people irrespective of politics.

Cleveland had a hard fight to carry his point of having the Democratic Nominating Convention held before the Republican Convention. The anti-Cleveland men under the lead of Senator Gorman stole a march on the Cleveland people at the first day's session of the National Committee and rushed through a resolution fixing July 3d as the date. But the next day the Cleveland men rallied and with the assistance of numerous telegrams from Dan, Lamont who was with Cleveland in Florida, succeeded in getting a re-consideration and having June 5th made the date and St. Louis the place. The fight made shows very plainly that Cleveland is not to get the nomination without a struggle. Hill has many friends and they say from this time he is to be actively pushed forward.

The Oklahoma Territory bill was considered by the House, in committee of the whole on Saturday but no vote taken.

Senator Sherman advocates the Senate bill to incorporate the Maritime Canal Co., of Nicaragua, and says he would be willing even that the United States Government should construct the canal. He is not alone in his willingness. There are many people who believe it would be good policy for the United States to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, over the route proposed by the Nicaragua company or any route possible.

Another Canal Bill.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 29.—The committee on internal improvements, through Dr. Wootton, reported tonight a canal bill. It is entitled 'An act to direct the attorney general to institute appropriate legal proceedings to obtain a decree or decrees for the sale of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal under the mortgages held thereon by this State, and to impose certain obligations and confer certain powers upon the purchaser." The bill provides that the attorney general be directed to institute such legal proceedings as he shall deem appropriate in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, and in the Circuit Court of any one of the counties of this State in which the Chesapeake and Ohio canal is located, in the name of the State of Maryland as plaintiff, against all parties properly entitled to be made defendants in said cause, to procure a decree or decress for the sale of the canal, its works and property, franchises and property rights under the revenue, mortgages and liens heretofore executed by the canal company in favor of this State, and upon which said company has long made default. That if the canal company shall during 1888 and 1889 earn money enough to enable it to keep the canal and its works throughout its entire length in good condition for navigation, pay the saleries to its employes and all its expenses and also the accruing coupons on the repair bonds, amounting to $500,000, no sale shall take place earlier than January 1, 1890, or any subsequent year, but if during 1890, or any subsequent year, the canal company shall fail to earn money sufficient to meet all reqnirements, the sale shall take place in the year next succeeding. The sale however, will not be ratified or a clear title given until the sale is confirmed by the General Assembly at its first session thereafter. The purchase price may be paid in cash or on such terms as the courts heretofore mentioned in which the legal proceedings authorized are pending may direct, if the purchaser is authorized to operate the canal, either as a waterway or by constructing a railroad over and upon the tow path or bed of the canal, and to make such use as may be practicable of the water power. The purchaser is also authorized to construct a railroad by complying with the State railroad laws.

The Business View.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Following is R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade for the week ended Saturday, February 26:

Both legitimate trade and speculation continues duller than is usual at this season, though moderate improvement in trade is noticed at Memphis, Charleston, Kansas City and Milwaukee, and in speculation there has been a little more activity in stocks. To natural causes of dullness at this season there is added quite unusual uncertainty in several important branches of business. The termination of the Reading strike has come at last, and, as was suggested some time ago, it only increases the uncertainty in the coal business. Efforts to settle railroad wars have not succeeded, but new cuts cause much disturbance.

The sugar trust meets unexpected opposition, threatening its existence; operations of other syndicates or combinations make it impossible to foresee the future in many trades; and meanwhile the uncertainty as to Congressional action on the tariff is in no degree lessened.

Within a few days the sharp rise in foreign exchange has also rendered the future of the money market less clear.

The fact that the Reading strike but slightly affected the iron business became clear before work was resumed, and it is now felt that, with the known shrinkage in the demand for iron, the resumption of work by a few furnaces would be likely to insure lower prices. A sale of extra good forge for $15.85 at the furnace is reported, and the competition to secure orders for rails is still keen. Bar iron is quoted at $1.90, but car building continues unusually large; the Pennsylvania Company alone has placed orders for 2,200 cars and 70 locomotives. Eastern nail makers are combined, and the price stiffens a little. Coke producers at Connellsville have at last consented to reduce the price 25 cents, which will help manufacturers. The Gogebic mine consolidation has collapsed and the orders for lake ore thus far indicate a heavy decrease in demand.

The failure of Graff, Bennett & Co., of Pittsburgh, produces no disturbance, but illustrates the over-confidence of the last year's expansion.

The moderate improvement in the stock market is interesting, but as yet has scarcely lifted prices above the level of February 1st. Of the new bonds issued this year, $54,000,000 are for new roads, and nearly $12,000,000 were listed last week, but how many of these have found purchasers, no one knows.

The quick advance in foreign exchange appears to indicate that investments of foreign capital on this side have ceased for the present and experienced bankers now discuss the possibility of early exports of gold. The actual exports of goods at New York for three weeks past, show an increase of 35 per cent over the same weeks of last year, but no such increase is expected in the aggregate.

The treasury has taken in $3,100,000 more than it has paid out during the week slightly diminishing bank deposits.

The situation at Washington does not promise any early action in regard to the surplus and even the bill authorizing purchases of bonds may be delayed.

Domestic exchanges are but slightly in favor of New York, and the movement of money this way seems to have ceased with one tendency to outgo in the direction of Boston. At interior points the supply of money is everywhere reported ample, and collections are on the whole improving, especially in the Northwest.

Trade in breadstuffs is hindered by foreign uncertainties, which keep alive hopes of war and higher prices. Corn and oats have declined about one cent each, while wheat has risen as much but is weak again. No change is noted in hog products. Oil has risen about two cents, while cotton has weakened. Sales abroad and the lack of domestic demand weakens coffee, and in the sugar trade a Philadelphia house offers to undersell the trust, and at Boston there is a rumor of a split, while from San Francisco news comes of organized opposition by Spreckles and others.

The dry goods market continues fairly active for cotton, though print cloths are a shade easier. In the jobbing trade growing activity is noticed. In woolens the prospect of improvement is disturbed by the renewal of the large auction sales and a peremptory sale of silks is announced.

Why it Opposes Cleveland.

Birmingham Age, Democrat.

Yes, the *Age* trying to beat Cleveland. Why? Because Cleveland will beat the Democratic party just as certain as he is nominated. He has deserted the platform upon which he was nominated, and elected—by the skin of his teeth. He has gone back upon the speeches he made in New Jersey when he foresaw that unless he stood squarely upon that platform he would be defeated. What was that platform other than a protection platform? What meant Mr. Cleveland's visit to the protection State of New Jersey except to proclaim to the people of that State that he meant to stand or fall by that platform?

How does the matter stand now? He has deserted that platform. He has utterly ignored it. In what respect? That platform says, "In making a reduction in taxes it is not proposed to injure any domestic industries." Will any sane man say that the putting of raw materials on the free list, such as wool, cool, iron ore, etc., will not injure these industries?

Again, Mr. Cleveland has put himself on record in opposition to any repeal of any part of the internal revenue system, which the platform expressly declares to be a "war tax." And he insists that, in time of peace, when he knows the government has no earthly use for this tax, it shall be collected just as if the government was engaged in war and was compelled to raise a revenue by this system of direct taxation.

The *Age* does not care a snap about the reputation it may make by its opposition to Cleveland. It is working for the good of the country, and what it believes to be for the good of he party.

The Great Strike Begun.

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—A few minutes before 4 o'clock this morning the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy yards at Canal and 16th streets presented the usual appearance. The early morning mail had left on time, and the switch engines were at work. One engineer took a switch train to the Chicago and Atlantic junction shortly before 3 o'clock. He said he had heard nothing of an order to strike and that he would certainly take his train to the junction and run the engine back to the round house. Other engineers of switch engines also said they had not been ordered to strike. At 3:30 o'clock there was the usual movement of cars at the freight and switching stations at 19th street and Western avenue, where cars for the East and the stock yards are handled. Just before the time appointed for the strike Trainmaster S. T. Pope issued an order that no trains should be moved west of Chicago. This was taken by the few trainmen in the yards as a confession that the company had secured no men worth mentioning, and that the road would in a moment more be practically tied up. At 4 o'clock precisely switch engine No. 487 went into the Western avenue round house. Three others soon followed it, and the engineers and firemen quit work. The strike was on in earnest.

The strike promises to be the most remarkable ever known, for in it the strongest single labor organization in existence has been pitted against the largest railroad corporation in the West and one of the greatest in mileage and wealth in the world. Should the strike long continue, it is probable that in addition to the 1,400 men directly involved, the great majority of 14,000 employees of the company will be thrown out of work, the 25,000 members of the engineers' brotherhood throughout the country called upon to contribute of their savings, and the industries of a vast section of country tributary to the road subject to a partial paralysis. The far-reaching effects of the strike can be inferred from the fact that the road has 6,000 miles of main and leased lines grid-ironing the States of Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. From Chicago it reaches to Denver, over 1,000 miles away, and Cheyenne, Wyoming, equally as far. Minneapolis to the north and St. Louis to the south are also within its reach.

AURORA, Feb. 27, 4 A. M.—The shut-down on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road is complete. All operations ceased even before the hour set for the strike. Several trains came in just previous to 4 o'clock, and as they arrived in the yards one by one, each was quietly abandoned by the trainmen. The early mail train from Chicago had gone through on time, and when the appointed moment came for the strike nothing was stirring, and the company's premises were as silent as a cemetery and looked lonely and desolate in the dull gray morning light.

Horrible Story From China.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 25.—The Chinese mail, which arrived to-day, brings the details of a remarkable tragedy in a Buddhist Monastery at Roundridge, near Canton. A number of monks and nuns appeared to take the vows of the order recently, and among the applicants were two unusually beautiful young women. Their physical charms proved too much for two of the monks, who, when the others had gone from the Temple, made a desperate assault on the young women. Their screams the others to the rescue. The abbot decided to turn the monks over to the Civil Magistrate, but the latter sent them back to the monastery for trial and punishment. Each offender received twenty lashes on the bare back in the presence of all the others. This punishment so enraged the culprits that when released they armed themselves with knives and attacked the abbot when they were bound and this time it was determined to make the punishment severe. It was resolved to burn the offenders to death in the cremating house of the monastery, that the purifying influences of fire might first cleanse their hearts. Then it was hoped that even on their behalf the saving power of Buddha might be exerted. On the 17th of January the sentence was carried out. The two priests were carried bound into the cremating-house, and in the presence of the brethren and a large crowd of spectators from the village they were burned to death.

W. W. Corcoran Dead.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 24.—W. W. Corcoran died at 6:30 this morning.

Mr. Corcoran was a very old man, having been born at Georgetown, D. C., December 27, 1789. Mr. Corcoran spent his whole life in the District of Columbia, where his father settled shortly after the Revolutionary war, and there he was educated and engaged in trade. In 1840 he formed a partnership in Washington with Mr. G. W. Riggs. Henceforward his prosperity was continuous.

His financial services to the Government at the time of the Mexican war, called out the thanks of Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State. No visitor to the National capital has failed to visit the Corcoran Art Gallery, at Pennsylvania Avenue and Seventeenth street, over the door of which is the simple inscription "Dedicated to Art." This is a fine building filled with rich treasures of vast artistic and money value. The erection of the gallery was begun in 1857, but in the war time it was occupied by the Quartermaster's Department. The total cost was about $350,000.

Another and most touching expression of Mr. Corcoran's philanthropy, was the founding of the Louise Home for the sustenance of aged women, left without means. The Home is named after Mr. Corcoran's only daughter, Louise, long since dead, whose memory he tenderly cherished.

Another instance of Mr. Corcoran's public spirit and liberality was his providing for the re-interment of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and the erection of a monument over his grave.

In 1835 Mr. Corcoran married Miss Louise Morris, daughter of Commodre Morris, one of the heroes of the war of 1812, but enjoyed only five years of wedded life. Mrs. Corcoran died, leaving a son who soon followed her to the grave, and a daughter, Louise, who, as she grew up, developed the loviest traits of character, and was remarkable for her sympathy and charities to the poor and needy. Mr. Corcoran never married again.

Mr. Corcoran was said to have personally known all the Presidents of the United States except Washington, and was the intimate friend of all since Madison.

Policy of Protection.'

The policy of protection is founded upon the idea that it is best for us as a nation to produce, by American labor, as many of the articles essential to human life and comfort as possible; that to encourage their production we are justified in levying upon foreign articles that come into competition with ours such reasonable rates of duty as will induce capital to embark in such industries and secure to American workingmen reasonable wages consistent with the higher wants and the better food, clothing and shelter demanded by American workingmen. The object of all this is to secure the greatest diversity of employments by the substitution of American products for foreign products. When this policy was first adopted there were practically no manufactures in America, and the principal object was to develop the simpler and ruder forms of manufacture and the raw materials of industry. Now, our manufactures have grown to such a marvelous degree that they amounted in 1880, according to the census, to $5,400,000,000, and according to an estimate made three years ago to over six thousand millions, and now to near seven thousand millions.—*John Sherman.*

Is the Young Woman Insane?

For months I have been in possession of facts concerning the alarming mental condition of a young lady residing on ——— street, in ———, who was once the pride of her parents and delight of her friends, yet who has recently become so changed as to cause great anxiety to her relatives and gossip among the neighbors, and the case being one of great singularity now demands publicity.

Her father says he first noticed her idiosyncrasy last January, one morning at the breakfast table, when she not only acted as if in a State of great happiness, but said, "If you please," and "Thank you," as she asked for food and was served. A day or two later her mother found her in her room darning stockings, instead of reading novels, and she also appeared in the kitchen a day or two later, and insisted on helping her parent in the labor of baking and making pastry and bread.

A physician was at once called in, who, unknown to the patient, watched her through a keyhole for an hour while she was engaged in repairing her little brother's torn trousers, and sewing buttons on her father's shirts. The doctor said he had practiced 25 years, and never during his entire medical practice had he seen any young unmarried female manifest such symptoms as those witnessed. Her appetite, however, seemed to increase rather than diminish, and a rosy flush was observable on her cheeks which had not been seen before. But the most singular symp was developed a few days since, when her father, hoping to draw her from her new ideas placed two hundred dollars in her hands with the remark:

"There, Nannie, rig yourself out in a nice new dress."

She immediately replied: "I do not need a new dress now, and if you will let me keep twenty-five dollars of this to pay old Mrs. McFlannigaety's rent—her husband has just died, you know—I had much rather you would take the rest of the money and apply it to that new property you have purchased."

The old man looked at her for a few minutes, and then fell upon the floor in anguish, saying between his sobs, "Her mind is gone! Her mind is gone!"

I called to see her yesterday and found her building a nice pudding and putting a mansard roof of frostwork on a fruit cake. But there was a look in her eyes that told too plainly that she would not long be seen in her elegant home. A solitaire ring on her forefinger told the near approach of the winged and youthful destroyer who shoots his victims with arrows; and, as I left the premises, a young man bounded up the steps with the air of one who knows the affair will soon be over, She will pass away some morning in June. No cards.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—The public schools of our county closed Thursday.

—Don't fail to go to S. P. Specht's and see his new stock of goods.

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident on the 6th of March, 1888. WM. HINEBAUGH.

—"Cheap John" will be in Friendsville with his Auction Tuesday, March 6th.

—Married, Thursday, Feb. 23d, at Cumberland, Md., Mr. John Harned, of Garrett County, Md., and Mrs. Lucy Freeland, of Preston county, W. Va.

—S. P. Spect has just received and opened up the finest and best assorted line of dry goods ever brought to McHenry. Call and examine goods and prices.

—Dr. D. T. E. Casteel's books have been placed in my hands for settlement. All persons having unsettled accounts will please come forward at once and make settlement.

3 3 4t ED. N. CASTEEL.

—Following are the names of scholars of Glade Valley School, taught by W. F. Schroyer, who attained the highest average for the entire term: S. T. Digman, 100; Nellie O. Davis, 100; Mellie V. Digman, 100; Mary A. Digman, 99; L. T. Lower, 99; Ida Fazenbaker, 98; George Digman, 98; W. J. Peyton, 98; J. W. Lower, 95; F. Fazenbaker, 95; C. H. Hart, 95; J. L. Roy, 95; Ira D. King, 92.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Put Money in Your Pocket!

By selling apples, dried apples, apple-butter, eggs, butter, cabbage, onions, beans, dressed chickens, dressed turkeys, buckwheat and buckwheat flour, to

OFFUTT.

Select School.

Mr. Isaac G. Michael will open a select school, in the public school building in Oakland, next Tuesday, to continue until June 1st. The tuition fee will be $5 for term of six weeks for advanced scholars, with special rates for small scholars.

Bridge Contract Awarded.

The County Commissioners Tuesday awarded the contract for the erection of an iron bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport, to the Pittsburgh Bridge Company, for $5,575, stone work included. The bridge will be two hundred feet long. The stone work will be done by Mr. W. H. Riley, of Selbysport District.

A Card of Thanks.

Kind gentlemen of Oakland, I thank you all for your kindness to me in sending me to my old home in Richmond, Va. I found none of my relatives but a brother and his family. Nearly all of my old acquaintances had passed away, and I shall soon follow. Again I thank you all for your kindness to an old man.

COLEMAN DANDRIDGE.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of Peter Reitz, deceased, either by note or account, are hereby notified to settle up by the 1st day of April, 1888, All claims not settled by that time will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEORGE W. REITZ,
2 25 4t Administrator.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

All taxes not paid on or before March 20th, 1888, will, without further notice, be collected according to law. I have authorized the following named persons to collect and receipt for me:

Townshend & Son, Oakland.
J. E. Gnagey, Accident.
Jonas Frazee, Selbysport.
A. L. Gnagey, Grantsville.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
2 25 4t. Collector.

Legislative Notes.

Senator Browning and Mr. Peddicord came up Saturday morning and returned to Annapolis Monday.

There has been but little legislation affecting this county for the past two weeks, and nothing of special moment.

A bill to incorporate the Garrett Bank, at Oakland, was introduced by Mr. Browning Tuesday.

New Store.

Having bought a portion of the goods of John Shartzer's and filled up with a nice new stock, we will open up at the old stand on March 3d, 1888. We believe it to be to the interest of both buyer and seller to buy and sell for cash whenever it can possibly be done, and get goods at bottom prices. We hope by fair dealing and low prices to merit and secure a fair share of patronage. Good marketable produce taken in exchange for goods. Come and see us.

WILLIAM HINEBAUGH.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the month ending Feb. 29:

Anderson, A.	Loudin, J. B.
Biggs, W. H.	Malone, Ned.
Carter, Mrs. Ella,	Murphy, Mary, (For.)
DeLaazon, Nettie M.	Miller, Chas. M.
Groverman M. D.	Monroe, Mrs.
Goodwin, Jas. 2	Miller, Rebecca.
Grim, Paul, 2.	Slater, Susie.
Houser, H. G.	Shaffer, M. W.
Horner, Artnur.	Walker, Carleton.
Irons, Jos. 2.	Weimer, Homer.
Keefer, David, 2.	Wrine, Dennis.
Lower, Hettie.	Wilmoth, A. & Son.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Madame Fry's Concert.

Madame Fry and her three daughters, of Boston, graduates of the New England Conservatory, assisted by Mr. A. J. Wells, late of Wells Cathedral, England, and Mr. J. A. Sterling, will give a concert in the Glades Hotel dining room, Friday evening, March 16. These refined aud accomplished singers win the indorsement and support of public and press wherever they go. A private advice from a prominent citizen of Frederick says: "The Madame Fry Concert Company was here and played to a crowded house and gave entire satisfaction, so much so the people would like to have them here again." As but few strictly first class concerts stop in Oakland we hope to see this one well patronized.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Death of M. E. Howe.

The sudden tidings of the shocking death of Mellville E. Howe, of Mountain Lake Park, on the B. & O. Railroad, has created profound sorrow in our midst. The sad particulars of his death are too painful to relate. Suffice it to say that he was run over by an engine near Eighty-Cut the night of the 15th and instantly killed. As no one witnessed the fatal act, it is only to be conjectured how he met his death. Some think that he was struck by an east-bound train; others think that in attempting to board a helper he missed his hold and was hurled under the murderous wheels, cutting his body almost in twain, breaking his legs and arms, and crushing out his active life in an instant.

Mr. Howe was 42 years of age. He was born in Norway, Maine, and settled in West Virginia when 20 years of age. He was married in 1875, and had been largely engaged in the lumber trade several years previous to his death.

Melville E. Howe was the personification of "a manly man," and was widely known and universally esteemed. He leaves a wife (formerly Miss Mell. Boughner, of this place), and three interesting young children. The remains of the deceased were brought to Morgantown the 17th and the funeral took place from the residence of Mrs. Howe's mother (Mrs. Louisa J. Boughner, widow of the late Dr. J. V. Boughner) Saturday morning following. Mr. Howe's brother, of Buckhannon, Mr. Al. G. Sturgiss, of Oakland, Mr. Adam H. Bowman, of Rowlesburg, Miss Jennie Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, Mrs. Sprigg Sands, of Fairmont, and other friends accompanied the remains and the stricken widow and orphans to Morgantown; and among other friends present at the funeral from a distance were Jos. E. Sands and wife, of Fairmont; Dr. Van Kirk and wife, of Grafton; Wm. G. Worley, of Kingwood; Cal. G. Painter and wife, of Thornton; and others.

The funeral services were very impressive, conducted by Revs. Buchanan and White, and Miss Jennie Smith.—*Morgantown Post.*

Sunny Side.

Considering the poor sledding of this winter our energetic farmers have been very successful in hauling large quantities of lime rock upon their farms. While West Virginians are booming their state with conventions, our farmers are preparing to boom their old fields with an immense amount of lime. This farm improving spirit, if kept up for a number of years, will, no doubt, produce good results to the farmers. We are somewhat at a loss to understand what has prompted our farmers to such active engagements in the way of improvements, unless it is that the actions of our Representatives at Annapolis are prompters to diligence.

Our Public Schools are closing up, and so far as we have been able to learn they have been conducted rather satisfactorily in this part of our county to patrons and school officials. We have heard of only one case where the teacher had to resort to the painful necessity of expelling one of his scholars from his school. This is the first case of explusion, as we are informed, in our school district since the adaption of our free public school system. Such a decision on the part of the teacher may prove to be a step in the right direction, as it will most likely have a warning effect upon other unruly characters. Besides a teacher may not be able to handle, physically a large and vicious boy, or his experience in handling such may be limited, in either case, in order to get rid of the annoyance some teachers, it appears, would rather send the offender away from the school. Usually in school each class of offence has its own kind of punishment. If this be true it follows that the offence must be one of great magnitude when it becomes necessary to deprive a fifteen year old boy of the privilege of attending our schools. However, a teacher should remember that as the great oak retains the scar which marks the wound received centuries ago, when a tender sapling, so the youthful soul hurt by a careless hand in teaching may never heal.

The Sunny Side school will close Friday night, March 2d, with a grand and free exhibition.

W. B. H.

Mountain Lake Park.

Our beautiful weather has given way to severe cold and snow, the mercury having fallen to or below zero.

Mr. C. S. Hardy, who has been sinking for sometime, died suddenly last Sunday morning. Mrs. Hardy and her mother-in-law left here Tuesday morning on the early train with the body, which which will be placed in a vault in Baltimore for sometime.

Miss Ella Dawson began her school on Monday. The little folks are greatly pleased to have her for their teacher again.

Mr. Howard Eckles has set up house-keeping in the dwelling part of the Garthright store building at Lake View.

Mr. Epps is adding a front to his dwelling.

Mrs. Sallie White Is having her house plastered and finished up inside.

The material for Mr. F. P. Arnold's building is being put on the ground. This will be another addition to Cosy Row on the north end.

The Directors met in Washington, D. C., on last Wednesday.

There has been a Bible reading union formed here with sixty members. Quite an interest is being taken in the Tuesday night Bible class.

Mr. A. R. Sperry left for Middletown, Va., last Friday, to visit his parents. Will return again this week. J. A. E.

Grantsville.

Fifteen persons in the families of Mr. Patrick and James Dorsey are down with the scarlet fever.

The family of George Kalbflesh has the measles.

Mr. Philip Durst has been sick for some time, and his recovery is very doubtful.

The quarterly meeting of the M. E. Church was held here last Sunday.

If any reader of the REPUBLICAN has a pretty name for a boy let them forward it at once to Dr. O. G. Getty.

We had some new maple sugar this week and it brought up the question as to how many pounds of the precious stuff is an average crop for Garrett county, and no one seems able to give a definite answer. Can anyone tell? Don't all speak at once, please. B.

Offutt's.

There you can buy 1,000 yards Tricot cloth, new colors and shades; 5,000 yards gingham, new and pretty patterns; 1,000 hats, every style, shape and color; 1,000 pairs shoes, men's ladies' boys' misses' and children's; 500 suits clothes, newest styles and lowest prices; 1,000 bushels corn; 1,000 bushels oats; 100 barrels flour, the cheapest and the best; 100 bags meal; 100 bushels timothy seed; 50 plows—"See the Hornet"—steel beam, and 25 harrows, steel frame, spring tooth.

Swanton.

George Wolf had three fingers taken off his left hand by the large circular saw at Wolf's mill, north of Frankville, on Friday last.

There was an oyster supper on Friday night last for the benefit of Mr. Charles Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. West gave a birthday party to some of their friends on Saturday night to celebrate Master Lansdale's 9th birthday.

Mr. Joseph Lashorn, of Deer Park, was in town last week.

Mr. Joseph Foster has sold his saw mill to Mr. Lang.

Mr. Samuel Jones is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Wm. E. George is still unable to work on account of the ribs fractured the 2d inst., but he is doing as well as could be expected.

Oyster supper on Tuesday 28th inst., for benefit of Rev. M. L. Maysilles was well patronized. The committee desire to thank Mr. C. T. West for the free use of his new hall, also all persons who did anything towards making it a success.

J. Z. Browning was in town last week.

R. J. West was in Cumberland and Oakland last week.

Rev. Mr. Hipkins, of Oakland, will preach in Anderson Chapel on next Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, at which service the Holy Communion will be administered. H.

Made Crazy by Terror.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 27.—Blanchester, Ohio, the Means neighborhood, six miles southeast of this city, is noted for its wealth and intelligence. The people take pride in their blooded stock, fine farms and educate their children at the best schools. One of the most prominent families is William Means, a relative of Governor Foraker, whose father resides near by. Last Thursday evening the young ladies of the neighborhood gave a leap year party at the residence of Mr. Means. The girls assembled sometime before the gentlemen were expected and were having a merry time when two of the number, the Misses Storer, vivacious, fun-loving girls, slipped away, and covering their faces with a dough mask and their forms with sheets suddenly burst in on group of laughing girls.

With a scream most of them fled in terror, but four of them fell in a faint on the floor. Two of the young ladies were speedily restored to consciousness, but the other two, Dora Eakins and Lizzy Chaney, could not be roused, and for two days they remained in a stupor, only to waken hopeless maniacs, who scream and yell in the most agonizing manner. Their condition is such that physicians say they can live only a short time.

The Misses Sterer, whose thoughtless prank caused the awful affair, are themselves prostrated with grief. One is in the delirium of brain fever and her recovery is regarded as doubtful. The whole neighborhood is in mourning over the sad event and the best physicians have been employed.

The Austin (Tex) *Daily Dispatch*, (Dem.) makes probably the strongest argument against Mr. Cleveland's re-nomination that has yet come from a Democratic source, and one that will likely be used extensively by the friends of Mr. Hill before the next Democratic Convention settles on a candidate. The substance of it is that Mr. Cleveland has subordinated every branch of the public service to the accomplishment of one purpose — his own renomination; that he has administered the financial affairs of the Government in the interest of the Wall street money sharks, and that he has "struck an unwarranted blow at the manufacturing and industrial interests of the country by virtually advocating a policy of free trade, fatal alike to the prosperity of the country and the individual interests of the citizen."

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

D. T. E. CASTEEL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.

☞ Office in the Casteel Drug Store building, Oakland, Md. 10 28 tf

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.
Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 25 '88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said Court, wherein Nora Poland and others are plaintiffs and Jane Francis Fike and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY,
THE 28th DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at "The Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, in Selbysport District, Garrett county, and of which the late A. J. Fike died seized, all of said farm containing 250 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Otto Speelman, Abraham Augustine and others. Said farm is well improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other out-buildings, also a good orchard of apples and other fruit trees, and is considered one of the best farms in that section.

Also all that Other Property,

in the same neighborhood, containing 116¼ acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a deed from Ross Augustine and wife to the late A. J. Fike, dated the 14th April, 1884, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 399, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said last mentioned farm being improved by a DWELLING HOUSE and other out-buildings, and some of the land is under cultivation. Said farms will be sold separately.

TERMS OF SALE.—As prescribed by the decree, one-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in two equal installments at one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from date, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid down, at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS FRAZEE,
3 3 4t Trustee.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, George Walters, Ramsey Browning and others at or near Mrs. Probst's farm, in District No. 1, and running thence in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to Davis' tram road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's Run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Francis Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, Chauncey Glass, George Walters and Perry's heirs, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 3d, day of April, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

DAVID ENLOW,
JOSEPH SPEICHER,
JOHN HARNED,
335 Examiners.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock. Permanent employment and good salary to honest, energetic men. The business is easy learned. We grow all the reliable new varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
West Chester, Pa.

Established 1853.
2 18 6t Maple Avenue Nurseries.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. U. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road in District No. 3, beginning at Swauger's mill and running through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christopher Miller and P. McAndrews, to intersect McAndrews' road at the Old Camp.

PETER J. STEPHEN,
JOHN W. STARK,
245 MICHAEL McANDREWS.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 24, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MIZPAH.

We never used the word while thou and I
Walked close together in life's working way:
There was no need for it, when hand and eye
Might meet, content and faithful, every day.
But now, with anguish from a stricken heart,
Mizpah! I cry; the Lord keep watch between
Thy life and mine, that death hath riven apart;
Thy life beyond the awful vail, unseen.
And my poor broken being, which must glide
Through ways familiar to us both, till death
Shall, of a surety, lead me to thy side,
Beyond the chance and change of mortal breath.
Mizpah! yea, love, in all my bitter pain,
I trust God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

The lips are dumb from which I used to hear
Strong words of counsel, tender words of praise;
Poor I must go my way without the cheer
And sunshine of thy presence all my days.
But God keeps watch my ways and days upon,
On all I do, on all I bear for thee.
My work is left me, though my mate is gone;
A solemn trust hath love bequeathed to me.
I take the task thy languid hand laid down
That summer evening, for mine own alway;
And may the Giver of both cross and crown
Pronounce me faithful at our meeting-day!
Mizpah! the word gives comfort to my pain;
I know God keepeth watch betwixt us twain.

—*All the Year Round.*

WALL STREET.

The Moral and Financial Wrecks Caused by Speculation.

"Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," is continually quoted. If fools, or men the reverse of fools, as ordinarily considered, would but learn there, it would be fortunate. But they won't. Every day proves it. He who is made wiser, who changes his conduct, who sees his past folly, after a single bitter experience, is one in a thousand. The majority of men do not mend their ways or morals with any common amount of experience. They still believe, so sanguine are they, so incapable of self-understanding, that what has not yet happened to them, will certainly happen. If they but persevere, the greatest improbability, they think, will be overcome, the apparent impossible will occur, the presumably miraculous will come to pass. What we want to believe, we are nearly sure of. Our ardent desires are interpreted as a foreshadowing of the future.

All this is constantly exemplified in Wall street, which ruins fifty men at least where the ruin of one man is generally known. The evil that it does, not only there, but throughout the country, is seldom suspected. Its baleful influences reaches the remotest corners of the republic. It is continually sapping the means and morals of thousands. No one imagines what a host of persons—for both sexes are included—expend all their surplus in putting up margins on particular stocks. These operate, as a rule, in a small way, seldom losing largely, because they have not much to lose; but the aggregate amount they leave annually in the street is enormous. Many of them do not know the detriment they sustain; they are inclined to believe that in the main they are successful, for they remember only their profits. They do not realize the truth that not one in a hundred men takes out of the street in the end as much as he carries there. The brokers are well aware of this, but it is not to their interest to bruit it. They do not care to discourage their customers. Their policy is to stimulate the gambling spirit, which is more or less in every human breast. The hundreds of members of the Stock Board must live—at least they think they must—and their living is derived from the putters up of margins. Without these the bulk of brokers would be obliged to discontinue business.

Scarcely any defaulter or embezzler in any part of the land but owes his crime directly to speculation in Wall street, and examination of his accounts reveals this. * * *

Were it not for hope Wall street would be deserted. The experience of tens of thousands deters no one from trying to avoid the quicksands in which they have been lost. Each man is convinced that he knows better, that he is shrewder, more intelligent, than his neighbor. Hope, plus egotism, drives most speculators on to their fate. You can tell them nothing; they are aware of it all. They are infatuated by their own vanity, and their superabundance of expectation. They go the same round; arrive at the same end; meet the same fate. Yet each has the temerity to believe that he will prove the exception.

Many of these over-confident speculators come from New England, the South and West, and often with large sums of money, though not large enough to achieve what they are continually attempting. A quarter or half a million is a great deal of money in the country, and a comfortable amount anywhere under any ordinary circumstances. But for operating in the stock market it is insignificant. The adventurers do not understand this, however. They do not remember that certain men in Wall street can command $50,000,000 to $100,000,000, and much more in combination, and that the longest purse generally wins in commercial as well as in other contests. He who can not, or does not, buy a thing outright, who does not own and control it, is never safe, whatever the actual value of the thing. Supposing that gold were not the standard; that some speculator had purchased 10,000 American eagles on a margin, and that they should fall to fifty per cent. discount. If he could not make his margin good he would be sold out, albeit absolutely sure that the eagles were worth ten dollars. Not to be able to furnish margins when required is in Wall street financial damnation. But he who has made a good investment and paid for it need not trouble himself concerning quotations. Their rise or fall can not affect him. He is superior to the manipulations of the market—to the raids of the whole bear clique. Thousands of men see their chances of profit slip away every month simply because they can no longer hold on to their securities, and are often chagrined to see them within a few weeks, perhaps a few days, far above par and buoyant. "If I had only had a little more money," they say then, "how much I might have made!" What countless exclamations and useful regrets of this kind there always are in the money barter of the continent!

I have observed for years how money is swallowed up in the vortex of speculation. I am continually going to Wall street—I feel proof against its temptations—as I like to watch its currents and study human nature, of which it is an excellent school. I meet acquaintances there from every part of the Union. One day I encounter Smith, of Denver, and I inquire after Jones, of Omaha, who told me, three months before, that he had cleared $500,000 by his operations.

"Jones? O, they've scalped him. That last bear attack on the market cleaned him out completely. He has gone home without any thing; and had $400,000 or $500,000, made by land speculation, when he came to New York two years ago."

"I am very sorry for Jones," I reply. "He was a good fellow and full of energy."

"He was all of that," remarked Smith. "But he wasn't quite smart enough for Wall street. I told him last spring how he was going, but he wouldn't believe me. Now he wishes I fancy, that he had taken my advice. A man has to get up pretty early in the morning to stand the racket down here."

"Aren't you afraid, Smith, that they'll get your scalp one of these days?"

"Not a bit. They've tried it often; but I wear all my hair yet. I know their ways. I'm too old a bird to be caught."

Some months later I ran upon Brown, of Chicago, and after a little chat I express the hope that Smith is flourishing.

"Flourishing? Not exactly. Haven't you heard what happened to him? No? He went short on Reading, and he got 'busted' in short order. He's so poor that he's in a cheap boarding house in Harlem. You remember what a figure he used to cut at the Windsor? He's trying to get up again; but he never can. His father left him a handsome fortune ten years ago, and he couldn't raise $500 to-day. He's too hopeful, too reckless. He doesn't know when to take in sail."

"But mayn't you be in the same condition some time? The Stock Exchange is the most uncertain of places. A man of your pursuits is always living on a mine."

"Don't bother about me. I watch these thieves. They can't hurt me. I always sleep with one eye open, and they know it. Chicago is sharper than New York. A man educated there can get on anywhere. Robinson and I—you know Robinson, of St. Louis—haven't got caught yet, and we don't intend to be. We're as wide awake as any of the boys, and they know it."

Six months later I am shaking hands with Robinson in Exchange place, and refer to Brown, hoping he is still prosperous.

"I wish he were; but the fact is that he is broken down. That big tumble in Western Union hurt him irreparably, and he had a stroke of paralysis the next week, and he hasn't been downtown since. It was partial only, but it makes Brown look old. He's grown fifteen years older since last June. His sudden success turned his head, and he went in too deep. I'm afraid he hasn't much left. A man in Wall street has to learn when to be bold and when to be cautious, and Brown never learned this. It was one of the first lessons that I learned, and I learned it thoroughly. I've been operating here six or seven years, and in that time I've seen scores of fellows ruined. But I've never been crippled even, and I ascribe my uniform success to judgment. Some people call it luck. Bah, there's no such thing as luck."

"But is not your judgment fallible? One can not always keep on the right side of the market?"

"Few can; but I am one of the few."

One evening, just after a week of great disturbance in stocks, a disturbance almost approaching panic, I ran upon a well-known broker, many of whose customers are from the West. We fell to taking of the disasters of the week, and he mentioned that Robinson had lost a lot of money on Manhattan, and his margined stocks had been sold out. "He must have lost several hundred thousand dollars, may be $500,000. He is going to St. Louis to dispose of some real estate belonging to his wife, who has entire confidence in him and his ability, and with the new stake he will enter the street again."

"You have been a stock-broker a long while," I asked an acquaintance lately, "what do you candidly think of speculation? What is the result of your observation? Is much money made in Wall street?"

"Almost nothing. Men who make in one thing lose in another. I've been twenty-five years in the street, and of the hundreds who have operated on margins through me I can scarcely recall half a dozen who have not suffered in the long run. If men generally were prudent and sensible, it would be unfortunate for us brokers; we'd have mighty little business. But they are not, and never will be. I frequently advise my friends not to speculate; but it does no good. They learn nothing by the experience of others, and next to nothing by their own. The truth is, nineteen out of every twenty men—perhaps thirty-nine out of forty—are gamblers by constitution. And when they begin gambling they don't know when to leave off. No one can imagine what misery and crime Wall street causes unless he is on the inside. I often wish I had gone into some other business. I have seen so much of the evil of speculation that I never speculate myself."

Since then my broker friend has failed by his rash attempt to keep up a line of stocks that had been drooping for months, and it is doubtful if he can resume. He is reported to me as a desperate speculator for a man of his means, though for many years he was one of the most conservative members of the board.

The worst thing about wall street is that it ruins men morally not less than financially. The habit of speculation is as bad as dram drinking or opium eating. No one knows, when he begins, where he will end. A full course of Wall street is apt to sap the foundations of character, debauch the sentiments, overthrow every principle. It begets with the successful a lust of greed which nothing can satisfy, and with the unsuccessful self-contempt, morbid anxiety, shattered nerves, the agony of alternating hope and despair. Wall street puts human nature in the gutter and keeps it there. Its history is a record of feverishness, infatuation, failure, transgression, remorse, disgrace and suicide. When a trusting men defaults, or blows out his brains, the stock market is generally discovered to be the cause. Not one hundredth part of the mischief it does is divulged. Its tainted names and shattered reputations only occasionally come to the surface. I might give instances that would startle. Proud men, pure women, conscientious clergymen, upright judges are swept away by it. Innocent families all over the land are blasted by it. Its breath is poisonous, its touch is deadly. Outside it is fair and attractive; its buildings are stately, impressive, sumptuous; its frequenters elegant, attractive, plausible. But inside is the life and spirit that Calvin attributed to hell.—*Junius Henri Browne, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE.

Individuals Who Do Not Recognize Their Friends on the Street.

"Why don't you recognize that man? You know him perfectly well, don't you?" "Certainly; but he has cut me three or four times, and I propose that he shall do the recognizing hereafter." This isn't, by any means, an infrequent dialogue. It opens up the question of the inability of some people, even of those who are not short-sighted, to recognize other people readily. There are men and women whom we know and whom we can not suspect of any prejudice against us or any disposition to "cut" us, who ordinarily make no sign of recognition when they meet us. More than that, there are people whom we know and like perfectly well, who accuse us of "cutting" them in public.

The writer has an acquaintance whom he occasionally meets on perfectly friendly terms, and who has honorably proved his courtesy, and yet who never recognizes him on the street. It is not a slight. "He never recognizes anybody," his friends will tell you. And yet he has no ordinary defect of vision. His case is one of a number which seem to prove that there is such a thing as the recognizing faculty, and that some people may be deficient in it, such as others are deficient in the musical sense or in the power of distinguishing colors. One's identity has to be impressed upon such people's consciousness by a long series of recognitions before it can be said to have established itself in their sense, so devoid is that sense of acuteness. Such people are rather to be commiserated than congratulated. They are likely to be unjustly accused of snobbery or indifference, and to have to carry a burden of unfriendly prejudice on account of their defect.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

FOUND IN THE SNOW.

An Honest Farmer Leaves a Package at the Police Station.

"They ain't mine, and I'm going to take 'em to police headquarters," said a farmer on the market yesterday as he bundled up several articles of clothing.

"Find 'em on the road?" asked one of the men he had been talking with.

"No, sir. Found 'em right in front of my stable door the other morning. There's a pair of mittens, a cap, an old handkerchief, a plug of tobacco and a necktie."

"How did they get there?"

"Well, I figure that a tramp opened the door and walked in to find a lodging place. I keep the door unlocked, but never go in by it. I turned the old mare around last fall with her heels within two feet of the door."

"And what?"

"Well, about the time that tramp stepped in she let go with both feet. One foot hit him just a little below the belt, and the other under the chin. It was nine feet from the door to the spot where he lit. There was evidence that he pawed around for a spell, got up and fell into a wagon-box, got up again and fell out, and then he made a bee-line across the meadow for the section-line road. He didn't come back for his duds, and I'll just leave 'em where they'll be safe when his memory returns and he wants 'em.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LEAP-YEAR PRIVILEGES.

Time-Honored Rights and Prerogatives of the Gentler Sex.

It is probable that many of the fair and at least an equal number of the unfair sex have scarcely bestowed a thought upon the fact that 1888 is leap year, in which the ladies' law, as it is called, may prevail.

In three years out of every four man has the privilege of "popping the question," and the annoyance of sometimes having a plain-spoken "No" for the reply. On the fourth year woman may propose, if it so please her.

A lady has the privilege in leap year of suggesting marriage between herself and a bachelor acquaintance. In the event of his refusing, the penalty is that the ungallant gentleman shall present the tender damsel with a new silk dress.

There is a reservation, however, that the right to claim this penalty depends on the circumstance that when she proposed the damsel was the wearer of a scarlet petticoat, which (or a little of the lower portion of which) she must exhibit to the gentleman, the understood idea being that the silken dress shall cover the petticoat, and thus assuage dire feminine indignation at the rejection of her offered hand.

If any of the readers catch a glimpse in 1888—say in a high wind, or when a carriage or car is entered, or a muddy street crossed—of the slightest bit of scarlet in a lady's most comfortable and usually unexhibited garment, they may imagine that she has quitted the house with the dire intent of asking somebody to marry her or of getting the silk dress mentioned.

It is said that in a work entitled "Courtship, Love and Matrimony," published in 1606, ten years before the death of Shakespeare, is this explanation regarding ladies' privileges in leap-year:

"Albeit, it is now become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do, either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who dothe in any way treate her proposal with slight or contumely."

This quotation is given by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, but there are some words in it which were scarcely in common use in Shakespeare's time.

"Social relations of life" is a comparatively modern phrase; and though the word "relations" is used once by Shakespeare, "social" never was. Oddly the word "contumely," though not given in "Ayscough's Concordance," occurs in "the proud man's contumely," which is put into one of Hamlet's most thoughtful soliloquies.

The following is the statute in the old Saxon code referring to leap year:

"Albeit, as often as leape yearre dothee occure, the woman holdeth prerogative over the menne in matters of courtships, love and matrimonie; so that, when the lady proposeth it shall not be lawful for the man to say her nae, but shall entertain her proposall in all gude curtesie."

A Scotch statute of 1228 reads as follows:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of her maist blessit majestie, ilk forth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estait shall have liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albyit, if he refuses to take her to be wif, he shall be mulcted in the sum of one pound (£1) or less, as his estait mai be, except and awis if he can make it appear that he is betrothed to one woman, and then he shall be free."

Leap year naturally makes us think of marriage; and we hope all the young ladies and widows will be bold enough to "pop the question," and do it without blushing or stammering. Now is your opportunity.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

ADOPTED CHILDREN.

How to Make Adoptions According to All the Forms of Law.

The love of children is so much a part of our natural instincts that it leads many childless parents to adopt as their own some child, the love of which they hope shall satisfy the needs of their nature in this regard. They so often do this by mere word of mouth and the taking home of the little one that it is well to know that, unless the adoption is made formally and by prescribed legal steps, they are only making future sorrow and vexation for themselves instead of the happiness they have anticipated. For at some future time, when it may have become convenient, or desirable, the former owners or guardians of the child may claim it and take it away, though they should tear out the new parent's heartstrings with it. It is fitting, then, in order that there shall be no trouble by and by, that the adoption of the child, when made, shall be made according to all the forms of law. These require the petition to the court of both the husband and wife desiring to adopt, accompanied by the written consent of the child's parents or other guardians, or, in the absence of such persons, of some one appointed by the court to represent them. When this petition has been granted, and the adoption has been sanctioned by the court, it can not be undone, and the child is, to all the intents and purposes of law, the child of its adopting father and mother, and can inherit from or through them every thing that is not entailed upon descendants by blood. Any appeal from the sanction of the court must be made within a year, or otherwise it is useless.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE OLD CLOCK.

"Tick, tock," goes the old clock!
Its ancient case is black with age,
Yet its tongue takes, with steady gauge,
The measure of the moment's doom,
And through the lonely keeping-room
"Tick, tock," sounds the old clock.

The moments slowly interlock
In sighs. She vainly tries to sew,
Shunning the fact she soon must know;
A whisper seems to pierce the gloom
As once: "Mother, why don't he come?"
"Tick, tock," answers the clock.

Slowly swings the old clock!
A deeper grief than that of death
Drips in her tears, and chills her breath
With voiceless fear; he, staggering, nears
With bloated face and ribald jeers.
"Tick, tock," goes the old clock.

"Tick, tock," swings the old clock.
Hark! was that an echoing sigh,
Or the wind's rising lullaby?
How sweet to slip out on Life's tide,
And into Heaven's harbor ride!
Solemnly swings the old clock.

—*Lydia Wood Baldwin, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE BIBLE VIEW.

The Scriptural Argument Concerning the Use of Wine and Kindred Beverages.

The evil of drunkenness is as old as the art of making wine, which certainly dates back as far as the time of Noah—and it is probable that the antediluvians possessed it. There are many references to wine-drinking and to drunkenness in the Bible—the former without censure, and the latter always with reproach and condemnation. Down through the circling centuries it has always been so as regards the latter. Yet at the present day there are men who attempt to "steal the livery of Heaven to serve" the Rum Devil in, who are foolish enough to argue that as the Scriptures do not prohibit the use of wine, and as our Saviour's first miracle was the turning of water into wine at the marriage feast held in Cana of Galilee, that the use of it and similar beverages should not be prohibited to-day.

We pity the weakness of any one who could be convinced by so poor an argument. These "drinking Christians" seek to make the religion they profess a bulwark for the giant vice of the nineteenth century, which is the cause of more poverty, suffering, crime and death than any other. They forget, in so doing, this one great fact:

Distilled liquors (whisky, brandy, gin, rum, etc.) were not known at the time the Scriptures were written.

The great ally of the devil, the still, was not known. Wine was the only intoxicant. Suppose that the modern doctored and drugged whisky had been the drink upon the table at the Cana wedding instead of weak wine; do these foolish ones who think Christ's first miracle an argument for the use of alcoholic drinks think for an instant that He would have turned a jug or two of water into "forty-rod" whisky? Do they suppose that He would have sanctified what would necessarily have been a drunken orgy by being present and thus, tacitly at least, giving countenance to its use?

Had whisky and the whole list of infernal compounds of which the worm of the still is the fruitful parent been known when the two tables of stone, graven by the finger of God, were delivered to Israel's lawgiver amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, can any one doubt that among the list of "Thou shalt nots" their use would have been included?

It is a fact—and none is more clear in the pages of history—that drunkenness was one of the minor vices up to the time that the art of distilling was invented. There was nothing which could intoxicate save wine alone. Whisky and its congeners were unknown; and the art of brewing—of concocting nauseous liquids containing alcohol through a process which involves the partial rotting of grain—was practiced, if practiced at all, only among barbaric people. None of the civilized nations of antiquity used beer and similar compounds.

Wine was the only intoxicant. There are some good people who are really troubled by the so-called "Biblical argument" for the use of wine, who have gone to an infinite deal of trouble to prove that the wine made by Jesus at Cana was the freshly-expressed juice of the grape, before it had undergone the alcoholic fermentation, and therefore it was incapable of producing intoxication as the fresh juice of apples—"sweet" cider. We do not think it profitable to waste time on such a trivial discussion. In point of fact, the case is incapable of actual proof, one way or the other. That intoxicating wine was known, is absolutely certain, both from Bible passages and from profane history; that non-intoxicating—freshly-made—wine was also used as a beverage, is equally clear. Who can tell which it was?

And, after all, what does it really matter which it was? There are many passages of Scripture which condemn intoxication. Bear in mind these facts:

1. That wine was the only intoxicant known;

2. That it was the pure juice of the grape, generally diluted with water; it was not "fortified" with cologne spirits, nor drugged and doctored with chemicals and coloring materials;

3. That drunkenness was by no means as prevalent among the Jews as it is among all peoples to-day;

4. That wine, made in the simple manner then followed, contains a very small per cent. of alcohol, and that it would require the drinking of a very large quantity to produce inebriation.

Then read the following Scriptural references to the evils of its misuse:

Proverbs xxxi, 4-5: It is not for kings to drink wine, * * lest they drink and forget the law. * *

Judges xiii, 4: And, therefore, beware, I pray thee, and drink not any wine. * * *

Ephesians v, 18: And be not drunk with wine. * *

Proverbs xxiii, 20-21: Be not among wine-bibbers, * * for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

First Corinthians v, 11: But now I have written unto you not to keep company * * or a drunkard. * *

Isaiah xxviii, 1: Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim. * *

Joel i, 5: Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine.

First Corinthians vi, 10: Nor thieves, * * nor drunkards, * * shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Luke xxi, 34: And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness. * *

Romans xiii, 13: Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. * *

Galatians v, 19-21: Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: * * * drunkenness, revilings, and such like. * *

Proverbs xx, 1: Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Proverbs xxi, 17: He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.

Proverbs xxiii, 29-30: Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine.

Proverbs xxiii, 31: Look not then upon the wine when it is red.

Hosea iv, 11: * * Wine, and new wine, take away the heart.

But, our friends argue that the Scriptures do not prohibit the use of wine; they only condemn its abuse. True; but, taking the tenor of the injunctions for our guidance from Genesis to Revelations, and bearing in mind the limited and slow means of intoxication of that day with the limitless and rapid means of the present with our deadly whisky and kindred distilled drinks, and answer us this question: If these latter-day liquors, producing quick drunkenness, had been then known, is it not clear, from the tenor of the Scriptures, that their use would have been forbidden? The answer of every thinking man must be in the affirmative. The denunciations of prophet and apostle would have rung out against all who dared to touch these life and soul destroying beverages, and the sacred volume would have bristled with commands to abstain entirely.

No man who is a Christian at heart can either drink himself or countenance the use of rum by others. Remembering that no man begins to drink with the intention of becoming a drunkard, but that the occasional glass is taken until the habit is so fixed that it can not be broken, and drags its victim down to poverty, death and hell, he can not take the first step into danger himself, nor permit his example to lead others into temptation.

It matters not whether Christ made wine by a miracle, nor whether He drank it. It is not wine that makes the trouble nowadays, but whisky. The devil never had so potent a servant as rum has been ever since the first whisky-still was put into operation. It will not do to countenance the use of rum, for the use as certainly leads to abuse as sin leads to damnation. And every Christian who tries to carry the "new commandment" of our Saviour into his daily life can do so if he throws the weight of his influence into the effort to pulverize the rum power.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

THE class of '90, Cornell College, have decided that no wine shall be served at their banquets.

THE *Homiletic Review* estimates the loss to New York State through the liquor business at $148,000,000.

IN Rio Janeiro the punishment for drunkenness is a tin mask placed over the face and fastened behind with a lock.

M. PASTEUR says habitual users of intoxicants, if bitten by a mad-dog, are more difficult to cure than temperate persons.

MRS. BUELL, Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, at Nashville, reports a total membership in the Nation of 136,477 in 6,505 local unions. There were 102,521 enrolled in the Loyal Legion.

ACCORDING to a liquor law passed in France, every person who may be condemned twice by the police, for open drunkenness will be held incapable of voting, of elective eligibility, and of being named for the jury or any public office.

AT a meeting of the St. Pancras, London, Total Abstinence Association, held a few days ago, the president, Dr. Richardson, in the course of his address, said that "in England and Wales there were 4,000,000 of people living either in a state of absolute inebriety or of intemperate habits, and out of these something like 1,500,000 come under the hands of the police." This is indeed a deplorable showing of the prevalence of intemperance in England, and it ought to draw the attention of her rulers to the necessity of doing something to elevate and improve the social and moral condition of her own population instead of seeking to crush and degrade the Irish people.—*Irish World.*

OUR readers will remember that last June the Kentucky distillers made a contract together not to make any whisky for a year, in order to enhance the price. It now transpires that a number of them have broken this contract, and manufactured whisky, greatly to their own profit and to the disadvantage of their more honest neighbors. A meeting of the association was held in Louisville, and Mr. Herman Beckurts was instructed to bring suit against all signers of the contract who had broken it. This looks to us a little like encroaching upon men's "personal liberty," this making them "take a pledge" not to carry on their "legitimate business," and prosecuting them for breaking it, but if they can stand it we can. The effect of such strenuous measures was immediately seen in the advance in price in whisky from $1.05 to $1.08 per gallon.—*Union Signal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Maine claims to have sixteen men and women who are over one hundred years old.

—In the Southern States there are 7,500,000 negroes three-fourths of whom can neither read nor write

—Dr. Vaughn, of Michigan University, says there are 10,000 cases of typhoid fever in Michigan annually, and that nine-tenths of the patients get well.

—An Albany estate over which there has been thirteen years' litigation has finally panned out eighty-five cents apiece for the heirs, and they have gone home satisfied. The lawyers got about $11,000 each.

—Collector—"I have a little bill here, sir, that I would like to have." Man of the world—"Yes, please lay it down in that easy chair, sir." "Easy chair!" "Yes. It's been running so long it must be tired.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—Two old sports accustomed to catch the granger at poker are playing against one another. "I'll call you. What ye got?" "Four aces." "What's yer outside card? I've got four aces myself."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A Maine doctor, who is now in California, writes from that State that in the town where he is staying, which is near Los Angeles, there is twice as much sickness as in any town that he has any knowledge of in the State of Maine of its size.

—Startling.—He (rapturously)—"And now that's all settled, darling, what kind of an engagement ring would you like?" She—"O, gold this time, I hope, dearest. I'm quite sick of wearing imitation engagement rings." Tableau!—*Times.*

—A Kentucky rural paper boasts of a subscriber who rides twenty miles on horseback every week to get his paper. It is supposed the subscriber sent a poem to the editor several years ago and "can hardly wait until he gets the paper" to see if his poem has been published.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In cold weather horse-car drivers and policemen put newspapers to a queer use. They button them under their coats or shirts, against their chests, and assert that nothing is so warming. A trick many drivers have is, that of wrapping newspapers around their stockings before they put their boots on.

—According to the Hon. William I. Bowditch, one-tenth of all the taxes in Massachusetts are paid by the women. In Rockford, Ill., the women pay two-thirds of the taxes. In some towns the percentage is large, but for all of that these very women are not by law citizens, and have no voice in the administration of public affairs.

—An Iowa woman thoughtfully put two dozen eggs in her nice, warm bed to keep them from freezing while she spent the afternoon and evening with a friend. Returning late at night, she disrobed and plunged in. Shriek? Well, the one she lifted up her voice with caused the cat to dash through the window in terror, and roused the neighbors. The eggs did not freeze.—*Exchange.*

—The annual loss caused by insects in the United States is estimated at about $150,000,000, that on cotton alone being $15,000,000. The insects increase with the advance of civilization, on account, doubtless, of the greater abundance of the food furnished them. Every vegetable product and every variety of fruit and flowers are attended by special parasites, each of which thrives on its respective food-plant.

—"No, Mr. Sampson—George, dear," said the girl, "I can never, never be your wife, but I will always be a——" "Ah, darling," interposed young Mr. Sampson, and his heart was throbbing the buttons off his new silk vest, "why do you address me in such an endearing term if it can never, never be?" "Because, George dear," and again the name fell from her lips like music in the night, "I'm to be a mother to you in the spring. Your father——" But the son-in-law had fled.

—A man in Collegeville, Ark., heard a commotion in his chicken-house, and went to investigate. He found a big owl creating havoc among the fowls. He seized the owl by the leg with the right hand and the bird clutched the hand with its talons. In trying to free himself with the left hand this was caught by the owl's hooked beak, holding him helpless and defenseless. He shouted for help, and his wife came. She took an axe and cut off the bird's head and feet before the man could release his hands.

—A big gray gander, which made friends with J. K. White, who runs a ferryboat on Chucky river, near Jonesboro, Tenn., about a year ago, has become remarkably attached to him. It goes to church with him, and remains on the outside till the meeting is over, then returns with him. It also accompanies him to the post-office, a distance of a mile and a half. It seldom goes to the water alone, but when Mr. White is ferrying it swims by the side of the boat. It doesn't keep the company of any living thing save Mr. White, to whom it seems entirely devoted.

—They tell down East of a poor fellow who owned a remarkably fat hog, and who also owed a rich man. The hog was about all the property the poor debtor had worth levying on, and the law exempted a man's only pig. One day the creditor meeting the debtor said, "You need another pig, let me send you a nice little one." The poor man was astonished. "Why, I owe for the hog I've got now," he stammered. "Never mind, you need another one, and I'll send it," and he did, and the little pig was put in the pen by the side of the big one. In less than an hour the constable came and attached the fat hog and took it away, and thus the law and the rich man were satisfied.

DESERVING OF HELP.

How a Man of Nerve and Spirit Lost His Entire Fortune.

A haggard-looking tramp stopped at a house in Kentucky and called for the "landlord." Old Major Bowles, a well-known character in Central Kentucky, stepped out on the gallery and in a rather ungentle voice demanded:

"What do you want here, sah?"

"My dear sir," said the tramp, taking off his tattered hat and bowing with a sort of meek despair, "you see me in hard luck."

"Hang your luck!" exclaimed the Major.

"I can heartily endorse that sentiment," replied the tramp, "but I am not here to indorse or to receive indorsement but to ask for something to sustain the body. I am starving."

"That's not my fault," said the Major. "The world is pretty well filled with just such starving fellows as you are, but I have never heard of one of them dying. I don't mind giving a man a little something to eat, but I'll be blowed if I intend to encourage your infernal laziness. Like all the rest of your tribe, I suppose that you claim to be quite a respectable fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course. And I reckon you once had money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course. But you lost it on account of a rascally partner?"

"No, sir."

"Stocks went down, then?"

"No, I had nothing to do with stocks."

"Well, then, the bank broke."

"I had nothing to do with banks?"

"Why, this is strange. Over-cropped yourself and there came a drought?"

"No, I had nothing to do with farming."

"Is it possible!" said the Major, now keenly interested. "O, I see, you bought a steamboat."

"No."

"Saw-mill?"

"No, sir."

"And yet you had money and lost it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how."

"I lost it playing poker."

"What!" exclaimed the Major. "Why, my dear sir, you are not the rascal I took you for. Why, you are a man of nerve and spirit. Come in, and help yourself to any thing there is in the house."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

WORK FOR WOMEN.

How Two Enterprising and Industrious Ladies Make a Living.

Here is the way one woman turns the honest penny: She is a seamstress by trade and a good one, but after all her faithful industry is barely able to eke out a scanty living with her needle. Constant and weary toil makes madame none the less a lady, however, and one of the first requirements of her life is to occupy pleasant apartments. Rent per month is say five dollars. With a hundred and one drains on a small treasury this is a considerable sum to compass, and the cleverness with which she manages to secure the amount would put to shame many an older financier. In the first instance one dollar was invested at the baker's, which as every one knows will buy two dozen fat loaves.

She next secured twenty-four regular customers to pay five cents apiece as she delivered the bread early every morning, carrying it warm and crisp from the oven. This, as will be seen, gives her twenty cents clear profit a day. Being carefully deposited in a savings bank on the mantle shelf, behold when the landlord knocks the required sum is all ready for payment. The early walk in no way interferes with her regular duties, but on the contrary serves as a good constitutional, a healthful preparation for the sedentary employment of the rest of the day. Hearing of a woman who has courage and energy to do this sort of thing helps others along, no matter what their calling or pursuit.

The first woman to occupy the position of cane weigher on a sugar plantation—a place of some trust and responsibility—was a young girl from the North. Fortune took her up in the coast country this past autumn, and, asking work, the situation was offered and immediately accepted. She went to work without hesitation, and, giving perfect satisfaction to her employers, proved there is still another line of work opened to those of her sex looking for employment.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

Sleep as a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability or temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, not too warm a room, a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we recommend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep, otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—*Medical Times.*

—We don't know of any thing that is needed more than a mince pie trust.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

AN AUTOGRAPH MART.

Value of the Signatures of a Number of Famous Men and Women.

One of the new fads of the season is the collection of autograph letters from living men and women. One day this week a Broadway shopkeeper showed me an odd collection and told me the prices that he hoped to get for each letter. One from Browning, the poet, is marked $4.50. A humorous letter to President Garfield, signed Mark Twain, is held at $5. The great humorist says:

"It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence—and keep it—than to fool it away with trying to get him an office."

A brief note signed by Wilkie Collins, the novelist, is held at $1.50. Another from Sir Charles Dilke, the English statesman, whose escapades caused such a sensation a year or more ago, is valued at $1. One from General John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, and the first candidate of the Republican party for President, is ticketed $2.75. An autograph verse and signature by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is $2.25. A short letter written by eloquent Bob Ingersoll is not valued very highly. It may be purchased for 75 cents. One from the Marquis of Lorne, ex-Governor-General of Canada, may be had for $1.75. Justin McCarthy's autograph is valued at the same figure. John Ruskin's is more highly prized. It is held at $4.50. Clark Russell, the author of so many weird tales of the sea, has a name of some pecuniary moment. It is marked $2.50. A scrap of paper signed by General W. T. Sherman will be sold for $5. A letter of Spurgeon, the famous English divine, in which he mentions the Tory press is "bullying me very badly," may be had for $1.25. A letter from Charles Algernon Swinburne, the poet, apologizing for his illegible handwriting, is valued at $4. One from Sir Arthur Sullivan, of operatic fame, may be had for $2.75. Another from Alma Tadema, the distinguished English artist, is held at $1.75. A badly written note from Edmund Yates, the English journalist, is quoted at $1.25. The signature of Albani, the sweet singer, may be had for $4.50. Horatio Alger, Jr., the writer of boys' books, is not so high priced His may be had for 50 cents. Lawrence Barrett, the actor, can get $1 for his own signature; George Bancroft, the historian, $1; James Gillespie Blaine, $1.25; Benjamin F. Butler, 50 cents: George William Curtis, 25 cents; Samuel Sunset Cox, the witty member of the House, 50 cents; James Freeman Clark, the eminent Boston divine, $1; Simon Cameron, the Nestor of Keystone State politics, 75 cents; George W. Childs, Editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, 50 cents, and the signature of his old enemy, Chas. A. Dana, Editor of the New York *Sun*, at the same figure; Rose Eytinge, the actress, 50 cents; Edison, the Menlo Park wizard, 50 cents; Emily Faithful, the English philanthropist and writer, $1.25; Cyrus W. Field, $1; Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, 50 cents; ex-President Hayes, 50 cents; Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," 50 cents; James Russell Lowell, $1.50; Modjeska, the actress, 50 cents; Levi P. Morten, ex-Minister to France, only 25 cents; Louise Chandler Moulton, the Boston writer, 75 cents, Bill Nye, 50 cents, Edward E. Rice, the theatrical manager, 25 cents, and Stuart Robson, the comedian 75 cents; a poem by Stedman, $6: a signature by Carl Schurz, 50 cents; one by John Sherman, 75 cents; Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, $1.25; and Zola, the French novelist, $6.50. Three signatures by people of the stage may be had for 50 cents; they are Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson and Wilson Barrett. Senator Evarts, Roscoe Conkling, ex-Senator Mahone, Senator Chandler, Fred Douglass, Speaker Carlisle, Steve Dorsey, Samuel J. Randall and Senator Vest for 25 cents each. The most costly signature is that of Ouida, the novelist, $7.50, and the cheapest Boston's only Mike Kelly, the ball tosser, 10 cents.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

An Accommodating Climate.

"Pretty cold out your way, winters, isn't it? Mercury twenty below, and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, yes," said the Minneapolis man, "it is kind o' cold; but then the fact is, the cold sort o' strikes right in and takes hold, and stays there; and you really aren't conscious of it till it begins to thaw out of your system in the spring. And then the weather 's warm, and you can stand it."—*Puck.*

—The colored school at Hawkinsville, Ga., to be known as the Dempsey Clarke Institute, was named after Dempsey Clarke, who years ago was sold as a slave on the block by the sheriff at Hawkinsville. He ran away from his new master, took to the swamps, and for years lived as a runaway slave. He was at length captured by dogs, but again ran away. His owner sold him while yet in the woods. Dempsey was pleased with his new owner, and became his most trusty servant. After the war he became a landowner, prospered, and is now one of the most prominent planters of Houston County, and his liberal gifts have resulted in the new school.

—A rubber ball, two inches smaller than the pipe, was placed in one end of a new natural gas main in McKeesport, and five pounds pressure suddenly turned on. The ball turned several sharp corners, passed through two T joints up six feet to the top of the regulator and landed at the other end of the main, a mile distant, in forty-five seconds, actual time.

A BIT OF BUNTING.

Something About Flags of All Kinds and Their Manufacture.

After all, what would the tight little islands known as Great Britain amount to if no Union Jack flaunted their power in the face of the world? And, as for that matter, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," if there were no stars and stripes to wave gloriously over men and masts in four quarters of the globe? It would signify in the latter instance the squeezing dry of every inflammable drop of patriotic sentiment that ignites in the breasts of all full-blooded Americans at the bare sight of a certain arrangement of colors. Citizens of these United States rise ardently to the flag at all times and under all circumstances, and it is one of the delightful sensations invariably recorded in a journey abroad, when they tell of their hearts swelling with honest pride at sight of the floating red, white and blue.

It seems a bit curious, too, when one comes to think over all the mischief these national rags have wrought, for they lead men straight on to death and destruction as gayly as though luring him to the surest goal of life's desires. They may indeed be mere symbols of weightier realities, but, after all, much of the purest love and honor of many peoples lie in embroidered folds of silk or bunting. They are humbled as their standard droops, and triumphant as its colors dictate. Flags are the outward and noticeable signs of benevolence, might, wealth and victory, war, peace or disaster, disease, death and festivity, as well as protection and defiance. The making of flags is a business of importance in all seaport towns, for there is a continual demand for such articles aboard all kinds of craft.

It is simply astonishing to see how short a time it takes for sea, wind and weather to whip the stoutest stuffs into ribbons. When the breeze blows fair, and with sunshine plenty, a bunting banner may be carried at the mast head some three months or more; but let one gale ruffle the waters, and before the pretty strip can be lowered, the tempest has blown it into a bunch of tatters. Sailors, as a rule, make all signals used on their vessels, and even some of the larger standards, but each one is supposed to carry a set of flags belonging peculiarly to its rank which can only be manufactured on land.

All the merchantmen have their flags made here, and it is quite interesting to turn over those of the various European countries for comparison. When the Brazilian man-of-war was visiting this city the captain ordered a complete set for his ship, which was made of the finest quality of materials, and numbers have been sent since to Ecuador, Mexico, Guatemala and other South American nations.

In spite of all temptation one must yield the palm of beauty to the flag chosen by this country. It is unique, striking and elegant compared with the great similarity existing among foreign banners. The finest and daintiest work is put on a silk national flag, for, like tapestry, the embroidery shows the same on both sides. The silk is always rich, and nothing can be prettier than the azure field with stars sown thickly on the deep blue ground. Looking over the stock the reporter came across some yellow flags, designed for quarantine stations; others for naval dispatch were white squares with five blue clubs worked in floss, but more than all others were the French flags used on the 14th of July.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

A SEA TELEPHONE.

Communicating Under Water by Means of a Novel Device.

Some interesting experiments have lately been made to test the feasibility of enabling ships to communicate with one another by means of what may be called a sea telephone. It is known that water is a good transmitter of sound, and that the velocity with which sound is conveyed through it is about four times as great as its velocity through the air.

Experiments made on the Lake of Geneva long ago showed that the sound of a submerged bell could be heard by means of a special form of ear trumpet, also placed beneath the water, at a distance of several miles from the bell.

Mr. Boyer, of H. M. S. Malabar, has ately in a measure revived this experiment, only he has used a telephone instead of an ear-trumpet as receiver of the sounds transmitted.

The apparatus consists of a large, flat bell or gong placed just below the water line at a ship's side, and which is so connected by means of a tube with the deck that a hammer can be made to act on the bell at will. This is the transmitter. The receiver consists of a Bell telephone, with a large diaphragm placed in the center of the bell and connected by means of wires with another telephone on the deck of the ship. This second instrument is held to the observer's ear.

By means of this apparatus it is found that sound can be readily conveyed through the water for upward of a mile, and it is claimed that signals can be thus made under the sea which will be quite independent of fog or stormy weather.

There seems to us to be only one weak point in this method of signaling, and that is the want of a means of calling the attention of the distant receiver when the transmitter wishes to send a signal. In the working of the ordinary telephone each observer has his signaling bell, but this is impossible with the sea telephone. In the absence of fog, too, the ordinary system of signaling, either by means of flags, or at night by flashing lights, meets all requirements. —*London Graphic.*

TENDERFOOT EDISON.

The Great Electrician Has an Amusing Experience on the Plains.

At a dinner party at the Presidio the other evening, one of the officers related some anecdotes of Thomas Edison.

"He is the most unpractical man in the world," said the Captain. "I remember well the summer of '78, the season of the total eclipse of the sun. A lot of scientific men were there—Pro. Trouvelot, of Cambridge; Harkness, the well-known astronomer; John L. Draper, and many more of them—besides a number of army people, who went up from some of the forts to a little station on the Union Pacific, called Separation, to view the phenomenon.

"Edison was one of the party, and they made observations, drew sketches, took photographic impressions, and when the eclipse was over compared notes as to the sensations they had experienced. Draper gave it as his opinion that if it were possible for it to continue an hour numbers of people would commit suicide, and it would leave generally a bad effect on the digestion and the nervous system.

"Edison, you know, is quite deaf, and the strangest thing was, during an hour or so of the densest partial eclipse, he recovered his hearing to almost a normal degree. They were up there a couple of days before the event occurred, and we officers had our rifles with us, and hunted antelope and deer. Edison was imbued with the sportsman spirit, and handing one hundred dollars to a man, said: 'Get me a gun, will you?" The man brought the gun, which had cost seventy-five dollars, and handed him the change, which he returned, saying: 'Here, I want some powder, and things; get me the balance in ammunition. I s'pose twenty-five dollars' worth is about all I can carry, isn't it?'

"Every one laughed at the picture of Edison carrying twenty-five dollars' worth of cartridges about his person.

"They had a stuffed jack rabbit at the station, which some clever telegraph man had prepared for the befooled emigrants to shoot at.

"This was set rigidly up in the sagebrush, and pointed out to Edison, who had never shot at any real game before. He deliberately drew bead on it, and, after a full minute's aiming, he pulled the trigger.

"He didn't come anywhere near the animal, but was very much excited. 'Wait,' said he; 'if the thing will only stand still five minutes longer, I'll kill him, sure.'

"Bang!" went the gun again, amid the suppressed titters of the crowd, and again, as before, the rabbit calmly viewed the horizon, with his round, unblinking glass eyes.

"Well, I do believe Edison fired away at that thing no less than a dozen times before the idea crept into his electric brain that it was a put-up job. He took it quite good-naturedly."—*Leslie's Budget.*

SECRETS OF THE DEEP.

A New York Diver Chats About His Unromantic Calling.

The most unpleasant thing a diver can meet is the dead body of a human being. It is a popular delusion that all drowned men come to the surface after several days. Probably they would if they were left alone and were not attacked by wharf-rats, eels and fishes. But in the Hudson they are always attacked in this way within an hour or two after they are submerged. Once attacked, that ends it. The breaking of the skin diffuses something, it may be a scent around, and then every thing travels for that body to get a square meal. Long before decomposition it is so cut and riddled that what gases are formed have no chance to accumulate and inflate the walls of the abdomen. We divers never touch bodies in this state, because it brings the worst luck possible. The only exception to the rule I know was the body of a man who had committed suicide. He had tied around his neck a bag of some heavy stuff, shot or lead pipe, it may have been, and had jumped in from a ferry-boat or a pier-head near to shore. When I came across it it was dilated with its own gases and seemed in the half light under the water to be a stout man trying to swim to the surface, but anchored down by a heavy weight. There was so much travel that it had kept the fishes away. A single cut of my knife severed the cord and the body rose to the surface, where it was found and afterwards identified as that of a German cobbler, who had been drinking to excess. Other somber objects beneath the water are the remains of wrecks and worn-out boats. Most are gray and black in color naturally. They become covered with greenish scum and slime and with the dark ooze of the river. They are of no value and so we never bother ourselves about them.

There is very little romance or beauty about a diver's life. The white sand beaches and coral floors, the brilliant colored fishes and the exquisite forests of the sea that the reading public never weary of in Jules Verne and other writers, do not exist. It is cold, dark, filthy and dead. The first time you go down there is a novelty and excitement about it which are very pleasant. When these wear off you feel like the grave-diggers who every morning go to work in the great cemeteries. You must be quick, alert and sober. You must keep your eyes and ears always open and be ready for any thing. If you don't you'll probably feed the fishes.—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—He—"I fear I am wearying you with my prosy conversation. You look a little tired." She—"O, no, indeed; I was only thinking how very tired you must be."—*Judge.*

A MODERN WONDER.

Sunstroke Caused by Agencies Produced by an Electric Battery.

A highly interesting and suggestive account of what may be called sunstroke by electricity was recently printed. At the Creuzot foundry in France an electric furnace is used, in which the light equals that of 100,000 candles, and the heat is such that steel melts like butter in a few seconds. Now people standing about at a distance of a few yards feel no heat, a thermometer five yards away does not indicate much increase of temperature. Yet a subtle influence is at work, and a spectator who remains for an hour or two is said to experience "a burning sensation, with more or less pain in the neck, face and forehead, the skin at the same time assuming a coppery red tint. Later symptoms are headache and sleeplessness. Afterwards the skin of the face gradually peals off in broad flakes, while the complexion is left of a fine brick color." The symptoms are those of continued exposure to hot, bright sunlight. In extreme cases they are those of sunstroke, though the only apparent agent has been intense light. As to this it must be remembered that the quality of radiant heat is to pass through the air without appreciably rising its temperature. When it meets a calorific body that body is heated, as illustrated in a room warmed by a glowing fire. The air may not be warmer than fifty degrees, while the furniture is warm to the touch, yet no sense of chilliness is experienced, because the body and its clothes have the property of absorbing the heat thrown out from the fire. In the same way the intense heat of the electric focus may exert its influence at a distance. The value of the observation, if it is correctly reported, lies in its suggestion as to the way in which sunstroke of the indicated type is produced. It suggests, for instance, that the whole matter may be a question of the rapidity of the vibrations originated by the luminous body, whether those that are known under the name of light, or those slower ones that are described by the word heat. Molecular changes in the system due to heat, or light, or both, produce in some way not yet definitely explained, the affection known as sunstroke. Whatever throws light on the conditions or nature of the changes helps to clear up a very obscure and puzzling subject, specially related to the functions of the nervous system, and bearing at the same time on the mechanics of etherial vibrations. Heat, light and chemical effect are all connected, and very possibly all involved in this particular problem. It offers magnificent possibilities for students who have courage and patience to attack it.—*Hartford Courant.*

STRANGE FETICHES.

Some of Those Cherished and Worshiped by the Congo Negroes.

Every Congo negro carries a M'kissi upon himself, and there may be thousands of kinds of them that escape the eyes of the white man. The N'ganga, or medicine man, is usually the fabricant of the fetich, and whatever he finds good to impose upon his simple-minded, credulous brethren for a high price, sewed up in cloth or leather or inclosed in a goat's horn, is doubly valuable in the eyes of its new possessor because he believes that his M'kissi stands in a personal relation to himself, and he can not be induced to give it up to a white man for any price.

Among those amulets are dried snakes' and lizards' heads, little pieces of skin, feathers of certain birds and parts of known poison plants. The eye teeth of leopards are an exceedingly valuable fetich on the Kroo coasts, and it is easy to buy with them articles of vastly more real value, like ivory rings, etc.

The Kabinda negroes wear a little brown shell, very much like our Linnæus, on their necks. The shells are sealed with wax, and are made, perhaps, vessels containing magic medicines. The large snail shells found in the Cassava or manioc fields on the Kuilu Niadi are also M'kissi, and set in the fields by the women who till them to protect the plantations. One of the chiefs in the Upper Kuilu Niadi, in N'kuangita, has a M'kissi against the tornado. It is an antelope horn. On the approach of a storm the King calls his people together; the horn is stuck in the ground and a dance is begun around it, which is kept up, in spite of wind and storm, till the tornado is over.

Every house in the village has its M'kissi; they are frequently put over the door or brought inside, and then they protect the house from fire and robbery. These penates of the negroes are sometimes figures very artistically cut in wood or ivory, and show a certain degree of native skill and taste in the people. But it is not the guardians of his house only that the negro thus represents in material figures. He also gives corporal form to diseases like small-pox and fever. Every town has its war fetich.

The hypœne palm tree on the Kuilu shows how the negro sees a spirit at work in the wonders of nature which he can not explain. The tree was M'kissi to the whole village. Good medicines, with which the negroes are acquainted or of which they experience the salutary effect, are also called M'kissi. A negro called a dose of castor oil which I gave him M'kissi m'bote, or good medicine.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—At a restaurant: Irate Customer—"Waiter, look here; this isn't a beefsteak; it's a paving-stone, I call it." Waiter hurries up and courteously remarks: "Oh! we thought, we might safely offer it to monsieur." "How so?" "Because monsieur has such a splendid set of teeth."—*La Gaulois.*

The Humor of Sunset Cox.

"I was Chairman of the Committee of the whole during the Forty-eighth Congress," Mr. Cox lately said, "when we had two 'characters' in the House, one on each side of the chamber. One was White, of Kentucky, a man of fair ability, but an undoubted crank, and the other was the remarkably loquacious and vivacious Iowa man who was known as 'Calamity Weller.' One day these two men had taken up the time of the House in a vigorous and irrelevant debate on opposite sides of a certain motion. The House was laughing at them, and the question was ordered to be taken by the tellers. I called the gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. White, and the gentleman from Iowa, Mr. Weller, to act as tellers, and as the two approached each other in front of the Speaker it was like the meeting of two intellectual Dromios. The House grasped the situation, and the roar of laughter sounded like the howling of Barnum's menagerie. Speaker Carlisle heard the noise in his private room, and he rushed into the House with his eyes protruding, and was about to assume the gavel to restore order. A moment later, however, he learned the facts, and saw that the procedure was regular, and that the socalled fun was rather accidental than intentional. It was the only thing that could have been done under the circumstances, as the two were the champions of the opposides sides of the question at issue. In this case I got the credit for being humorous, where, indeed, I could not have acted otherwise.

"At another time, while I was in the chair," continued Mr. Cox, "Gen. Steele, of Indiana, had the floor for an hour on a favorite measure. He was parceling out his time, as is the custom, giving certain members a few minutes, and endeavoring to preserve the last few minutes for himself. He had, however, given out all but a quarter of a minute, and he asked that this might be left for him. He neglected, however, to claim the floor at the proper time, and he lost his quarter of a minute. His measure was called up without the previous question, and he was thus placed in coventry. He rose in great indignation and cried, shaking his fist at me:

"'Mr. Chairman, what has become of my quarter of a minute?'

"To this I replied, 'It has gone to the rearward and abysm of time!' Here the House laughed lustily, but it was not my fault that the situation was a humorous one. I stated a plain matter of fact. Gen. Steele, however, was not satisfied with losing his quarter of a minute. He nursed his wrath and kept it warm until the end of the session, when I had the floor on some critical bill and was persuasively asking for more time. Then came Gen. Steele's opportunity. He claimed the floor and offered to hand over to me the quarter of a minute which he said I had once stolen from him. Of course the House roared, and I got the credit for being funny, when it was, in fact, Gen. Steele.

"As to the funny things which have happened during the time I have been in the chair this session they were not intentional. At one time, when the House was being counted, I made the routine inquiry: 'As many as are in favor of the proposition will rise and stand until they are counted.' No one rose. I then announced: "Affirmative, none,' and followed with the formula required, which states: 'Yeas will be seated and the nays rise.' There were no yeas, and the Irish bull was at once caught up by Collins, of Massachusetts, and O'Ferral, of Virginia, and several other Irishmen, who are always ready with their lariat to lasso the Celtic bovine when he is loose.

"At another time, while I was acting as Speaker, I committed what might be called an unpardonable bull. It was during a time of great confusion on the floor, and I exclaimed: 'If the gentleman from Missouri would be heard he must suspend!' But I had no intention of setting the House in a roar, and I suppose my mistakes come from my Celtic extraction, which is certified to by my middle name of Sullivan, of which I am proud."

"Mamma," said a beautiful K street maiden in tender tones one morning at breakfast, "Harry is coming around to-morrow night."

"Well, what of that?" said mamma, with ill-concealed disappointment. "He's been coming every Sunday night for two years."

"Very true, mamma; but neither of them was leap year," and a cold, hard, determined look spread over her lovely features an inch and a half thick.

"Is your father a Christian?" asked the new minister. "No," replied the boy, "he sings in the choir."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Old Bill Stevens.

Something put Bateman in mind of old Bill Stevens, a sort of happy-go-lucky Rip Van Winkle, who, like Rip, was not unfamiliur with mountains, having passed a good deal of time in the wilds of the Alleghenies in the chase of bear and deer, before he came West to Michigan and settled in Oakland county, and where, perhaps, he imbibed his love for good liquor, a fondness for a roaming, vagabond life, and took on a strong tinge of superstitious feeling that seems inseparable from lonely mountain life.

"Old Bill had a niece by the name of Liddy," related Bateman, "who was as full of mischief as a pet coon, and always inventing something to take a rise out of her uncle. Old Bill was stopping around then with his relatives and others, now and then working, drinking whiskey, hunting and loafing. One night Bill was stopping at his sister's, Liddy's mother, and had made up a trip to Detroit the next day. Everybody had gone to bed except Liddy, who was chering around the house, when Old Bill started to bed. 'Now Liddy,' says he, I've got to git to Novi Corners in time for that first train, so be sure and wake me up airly, Liddy.'

"'All right,' Liddy says, 'I'll have you up at five.'

"As soon as old Bill got to bed and took to snoring, Liddy got a cold spread on the table, flopped the hands of the clock around to 5 o'clock, and roused old Bill up.

"'Just five," says Liddy, as old Bill came out rubbing his eyes. He sat down to the table, made a jab at the victuals, but soon dropped his knife and fork, and, says he, 'Getting up so airly takes away my appetite.'

"'Well, uncle,' says Liddy, 'I believe I'll lay down for awhile; I've been up late,' and so she went to bed. Old bill sat around for a spell and then went out to take a look at the east for daybreak, and then went in again. About 6 he went out again, and no signs of daybreak. At 7 it was dark. Dark as thunder at 8 and pitch dark at 9. From being mighty uneasy Bill's hair began to stand on end. At 9 o'clock he ran for his brother-in-law's room, hollering: "Wake up, wake up, George; eternal night's here and judgment day is coming.'"

"Old Bill always, when loafing, carried an old musket aronnd on his shoulder. One day Bill started down to Novi Corners to stock up on ammunition; but before he went Liddy got hold of the musket, put in a charge of powder and a short piece of punk, then another charge and another piece of punk. She lighted the last piece. Just before Bill got to Novi he met an old crony in the road, and as they went gossiping, bang! went the gun and kicked the crony in the breast.

"'Don't you do that again, Bill Stevens,' says the crony.

"'Pon my soul I didn't do it. An' I don't see how the durn thing came to go off, unless I was foolin' round the muzzle with my pipe.'

"Shouldering it again, Bil and the other fellow started for the grief shop at the corners, spent some time there, and came out. They stood in the road again talking over old times at the east, and just as Bill was turning to go, bang! went the gun again.

"'D—n the thing!' says Bill, 'there was only one load in it when I left home.'

"And he laid the musket down in the road and went home without it. His crony looked after him suspiciously, shook his head, looked out of the corner of his eye at the gun, and hurried away from it."—*Detroit Evening News.*

A Lincoln Story.

As too much cannot be said about Mr. Lincoln I am induced to send you the following account of an interview which the writer had with him.

I called upon him to ask for a position in the service for my son. Alas! I received it, my boy went to the war and never returned. I was accompanied by a lady companion, a Southern woman, and we had with us a little boy, a grandson of Lord Fairfax. After a pleasant interview, my friend said: "Will you give me your autograph for a friend in England?" I, however, had hesitated to ask him, although wanting one very much. He went to his desk and wrote, "Yours truly, A Lincoln," but instead of giving it to my friend, who had asked for it, he handed it to me, and I still have it among my treasures. He then wrote simply, "A Lincoln." Handing it to my friend he remarked, sotto voce; "That is good enough for England."

I then said: "Mr. President, I have brought a grandson of Lord Fairfax to see you." He was a beautiful boy and Mr. Lincoln, who was always fond of children, extended his hand to him, saying: "He bids fair to be a handsomer man than I am. Well! my little man, you are for the Union?" The boy looked up into Mr. Lincoln's face and replied: "Somewhat!" Both I and my friend were horrified; she, a Southern woman, fearing we would be arrested, and I, that I would fail in getting my boy's appointment, but Mr. Lincoln only laughed and said: "I guess there are a good many somewhats."

Just as we were about to withdraw, wishing to express my thanks for his courtesy, I said: "O, Mr. Lincoln, you do not know how much I shall prize your autograph, and if you only get us out of this war it will be ever very precious." I shall never forget his earnest, careworn, yet hopeful expression of countenance as he replied: "You pray for me and I will do the best I can."

After getting into our carriage I said to the boy, who was only about seven years of age: "Why did you say you were somewhat for the Union?" He replied: "Why, mamma, is always crying and praying for the South and papa is serving Uncle Sam, and I cannot help being somewhat."

Sam Jones Denounces Gambling.

"Listen: When that girl began the giddy whirl of the dance in the ballroom that was the time to get scared. When you found your boy spending more money than he ought that was the time to get shocked.

"Sow cards and reap gamblers. I know I'm called a transcendentalist and called a puritan, but God save my family from cards and profanity, and whiskey and dances and let the world call me what it will.

"Sow parlor dances and reap ballrooms. Sow ballrooms and reap round dances and dudes and dudines. Sow dudes and dudines and reap half a thimbleful of calves'-foot jelly. [Applause and laughter renewed again and again.] I wish you would not laugh any more to-night, for I never felt so solemn in my life. For God's sake, hear me with a solemnity and earnestness worthy of the cause. But you say I say so many funnny things. If you only knew how many I have to keep back you wouldn't blame me for the few that creep out.

"Hear me, boys, girls, young ladies of Kansas City! I used to dance. I've danced many times with the girls of my town. Hear me. If I was a fair average dancing man, and I think I was, then no pure girl can go out on the floor and dance another set, [A voice, 'Hurrah.'] Young woman, if you could but follow the young man after he has seen you home, to some barroom or club and hear the discussion of your form and person and your virtue itself, you'd never lose your respect and go on a ball room floor. The dudes get mad at me in some places and talk about wanting to slap my jaws. But, I say to their credit, they know better than to slap. I'm not afraid to drop down into a hundred acres of dudes and not a thing to fight with, and all of them armed with six-shooters.

"The tendency of the nineteenth century is to dudeism. You dress a young buck out, part his hair in the middle, put on an eyeglass, give him pants which look as though his legs had been melted and poured into them, put on toothpick shoes, and every girl admires him. [Prolonged merriment.] God help you, girls, I'd rather see my daughter dead tonight than sitting in a parlor talking to a dude. [Applause.] The good Bishop of New York says the confessional shows that nineteen out of twenty girls meet their downfall in the ballroom.

"In all my observations, I never knew a poor ruined girl who didn't go to ruin through the ballroom or the theatre. * * * A woman who has lost her character has lost all, but the boy is lionized by society. If there is one deeper, blacker hell than another, it's for that man who crushes purity and virtue under his unhallowed feet. [Applause] The only thing in the world which deserves a double barrelled shot gun and a load of buckshot is such a man.

"A round dance is an anteroom to damnation. I never want to see the arm of a lecherous man around the waist of my wife or daughter. * * I ape no man. I'll be myself, be true to myself, and true to truth. All I want to do is to stand on the barrel knock the bung out and let nature cut her capers. [Applause and laughter.] I may be an idiot and a fool, but if I'm not an idiot and a fool, you'd better think of these things."

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RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 7, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

DR. E. H. GLOTFELTY,
ACCIDENT, MARYLAND,
GRADUATE OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE, N. Y. CITY,
With special Diploma in Diseases of Heart Lungs and Kidneys.

Three Courses of Lectures.

Has received instructions in New York and Philadelphia from Professors Flint, Stille, Dacosta Agnew, Hamilton, Fordyce, Barker, Wm. A. Hammond and many others eminent as specialists and authors.
Patients will receive the benefit of the latest and best medical literature, new remedies, &c. 2 12 '87.—1y

D. T. E. CASTEEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity.
☞ Office in the Casteel Drug Store building, Oakland, Md. 10 28 tf

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 21 '87

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strictly limited.
For terms, &c., address
REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.
HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.00 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.57 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

• ✻ • 1888 • ✻ •

THE MORNING HERALD

$3.00 A Year.
$1.65 Six Months.
30 Cts. Per Month.

POSTAGE PAID.

✻

THE SUNDAY HERALD

$1.50 A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

✻

THE WEEKLY HERALD

50 Cents A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, bright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald.*

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading literateurs of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

The Weekly Herald is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright. It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.
J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE
STOCK FARM
FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.
There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.
The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888. NUMBER 2.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

IS THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry. Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals. Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 1f.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,
2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29 '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock. Permanent employment and good salary to honest, energetic men. The business is easy learned. We grow all the reliable new varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
West Chester, Pa.

Established 1853,
2 18 6t Maple Avenue Nurseries.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness, To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sims, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate,

J. A. HAYDEN.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Cost you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

For West Virginia.

WHEELING, W. VA., Feb. 29.—The convention of business men which convened here to-day to formulate plans to attract capital and immigrants to West Virginia was the largest and most representative gathering of the kind ever witnessed in this state.

Over 1,500 delegates were present and great enthusiasm prevailed. Every county in the State was fully represented. Among the prominent men present were Hons. Stephen B. Elkins, Henry G. Davis, John E. Kenna, John Carden, F. H. Pierpont, M. V. Richards, of the Baltimore and Ohio immigrants bureau; General Manager, Wm. M. Clements and nearly every leading manufacturer railroad man, mine operator, farmer and agriculturist of the

The meeting was called to order at noon by Mr. C. B. Hart, editor of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, chairman of the committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and the originator of the movement. He called to the chair Hon. J. M. McCorkle, of Charleston, Ex-Senator Comden was made permanent chairman and Hon. B. L. Butcher, secretary. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Elkins, Davis, Pierpont, Kenna and others.

The afternoon was consumed in the work of organizing the convention. To-night the proposed board of immigration an development was organized and Mr. Hart was made president, with a vice-president from each Senatorial district. In a few minutes about $3,000 were raised for the immediate prosecution of the work of the board. The sentiment is unanimous that to-day dates a new era of prosperity and developement for West Virginia.

Ex-Senator Henry G. Davis made a lengthy speech which was well received. After congratulating the delegates and the State on this meeting of representative citizens, Mr. Davis said:

"This is an age of progress, and West Virginia has too long stood in her own light in not keeping pace with the times and in allowing her sister States to outstrip and pass her in the great race of life. We want the railroads and must have them. We cannot keep on with the rest of the world. Each county in the State ought to have one or more railroads passing through it. It is a great mistake made by many people that all railroads are profitable investments to the stockholders; very few, if any of the railroads in this State are paying dividends. Some say the railroads treat the people badly, and probably they do at times; but I take it, we would rather have a railroad, with a bad management than to be without one.

The railroads in this State last year paid into the treasury in the shape of taxes $264,738, which went toward the support of the State schools and counties. The more railroads we have the less taxes the people will have to pay. With more railroads, and having abundant water power, and all the natural resources necessary to the successful working of almost every kind of manufacturing industry, our hills and valleys ought to send forth the smoke of thousands of mills and manufactories, and our manufactured products should have a name and standing all over the world.

I want to speak of the resources and advantages we have, and make a suggestion as to the best way, in my opinion, to let others know the grand opportunities they are missing in not casting their fortunes with ours. We have long needed information as to the mineral deposits of the State, which could only be obtained by a thorough geological survey. This, I am glad to state, we are in a fair way of getting. Major Powell, who is in charge of all United States geological surveys, writes me recently that he has made considerable progress with the survey of this state, and will push forward until it is accomplished.

The making of coke is comparatively new with us, but it is a large and growing industry. In quality it is equal to the best that is made, and it commands as good a price as the celebrated Connellsville make.

We have vast forests of all kinds of merchantable timber, thousands of acres of which are not only undeveloped, but undisturbed and unbroken. The varieties comprise almost every known kind of valuable timber, such as walnut, cherry, spruce, oak, chestnut, hemlock, maple and poplar. Of our iron ore, salt and petroleum I will leave others more particularly interested to speak. I became a resident of this State in 1853 and have no idea of ever changing. My home is with you, and my fortunes are identified with yours. I want here to express my appreciation of and deep gratitude for the many favors the people of the State have bestowed on me, and to say that I stand ready to do anything I can to aid in forwarding her developement and interests. Let us do all we can to let the world know where we are, what we are and what we have, and that all who come among us to aid us in putting the State where she ought to be, in the front rank, will receive a hearty welcome. Brains, energy, labor and capital can command and secure a good reward in West Virginia."

Mr. Davis was followed by Hon. Stephen B. Elkins, who was received with enthusiastic applause. The latter in his speech said:

West Virginia presents unusual opportunities and advantages to the immigrant, the mechanic, farmer, manufacturer, business man and capitalist. According to its area, West Virginia is the richest State in the Union in natural resources, particularly in coal, iron ore and timber, which furnish the basis of so much wealth, and which go so far towards making a country great and prosperous. The beautiful scenery, healthful climate, inexhaustible mines of coal and iron ore, forests of fine timber and fertile valleys need only to be understood to draw within her borders people seeking employment and homes, business men, manufacturers and capitalists desiring to make investments.

By rail West Virginia can be reached in less than one hour from Pittsburg, in two hours from Baltimore and Washington, in five hours from Philadelphia, Columbus and Cincinnati, in seven hours from New York, and in fourteen hours from Chicago. The State lies on the great highway from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi valley. Two trunk lines of railroad pass through it from east to west. For the population on the Atlantic seaboard, reaching from Philadelphia to Richmond, the natural and best route to the west is through West Virginia. The situation makes it easy of access from all the great centres of population, and its position in relation to the whole country and its markets is central commanding and important.

West Virginia is traversad from north to suth, a distance of of 240 miles, by the great Appalachian system of mountains forming within the State two and sometimes three distinct ranges, which stretch in width from east to west across its borders for nearly two hundred miles. Never-failing springs and streams from the sides of the mountains, making the State one of the best watered in the Union. Two-thirds of the State is underlaid with coal, its area reaching in extent sixteen thousand square miles, more that that of Pennsylvania or England, while six navigable rivers flow through its borders. Mountains, hills and valleys alternate upon a surface which is fertile from the lowest valley to the highest summit. The mountains and hills, when cleared, yield abundantly the richest grasses, making grazing and dairy farms of unsurpassed excellence. The Allegany mountains will yet largely contribute the dairy products consumed on the Atlantic seaboard and for export to Europe. Within 300 miles of tidewater and 100 miles to the Ohio river, hundreds of thousands of acres of good agricultural lands in West Virginia can be bought for from $4 to $8 per acre, the timber on which will pay for the clearing and fencing. These lands are underlad with coal, which will yield from 5,000 to 6,000 tons per acre, and which will some day be worth, with transportation facilities to market, ten cents per ton royalty in the ground.

One single railway corporation—and not the largest in the country—consumes annually 1,000,000 tons of coal, costing about $3,000,000, to feed engines that draw its enormous tonnage, In West Virginia coal is cheaper at the mouth of the mines than in England. The State offers to all railroads and manufacturing interests within and contiguous to its borders the cheapest fuel in the world.

The tide of population that for three quarters of a century has moved with such persistence to the West is abating. It has broken itself against the great chain of the Rocky mountains and the Pacific coast, and is slowly but surely making its way back and setting in toward the Alleghany mountains, the South and the great Southwest. There is no longer any frontier in the West. West Virginia and the States covering the Allegany mountains down to the gulf have become the frontier. The next great step in the order of national progress and developement is the occupation of these States, the appropriation of their great forests and the opening of their mines. They can and will largely absorb our increase in population, and furnish employment, homes and business opportunities for unborn millions.

The commercial relations with the Northern States are becoming better and more closely established. The routes of transportation and travel in this country during the last 40 years have been almost entirely from east to west, This will be to some extent modified as the South comes into prominence, and takes her true industrial position in the Union. New routes will be established between the North and South to meet the demands of increasing trade and commerce. The great wealth of natural resources belonging to the South, united to free labor, makes her developement and progress certain. The time is close at hand when the South will not send away its products to be manufactured, paying not only the cost of their transportation, but a profit to the manufacturer, and the cost of transportation on the manufactured articles which its people consume. The incubus so long resting upon the South, hindering and impeding her in the march of progress, is about to be removed. The South will not only manufacture nearly everything needed for consumption within its own borners, but something more to sell to her neighbors and send abroad.

A Prize Essay by a Printer's Devil.

The souvenir dancing orders of the Albany Printing Pressmen's Union contained the following contribution from a printer's devil," which is too funny for publication in so-called comic papers; at least, they seldom have such genuine humor. It is entitled a "Prize Essay on Newspapers:

"Newspapers is called vehicles of information.

Reporters is what is called "the staff"—so many of them being "sticks." They work hard—at refreshment bars.

Proof readers is men that spoils the punctuation of compositors. They spell a word one way to-day and another way to-morrow. They think they be intelligent persons; compositors think different

Compositors is men who sets up the types—and sometimes the drinks. Compositors is very steady men when they is sober—which they seldom is when they can help it.

Editors is men what knows everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. They is writers who doesn't write anything whatsoever. They is the biggest men you ever see.

Managers is men as takes in the tin and gives patent medicine "ads" tops of columns next to reading matter in thirty-seven columns out of thirty-two.

Proprietors an't anybody. They an't ever seen.

Printers' devils is the most important persons in a printin' office. They does the hardest work and gets the least pay.

Pressmen is—well, there wouldn't be no newspapers, no circus bills, without pressmen to print 'em.

Feeders is men what feeds on the fat of the land.

If I ever start a paper of my own I'll call it *The Umbrella*. Everybody will take it.

I heard the foreman tell this funny story to one of the "staff" the other day. It must have been, 'cause they both laughed. This is the story: "A gentleman was promenading the street with a little boy at his side when the little fellow cried out: 'O pa, there goes an editor! 'Hush, hush,' said the father, 'don't make sport of the poor man—God only knows what you may come to yet."

Omaha Man—Been to Southern California, eh? Beautiful climate, isn't it?

Returned Emigrant—Glorious climate.

"I am a carpenter and builder by trade, and have been thinking of going there. Houses are scarce there, I suppose?"

"Very."

"What sort of houses are in greatest demand there just now?"

"Almshouses."—*Omaha World.*

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

"CLEAR THE WAY."

The city lies in hushed repose,
The wintry night wind freshly blows,
As if to rock the cradled host
In slumber's sweet oblivion lost.
But hark! a sound, and lo! a sight
That wakes the town in dead of night.
A shriek and a glare,
A cry of despair
At the flames in their ire,
For the one word is "Fire!"
The people rush out,
And, with hurry and shout,
Press on to the light
As it brightens the night,
And spreads like a banner unfurled up on high,
A sign and a terror against the dark sky!
But hark to the clatter, than music more sweet,
Of the rolling wheels and the horses' feet!
"Out of the way—out of the way!
They come to save—now clear the way!"

A sea of faces upward turned,
One fear by every heart inurned;
By ruddy light is clearly read
On every brow the anxious dread.
A mother 'mid the bright light stands,
Her neck tight clasped by baby hands.
And through roar and hiss,
Not quite they miss
Her piteous frenzied cry;
But mounting quick on high
A hero springs,
His helm a star
Of hope, that flings
A halo far
'Mid the lurid light.
For a moment lost, then dimly seen
As it gleams on the sight,
The curling wreaths of smoke between!
Up the ladder one rushed, but three come down,
And the shining helm is a hero's crown!
Yet heeds not he what people say,
He only bids them "clear the way!"
—*Chambers' Journal.*

DORIS' BABY.

A Brilliant Scheme and Its Happy Results.

Subdued joy pervaded the "Hotel Lombardia," at Florence, because it was rumored abroad that Miss Roseleaf's pug-Trotty was *in extremis*. He was not an attractive animal mentally or physically, and had endeared himself to no one save his lovely young mistress. His figure was ruined through overfeeding; he had lost one eye in a bygone tussle with a butcher's cat, and the other optic glared at the world with a sinister expression from out the black patch upon his countenance. Had he not mouthed Major Winkham's slipper into an unpleasant pulp, and retired under Miss Pilcherton's bed, there to snore and frighten that lady into spasms? He had also snatched a biscuit out of the hand of infant innocence—the mother of said innocence passing a sleepless night wondering if it were not well to send for Pasteur, to be quite sure that the bite was no more than biscuit.

For all these misdemeanors, Miss Roseleaf apologized with a grace so charming, that the malcontents were seen to stop on the stairs to stroke Trotty, and tell him he was a dear little fellow, so he was—the same quadruped which they had erstwhile apostrophized as a hideous, squab-legged, overfed, vicious-tempered brute.

But how could they do else than melt, with Doris Roseleaf's sweet eyes caressing them from under the shade of her big tossing-plumed hat, and the shell-pink on her cheeks deepened to a warm sunset rose at praise of her ill-favored pet!

"Yes, Doris is so foolishly fond of the dog, I'm obliged to put up with him; but he is a great nuisance, to be sure, particularly traveling. When we start for the Tyrol next week there will be the usual harrowing scene—the railway people refusing to let Trotty go in the carriage with us, Doris in tears, and at last a fee to pay, or a bribe, that really breaks my heart. We can not afford such foolish outlay. I wish something would happen to the wretched animal; he has lived quite long enough." In the above words, Mrs. Roseleaf had been wont to express her chief grievance to a mixed audience for years. Now that destiny, in the shape of cramps and a stiff neck, seemed close upon the heels of Trotty, Mrs. Roseleaf inwardly rejoiced, but maintained a hypocritical attitude of concern in the presence of her daughter

"I believe it would be well to send for a verterinary doctor; he could give poor Trotty some chloroform, or something to end his sufferings," she said to Doris, and, in an aside to a friend, added: "I grudge the expense, but it would be such a relief to have the little brute surely done for, once and for all."

A few hours later, as Mrs. Roseleaf returned from a walk, Doris met her with a radiant face, crying: "O, mamma, Trotty is so much better! going to recover and be better and stronger than ever before, the doctor says."

"What doctor?"

"Why, the vet. you said we ought to send for. I had him come while you were away, and he must be a wonderfully clever man—he has certainly saved Trotty's life. He asked fifteen francs, but I had to give him twenty, as you had nothing smaller in your purse, and I couldn't ask him for five francs change. Mamma. I don't believe that you are one bit glad that poor Trotty is better!" and tears welled over in the lovely violet eyes which worked such havoc in the mother most of all.

"Yes—yes, child, I'm very glad," the mendacious old lady answered, but her looks belied her words. "Twenty francs more paid for making the dog's life surer than before, and I believed he would be dead to-night. Ah, me! and that dreadful journey impending!" was the burden of her thoughts.

"Mama," said Doris, one morning, breaking in upon her parent's perusal of "She," "I have a brilliant idea for making the journey easy for us all. Miss Willis told me she gave her cat an opium powder once, before taking him on a thirty-six hours' journey in the train. He dozed all the time in his basket, quiet as a lamb, and the guard thought he was luncheon."

"I suppose you mean to give Trotty an opium powder, but I fear the guards can scarcely be induced to mistake him for luncheon."

"No, they will be otherwise deceived. Trotty is to be given a big powder to keep him quiet, and he is then to be dressed as a baby, laid on a pillow, and with a vail over his face is to cross the frontier. Perk shall carry him."

"Doris, do you think I would ever consent to such a preposterous idea? It isn't respectable. What would people say and think? Put such nonsense out of your head at once, I beg of you."

"Not a bit of it, mamma, dear; the idea is too excellent a one to let slip. You will be of my opinion quite, when you have allowed yourself time to reflect. The Staunton' nurse is going to lend me a pretty pillow with lace and embroidery, and one of their baby's dresses, and a cap. Your chuddah will do to wrap around his body. Tina will dress him and tie him on the pillow in quite the orthodox way. It will be great fun; Perk's face will be a treat when she hears that she has got to carry Trotty masquerading as a baby.

Poor Mrs. Roseleaf's face was clouded and sad as racing-day at Baden-Baden. She knew perfectly well that Doris would carry her point—she always yielded to the child; and what dreadful results might not follow this last escapade! But in this instance, as in thousands of others, the weak old lady decided there was nothing to do but make the best of a bad bargain, and she took a limp interest in the preparations for what seemed to be a most novel undertaking.

The night of the Roseleafs departure from the "Lombardia," a chosen few were asked into a private *salon*, there to inspect Trotty in his new *rôle*. "Admirable! he would deceive the mother of a dozen babies. Tina should have a medal for her skill."

"Keep his veil down and he will humbug everybody."

"The powder will keep him quiet for twenty hours at least."

"Rather a stout baby, but all the more comely for that."

"Let me kiss the darling; he looks sweet enough to eat!"

"With his veil down, yes."

This nature of wit flew about in subdued whispers, interspersed with much suppressed laughter, till it was time for the Roseleaf party to start for the station. The expression of Perk, a very dragon of the virtue of the British spinster order, when made to bear forth Trotty on her arms, *en bebe*, was never forgotten by those who remained at the "Lombardia."

"There is another blessed infant to make the night hideous for somebody," soliloquized a good-looking young Englishman, peering forth from the window of a carriage at the Florence Station.

"The train seems very full; I'm afraid we can't have a coupe to ourselves," said Mrs. Roseleaf, regretfully. "There is one compartment with only a young man in it; shall we go in there?"

"Yes," said Doris, promptly. "A man will not notice any thing odd in the conduct of my baby, and will not wish to kiss it, as some silly women might."

"By Jupiter! they are coming in here—I am an unlucky dog, and no mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Harold Lyman, the young man already mentioned.

His dismay was pardonable. He was escorting from Florence to Verona his sister's baby, the very juvenile Contessa Montefiore, as well as her stolid Abruzzi nurse; the woman to return at once to her mountains so soon as she should have laid her young charge in the arms of her successor at Verona. The baby's mother was ill of measles at Florence, and to escape infection, the little contessa was hastily dispatched to its grandfather's under the guidance of its rather scatter-brained young uncle. The baby was a brazen-lunged fiend of six months; sleeping like an angel on a laced pillow at that moment, but anon she would awake and rend the air with her yells. To escape this, Mr. Lyman had feed a perfidious guard for the adjourning coupe left vacant for him, and now behold his privacy invaded by another squalling torment. He fumed and fretted inwardly for a time, and then found some solace in watching the movements of Doris, in the light of the half-vailed lamp. She took the baby from the grim Abigail, hugged him to her breast, kissed him through his white gauze vail, and hushed him to sleep on her soft arm—the sweetest rest in the world.

"Impossible that that girl is the baby's mother," mused Mr. Lyman to himself; "and yet, why not? She is very young, but that kind of exquisitely pretty girl generally marries young. Lucky devil, her husband! It must be her baby—girls don't coddle and pet other people's offspring in that way. The old dame has 'grandmother' plainly written on her countenance and in her fussy manner, and I heard the young lady call the elder one mamma. The vinegar-visaged party is their maid, of course."

Thus Mr. Lyman mused on in a way that caused him an annoyance he could not understand. Why should he care whether his pretty traveling companion was married a dozen times or not at all? He would never see her again after that brief journey. What an extraordinary quiet baby it was! for two hours now it had not stirred or lifted up its voice, though it had been laid by itself on the seat not far from Mr. Lyman. Was it a baby at all? perhaps only a doll or a bundle. But a long sigh from the somnolent Trotty, and a slight fidgeting of his corpulent body, removed the young Englishman's dawning doubts, and caused Miss Roseleaf to redouble her attentions to her disguised pet.

Presently a violent jerk of the train threw everybody into everybody else's arms. Mr. Lyman found himself closely clasping both of Miss Roseleaf's hands, and assuring her there was not the least danger, though he knew no more than she did what was the trouble. A guard, running the length of the train, crying out some trifling cause for the sudden stop, soon restored serenity.

"How soft and tiny her hands are!" thought Lyman; "and what a fool I am to care whether another fellow's wife's hands are pretty or not!"

All through this commotion the remarkable infant uttered not a sound nor moved as much as a finger. Lyman resolved to hazard a remark that would convince him whether or not his fair companion was the mother of this stolid cherub.

"The—it—your baby is unusually good; does it never cry!" he managed to enunciate.

His charming neighbor's face broke into smiles. Lyman's face fell—yes, only a mother could look so radiant at praise of her darling.

"Yes, he is very good," the young lady said, with a blush.

Mrs. Lyman somehow did not seem to feel a desire to pursue the conversation which the mishap to the train had started, and he soon sank quietly back into his corner.

"Mamma," said Doris, in an undertone, "I think I will tell this young man about Trotty; he seems very nice, and would enjoy the joke."

"I beg of you do nothing of the sort. What kind of low adventuresses would he take us for?"

Certainly a very new order of adventuress Mrs. Roseleaf would be, and poor Perk was certainly free from the imputation in appearance.

"Perhaps he is connected with the railway and custom-house in some way, and might have us all arrested," continued the elder lady.

Doris decided it was perhaps best to keep her own counsel, and she settled back for a reverie in her corner, with her hand laid caressingly on Trotty's fat back.

What a good-looking, intelligent, humorous fellow he seemed—her *vis-a-vis!* How she would like to know him, and lead him back an adoring slave to flaunt before the envious girls at the "Lombardia!" One met such men only in books and on fleeting journeys, where one lost them again forever at the first big station. This phase of life was really very hard.

Early dawn at Verona; here the silly boy and girl who had traveled ten hours together took leave of each other forever, they supposed, and both looked grieved out of all proportion to the occasion. Mr. Lyman saw his little niece and her nurse installed by the door of the waiting-room, and then went out on the platform to fume and fret because the Montefiore carriage had not come.

"That baby looks about the age of ours," said Doris to her mother, designating the little contessa, of whose existence she had heard nothing from its uncle. Ecru gauze vails are evidently the proper thing, too. Perk, we will put Trotty on the bench on the other side of the door, beside that very safe-looking old dame who is half asleep, and then I want you to come with me to the toilet-room to mend the flounce I tore getting out of the train. Mamma will keep an eye on Trotty."

Alas! "mamma's" eyes saw only the land of dreams while her daughter and maid were absent.

The baby contessa becoming particularly fretful, the nurse bethought herself of a possible pin, or too tight string, and carried the baby off to Toilet-room No. 2, to investigate.

At this juncture the Montefiore arrige drove up in a tremendous hurry. There was not a moment to lose. The Signor Conte had been telegraphed for to go to his son, who was very ill, and it was only by a miracle that they had wrung out the time to come for the contessina. The Signor Conte must have the carriage in twenty minutes without fail.

"Go," said Mr. Lyman to the footman, "and take the baby from the nurse; she is waiting at the door. You need have no words with her, as she has been paid and dismissed. Make haste, and don't wake the child."

To the great disgust of the affectionate uncle, the new nurse had not been able to come in the carriage for the baby, and she must have a *tete-a-tete* drive with it. Fortunately, it was not far. While the footman gone for the baby, he busied himself making a bed of shawls in the carriage big enough for the infant's grandfather to repose comfortably on. "There, I hope that will sleep," he said, giving his work a final pat.

The footman dashed into the waiting-room, cast a hasty, comprehensive glance about, and then gathered up the unconscious Trotty as the only infant in the room. He quietly withdrew him from a partially overhanging draperies of the old woman at his side, whom he took for the nurse. "Madonna mia! what a fright the old girl will have when she finds the baby gone! It serves her right though; she ought not to go to sleep at her post, and I have no time for explanations."

Mrs. Roseleaf, on the bench opposite, continued to sleep the sleep of the just, and Trotty was borne away.

"Asleep, Carlino? That is lucky. Put her down gingerly, my boy, on these shawls. All right. *Avanti!*" and the count's carriage dashed forward.

Before the rattle of its wheels died away there began an animated scene in the waiting-room at Verona. Doris, her toilet adjusted, sought out the cozy nest where she had left her pet, but to her horror, the bird was flown. Then arose tears and lamentations which would have melted granite. Where was he, her darling her beauty! She did not care if the whole world knew he was a dog—only let someone return him, and he should have any reward he asked for. Somebody testified to having seen a footman, in livery, come in and take away the baby or dog, or whatever it was. "A case of abduction, then, and more hopeless than ever!" wailed Doris. The imperturbable Abruzzi nurse, with her baby sleeping sweetly as angel, blinked stupidly at the excited people around her, understanding or caring nothing about their evident distress. She only wondered vaguely why the Signor Comte's carriage was so slow in coming.

Presently Harold Lyman, with a face as white as a ghost, dashed into the room. He carried a lace handkerchief in his hand, and went straight up to the weeping Doris, saying: "Madam, is this your property? I believe it is, for I noticed the same on your portmanteau in the train."

"Yes, it is mine. It was round my darling Trotty's neck. Is he still alive? Pray, pray don't tell me he is dead!"

"Very much alive, my dear young lady, and I am here to beg you to come and claim him. He is quite too much for any of us to manage." Then turning to the nurse and baby on whom his eyes had rested for a moment with intense relief as he entered the room, he said to the woman, with flashing eyes, "How dare you disobey me and go wandering off and losing yourself at the most important moment? Your stupidity has nearly been the death of us all. The other nurse has gone into fits, and if she dies her blood will be on your soul!"

"It was a pin, Eccellenz," the woman replied, unmoved.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Roseleaf, Doris, Mr. Lyman and the real baby were packed into a carriage and were spinning along to the Palazzo to which Trotty had been conveyed.

Never in all her life will Doris forget the aspect of things as she was ushered into the presence of her lost darling. It was a large, airy room, like a nursery. Trotty, considerably recovered from his opium drowsiness, stood on the floor in extreme negligé, barking furiously at a dozen or more of frightened people, any one of whom would rather grasp hot coals than touch him. His cap was rakishly careened to one side, he had torn his lace dress fore and aft, and his shawl trailed sideways on the carpet.

"Santissima Madonna! that black imp sent to me instead of the dear contessina! Anima nera! the witches are at work this night!" groaned the nurse on her knees in a corner, telling her beads with such fervor that the rosary had snapped twice.

"You ought to have heard her shriek when she lifted up the veil and that one evil eye blinked at her. 'It's the devil himself,' she yelled, and flopped in a faint on the floor."

"Trotty, dear Trotty!" cried Doris, rushing forward.

Benignity and pleasure softened Trotty's sinister eye; slowly his tattered draperies swayed to and fro with the beatific wagging of his tail. He started towards his mistress, but tripped ignobly in his petticoat and rolled over. "You darling, you shall not be a baby any more!" and she tore off the garments so much the worse for wear, and allowed Trotty to appear in the dignity of his own coat.

This interview, very painful for all persons concerned, safe one, was ended as soon as possible, and the Roseleafs were driven back to the station, there to begin their usual pleading with the guards, to allow their dog to accompany them.

Before bidding them adieu, Mr. Lyman managed with considerable *finesse* to find out where Mrs. Roseleaf and her daughter were going to spend she next six weeks.

Oddly enough, he appeared, quite by chance of course, at the same place a fortnight later, and somehow found it necessary and expedient to go to the resort next selected by them.

It so turned out that when Doris returned in the autumn to the "Lombardia" she did have a handsome admirer to flaunt in the faces of the other girls.

"He is wonderfully devoted. When is the wedding to be?"

"In May, Mrs. Roseleaf told me. She is heart-broken at the idea of losing Doris, but it is the only way she can be rid of Trotty—and this thought consoles her."—*Rachel Carew, in Leslie's Weekly.*

—It takes every year a million horses' tails to keep a Pawtucket (R. I.) haircloth factory in running order.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In New York 6,000 girls are engaged in stripping tobacco at average wages of about forty cents a day.

—Electric appliances are now successfully used in the automatic regulation of temperature in buildings heated by steam or hot air.

—The lowest barometric pressure on record is 27.135 inches, which was observed in 1885 during a storm over the Bay of Bengal. This storm was also remarkable for its smallness—its diameter being only from 100 to 200 miles—for its fierceness, and for its indraught toward the center.

—A new tanning agent, called pyrofuscine, has been extracted from coal-dust by means of caustic soda. The tanning process is somewhat complicated, but it is claimed to be fifty per cent. cheaper than the bark process, and twenty to thirty per cent. cheaper than the alum process.

—A German geographer, R. Credner, does not think that all fresh water lakes in which marine animals have been discovered were necessarily once portions of the ocean. Many of these creatures, he says, may have found their way from the sea up the rivers, and have accommodated themselves to the changed conditions of their new home. The occurrence of marine animals has been noted in fresh-water lakes in Europe, Asia and Africa, as well as on this continent.

—Dr. Prudden, of the laboratory of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, has ascertained that bacteria abound in ice, and moreover that the organisms can survive a large amount of freezing. It has been established that bacteria are the cause of a number of diseases, and the presumption is pretty strong that sewage coming from, among other places, the abodes of the sick would contain a kind of bacteria which had better not be included in ice-water that is to be swallowed.

—Philadelphia claims to make and eat more candy in proportion to population than any other city in the country. There are eighty-seven manufacturers and wholesalers and 1,200 retailers, and they use more than $1,000,000 of capital and consumes 100,000 tons of sugar every year. Caramels are a great specialty of the trade in that city. For other places much chocolate and walnut candy and many gum drops are made. Six tons of gum drops were shipped from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh the week before Christmas. Brooklyn makes the most chewing gum, it is said, and Boston eats the most of it.

—M. de Candolle, a French investigator, has come to the conclusion from his researches that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men. He also finds that, when both parents have eyes of a like color, the chances are eighty-eight to twelve that their children who arrive at the age of ten years (when the color of the eye is fixed), will have eyes of the same color. When the parents have eyes of different colors, the chances are fifty-five to forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray eyes in the children. He is also of opinion that the health of the brunette type is, as a rule, superior to that of the blonde type.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Don't be deceived by a man's innocent look. He may simply be nearsighted.

—Poker-players expect that 1888 will be a good year, as it contains three of a kind.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—When a man owes a good round sum he sometimes finds it extremely hard to square up.—*New Haven News.*

—Hotel proprietors are uniformly polite to their guests, because that is the use-you-well procedure. — *Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Physiologists say that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why young men know every thing and old men nothing.

—Irate Student—"Don't you ever sweep under the bed, I'd like to know." Calm Chambermaid—"I alway do. I prefer it to a dust-pan."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Michigan makes more shingles than other States in the Union, but, curiously enough, it has no more than the usual percentage of good boys. — *Burlington Free Press.*

—Who is that extremely peculiar and interesting man with the long hair?" "O, that is a previous poet. He has a great future behind him."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—In Massachusetts they impose a small tax on dogs, but give the proceeds to the public libraries, so that you can support a litter at your option. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—"Jennie," said a young lady, turning away from the mirror and addressing a companion, "what would you do if you had a mustache on your lips?" "If I liked him I would keep quiet," was the demure reply.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Stranger to grocer—"Why don't you sprinkle some sand on the pavement out here? Half a dozen people have fallen in the last five minutes." "I haven't any sand." "Then sling out some of your sugar; it's just the same thing."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—A Wife's Anxiety: Husband (impatiently)—"If the fool-killer would strike this town he would find plenty of work to do!" Wife—"Is there such a person, dear?" Husband—"Of course there is." Wife (with anxiety)—"Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Alexandria, in Clark County, Mo., was once the Gretna Green of the West, where hundreds of young couples from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri were united without license and without question. Justice Gillam, now an old resident of Alexandria, was most in demand to tie the knot for the eloping couples, and reaped a rich harvest for his pains.

March April May

Are the months in which to purify the blood, for at no other season is the body so susceptible to benefit from medicine. The peculiar purifying and reviving qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla are just what are needed to expel disease and fortify the system against the debilitating effects of mild weather. Every year increases the popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is just what people need at this season. It is the ideal spring medicine. If you have never tried it, do so.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"For many months I suffered greatly. My whole system seems to be entirely run down, my ambition was gone, I had pains in my back, and a feeling of lassitude which I could not throw off. I was treated unsuccessfully for kidney trouble. I determined to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the first bottle was taken I can candidly say I was relieved. I have used the medicine off and on ever since, and recommend it for kidney or liver complaints." MRS. W. H. STRANG, 937 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Juniper Berries, and other well known vegetable remedies, in such a peculiar manner as to derive the full medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, scrofula, salt rheum, sores, boils, pimples, all humors, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, general debility, catarrh, rheumatism, kidney and liver complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling and

Purifies the Blood

"Seven years ago, while my little boy was playing in the yard, he was bitten by a spider. The poison entered his blood, and sores soon broke out about his body. Several times we succeeded in healing the sores up, but in spite of all we could do they would soon break out again. Finally we tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and he took one bottle and one-third of another, when the sores disappeared. He has not a sore spot on him now, and I consider him perfectly cured." WM. H. B. WARD, Downington, Penn.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing SICK HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

Mrs. Caroline Monteith, Deer Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Atascosa, Ala.: "Best Pills he has ever used."

E. Hummel, Boonville, Mo.: Cured him when all others failed.

Alice E. Ohaver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: "I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia."

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for "False and True."

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NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Disease, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!

LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU

A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, have no such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would cause a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of **Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants** of several of the largest of these houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away **free;** nothing like it ever known. A grand benefit for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely **Free.** We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely, varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, silk quilt work, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, refined, fashionable and elegant. **How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion,** published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year; send 25 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send **free** a box of the ribbons; 2 subscriptions and 2 boxes, 65 cts.; 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes, $1. One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see the Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once, for probably it won't appear again. Address,

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GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HER EXPLANATION.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't, neither!"
So contended Bess and May—
Neighbor children who were boasting
Of their grandmammas, one day.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't, neither!"
All the difference begun;
By May's saying she'd two grandmas,
While poor Bess had only one.

"Had, too!"
"Hadn't, neither!"
Tossing curls, and kinks of friz,
"How could you have two grandmothers
When just one is all they is?"
"Had, too!"
"Hadn't, neither!
'Cause ef you had two," said Bess,
"You'd displain it!" Then May answered:
"My grandmas were twins, I guess!"
—*James Whitcomb Riley, in St. Nicholas.*

FIFTY CENTS FOR A MARBLE.

How Roy Was Reminded to Stand by Fair and Honest Dealings.

"Don't put your fingers in the dish, dear, and don't pick at the cake," said Roy's mother.

"Don't take an apple without leave from a tree belonging to any one else."

Roy was a good little boy in most things, but he took no pains to correct himself of this habit of picking up and pilfering in a small way. And as a bad habit, like a great many other bad things—and good ones, too—grows very fast, it was not long before he would take an orange or half a dozen macaroons from a dish waiting for dessert; and if a marble or a pencil belonging to another boy came in his way, he would slip it into his pocket if he was quite sure that nobody would see him. His mother some times came to know of his ugly tricks, and talked to him of the sin and meanness of taking any thing belonging to another.

"Will you go down town and get some Berlin wool for me, Roy?" asked grandmother, coming into the room.

"Yes, ma'am," says Roy.

"That's one of the things your hands can do," said mamma, as he took up the half-dollar and the bit of paper on which grandmother wrote the errand, although he insisted he could remember it without writing.

"Two ounces like sample," said the man at the store. "Yes, that's right," as Roy laid down the money. "It's twenty-five cents an ounce."

The man put the wool in a paper bag, which he shoved toward Roy, and then turned to wait on another customer.

Roy began looking at the marbles which stood in little round wooden boxes on the counter. He had never seen so many in his life before. There were commies, chinies and potteries and brandies and crystals and agates, and if there is any other kind of marble, it was there, too. They were all colors of the rainbow, plain and streaked and shaded and spotted. He felt almost like buying some of them. But he had been for weeks saving up his half-dollar to buy a fishing rod, which he could not do without; for he was going home with grandmother, and they always fished there. He began to think it was very unfair that Mr. Pike, the store-keeper, should have so many marbles and he so few. He took one out to look at. What a beauty it was with its red and white stripes, with a delicate twist of blue inside! His paper-bag of wool lay near as he gave the marble a soft roll on the counter. The paper had become unfolded and the marble rolled toward it. With another little touch it actually rolled in—all of itself! Roy was sure it was none of his doing. He glanced quickly to see if Mr. Pike was looking; but no, he was still busy with somebody else. There was such lots of marbles. Roy said to himself: "What harm could it do to let it stay in the bag, as it would roll there? Just one, when Mr. Pike had so many." He had never taken any thing from a store before, and his fingers—the fingers, alas! which his mother thought good for so much better work—trembled as he began folding up the opening of the bag.

"Let me see," said Mr. Pike, turning suddenly towards him. "I wonder if I got the right weight on that wool? It was two ounces, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Roy. His face turned red, and he felt hot down to his feet as Mr. Pike took the bag from his hand.

"Why, I have made a mistake," said Mr. Pike, putting it on the scales. "Sure as the world, I've given you four ounces, I must take some out."

"Oh, no!" said Roy, in great fright, taking hold of the bag.

How could he bear to see that marble found there? In a moment it flashed upon him that by paying for the extra two ounces he could prevent it.

"I—I believe grandmother would just as lief have four ounces," he said. He took his own half-dollar and offered it to Mr. Pike.

"That'll be all right," said Mr. Pike, dropping Roy's half-dollar in his change drawer. The poor naughty little boy set his lips tightly together as he went out of the store, carrying his paper bag. His half-dollar was gone, and with it his fishing-rod—the beautiful bamboo rod with which he had expected to astonish all the little country boys, who had nothing but saplings cut in the woods. He took out the marble and looked at it as he walked home. It was a finer one than any one of Johnny Pringle's, there was no mistake about that; but he had paid a half-dollar for it, and he knew it was worth just about five cents. He could not bear to look at it. He carried the wool to grandmother and then went and hid the crystal in an old box of rubbish standing in the farthest corner of the tool-house.

"Hi, there!" called a voice to Roy, a few days afterward. Roy was walking along the street, having just taken a sorrowful look at the window inside of which were the fishing-rods, and settled on one he would have bought, if he could have bought any. It was Mr. Pike who called, and Roy went toward him with cheeks again turning red, and wondering as he had wondered the hundredth times, if Mr. Pike knew.

"Here's your half-dollar," said Mr. Pike. "Did you think I meant to make you pay it for one marble?"

Roy hung his head and held back his hands.

"Take it," said Mr. Pike, grasping the small hand and putting the coin into it. "But let me tell you, my little man," he added in a more serious tone, "you'd better face right about in this matter of being sneaky and deceitful. You've got a long life ahead of you, and if you go through it paying away truth and honor and manliness for every trifle you want, it will be a much worse bargain than paying fifty cents for a marble."

"I'll remember, sir, and thank you," said Roy, in a very humble tone. "I'll run and bring back the marble."

"No," said Mr. Pike. "You can keep it."

"But I hate the very sight of it," said Roy.

"Never mind that. Put it among your other marbles, and play with it. Don't trade it nor give it away, but let it always remind you to stand by fair and honest dealings as long as you live."

It was a good lesson for Roy; and I hope he profited by it, don't you?—*Golden Days.*

STICKY.

How Us Children Made Molasses Candy—What Mamma Says.

"We wanted to make some molasses candy. Mamma didn't like to let us, for Bridget was out, and there was no one to see to us, so she was afraid we'd burn ourselves; but we coaxed, and she says she hates to say no to us little ones.

"She told me to take a saucepan and fill it half full of molasses. I thought it ought to be fuller than that, so I put it almost full.

"Papa had given us ten cents to buy some peanuts to put in the candy; so I put the molasses on the stove, and we all sat down to shell the peanuts.

"When we were most done, I heard some thing go siz-z-z-z, *very loud*, and we all jumped up, and it was the molasses boiling over. It was all over the stove. I was scared, but I took the long handle of the saucepan and carried it to the table. Then it didn't boil over any more, but it spilled all the way, and we all stepped in it, and it was very sticky.

"And when we walked about the floor, that was very sticky, too. And there was a dreadful smell and a dreadful smoke.

"Mamma came down to see, and she saw, and she looked with her hands up. She said she couldn't leave the baby again, and we must be careful and keep the molasses on the back of the stove. Then it didn't boil over any more.

"When we all jumped up, the peanuts all fell down. When we picked them up, they were all sticky. The shells stuck to the nuts, but Tom said they wouldn't show in the candy.

"We put the peanuts in, and tasted to see if it was done; but it burned us, and we all cried.

"I took some in a saucer to ask mamma if it was done. I spilled it in the hall and on the stairs, but it was so dark there it didn't show at all. Mamma said it wasn't done, so we boiled it some more.

"Then I got the big meat dish and poured it all in. We set it out-doors to cool. We knew when it was cool, for Rover came and licked it before we could drive him away.

"It was very hard and it wouldn't come off the dish. Mamma had told me to put some butter on the dish first, but I forgot it. I put some on then, but it didn't do a bit of good.

"At last Tom got the hammer and hammered it. Then it broke all to pieces. The dish broke, too.

"When we got the candy off the pieces, we worked it to get it white. I dropped mine in the wood-box and got some little chips on it. They wouldn't come off, but when I went on working it, they didn't show any. Tom made a long string with his, and jumped the rope with it.

"The candy didn't get very white. When we were all tired of working it, I went to papa's desk to get some nice white paper to put it on. I went to ask sister Laura for some thread, but she was out, so I hunted in her work-basket and got it myself. I tied up some little parcels of the candy.

"Then we took some to mamma and grandmother, and they were very much obliged to us, indeed, but said they wouldn't take it from us.

"Tom has had to have his hair cut very short. Elsie cries every time her hair is combed.

"Grandmother says she can't step anywhere in the house but what it's sticky. Papa says all the paper in his desk is sticky. Sister Laura says all the thread in her basket is sticky. Bridget says every thing everywhere is sticky.

"Mamma says we had better not make any more molasses candy for a long time."—*Youth's Companion.*

—"What are you reading, Miss Wabash?" asked Miss Pittsburgh, who was visiting in Chicago. "I have had an hour's communication with Emerson, through the medium of his essays," replied Miss Wabash. "Do you like Emerson?" "Well, r-ow, you're shouting!"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—It is claimed that of all food linseed and cottonseed meal make the richest manure.

—In the North alfalfa should not be sown much earlier than corn-planting time, as it sprouts in a few days and the tender plants are liable to be killed by frost.

—The fumes of burning coffee are a powerful disinfectant. Pound the coffee in a mortar, and then strew it on a hot iron plate, which, however, must not be red hot.

—It may be accepted as a truism that if a man keeps his little garden and yard neat, trim and fruitful, he is a steady, industrious and useful member of the community.

—Cream Crullers: One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of thick cream, teaspoon of soda and teaspoon of ground cinnamon. Mix with flour to a very soft dough, roll, cut out and fry brown.

—Let the dinner seldom be without horseradish, which is none the worse for being mixed with grated turnip. Raw turnip, grated with vinegar, is a relish with bread and butter, very wholesome, and, like chopped fresh cabbage, much more digestible than cooked.

—There are breeds of fowls that fatten more readily than others, the same as among animals, and must be fed cautiously, or they will become too fat to lay. Among them may be mentioned the Brahmas, Cochins, Plymouth Rocks and Langshans. In feeding such fowls corn should not be made an exclusive diet.

—"Apples never sweat," says the *Popular Science News*, "but the moisture is due to condensation of moisture from without. It would be better if this condensation could be avoided, as dryness of fruit is essential to its protracted keeping, but it is impossible. Apples picked on a moderately cool day and placed in a moderately cool shed, protected from the sun, will not gather moisture, and this is the best method to pursue when practicable."

FIRST-CLASS MUTTON.

Valuable Points for Producers as Well as Consumers.

The breed of sheep that yields the most savory mutton is the Welsh mountain sheep. It roams at large over the hill and lowland of its native vales very like the American deer prior to the advent of civilization; hence the venisonish flavor of its flesh, caused by the quality of its food and the nature of its environments. The legs are very small, scarcely ever reaching ten pounds, and are sold at the fancy grocers' shops at two or three times the price of ordinary mutton. A recollection of the tender sweetness of one of these Welsh legs is apt to give a higher appreciation of these small sheep than might be profitable for a farmer to entertain. The other mountain breed of sheep, such as the Cheviot, Scotch black-faced and the Rocky Mountain Argali, yield flesh very like the Welsh mutton, but of a coarser character, and proportionately less juicy and sweet. The best quality of mutton in the United States is found in the carcass of the pure bred Southdown. Their mutton is of the best of flavor, caused chiefly by the excellent character of their pasture, and being bred in line for nearly half a century, these excellent qualities have become a characteristic peculiarity of the breed.

No one breed of sheep combines the highest perfection in all the points which give value to this race of animals. One is remarkable for weight, or early maturity, or excellent quality of its carcass, while it is deficient in quantity or quality of wool; one is hardy, small and wild, while another may be tender and quite domestic; and another which is valuable for wool is comparatively deficient in carcass. Some breeds will flourish only under certain conditions of feed and climate, while others are much less affected by those conditions, and will subsist under the greatest variations of temperature and on the most opposite qualities of verdure.

That the quality of any flesh depends greatly upon the manner of its dressing I am certain. The quality of the flesh of the rabbit is fifty per cent. better if dressed immediately after being killed. The flesh of the prairie chicken, as eaten in Chicago, is unpalatable, while it is the best of flesh when dressed properly immediately after being killed. "Woolly mutton," as it is called, is superior to the "city-market" rabbit or prairie chicken. "Woolly-mutton" is not caused by the flesh coming in contact with the wool, as many erroneously suppose. The disagreeable flavor is imparted to the meat by age, by bad feeding, or no feeding at all, and by delay in removing the viscera.

Let a sheep be properly managed from birth to butchering, and the entrails taken out with neatness and dispatch, and the carcass can be wrapped in the yolkiest, wrinkliest skin without detriment, barring the uncleanliness. The moment the last drop of blood is shed, the entrails begin to emit a gas which permeates the flesh and causes the "sheepy or woolly" smell and taste. To avoid this the entrails should be removed before taking off the pelt, or the pelt must be taken off quickly. I have practiced, and find it satisfactory, the following mode of dressing a mutton: I sever the head with a cleaver, open the pelt at the hind legs, insert the gambrel and hang immediately. An opening is made and a pail of cold water is poured in, which arrests this gas and cools the entrails. The pelt is removed, after which the water is let out by making a small opening near the point of the breast-bone, after which the mutton is entrailed. A clean cloth should be used to remove blood-stains rather than water.—*Breeders' Gazette.*

Patti's Paste Diamonds.

That paste now equals to all ornamental purposes the true gem was proven when Patti was here last. Her diamonds interested the society ladies as much as her voice. The "O's" and "ahs" created a soft breeze through the whole house when she appeared in the famous necklace streaming like doubled and redoubled rivers of fire around her beautiful neck. But it wasn't the original necklace at all! There is no telling how much the receipts at the box office would have fallen off if the dear public had known that it and all the rest of the Patti diamonds displayed for their delectation were nothing but paste duplicates. The originals were lying cozily in a safety deposit vault in London. Patti had a pair of diamond earrings and a pin and a couple of rings with her; that was all. All the paste were, however, exact duplicates of diamonds in her possession, if that is any comfort.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A Tremendous Sensation

would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-a-days, but some of the marvelous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have caused a wide-spread amazement. Consumption is the last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only remedy for it. If taken at the right time Each, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

The new "ball-pointed" pen will be used by all players of the national game next season.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there is considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

A DOG that can throw a cow pitches his lay in beef flat.—*Texas Siftings.*

Though Totally Destroyed

By dyspepsia, bodily comfort may be revived again by the potent aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews the processes of digestion and assimilation, thus furnishing the system with the elements of vigor, the groundwork of functional regularity. Fever and ague, constipation, liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, are overcome by this superb regulator, tonic and appetizer.

A SHORT favor is soon curried.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Give Him $2, and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor $2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are bilious, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

A lovely woman stoops to folly in these days she elevates her bustle in a very unseemly fashion.—*New Haven News.*

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago

WHAT would this world be without a woman!—a perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

FORTIFY Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

IN high feather—a new bonnet at the theater.

FOR Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

AN object of charity—to do good, of course.—*Texas Siftings.*

PISO'S Cure for Consumption is the best Cough Medicine. If you don't believe it, take a dose. By druggists, 25c. a bottle.

IT never reduces the size of a claim against the Government to file it.—*Puck.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE teeth of time—the false set furnished on credit.—*Puck.*

Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC,
—THE—
Great Spring Medicine.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR THE NERVES.

For nervous and physical exhaustion, weak, tired and languid feelings, with no power or ambition for exertion, it is the very best remedy and an absolute cure. In cases of sleeplessness, wakefulness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, despondency and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific, and its effects wonderful. For neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity, it is the only recognized sure cure. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus's Dance.

THE BEST SPRING TONIC FOR THE BLOOD.

In the spring the blood requires a remedy which is cleansing, purifying, and at the same time strengthening and invigorating. Not only the sick, but those who call themselves well, should keep well by not neglecting this important duty. A few bottles of Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC, which is purely vegetable, will remove the languid, listless and weakened feelings due to spring, and restore the vitality, vigor and energies.

THE BEST STOMACH AND LIVER MEDICINE.

Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC has no equal in the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, bad taste in the mouth mornings, constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, belching of wind, fulness and distress at pit of stomach, pain in side and under shoulder, headache and dizziness. In the spring all the organs become torpid and inactive, and require the gentle yet powerful effects of this wonderful remedy to correct their condition and establish natural action.

THE BEST KIDNEY REMEDY.

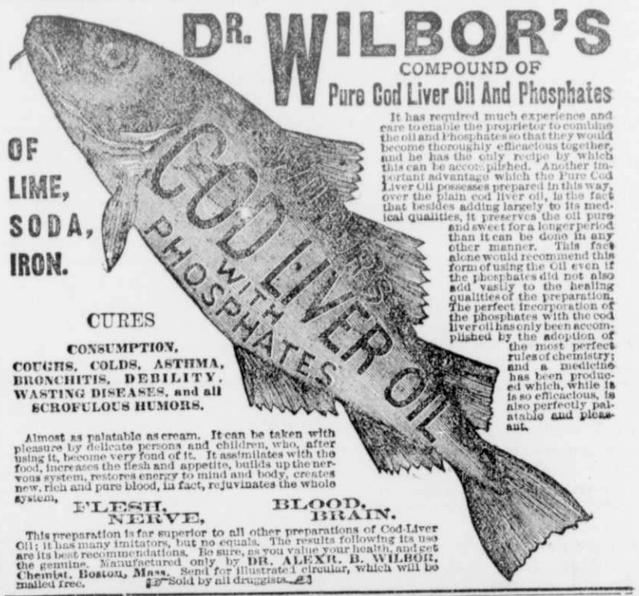
The kidneys act as drains to carry the worn-out and poisonous substances from the system, and kidney complaints always injure the general health because these worn-out substances are retained in the body. For all kidney troubles, weakness and pain in the back, and diseases of the urinary organs, there is no medicine in the world which gives so certain and positive a cure as Dr. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC.

Pronounced by the Newspapers, Ministers, Doctors, Lawyers and the people everywhere as the

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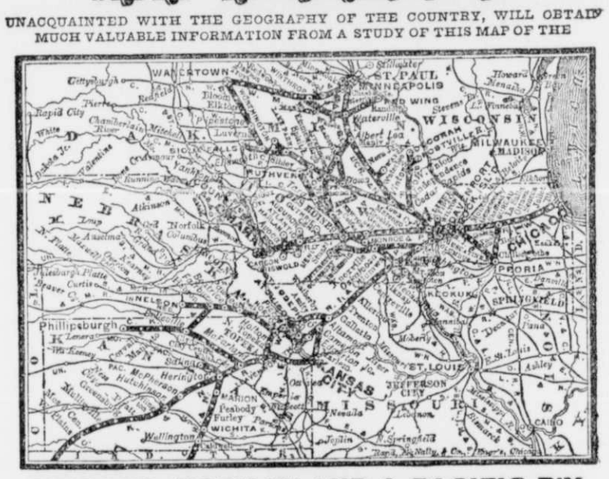
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SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

The interest on the part of our townspeople in higher education must be on the increase, judging from the number of students in attendance at "Massey Hall." Classes in the different grades are taught from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., each day, and yet, owing to limited room, the principal is compelled to decline applicants for admission almost daily. It is a matter of regret that this tried institution is so hampered. There is no reason in limitation in educational matters here, nor wisdom in sending boys away for the academic and preparatory course they could obtain more effectually and with less expense at home. Further assistance towards additional buildings would insure a high grade classical school which would be a credit to the town and of vast import and profit to our county.

How does it happen that the products of "the poor farmer" whose onerous burdens, produced by the tariff, have been the cry of the reformers, are made to bear fully two-thirds of the reductions made by the Mills bill. Sugar, wool, hemp, peanuts, flax, jute, beeswax, vegetables, chicory, acorns, dandelions, milk, beans, peas, figs, feathers, broom corn, castor beans, rice, raisins, and many other products of the farm are put on the free list, or the duty materially reduced. The reduction on these articles, if the Mills theory is true, amounts to more than two-thirds of the whole. What about the "poor farmers?"

Report says that the President is soon to visit West Virginia. Wonder what is bringing him. Can he be coming to see how well we are pleased with the prospect of free wool, free salt, free lumber and the closing of our potteries? To insure a thoroughly warm welcome he should bring with him Mr. Mills, who has sought in his feeble way to give practical form to the destructive doctrine preached by the President of the United States. It would give West Virginians great pleasure to show the President what we have in this State and what it is that he and the majority of his party propose to throttle. Object lessons have been found very instructive. — *Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Legislative Notes.

Since our last report but one new bill has been reported for this county, namely: To provide that the $1200 which has been heretofore given by the State to the public school fund of this county, be given to the public academy.

The following acts for this county, have passed both houses and been signed by the Governor:

Relating to Sheriff's fees.

Relating to Surveyor's fees.

Repealing the act creating the 12th district.

To regulate trials before justices of the peace.

Repealing the act authorizing the sheriff to employ a warden.

Amending the Deer Park Charter.

Refunding to R. T. Browning money erroneously paid into the State treasury.

Requiring county treasurer to disburse jury and State witness fund, instead of Clerk of Circuit Court.

To reimburse Garrett county for State school fund withheld in 1887.

The bill changing the mode of appointment of School Commissioners, by placing the appointing power in the hands of the Governor, has passed both houses, and only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law.

On Tuesday Mr. Friend obtained leave to introduce a bill for the repeal of the local option law of this county, and to enable the voters of the county to vote on the question of license or no license.

Annapolis Letter.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 3, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—The legislative session of 1888 is fast drawing to a close, and a forecast of the business of the session can now be pretty accurately made; and it is now known that the class of people who were silly enough to believe there was any sincerity in Democratic professions of honesty of purpose, have again been feeding on the east wind of broken promises.

There has never been a time when the bearing of the majority has been so arrogant, and when they have so flagrantly set at defiance every consideration of decency and justice.

Every Democrat in the State who had the manhood to stand up and assert his manhood by opposing in any way the cut-and-dry methods of the Ring has been publicly humiliated, turned down and spit upon; and the boodle gang have been particularly active this session devising means to find places or make places for the faithful.

It would take a very long letter even to outline the most that has been done, or attempted to be done, in this direction since the beginning of the session.

I propose to notice briefly the new registration law, of which so much has been expected.

Before the election last fall we all remember the frantic appeals made by the Ring Democracy, and the sacred pledges that they would enact a satisfactory registration law, and it was tacitly agreed that the law should be based on the Tilden law, and that it should conform closely to its provisions to the bill to be prepared by the Reform League of Baltimore.

The bill prepared by the Reform League would have been a fair and practical measure, and would have prevented the shameful frauds by which the party in power perpetuates its control, and would not have been any more expensive than the old law, besides it would have been more representative in its character. It provides for the appointment by the County Commissioners of three Election Commissioners, who in turn appoint three judges and two clerks for each election district, who sit as a board of Registration and also as Judges of Election. Their pay was fixed at three dollars per day, and they were to be allowed full pay for seven days' services and no more for the year of general registration. They were to be allowed for four days' services in the other years, or the years of revision. The general registrations was to be made quadrennially in Presidential years. The other years the lists were to be simply revised. The expenses in the years of general registration would be $105 for each election district, including judges and clerks on election days, and for the three intermediate years it would be $60 dollars a year, including the election expenses, or about the same as it is at present, averaging the years.

It was too much to expect, however, that the boodle gang would allow such a measure to become a law. Some of the counties would elect Republican Commissioners and they might appoint a board of Election Commissioners a majority of which would be Republicans, and they in turn might appoint a majority of Republican judges and this would deprive the boodle gang of part of their patronage. The registration officers would have to yield up their snug little plumb, and this could not be thought of. It is not hard to detect the injustice of such a measure in counties like Garrett, where there is a solid Republican majority, and that majority composed of the solid men of the county, but the spoils system must not be interfered with and I am sure the voice and influence of each of Garrett's Democratic representatives here was in favor of the old law and not the new.

So the new registration bill, of which so much was hoped and expected, will not be passed, but some sort of patch work device will be put on the old law and it will be made more expensive and less serviceable than before. The latest election bill was a patch work arrangement of this kind, and under its provisions the Registration officers would receive about $100 each instead of $60 as at present. So the tendancy is toward higher taxes and more bummers. The question is how long will the people endure it?

Yours truly,

W.

The Legislative Session.

The Legislature of Maryland has now entered upon the last month of the session, and if any of the real work expected of it is to be done, it will be necessary to throw overboard the big deck load of trivial stuff, as well as a lot of the contraband freight which may be stowed away snugly with the legitimate cargo of the ship of State. During the past sixty days sixty-eight local bills have been passed. Not one measure of a general or important nature has been matured, though the fact should not be overlooked in this connection that some very unwise and prejudicial schemes, urged on the Legislature by outside pressure, have been driven to cover and practically defeated. But making every allowance for all this, the record of the Legislature already made is not calculated to encourage the patriotic and practical citizen. The fact that any established business may be subjected by self-seekers and schemers in the lobbies at Annapolis to annoyance, and threatened with onerous, unjust or fatal conditions, will naturally keep the public mind agitated, and to a large extent unfit for the pursuit of the every-day affairs of life. It would be bad enough if public anxiety were limited to those political concerns upon which parties divide and campaign issues are made up, but when solicitude for the fruits of legitimate industry, or for the very existence, perhaps, of private business enterprises, is added, the strain is too great to be borne with equanimity or patience. It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is nevertheless a fact that to the minds of many people the Legislature is a burthen rather than a blessing or an aid to good government. One would have supposed that the peculiar campaign which preceded the last general election could not have failed to impress every successful candidate with its lessons strongly that he would feel it his bounden duty to carry out every promise and redeem every pledge as sacredly as if his his own bond had been given for the settlement of the obligation. The failure so far to redeem these pledges, and the pretexts which from time to time have been forthcoming as excuses for evasion, have had such an effect upon the public mind that thirty days of solid work in the right line on square legislative business will have to be put in to remove the bad impression which has already been made. A great deal may be done in this brief time if it is properly improved, and it is incumbent upon the Legislature, individually and collectively, to do all that it is possible to do, not only to redeem party pledges, but to redeem its own record, and establish public confidence. It is somewhat encouraging of hope in this direction that for the present week several of the important measures before the Legislature have been set down as special orders, and it is trusted that their proper consideration will not be interfered with by lesser matters, by annoying jobs or further schemes to embarrass business.—*Baltimore Sun, Monday.*

Union Soldiers Defended by Senator Ingalls.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—The Senate to-day resumed consideration as the unfinished business of the bill granting pensions to ex-soldiers and sailors who are incapacitated from the performance of manual labor and providing for pensions to dependent relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors; the question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, to insert the words "from infirmities."

Mr. Ingalls, the presiding officer, having called Mr. Platt to the chair proceeded to address the Senate, the galleries being crowded to their full capacity. He said he had been surprised one day last week on returning to the chamber after a brief absence to learn that the Senator from Missouri (Vest) had referred to him in terms not complimentary in a debate, in which he had taken no part, and had coupled with the personal remarks an intimation that the people of the District of Columbia were incapable of disinterested patriotism, and that the veterans of the Republic were a mob of sordid plunderers. As to himself, he would say that the nomination and election of Grover Cleveland had made the pretensions of any American citizen to the Presidency respectable. There was no man in this country whose ignorance was so profound, whose obscurity so impenetrable, whose antecedents so degraded that he had no no right to aspire to the presidential nomination by the Democratic party.

He regretted that the Senator from Missouri was not in his seat to-day. He should not imitate that Senator's bad example, and would confine himself, so far as he was concerned, to the Senator's autobiography. That Senator was born in a State that had not seceded (the State of Kentucky), and had represented in the Confederate Congress the State of Missouri, a State which had not seceded. It would be gratifying to a historian to find out how he had been admitted to represent a State which had never seceded. But that was a matter of ancient history.

The Senator from Kentucky (Blackburn) had also referred sneeringly to the super-loyalty, of the soldiers of the Union. He did not challenge the honor or courage of these Senators on their devotion to the South and to the Southern confederacy. They could not be suspected of insincerity. They had gone into the confederacy because they wanted to go, because they believed that slavery was better than freedom and secession better than union. It was curious that confederates from Union States were a little more pronounced, and a little more aggressive, and a little more violent in their denunciations North than confederates from States that had seceded. He did not know where the Senator from Missouri had got the figures from when he stated that 8,000 of Lee's army had surrendered at Appomatox.

If that Senator had plucked a few of the plumes from the dazzling tail of his imagination and had stuck them in the wings of his judgment, he would have flown a more accurate flight. Instead of 8,000 men with muskets who were in the final crash and collision of the war, there had been 73,911 men.

He wanted the Senators on the Democratic side of the chamber to understand that their disguise for opposing pension bills was so exceedingly thin that nobody was deceived by it. It was not a question of cost. The South did not love the Union army. Neither did the Democratic party.

Mr. Morgan reminded Mr. Ingalls that the Democratic party had nominated and sustained a federal officer, General Hancock, for the Presidency.

"Yes," said Mr. Ingalls, "It did support General Hancock and it also supported Horace Greely." Why was it that when an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who by one of the strange caprices of history, now sat in judgment upon those great Constitutional amendments that were adopted against his protest and efforts—why was it that when he arose in the Senate and said he would resent as a personal affront any imputation upon the honor or the integrity and patriotism of Jefferson Davis, when he said he had no doubt that Jefferson Davis would occupy a niche in history by the side of George Washington—why was it no Senator on the Democratic side (North or South) arose to repudiate and disavow it? And yet the moment an honorable Senator on the Republican side, or any editor of any Northern paper or any organ of the Grand Army talked about Union armies, the grandeur of their achievments, the obligations of the Nation, they were taunted with waving the ensanguined undergarment, raking up the ashes of sectional strife, appealing to partisan hatred and malice.

The South should be thankful that it did not have to foot the entire pension bill as France did after the Franco-Prussian war.

The Senator from Missouri had asked, in a burst of indignation, where this was going to end. "I will tell him," said Mr. Ingalls, "whether he likes it or not, what we intend to do. I will tell the Senator from Missouri, and the rest of his associates, just where this thing is going to stop. It is going to stop when the arrears of pensions are paid."

Four More States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4.—Representative Springer, in behalf of the majority of the Committee on Territories, has prepared a report which he will present to the House, recommending the passage of what is known as the "Omnibus" bill to enable the people of Dakota, Montana, Washington and New Mexico to form State governments and to be admitted into the Union on an equality with the other States. The report gives a statement of the population and resources of each of the proposed States.

Dakota, it says, has an area of 96,596,480 acres, an estimated population in 1887 of 568,477, and a taxable property valuation of $157,084,365. Attention is called to the fact that 26,847,115 acres, comprising more than one-fourth of the entire area of the Territory, is Indian reservation land and excluded from the jurisdiction of the proposed State. The climate in the northern portion of the Territory and the character of the lands west of the Missouri river are also stated to be such as to preclude the possibility of a dense population in those regions. If, however, the Indian titles should hereafter be extinguished, and the population become so great as to make a single State unwieldly, Congress, the report says, may provide for its division into two States. No imperative reason is seen why the Territory should be divided at the present time.

Montana, the report says, has an area of 95,016,648 acres, a population estimated to amount to 175,000 in November next, and a taxable property valuation in 1866 of $57,076,871. The Indian reservations in the Territory comprise 20,574,648 acres.

The area of Washington Territory is placed at 44,796,160 acres, of which 4,107,558 are Indian reservations; its population in November next is estimated at 160,000, and its taxable property in 1887 is given as about $56,000,000, not including railroad property. Reference is also made to its great mineral and timber resources.

The area of New Mexico is placed at 71,568,640 acres, of which 9,586,225 is comprised within Indian reservations. An official census in 1885 showed its population to be 131,141, and its taxable property in 1886 amounted to $56,000,000.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 5th, 1888.—Senator Hiscock's, Presidential boom has made rapid strides toward the front during the past few days.

"Deacon" White, who represents one of the Brooklyn, N. Y., districts in the House of Representatives and who is also generally believed to represent Jay Gould, and his manifold interests in the same body, made himself conspicuous by spiritedly attacking the Pacific railroad telegraph bill in the House on Saturday. His argument was perfectly absurd. He said that the pending bill was only buncome and would accomplish nothing that the present laws failed to do, and yet the gentleman was ready to foam at the mouth for fear the bill would pass, as it subsequently did.

The uncalled for slurs against the Grand Army of the Republic in which Senator Vest indulged while making a speech in the Senate on Wednesday in opposition to the Dependent Pension bill, have lowered him in the estimation of his own party associates. It was certainly in very bad taste for a man who took a prominent part in trying to destroy the Government of this country, to stand under the dome of the Capitol and try to deprive the preservers of the Union of their hard-earned pensions. That such a state of things should be possible speaks volumes for the forbearance of the United States Government in dealing with traitors.

Senator Sherman's bill amending the laws governing Chinese emmigration passed through the Senate safely on Thursday. Among its most violent antagonizers was the Senator from Florida, Mr. Call, who characterized the bill as one undertaking to prove that the world was made wrong because of the 400 millions of Chinese in it.

The mountain which has been in labor, for lo! these many months, has at last brought forth the mouse. The tariff bill prepared by the Democratic majority of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and which was submitted to the whole committee and made public, was the event of the week at the Capitol. It has already made a perceptible chasm in the Democratic party. It does not go far enough for the out and out free traders while it goes entirely too far in the direction of free trade for the Randall wing of the Democratic party. Mr. Randall calls the bill vicious.

The new bill is heartily approved by Cleveland and his Secretary of the Treasury. Nothing strange in that, as it is more than probable that they both had a hand in its construction. Still it is extremely doubtful whether all the power of the Administration, which will undoubtedly be brought to bear on objecting members, can succeed in getting the bill passed by the House. Petitions are already beginning to come in opposing the passage of the bill, the very first received being from the glass blowers.

Senator Vance says the bill does not meet with the wishes of North Carolina because it omits internal revenue relief. Members and Senators from the tobacco growing states all object to it because it does not repeal the tobacco tax.

The Senate Committee on the District of Columbia have decided in favor of local option for the District, and an effort will shortly be made to give its citizens an opportunity to decide the much agitated question of liquor by their own votes.

The Dependent Pension bill has been amended by the Senate to include all soldiers who served in the war with Mexico and all who served for thirty days or more in any of the Indian wars.

The House Committee on invalid pensions has favorably reported the bill relating to claims for pension by dependent parents. It provides that in considering such claims, it having been shown after the soldier's death that he was entitled to a pension, and that he left no widow or dependent children, it shall be necessary to show by competent and sufficient evidence that such parent or parents are without other means of support than their own manual labor or the contributions not legally bound for their support. The same committee also favorably reported a bill providing that the pension money of any pensioner who is in the habit of becoming intoxicated and who neglects to support those lawfully dependent upon him, shall be paid to the wife of such pensioner, if she be a proper person to receive it, or to a legally constituted and qualified guardian.

Again last week Senator Paddock paid his respects to the Administration in some pointed remarks upon the present inefficient mail service that is being given to the country.

—Fresh Timothy and Clover Seed just received at Hinebaugh's store, Oakland, Md.

Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, March 2.—Following is R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade for the week ending March 3: Actual business is satisfactory for the season. Prospects are confused and uncertain, in some directions promising but in other branches of large importance decidedly clouded. The passage by the House of the bill authorizing bond purchases was designed to renew the monetary uncertainty, an influence which affects all trade and industry. Whether the Senate will pass the bill in its present form is not yet certain, and Secretary Fairchild's report makes questionable whether the measure, if passed, would prove an adequate reliance for the prevention of Treasury assumption of money. But many think it will give full relief, and that impression gave hopefulness to the slack market for one day. Lower prices immediately followed, however.

The western railroad wars and strikes continued to disturb business. Because of a cut by the Canadian lines, the eastern trunk roads announced a reduction of ten per cent on east and westbound rates, March 5th, and efforts to settle the western war were defeated on Thursday by the St. Paul. Only a partial revival of traffic on the Burlington & Quincy has been attained. At prevailing rates business is not so profitable that the company is impatient. While the earnings of railroads continue to show that a large quantity of freight for the season is in motion, the rates are dropping and expenses on many lines are increasing, the Pennsylvania has advanced wages on the western lines ten per cent.

An important cause of uncertainty in many branches of trade is the movement to change the tariff. Whether the proposed changes are deemed desirable or not, those who think them probable are for that reason moved to defer business operations. The bill submitted on Thursday would affect so many industries and branches of trade that individual opinions, favorable or unfavorable to it, must cousiderably influence transactions while it remains pending. It comes at a time when, for other reasons, there is hesitation in most of the branches chiefly concerned, and increases that hesitation. It is a characteristic of many trades at present, that purchases and operations are, for one reason and onother, limited to present necessities.

In the boot and shoe trade, which is otherwise exceptionally satisfactory, there are some such indications as to women's and children's goods; in the cottons the recent signs of halting may be attributed to unusually large dealings in the past; in the sugar and other trades the operations of trusts and combinations cause uncertainty. The coal business, since the strikes began to collapse, have been marked by only hand to mouth dealings, in doubt as to the future output.

The prices of wool are steady, with Ohio XX at 32c, and buyers have been operating with some freedom, but any advance has been resisted, and the effects of the proposal to change the duties are not yet seen. A large failure in the lumber and salt interests in Michigan, following the remarkable shrinkage in the demand for iron ore, indicates that the prospect in that region is not wholly unclouded. Elsewhere the iron trade is hesitating with somewhat lower prices at Pittsburgh, while Youngstown works resolve to close unless better railroad rates enable them to meet Southern competition. In the East the supply increases while orders halt.

No unfavorable indications appear in reports of trade or of collections in any part of the country. Money is everywhere comparatively easy, though at Boston and other important points it is felt that a revival of business activity would soon be followed by some pressure.

Southern trade is clearly improving, and there are signs of renewed real estate activity at some Western points.

The Treasury has returned by banks $1,400,000 of the deposits during the week, and in all took in $4,900,000 more cash than it paid out. For the month of February the debt reduction was $7,560,000, almost entirely through the increase in cash on hand, though $5,000,000 was paid surrendered bank notes, and the bank circulation diminished $3,15,508.

The volume of trade represented by payments through the clearing houses is about 2½ per cent larger than last year outside of New York, but with noticeable losses at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Kansas City.

Save me all the three-cent pieces you get. They are so handy for missionary and church purposes on Sunday. You see they can always tell when you throw in a nickel from its heavy dull thud, but the graceful three-cent piece goes in like a dime and sounds so respectable. You can throw in a three-cent piece alongside of a nickel christian and assume an air of quiet dignity. Yes, darling, save your three-cent pieces.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Don't fail to go to S. P. Specht's and see his new stock of goods.

—Mrs. F. G. Hyde is visiting her parents in Evansville, Indiana.

—New Dry Goods and Notions, just received and opened at Hinebaugh's store.

—Mr. Ed. Boyer, Principal of the Accident school, spent several days with friends in Oakland this week.

—Full lines of Prunes and fancy groceries, just received at Hinebaugh's store, Oakland.

—Select schools have been opened in Oakland by Misses Lou A. Thayer, Alice Welton, Ella Stanton and Mr. John C. Dunham.

—S. P. Spect has just received and opened up the finest and best assorted line of dry goods ever brought to McHenry. Call and examine goods and prices.

—Died, near Red House, Garrett county, Md., Feb. 24th, 1888, after a lingering illness, Jno. A. Gauer, aged 53 years and 15 days. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn their loss.

—The Oakland public schools closed Thursday last. A public exhibition was given at night by the scholars in the room of the Principal and First Assistant, which was largely attended.

—Dr. D. T. E. Casteel's books have been placed in my hands for settlement. All persons having unsettled accounts will please come forward at once and make settlement.

3 3 4t ED. N. CASTEEL.

—"If you don't see what you want ask for it," is an old saying. We don't see what we want, but we know what we want. We want about five hundred of our subscribers to call and pay their subscription.

—FOR RENT.—Corner room next door to Drug Store. Also 7 rooms upstairs, suitable for dwelling. Apply to

3 10 tf W. D. NYDEGGER.

—Died Tuesday night, at his late home in Ryan's Glade, Mr. Nathaniel B. Harvey, Sr., aged about 75 years. Deceased took cold whilst attending his brother Noah's funeral Thursday of last week.

—W. P. Townshend, Esq., represented Patmos Council 386, A. L. of H., in the Grand Council at Baltimore last week. He was accompanied as far as Cumberland by his wife, where she visited her sister, Mrs. Getty.

—The Town Council, at the regular meeting Monday evening, made arrangements for the annual town election, which is held on the third Monday of April. The following election board was appointed: Judges, Ralph Thayer, Charles Bolden and George Loughridge; clerks, George Fulmer and Thomas White.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7 P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

All taxes not paid on or before March 20th, 1888, will, without further notice, be collected according to law. I have authorized the following named persons to collect and receipt for me:

Townshend & Son, Oakland.
J. E. Gnagey, Accident.
Jonas Frazee, Selbysport.
A. L. Gnagey, Grantsville.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
2 25 4t. Collector.

Another Old Citizen Gone.

Garrett county has lost one of its oldest, most respected and virtuous citizens, in the death of Major Philip Durst, on the 29th of February, 1888, at his home in Smooth Valley, near Grantsville, at the mature age of seventy-one. He was considerately buried at the Old Blocher Cemetery, near by, among his ancestors, who first came to this vicinity over a century ago. He had been in failing health and strength for some months, and his vitality was too far wasted to endure the rugged winter, yet lingering. He had been expecting death and often spoke of it, and which he did not fear. The Major had been a widower since 1870, his deceased wife being once the widow of the late Peter Yeast. He left no children. Always led a very quiet and retired life, perfectly inoffensive and harmless throughout. Honest, upright and pure in all his dealings and ways. By nature, more than cultivation, an old fashioned gentleman, which no decent man could fail to see and respect. Not robust in intellect, yet intelligent, discreet and judicious, and his system of life useful and agreeable to those with whom he had intercourse. He will be very much missed, especially on account of his extensive amount of personal and local information and recolections. In land matters, as to locations, lines and boundaries, he was an excellent reference. But there is none left to fill his place.

NEIGHBOR.

SMOOTH VALLEY, March 3, 1888,

Madame Fry's Concert.

The seventh annual tour of these sweet singers from Yankeedom has been crowned with unusual success and the comments of those who have heard them are most flattering. The large dining room of the Glades Hotel will be fitted up for their convenience where they will give one of their brilliant entertainments on Friday evening, March 16th. The room will be thoroughly warmed and lighted and everything possible will be done to contribute to the comfort of those who want to spend a pleasant evening. Admission 50 cents, Reserved chairs 75. Tickets on sale at Legge and Miller's Store.

A New Lumber Company.

A Davis, W. Va., special to the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, dated March 5th, says: The J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Company have sold their mill property at this place and the river franchise to the Black Water Boom and Lumber Company, organized for operating here. The principal stockholders of the new corporation are R. B. Currier, of Springfield, Mass., L. H. Hamilton, of Knoxville, Tenn., and A. Thompson, of Ridgeway, Pa. Work by the new company will be begun immediately, with Mr. Thompson as general manager. The Rumbarger Company still retain their mills and yard at Dobbin, on North Branch of the Potomac.

Washington Excursion.

Another of the select excursions to the National Capitol will be run by the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co., on Thursday, March 15th. The B. & O. excursion trains are first class in all respects; the day trains being equipped with Parlor Cars and the night trains with Sleeping Cars. Tickets will be valid for return journey on all regular trains until Saturday, March 24th inclusive. Time of trains and round trip rates as follows, viz: Leave Oakland at 8.09 A. M., 11.38 A. M. and 11.53 P. M. Ticket good for round trip, $6.00. Call on Ticket Agent at any point named above for illustrated circular giving points of interest in and around Washington.

Offutt's.

There you can buy 1,000 yards Tricot cloth, new colors and shades; 5,000 yards gingham, new and pretty patterns; 1,000 hats, every style, shape and color; 1,000 pairs shoes, men's ladies' boys' misses' and children's; 500 suits clothes, newest styles and lowest prices; 1,000 bushels corn; 1,000 bushels oats; 100 barrels flour, the cheapest and the best; 100 bags meal; 100 bushels timothy seed; 50 plows—"See the Hornet"—steel beam, and 25 harrows, steel frame, spring tooth.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of Peter Reitz, deceased, either by note or account, are hereby notified to settle up by the 1st day of April, 1888. All claims not settled by that time will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEORGE W. REITZ,
2 25 4t Administrator.

Put Money in Your Pocket!

By selling apples, dried apples, apple-butter, eggs, butter, cabbage, onions, beans, dressed chickens, dressed turkeys, buckwheat and buckwheat flour, to

OFFUTT,

Marriage of Col. Skeep Keller.

Col. J. Skeep Keller and Miss Lou DeWitt were married at Kingsley Chapel, in Cumberland, Wednesday evening, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. P. Wilson, and after a visit of a few days to friends and relatives at Davis and Frostburg, returned on Tuesday to this place, where they will make their future home. Col. Keller is the manager of the well-known Keller House in this place, and one of our most prominent and honorable business men; and his bride is one of the best ladies of Garrett county, Md., in every sense of that word, and also one of the fairest. To both we tender our hearty congratulations and our best wishes for a long and happy life. May your honeymoon, unlike the tri-formed luminary that shone with such auspicious splendor on your wedding eve, never wane, but may its brightness ever be sufficient to dispel the darkest clouds that may gather over your future pathway, and be lost to memory only with the setting of the sun of life! May your shadow never grow less! —*South Branch Intelligencer.*

One More Cheap California Trip.

Free Sleeping Cars, with only one change of cars to San Francisco and Los Angelos. Six hundred miles shorter and one day quicker than any other sleeping car line. Colorado passengers can take advantage of this trip. Train leaves Delaware Avenue Depot, Wilmington, 11.10 A. M., Baltimore, 1.30 P. M., Washington, 2.30 P. M., March 26th. The trip of February 27th having given perfect satisfaction, we have concluded to run one more. For further information and reservation of berths apply to H. A. Miller, Passenger Agent, Wilmington, Del., or to D. Brides Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Donation.

A raid was made upon the U. B. Parsonage, Glade Circuit, Jan. 31st, 1888. A company of forty-three came, with songs, and after compassing the parsonage three times, were invited in. After a pleasant time they left, leaving valuables such as a preacher and his family needs, amounting in value to twenty-six dollars, for which the donors have my heartfelt thanks, and I humbly pray that the richest blessings of our Heavenly Father may rest upon them. The donation was gotten up by friends near South Point, outside of the membership of the U. B. Church.

W. H. ALBERT, pastor.

Red House.

Please allow space in your paper for a short notice of the closing exercises of the Mason School, which, after one of the most pleasant terms ever taught here, closed on Friday, Feb. 24th. The school closed one week earlier than the rest, as the teacher and patrons thought best to continue the school through the Holidays, on account of measles which were raging in adjoining neighborhoops at that time, and by keeping the school open and the scholars together not one case occurred in the school, while all other schools were closed on account of them. The examination was one of the best ever given here by any teacher, and Mr. Wm. B. Hutson, the teacher, deserves great credit for the most excellent and efficient manner in which he conducted his school, all scholars showing marked improvement in all studies, and especially does his classes deserve credit for the excellent examinations they passed in geography. The House was filled by the parents of the children and all were pleased beyond expectation at their progress. The teacher supplied the children with a bountiful treat, consisting of candy, peanuts and apples, after which speeches were made by many, prominent among which were the teacher, H. G. Sanders and B. F. Shaffer. Music was furnished by Proff. S. J. Yutzy. A pleasant and profitable day was spent by all.

Mountain Lake Park.

The warm days and frequent showers of rain had removed nearly all of the old snow, and quite a number of the spring birds could be heard; but Sunday night there came a great change. Monday morning the ground was well covered with snow, and by evening it had fallen to the depth of about eight inches. This (Tuesday) morning the mercury is still lower and more snow is falling.

The Bowman store building will soon be ready for use.

Mr. R. S. Jamison has completed the deepening of Mr. List's well, making it, I believe, thirty feet deeper.

Mrs. Bullard has returned, accompanied by her mother, Miss Rachel and little Aggie. They will remain until the first of May.

Miss Mamie Deffinbaugh and Miss Emma Brooke, of Oakland, were with us over Sunday.

J. A. E.

Accident School Report.

Following are the names of pupils of Accident school that attained the highest average in the examination held the last of February, 1888:

1st. Grade.—Eddie McMillen 98, Willie McMillen 98, Lizzie Thompson 96, Clara Gnagey 96, Jona Speicher 96, and Bertha Glotfelty 95.

2d Grade.—Emma Hinebaugh 94, Ettie Ault 94, Mary Biddinger 94, Carrie Boyer 93, Frank Hinebaugh, 93, Henry Speicher 93, Martha Gnagey 92, John Marcroff 92, Willie Gnagey 89, Harvy Speicher 88.

The names of pupils that have been present every day during the Fall and Winter terms, are as follows: Jona Speicher, Henry Speicher, John Hentfling, Asa Gnagey, George Ries, Lizzie Thompson, and quite a number being absent but one day.

Number of pupils studying Geometry, 4; Algebra, 4; Physiology, 18; Philosophy, 7.

The last day of school was principally devoted to spelling and music.

The school appreciated very highly the music rendered by Mr. William Keller, William Bowman, Jake Keller and Miss Nellie DeWitt.

After the music the school was addressed by Mr. Jonas Feak, taking for his subject: "The Great Need of Education."

We were exceedingly glad to have with us the following visitors: Mrs. Dr. E. H. Glotfelty, Mrs. Eli McMillen, Miss Katie Ault, Miss Maggie Poe, Miss Vergie Hingbaugh, Miss Flea Swalp, Miss Dora Kaese, Mr. John Englehart, Mr. Jonas Feak and Mr. Eli McMillen. We hope that others may profit by their example and deem it a pleasure to enter the schol-room and spend an hour or two with us. The children are thus encouraged if their parents take an interes in their welfare.

W. E. BOYER, Principal.

Davis Mills.

We have organized a literary society here, and a number of subjects have been discussed. The subject for our next meeting, (Thursday night,) is, "Resolved that Washington deserves more honor for the freedom than Columbus for the discovery of America."

The making of cross-ties is the principal industry here at this season of the year.

Mr. C. Kimmell is preparing to burn a large kiln of lime.

A large Dunkard church will be erected here soon.

Members of Isaac King's family are still quite ill.

Mrs. J. J. Garrett has been very ill for three or four weeks.

Mr. A. S. Sell will soon move his steam saw mill onto Mr. Chauncey Kimmell's farm.

Mr. George Rodeheaver has rented Mr. Thos. Nethkin's farm.

Our school closed on Feb. 29th, with a spelling bee with scholars from neighboring schools.

Rev. D. B. Orr commences a protracted meeting at the Dodge school house Sunday, March 18th.

Lost Pig.

A Poland-China male pig, (last May's litter) black and white spots, no ear marks, strayed from my farm last October. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

E. W. MILLER,
3 10 3t Oakland, Md.

Books! Books! Books!

At Nydegger's Drug Store, lower than you ever bought them before. All the popular writings of the day. Bound in cloth and gold at 50c; paper cover 10c. 3 10 2t

Randall's Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—There is no longer any doubt of the position of Mr. Randall. He will not only oppose the tariff bill of Mr. Mills, but he will oppose it with zest.

Randall was invited, with a good many other leaders of the Democratic party, to present his views to the Democratic members of the committee. He did not accept this invitation, but he has consulted with Republican leaders and with the immediate representatives of the protective industries. It is in accordance with the suggestion received from some of them that he has framed his bill so that it will not interfere with the great protective industrial schedules. In fact, he proposes a practical increase in some respects. Instead of putting tin plate, for instance, on the free list, it is understood that he fixes a duty of two cents a pound thereon. He has also so arranged the cotton and woolen schedules that they will receive the cordial support of the manufacturers. He proposes not to have his bill given to the public until after the meeting of the committee, but its features are generally known. He proposes to effect a reduction in the revenue of about $80,000,000 on the basis of the receipts of the last fiscal year, and will nominally include both customs and internal taxes. The actual reduction in rates, however, is almost wholly confined to the internal revenue. The changes which he will propose as to customs will consist chiefly in additions to the free list. He will provide for a reduction of all the taxes upon tobacco.

He will propose to reduce the tax on whisky from 90 to 45 cents per gallon, and to abolish nearly all of the special internal revenue license taxes. The reductions which he contemplates are distributed as follows: Tobacco, $30,000,000; spirits distilled from fruits, $1,000,00; whisky, $30,000,000; special taxes, $2,000,000; total internal revenue reduction, $63,000,000. The remainder, or $17,000,000, to make up his total reduction of $80,000,000 in the surplus is to be taken from the customs list, and will be made up, with few exceptions, of transfers from the dutiable to the free list.

Mr. Garrett in Singapore.

CHICAGO, March 5.—A dispatch from San Francisco says: Word has been received from Singapore that Robert Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with his party and a retinue of servants, has arrived there. Garrett made only a short stay in China, owing to the smallpox epidemic at the port at which he landed. He will take a leisurely tour through India and will then proceed to Hamburg, going most of the way by steamer. After spending the summer at Hamburg he will visit other European cities, and return to Baltimore about November. From Singapore it was reported that the sea voyage had greatly improved his health.

A Good Remedy for Burns.

Many remedies at one time or another have been proposed for the surgical condition following the application for excessive heat to the body, and, while some of these are of value, all are more or less unsatisfactory. The alleviation of the pain and suffering attendant upon burns is one of the most important points in the case toward which the surgeon directs his efforts. The shock from this cause alone is sufficient, oftentimes, to produce death, and always is great. Accidentally, I recently discovered a remedy which is easily applied and exceedingly prompt in its action. I was called in some haste to a little child, about three weeks ago, who was badly burned about the hands and face from falling on a hot stove. The burns were deep, the pain excessive and the shock very considerable. I sent to the drug store for a mixture of lime water, olive oil and carbolic acid. While waiting for this, I prepared to give the child a hypodermic injection of morphine, with which to allay the agony, which was so great that convulsions seemed imminent. While I was getting ready to do this, I espied upon the shelf a bottle of Canada balsam (colorless). Remembering its wonderful soothing influence in acute inflamation, I at once concluded to try it. Taking a corner of a soft handkerchief I rapidly painted the injured parts, when, like magic, the pain ceased. You can well imagine my surprise and delight at the result. I directed a camel's hair brush to be purchased, and had the mother make free applications, and the case had no more treatment, save a little iodoform, later on. Since this, I have tried it in several cases, both slight and severe, and with the same delightful results.

This valuable remedy should be in the house of every man in the land, it will save suffering and possibly life.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Samuel Engle vs. W. H. Chapman and others, the same being No. 5 Judicials to May term, 1888, I did seize and levied upon all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in Equity, of the said W. H. Chapman in and to

ALL THAT LOT OF GROUND,

situated in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, being bounded by Boyer's lot on the West side, A. Beachy's on the North, Gnagey's lot on the East and an alley on the South, containing one acre and one-half of an acre, more or less. This lot is fenced and is improved by an old HOUSE and STABLE.

And I hereby give notice, that on

FRIDAY, the 30th Day of March,

1888, in front of C. J. Livingood's Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, I will offer said above described lot of ground at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, to satisfy the above execution and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
3 10 4 Sheriff.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
25 '88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said Court, wherein Nora Poland and others are plaintiffs and Jane Frances Fike and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 28th DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at "The Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, in Selbysport District, Garrett county, and of which the late A. J. Fike died seized, all of said farm containing 250 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Otto Speelman, Abraham Augustine and others. Said farm is well improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other out-buildings, also a good orchard of apples and other fruit trees, and is considered one of the best farms in that section.

Also all that Other Property,

in the same neighborhood, containing 19¾ acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a deed from Ross Augustine and wife to the late A. J. Fike, dated the 14th April, 1881, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 399, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said last mentioned farm being improved by a DWELLING HOUSE and other out-buildings, and some of the land is under cultivation. Said farms will be sold separately.

TERMS OF SALE.—As prescribed by the decree, one-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in two equal installments at one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from date, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid down, at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS FRAZEE,
3 3 4t Trustee.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, George Walters, Ramsey Browning and others at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm, in District No. 1, and running thence in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to Davis' tram road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's Run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Francis Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, Chauncey Glass, George Walters and Perry's heirs, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 3d, day of April, 1888, and determine whether the public conveninence requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

DAVID ENLOW,
JOSEPH SPEICHER,
JOHN HARNED,
3 3 5 Examiners.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS.
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LIGHT OF HOME.

O, light of home, O, light of home,
The purest light 'neath heaven's dome!
The light that shines so clear and white,
There ever is our heart's delight,
The light of home.

O, light of home, blest light of home!
When far from thee our footsteps roam,
We think of thee, still gleaming bright;
Ah! How we long to see the sight
Of light at home.

O, light of home, true light of home!
When far across the ocean's foam,
The wind and waves in storm unite,
My heart hies to my home to-night,
Loved light of home.

O, light of home, fair light of home!
To thee may weary wanderers come;
A beacon light in darkest night,
Thy glimmer never can affright,
O, light of home.

O, light of home, our Heavenly home!
To thee we look, to thee we come;
Our loved ones live in that pure light,
Ah! Some time we shall see the sight
Of light at home.

—*Yankee Blade.*

A STOWAWAY.

The Boy Who Proved Himself a "True Englishman."

"Ay, ay, sir; they're smart seamen enough, no doubt, them Dalmatians, and reason good, too, seein' they man half the Austrian navy; but they ain't got the seasonin' of an Englishman, put it how yer will!"

I am standing on the upper deck of the Aurtrian Lloyd steamer, and beside me, with his elbow on the hand-rail and his short pipe between his teeth, lounges the chief engineer, delighted to get hold of a listener who (as he phrases it) "has been about a bit."

"No, they ain't got an Englishman's seasonin'," he continues, "and, what's more, they ain't got an Englishman's pluck, neither, when it comes to a real scrape."

"Can no one but an Englishman have any pluck, then?" asked I, laughing.

"Well, I won't just go for to say that; o' course a man as is a man 'ull have pluck in him all the world over. I've seed a Frencher tackle a shark to save his messmate; and I've seed a Rooshan stand to gun arter every man in the battery, barrin' himself had been blowed all to smash. But, if yer come to that, the pluckiest feller as ever I seed warn't a man at all?"

"What was he, then—a woman?"

"No, nor that neither; though, mark ye, I don't go for to say as how women ain't got pluck enough, too, some on 'em, at least. But this un as I'm a talkin' on was a little lad, not much bigger 'n Tom Thumb, only with a sperrit of his own as 'ud ha' blowed up a man-o'-war a'most. Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin'; so that altogether, as you may think, the cap'n warn't altogether in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither. As for the chief engineer, he was an easy-goin' sort o' chap as nothin' on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he cum down to me in a precious hurry lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we aint found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives to chaps as hides theirselves aboard out-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack o' the crew and what few passengers we had aboard was all in a ring on the fo'castle, and in the middle stood the first mate lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a regular mite among all them big fellers was a little bit o' a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woeful thin and pale. But, bless yer soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin', black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear, eyes, o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk did say afterward (lowering his voice to a whisper) as how he'd come o' better blood nor what he ought, and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself, for I never yet seed a common street Harab (as they calls 'em now) carry it off like him. You might ha' heard a pin drop as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you young whelp,' said he, in his grimmest voice, 'what brought you here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's dead again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and gave me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane at Halifax; and here's her address.'

"And with that he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty, and crumbled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; but his look and his voice and the way he spoke was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swaller the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say: 'I'm too old a bird to be caught with that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some of these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you.'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way, and says quite quietly: 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nuthin,' but looks at him for a minute as if he'd see clean through him, and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead; 'smart now.'

"'Now, my lad,' says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess' (he took out his watch and held it in his hand) 'and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

"'Silence there!' shouts the mate in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' and with his own hands he put the noose about the boy's neck. The little fellow never flinched a bit, but there were some among the sailors, (big, strong chaps, as could ha' felled a ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if any one was to go for to hang him, and at the very thought on 't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was agrippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike and held it behind my back all ready.

"'Tom,' whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

"'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does he shall go first, if I have to swing for it!'

"'Eight minutes!' says the mate, his great, deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll of a funeral bell. 'If you've got any thing to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for yer time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded; and down goes the poor little chap on his knees (with that infernal rope about his neck all the time), and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in sitch a whirl that I hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again and puts his hands behind him and says to the mate, quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all at once, like I've seed the ice on the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms and kissed him, and bust out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great, hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast ye off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

"And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt and gave her a lump o' money to make him comfortable, and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond o' him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

—*N. Y. Evening World.*

Origin of the Spider.

Arachne was a maiden who had attained to such expertness in weaving and embroidering that even the Nymphs, leaving their groves and fountains, would gather to admire her work. They whispered to each other that Minerva herself must have taught her; but Arachne had grown vain as she grew dextrous, and, overhearing them, denied the implication with high disdain. She would not acknowledge herself inferior even to a goddess, and finally challenged Minerva to a trial of skill, saying: "If beaten, I will bear the penalty." Minerva accepted the challenge, and the webs were woven. Arachne's was of wonderful beauty, but when she saw that of Minerva she knew that she was defeated, and in despair went and hanged herself. Minerva, moved by pity for her vain but skillful opponent, transformed her into a spider, and she and her descendants still retain a portion of her marvelous gifts of spinning and weaving.—*Swiss Cros*

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

No Important Changes Noticeable in the Styles for Spring Suits.

The new bengalines for spring are very soft and light in texture.

Marbled and watered plush is much in demand for fancy work.

New braid patterns on spring tailor gowns are marvels of artistic design.

Plaids and stripes will again be worn, but more by children than grown people.

The most fashionable coiffures still demand that the hair falls rather low on the forehead.

Decorated celluloid letter cases and portfolios are lovely pieces of new fancy work.

Dotted stripes are seen among new designs in cotton, silk and woolen fabrics for spring wear.

Large screen-like shades for piano lamps are made of rose petals of silk, sewn on a pink foundation frame.

The finest artistic judgment and taste is demanded and displayed in the color combinations of indoor toilets.

Surplice waists lapping over on one side and forming a V opening at the neck are in favor for house dresses of all kinds.

Round waists and shirred basques are the features on the new suits made of embroidered muslins for the ing season.

Some fine specimens of hair dressing are seen in the new coiffures which the effort to introduce the Psyche has brought out.

Embroidered muslin gowns are now in the hands of the dressmaker, who are making them up for the sprig and summer trade.

Canary yellow point d'esprit and accessories of black velvet and jet make a very effective and becoming ball gown for a dark brunette.

This may be called a ribbon season, so profuse is the use of ribbons for the decoration of dinner, ball and opera and house and five o'clock tea gowns.

The latest fad in ball issues is the *dauphine* tulle in all delicate shades, with designs of flowers and birds wrought in colored silks and Japanese tinsel threads.

A piano lamp on a black antique wrought-iron stand, in pink glass, with a large shade of silk or satin rose petals makes a lovely point of light in a gold and white furnished room.

Novelties in lamp shades are huge tulips, lilies and callas of satin, stiffened and molded into the petal and flower forms, and exquisitely colored, in nature's own tints by first-class artists.

The new silk cord embroidery outlined with Japanese gold thread is used on slumber cushions, head rests, wall banners, and a variety of objects in plush, silk, velvet, silk satin, and silk bolting cloth.

Braided wire hair rolls are now used to extend the puffs and fullness demanded by the latest fancies in the Pompadour and Louis XVI. styles of hair-dressing which the hair dealers are trying to establish and retain as the leading arrangement of the hair.

The latest importations of bengalines for spring wear are figured in "set" designs, printed on grounds of the various new colors, and the selvages on one side are in block patterns of colors that repeat those of the fabric. These selvages are made to form the borders of skirts and draperies.

New gingham, sateen, percales and printed cotton goods are being made up for the next season in very pretty, simple styles, with full plaited overskirts over under jupes, the draping being effected from the waist line and given easy sweep by a slash in the overskirt on each side, showing a panel of the underskirt.

Charming novelties in fancy work are white celluloid whisk-brush holders, tablets, shaving paper cases, card cases, toilet cushion cases, court plaster cases, porte mouchoirs, porte monnaies, cigar cases, sachet cases and catchalls, wash bits and diaries, decorated with hand-painted designs and made up with narrow ribbon and ribbosene, plush, satin and velvet mountings.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A BLIZZARD VICTIM.

How a Traveler Suffered While Visiting in Dakota Territory.

"Yes, I am from Dakota," he replied to the hotel clerk.

"That was an awful blizzard you had there."

"It was that."

"Were you in it?"

"I was, sir."

"And have the newspaper reports been exaggerations or not?"

"They have not told it as bad as it was. One who was not there can have no idea of that awful storm. Why, sir, I started to go out, and ——"

"Were you in the house when it began?"

"No, sir. I was in a hotel in Fargo and paying four dollars per day."

"And you went out and what?"

"I started to go out, but went back, and a little ring of us played billiards nearly all the time for three days. It was awful sir, just awful. I hope never to see another while I live."

"I—I don't exactly catch on," stammered the clerk."

"Why, three extra days was twelve dollars, wasn't it, saying nothing of cigars, drinks and billiards? No, sir. The reports have not been exaggerated in the slightest. It was simply awful—awful. Give me a second floor front, please."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Molasses Pie: One cupful molasses, one cupful water. Bring it to a boil, then thicken with half cupful flour stirred to a thin paste. Add a few raisins, set aside to cool. Line your tins with a pie crust, then fill them with the mixture. Put bits of butter over the top, season with nutmeg and cinnamon. Put on your top crust and bake.

LANGUAGE OF COLORS.

Ideas and Sentiments Which Are Expressed by Different Hues.

The three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, are the base of the language, and the secondary lines, from the blending of which the most complicated and delicate tints are derived, correspond to the grammatical roots of spoken tongues.

Red is a warm color. Its type is found in the rainbow or prismatic spectrum and the common wild poppy. It is indicative of jubilation, victory and ardent love. By the law of opposites, that is to say, on the old principle that extremes meet, it is the emblem of bloodshed and revenge.

In mediæval art, blue was eminently symbolical. Azure was typical of immortality, and it became the custom to cover the coffins of children with blue cloth. The ceiling of churches were painted blue and powdered with stars, to represent the canopy of heaven over the faithful. This color was used in draperies by the old masters to typify modesty; and the Virgin Mary is found in their works clothed in a blue mantle. In heroic shields blue stood for chastity, loyalty and good repute. From this last signification, doubtless, the term "blue blood" took its rise.

Love, constancy and wisdom are the attributes of yellow. This tint is found in all its winsome purity in the common buttercup of the pastures. In China, yellow is emblamatic of faith. On the other hand, yellow stands for treason and jealousy. In Spain, the garb of the public executioner is red and yellow, and symbolizes the vengeance of the law and the infamy of the criminal. In the olden time the French were accustomed to daub the lintels of a traitor's house with yellow paint, and in commemoration of Christ's betrayal, Jews were obliged in many countries to wear garments of the same color. Judas, in the illuminated missals of the middle ages, was always pictured in yellow raiment.

The secondary colors are equally pregnant with significance. Brown, ever since the most remote period, has been the sign of woe. The dun robes of certain religious orders are eloquent of renunciation and penitence. Green, among all nations, is considered emblematic of the joy of spring and the promise of harvest. With the Greeks it betokened victory. The standards of Mahomet's armies were green. The color is still held sacred by the followers of Islam, and none but the bona fide descendants of Allah's prophet may indulge in the luxury of a green turban.

The blended hue of red and yellow, namely, orange, has been the symbol of indissoluble marriage from time immemorial. The wife of the priest of Jupiter wore an orange veil and her divorce was prohibited. The color thus became a felicitous omen. Virgil arrays Helen of Troy in a saffron bridal veil, and the wreath of orange blossoms on the head of the modern belle is a survival of the tradition.

Black, the negation of color, has a universal significance of grief and mourning. In sacred paintings it often looms up on the canvas as the shadow of evil. White, on the contrary, is the hue of innocence and virginal purity. The priests of antiquity wore white vestments, and, unconsciously, a mother dresses her newborn babe in clothing of the same spotless hue. White horses were sacrificed to the sun by the Egyptian priests.—*N. Y. Press.*

CHEESE THAT POISONS.

A Physician Imparts Some Practical Hints Concerning Tyrotoxicon.

"What have you been eating?"

"Nothing, doctor."

"Nothing? Where did you have dinner last night?"

"At a table d'hote restaurant," replied the young man, who had visited his physician suffering, as he supposed, from a severe attack of indigestion.

"Ah!" said the doctor, his face lightening up; "and what did you eat?"

"Well, I had soup, fish, an entree, roast, fruit, some cheese——"

"Cheese. I thought so. You've been poisoned. Cheese causes as much illness in this country as salted fish and sausages do in Germany. The subject of cheese poisoning is being investigated by analysis. Whether it arises from the milk used is not yet fully determined, but it seems probable that it does. It is most likely that the poisoning agent is in the milk before it becomes cheese. Of course, every cheese manufacturer has his theory, as to the cause of poisonous cheese, but there is no unanimity among them."

"What is your theory?"

"Cheese poison is called tyrotoxicon, and investigations have shown that the toxic agent is in the milk, owing to improper management of the same, the milk not being cooled until some hours after milking. You have only to raise the lid of a can of fresh milk that has stood for some time without cooling, and the odor certainly will not impress you pleasantly. Great care is required in handling all foods of animal origin, and although manufacturers tell you that they exercise great care and invite inspectors to their factories, yet you see by such a little thing as letting milk cool improperly poison gets into cheese, and all articles in the manufacture of which milk is used.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Analysis of natural gas shows the proportion of each constituent in one hundred parts of the gas to be as follows: Carbolic acid, carbonic oxid, 6-10 each; oxygen, 8-10; olefiant gas, 1; ethylic hydride, 5; marsh gas, 67; hydrogen, 23; nitrogen, 3.

TEMPERANCE.

DELIRIUM.

"Oh! bartender, fill
A cooling gill—
The best in your bright saloon,
To quench the flame
That burns my frame,
Like the breath of the red simoon;
Oh, God! what a dream!
How the demons scream
In agonies of woe!
The condensed shout
Of the battle rout
Of the banner fiends below.

"That's cool, thanks! pass
Another glass,
One more ere I expire;
Oh, heavens! the sight
I have seen to-night,
In the realms of endless fire;
Oh! take it away!
That owlet gray,
That hoots in the broken pane;
Oh! the dreadful pangs
Of the adder's fangs
That rankle in my brain.

"Fill another mug
From the old brown jug,
It will give me strength to bear
The demons' scowl
Where the goblins howl,
In the regions of despair;
Where skulls and bones
O'er the scorching stones
Are toss'd like scattered hail,
And brimstone rains
O'er the burning plains
In storms that never fail.

"More drink! more wine!
In a bumper join;
Oh, Christ! did you hear that scream,
The cry of doom
From the gulf of gloom?
No? no! it was not a dream.
I saw the priest
Devour'd by the beast,
The monk by the scorpion stung,
Heard the bishop ask
My whisky flask
To cool his blister'd tongue.

"Oh! one cup more
On this burning shore,
Oh, Lord! is the bottle dry?
Hear! the tiger's growl;
List! the gaunt wolves howl;
Hark! the fierce hyena's cry;
See! the dreadful things
With scales and wings
That crawl through the smoking brakes,
See! the bats in swarms
Sweep down like storms,
Across the burning lakes.

"Yes! one more drink
On perdition brink,
Ere I plunge in the fiery flood.
Come! tapster, come!
One glass of rum
To clear your skirts of blood.
Oh! many a soul
Reached the burning goal
In rum's dark liquid drenched
Through ages of time,
In the realms of crime—
Where the fires are never quenched.

—*Charles J. Beattie, in Inter Ocean.*

SIGNING PETITIONS.

Professed Christians Putting Their Names to a Bad Use—Views of a Leading Religious Paper.

One who takes an active part in resisting the granting of licenses states that a careful examination of the petitions in a neighboring county revealed the names of a very large number of professing Christians on them. There is an earnest effort to obtain the signatures of Christians, for they carry weight. The children of this world are wise, and take great pleasure in making all possible use of those who, by their name, are supposed to be the supporters of all virtue.

To the thoughtful and conscientious there can be but one answer as to the propriety of Christians giving their names for such a use. The saloon and the church have nothing in common. We are not now concerned with abstract questions of right, but with practical duty. The saloon, as it exists with us, is an unmitigated evil, with an unmeasured power for evil. In its character, in its workings and in its results, the saloon stands as the monster iniquity of our day. It has no virtue, and it does not spare virtue. It is relentless in working ruin. No appeal can reach its heart; no argument can change its purpose. It has not any thing in common with the religion of Jesus. He came to seek and to save the lost; it seeks the upright and the good that it may drag them down to hell. In all the outgoings of its influence, the church blesses men. Goodness, truthfulness, integrity, purity and happiness grow up around it. The saloon blights all that comes under its influence; its poisonous breath is death. There can be nothing in common between earnest and spiritually-minded church members and the saloon interests.

If any one say that he has not signed a petition for a saloon, but for a respectable hotel, the answer is: The liquor trade is the same, whether carried on in the low pit or in the elegant bar-room. There may be more of the terrible results immediately and visibly associated in the former case; but the character is not different. To a large class the elegant room and the respectable company are more dangerous than the vile doggeries; for they attract by their elegance, whereas the others repel.

The plea of necessity is not a sound one. It is too late in this Christian age for that. There is no necessity for any place for the sale of liquors other than the drug stores. The entertainment of the public is a business by itself, and will be governed by the demand. The sale of liquors is local—is in a sense private. The patronage of the bar is from its own surroundings, and it thrives at the expense of the virtue, temperance prosperity, and welfare of its own community. An honest Christian man can not say in this our day that a house for the sale of liquors is a necessity in any given community. The lie is too gross to be apologized for.

If the plea is made that if the law allows the licensing of such houses, it is right to ask that the business be kept in the hand of a better class of men, the answer is: A license law may be accepted as some restriction on an evil when we can not as yet secure its entire prohibition, but it is not mandatory to the citizen. The judge may find himself in such a position that he can not do what he would like to see done; but the citizen is free, and is not in any wise under any obligation to ask that such a fountain of evil shall be opened in his community. The law is to be used by Christians to place the greatest possible restraint upon the injurious traffic, and not to shelter and support it. If all in a given community would refuse to sign such petitions, there would be a practical suppression of the evil trade. By resisting all applications, we cut off the worst, and train public sentiment for entire prohibition.

Every person who signs such a petition becomes in a measure responsible for the dire consequences. When young men are led into vicious habits, it is under the sanction of his name, even though in his heart he thinketh not so. To sign such a petition is to invite all the dangers and untold evils of the liquor trade to one's own house. The saloon is the training school of intemperance, and to sign a petition for license is to ask that such a school be opened for one's own sons. We have seen the names of worthy men to such petitions, and we have afterwards seen them weeping over their ruined sons. With a poor grace, and we may be sure, with poor effect, would any one who allowed his name to be so used, prohibit his son, or attempt to restrain his brother, from becoming a patron of the attractive place and company.

No, it is not for Christians to give their names for such uses. They should have no fellowship with the works of darkness, but rather reprove them. A Christian's name there! Can one imagine his Master's name to such a petition? But it is for us to abide in Him, that our lives may be like His—pure in themselves, and a blessing to all around them.—*United Presbyterian.*

APTLY ILLUSTRATED.

An Incident That Portrays the Whole Story of Intemperance.

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theaters. He took lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them. At the closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completly under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding his way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of the master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tight ened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his boson. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years, but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." The unchangeable decree of almighty God is: "No drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—*Baptist Weekly.*

Drinking and Lying.

There shall be a person born of the most correct parentage in respect to the virtue of truthfulness. That person shall grow up in the perfected practice of the virtue of truth, so that his or her word shall be a password of integrity and honor and right. But by environment that person shall come under the fatal influence of one common, every-day agent, alcoholic drink, and, as the agent changes its victim and masters its victim, the first symptoms of the victory of evil in what is called dipsomania shall of a certainty be the loss of the once pre-eminent virtue. Of the many victims of intemperance whom it has been my misfortune to meet, not one has escaped this moral abasement, departure from truth—the vice of falsehood. It is a part of the moral disease, as distinct and clear as any part of the physical disease—unsteady gait, restless impatience, or palsied speech—which springs from alcohol. It is as if the spirit of untruth had entered the body like a physical poison, had corrupted the mind, and made it a veritable center of sin.—*Irish World.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A woman never reaches middle life; she is always young until she gets old enough to boast of her age.—*Epoch.*

—The sod houses of farmers in Dakota were found to be much warmer during the recent cold spell than houses made of wood or brick.

—If there is anybody who wants copywright it is the editor. So much copy wrong is what is wearing out his life.—*Boston Post.*

—She—"Excuse me, sir, I did not catch your name." French Visitor—"Octave, Mademoiselle, Octave——" She—"In the piano business?"—*Town Topics.*

—The California papers report that on account of vandalism of the American tourists the ancient adobe church at Paso del Norte has been closed to them.

—A waiter in a New York club was discharged the other day because he declined to recognize the snapping of the fingers as a summons in the restaurant.

—The Minneapolis Woman's Exchange pays some $20,000 a year into the hands of needy women who could not, probably, without it find a market for their work.

—The number of tigers killed in India last year was 1,499. As three hurrahs go with every "tiger," the hunters must have had a great blow-out.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

—The cost of compiling and publishing the reports of the Challenger expedition, the last three volumes of which are about to be issued, has already exceeded $1,000,000.

—In Northern Alaska the sun shines only four hours out of the twenty-four in winter, and the Alaskans ought to be duly thankful. Base ball clubs can only play one game a day.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A man living near Macon, Ga., was attacked a few days ago by a Texas pony which he was leading, and would have been killed if his wife had not run to his assistance and stunned the animal by striking it with an axe.

—A $15,000 light-house lens made in Paris for the United States Government is now in Washington. It is the largest lantern lens in the country. The glasswork, or lens proper, measures fifteen feet in height, while the internal diameter is eight feet eight inches.

—A new invention for schools is the "electric birch." This new instrument of discipline does not leave marks upon the skin and regulates blows to a nicety. Electricity was never put to a more curious use, but it is to be doubted whether schoolboys will take to it kindly.

—Miss Minnie Freeman, the brave Nebraska school teacher who tied the pupils together and led them through the blizzard, is nineteen years old and very pretty. She is an Eastern girl, and was educated at the York Methodist College, where she graduated with distinction in 1886.

—At a recent trial for hog-stealing in Mount Pleasant, Tex., the court declared that the marks by which the animal could be identified had not been clearly described to the jury, and the hog was thereupon dragged into the court-room and placed in the witness-box on exhibition.

—Experiments are to be made at Albany, Ga., in the cultivation of the pyrethrum roseums, a species of feverfew, from which the insect powder known as Dalmation, now so much used, is manufactured. It is now cultivated largely in California, but the supply is not equal to the demand.

—A young lady in Xenia, O., had a new pocketbook in which she placed a sum of money for safe-keeping. Her mother, thinking the book might be stolen, hid it in the rag bag. The young lady, ignorant of this fact, sold the contents of the rag bag for seven cents, and is now looking vainly for the return of that rag picker.

—Thomas a Becket's bones have at last been found in a rough-hewn stone coffin under Canterbury Cathedral, where heretofore their existence was only legendary. The skull is well preserved, and is said to be magnificent in size and proportions—in fact, one of the finest ever seen. Its crown bears unmistakable marks of a sword-cut, which the chroniclers relate took off the top of his scalp.

—New York is the largest and deepest waterway penetrating the Atlantic coast of North America. Sixty miles from its mouth at the junction of the Mattapony and Pamunkey, the two rivers which form it, it is forty feet deep, and opening down toward its mouth, approaching the Chesapeake bay and the capes, it is largely over a hundred feet deep. The river is really an arm of the sea.

—A Maine fur dealer says that it is astonishing the uses to which muskrats' fur are put. The skins are taken at the city establishments, clipped, colored and put into such shape that they very closely resemble otter, and, if not sold for that, are at least represented to be much better than they really are. The fur is never sold for what it really is, but is fixed up to look like something finer and charged for accordingly.

—Two brothers in Cambridge, Me., were inveterate checker players, and one of them always wanted to bet on each game. The elder had scruples against gambling, but one morning when the old folks left home to be gone all day he told his brother he'd bet with him. The boys spent the day at the checker board, and when the parents came home the younger son had lost all his pocket money, all his knick-knacks, and six sheep which he had owned. The older brother refused to give back the winnings, and the younger hasn't been anxious to gamble since.

POPULAR MYSTERIES.

Questions Whose Solution Has Taxed the Powers of Many Generations.

"Alas," cried a witty Frenchman, lately, "for the unfortunate man who lives in the twenty-first century! There will be no enchanted, mysterious corner left on the earth for him. Africa and the Arctic circle will be covered with railway stations and summer tourists."

School-boys to-day do not understand how full of mystery the world was to their great-grandfathers. In every continent wide blots on the map were marked "Unexplored Territory." There were five especial mysteries which tormented our ancestors. One was the source of the Nile. "It is highly improbable," says a learned divine of the last century, "that this geographical secret will ever be discovered by man." Another was the truth concerning the lost Atlantes, a fair and fertile country, which tradition said had been engulfed ages ago in the Atlantic Ocean. The center of the earth also gave much uneasiness to curious people. There were many theories concerning it. It was a gulf of liquid fire; it was a mass of ice; it was the abode of the damned; it was a busy, beautiful world, filled with inhabitants, as was the surface of the earth. Books describing this unknown inner continent were published by alleged explorers. Symmes' Hole was the entrance to it, and Symmes told many tales of his adventures underground.

A fourth unsolved mystery was the location of the magnetic pole. Various theories were propounded to explain the attraction of the magnet to the north. One of the most popular of these, three centuries ago, was the existence of a huge monster, which was said to live under the sea near Greenland, toward whom all magnets were, for some inexplicable reason, drawn. Occasionally he raised his head above the ocean, and spouted forth water, which fact rationally explained all tidal waves and water-spouts; the high tides on the Newfoundland coast were produced by the breath from his nostrils.

Another mystery, even yet unsolved, was the sudden, total disappearance of a colony of Danes from the west coast of Greenland. It was conjectured that they had penetrated the sea of ice which covers that country to its eastern coast. There they were still supposed to live, in a tropical climate, amid fruit and flowers. No navigator for three centuries has been able to reach this eastern coast; hence this legend still remains to delight superstitious sailors.

But as these old-time mysteries disappear, others have arisen more profound and close at hand. The nature and quality of the elements, and their relation to each other, open a region of research which will tax the powers of many generations to come. Men for ages told childish tales to each other of genii and enchanted lamps, while the air was full of unusual electricity around them, and steam served only to cook their food. It may be that the commonest substances which we handle to-day may possess tremendous energies that, when understood and trained to the service of man, will change the face of the earth.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE GAREFOWL'S FATE.

Complete Extinction of the Once Numerous Great Auk Family.

The great auk has become extinct within the last fifty years. At any rate, the general impression of ornithologists is that the bird has disappeared forever, except as specimens are preserved in museums. Prof. Newton, of Cambridge, England, has indulged the belief that the bird may yet be found living about the more inaccessible shores of the North, but the hope has thus far been disappointed.

The fate of this bird is something strange when we consider that it belonged to a family that is numerous and hardy. The divers, of which it was a variety, live about the cliffs of northern shores. Their retreats are rarely visited by man. They have an abundance of food in the fish of the sea. They rear their young on the shelves of the rocks. If they are pursued they easily escape by swimming and diving. Of all the divers none seemed more capable of taking care of itself than the auk. According to Wilson: "Its powers of swimming and diving probably exceeded those of any other species of the feathered race." The wings of the great auk appear to have been so short as to bear the character of paddles, thus resembling the penguin, of which it was the northern representative. It laid its solitary egg—about five inches long and three inches at the greatest breadth—on the bare rock, without any nest. As it was incapable of flight, it had to build on the lower ledges.

A live specimen of the auk was captured off St. Kilda by the tacksman of the Island of Scalpa, and was seen there in the year 1821. While this bird was being indulged with a swim in the sea, restrained by a cord fastened to one leg, it contrived to escape from a subsequent owner.

It has been ascertained that there are about seventy-one skins of the auk and sixty-five eggs in different parts of the world. In 1871 the value of a specimen of the fowl was estimated at not less than about five hundred dollars, but it is now very much greater. An auk's egg is now valued at from fifty to sixty pounds

The eggs vary in size, color and markings, some being of a silvery-white and others of a yellowish-white ground—the spots and streaks also differing in form and color. Within the last few years some admirably manufactured forgeries of these eggs have been offered for sale.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE PLUM CURCULIO.

How to Exterminate This Destructive and Numerous Parasite.

There seems to be no doubt whatever but what the plum curculio (*Conotrachelus nenuphar*) can be well nigh exterminated everywhere and regular crops of the stone fruits grown by simply spraying the trees with arsenical poisons (Paris green and London purple) in water; (1) so soon as the buds begin to swell in the spring; (2) two weeks after the petals fall; (3) then after three weeks again, and (4) for perfection, so soon as through blossoming, with a weak kerosene and soap emulsion. This (4) will kill the leaf lice (aphidæ) and plant bugs (hemiptera) that puncture the young fruit and cause it eventually to rot. A Michigan gentleman told me that he had two large, thrifty European plums. "They bloomed freely each year, but the curculio laid her eggs in nearly every plum, and all the fruit that was not wormy rotted before ripening. Spring before last I sprayed the trees thoroughly once with London purple in water about two weeks after the blossoms fell. That season they matured so great a crop of the finest fruit that I was obliged to prop up all the branches. But to my sorrow this large crop so weakened the vitality of my trees that the next spring both were dead. The spraying seemed to kill nearly every curculio, scarcely a fruit showed her ovipositing work, and the plums all ripened without rot." This shows two valuable lessons: (1) Spraying has proven a success, and (2) an overburdensome crop is deathly, especially to a plum.

These sentiments are exactly in line with sense, reason and experience, and especially with our native plums; for these fruits are the natural food plant and breeding place of the plum curculio. This beetle passes the winter in the beetle state, "holed up" like a woodchuck, and emerges in the spring hungry. She at once seeks her natural food plant—these plums—on which to feed, seemingly in preference to all other trees. She usually reaches them before they bloom; therefore just before the blossoms open is the time to spray the trees. But for some reason many of the beetles do not lay their eggs in the fruit until June; hence the necessity of late spraying, for it is possible that these late egg-laying beetles reach the trees late. If the native plums are not within her reach the beetle is forced to accept allied plants of the almond family to which the plum belongs, such as the cherry, peach, apricot, etc., and lay her eggs in their fruits. It is of course possible that the cherries, being so close akin to the plums, they may be as acceptable to her for food as the plums, but it is hardly probable. Therefore it is entirely reasonable that, if we have plenty of native plums in and around our orchards of other fruits, by spraying the plums we will destroy this curculio sufficiently for all practical purposes, and so protect all the other fruits from her destructive work.—*D. B. Wier, in American Garden.*

CONVERSATIONAL BORES.

Brainless Individuals Who Talk Without Expressing Thoughts.

Conversation among persons who are very intimate should be the best conversation, as no one need speak unless he feels impelled so to do by the stirring of thought within; but the inveterate small-talker has lost the power of distinguishing between the talk that expresses thoughts and the talk that merely articulates sounds. His idea of talking is confined to the practice of "making" conversation; even in argument he passes much time in repeating what has been said in slightly different words; and, when no subject is under discussion, and when he is not gifted with high talents, the grotesque artifices to which he is sometimes reduced would be absurd if they were not so irritating. If he only talked, and said nothing that insisted on answers, he might more easily be forgiven; but this is rarely his way. An irritating small talker, who, though in reality neither deaf nor absent-minded, eked out his speech by insisting on having every thing that was said to him repeated twice, sometimes thrice. I have known to repeat his "What was that you said?" after he had answered the remark that had been made, and when this was pointed out to him he only smiled the satisfied smile of the small talker, who thinks his sins merits, and does not blush to own them. Such a small talker calls these atrocious delinquencies conversational talent, and because it is sometimes necessary to speak idly thinks it is a good deed to do so at all times rather than maintain a wholesome silence. But, indeed, others beside these obvious criminals sin in speaking idly.

Small talk has its uses in expressing indefinite friendliness, though even this would probably be better expressed by some inarticulate sound, if we could only agree on one; but it should never be forgotten that small talk—or talk of no consequence—is in itself of less than no value, and that if on all occasions, except those of necessity, we put our energies to improving our ideas rather than to uttering words; in short, if we talked less and thought more, we and our friends would in all cases be much the better for it.—*London Queen.*

Climbing the Ladder.

Gentleman (to tramp)—Why do you ask for only a penny, my man? Most of you people want nickels and dimes?

Tramp—Yes, sir, but I'm a new hand at the business, an' I want to begin right; make it a dime, though, if you like.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—P. T. Barnum says that he has provided that if any of his legatees makes a contest of his will he shall by that act forfeit his bequest, and he has left $100,000 as a fund for the executors to fight any contestant.

MAKING BOVINE VIRUS.

How the Animals Are Treated at the New York Vaccine Farm.

Few persons who pass the old two-story brick building, No. 916 Second avenue, which has a decayed wooden awning in front of it and bears the sign, "Steam Carpet Cleaning," are aware that it shelters the Board of Health's vaccine virus "farm." The first floor of the building recently was converted into a stable for cattle that are kept there to undergo vaccination. A cleaner, warmer and better ventilated stable probably can not be found in the city. Sixteen fat cows and Texan steers stood in the stables the other day when a reporter entered the place. Dr. Pardee, the virus expert, was at work in his laboratory in the rear of the stable, while two assistants were looking after the cattle. Dr. Pardee's den is lavishly decorated with colored prints, and is occupied in his absence by a white cat. On the shelves are glass jars containing goose quills and "points" of virus. A big table, on which calves formerly were strapped while undergoing treatment, occupies a part of the room, and there is a small grindstone used for roughening the quills which are to receive the virus.

The manufacture of bovine virus for the protection of human being against small-pox has been going on under the care of Dr. Pardee for a dozen years or more. Formerly he operated on calves, but lately he became convinced that better virus could be obtained from large cattle, and the Health Board decided to give him a new "farm." By a clever arrangement of movable bars in the stalls a cow or a steer is prevented from kicking while it is being vaccinated in a dozen or twenty different places. The operation most annoying to the animal comes later, when the virus is being transferred from it to the quill points. It is necessary for the Health Board to buy the cattle outright, feed them well while undergoing treatment and for some time afterward, and finally sell them to butchers at a loss.

The outlay for rent, feed, salaries, cost of materials and losses in cattle trading amounts to about $10,000 a year. Part of the money comes back through the sale of virus. Last year the department received $2,239 for virus sold to druggists and physicians. Probably money could be made out of the "farm" if the Board of Health charged a fair price for all the virus it could dispose of, but the sanitary officials are mainly interested in stopping small-pox. Last year nearly 90,000 persons in the city were vaccinated free of charge by the sanitary inspectors, and enough virus to vaccinate 30,000 more persons was given away to public institutions. As druggists are charged twenty-five cents for a single "point," the gratuitous vaccinations by the Health Board on that basis last year might be said to be worth nearly $30,000.

"The recent change from calves to large cattle in the virus 'farm' has been attended with surprisingly good results," said President Bayles, of the Health Board. "One inspector recently vaccinated sixty-five children in a public institution with the new virus and vaccination 'took' in every case. Formerly there were frequent failures, and many children had to be vaccinated the second time. The new virus is believed to be as pure as any ever obtained. We have had no complaints about it so far as I have heard. It is alleged that diseases may be communicated to children by humanized virus, but there is no danger in using bovine virus, when the virus is taken from sound cattle."

At present the virus "farm" turns out about 5,000 "points" a week.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

A Bird in Florida That Impales Bugs and Snakes on Thorns.

Of all the birds in this section there is one that will afford an idler lots of amusement if he will spend an occasional hour watching closely. It is the shrike or butcher bird. A few days ago I was in an orange grove a few rods from the house, where an old darky, with the assistance of a mule, was plowing, and a butcher bird was flying from tree to tree, following up the newly-plowed furrow, looking for insects. Every few minutes he would go to pick up a beetle or insect, and for some time he simply swallowed his victims. After a little he seemed to have had enough to eat and just then a little flock of larks were seen running along in the newly turned furrow, at times almost touching the old darky's heels. Now and then they would come across an insect too large for them to easily manage, and then would begin a little scuffle. Then the butcher bird would swoop down in the center of the little flock, snatch up the insect and fly off with it before the larks knew what had happened. The butcher bird had eaten all he wanted, and so, with the beetle in his beak, he flew to the nearest orange tree, and, selecting a long, sharp thorn, he impaled the insect upon it. I watched this bird put at least ten insects on different thorns. During an hour, besides numerous large insects, the butcher bird captured two snakes, the largest of which was two feet long and very lively. These snakes, although they squirmed and twisted, were taken with difficulty to an orange tree, and after a good bit of hard tugging, they were left with a thorn through their bodies.

When the butcher bird is not looking for food or for victims to stick on thorns, he is generally looking for other birds for the purpose of fighting them, and so he keeps busy from daylight till dark.—*Florida Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

AN EYE OF FIRE.

One of the Most Wonderful Things Done by the Electric Light.

When it was discovered that an artificial light that very closely resembles the natural light of day could be produced from electricity, and that it could be so easily provided as to take, in a great measure, the place of gas for lighting purposes, every body was naturally astonished and thought that the electricians were the greatest men on earth. The new system was hardly old enough to be an assured success before a lot of wise men began considering the advisability of devoting this light to a greater purpose than that of merely lighting up the humdrum affairs of every-day life.

As an experiment, a small incandescent light was thrust beneath the water in a fountain. The effect was superb while it lasted, but the water managed to work its way into the globe and the light was extinguished. This gave the electricians something to think about, and they began immediately to rack their brains for a means of keeping the water away from the source of light. A coating of rubber was finally placed over the joint where the glass globe joins the brass holder, and over this was drawn a rubber bag that fitted tightly over the top of the globe and around the pipe through which the wire passed. This promised to be successful, but a brief experiment showed that the glass was not strong enough to stand the pressure of water, and after being exposed to it for a short time would collapse. A globe was then made of plate glass that proved able to stand the strain.

For some time this was only used in lighting up fountains by way of an ornament. Then it occurred to Prof. Baird of the United States Fish Commission, that if a light could be used under water it would prove of great advantage to him in his search, for fish that never allowed themselves to be caught by any of the old-fashioned methods. He believed that there existed at a great depth in the ocean various kinds of fish that had never been seen. Every boy who has ever lived near the water knows that a favorite method of catching eels is to lure them within spearing distance by a bright light placed in the bow of a boat. Light not only attracts eels, but every thing else that lives in the water, and the professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water the reward would be great.

The steamer Albatross, of the commission, was provided with an engine and a dynamo. A liberal supply of heavy glass globes that would hold a light equal to the lighting power of one hundred candles, was placed on board, and equipped with other necessary articles, such as a lot of insulated wire, a large quantity of light, strong rope, and a number of heavy weights to serve as sinkers, the steamer started out. The first attempt was unsuccessful, for at a depth of 1,000 fathoms the pressure was so great upon the globe that it broke. Another trial was speedily made with heavier globes, and they were found able to stand the pressure of any depth to which they could be sunk. But the most wonderful part of this trial trip, which took place something like three years ago, was related to Secretary Frank S. Hastings, of the Edison Electric Light Company, by Prof. Baird.

At a point near the Bahamas, according to the professor, the light was dropped overboard and sunk by means of heavy weights to nearly one thousand fathoms below the surface. On the deck of the vessel stood the crew with nets ready to drop them under the fish that were lured from their homes in the great depth. The light was allowed to remain in the water for some time and then it was slowly raised. It looked like the reflection of a star in the water at first, and its rays were seen, and in them were visible the forms of darting fish. The light soon lit up water for twenty feet around, and a weird assortment of fish that had never before been heard of was seen. When near the surface the entrails of some of these fish burst from their mouths. "The professor ascribed this," said Mr. Hastings, "to the inward pressure. Nature had made them so that they could live in the great depths in which they were found, and when this pressure of the deep water was removed there was a counteracting force that killed them."

The dead fish were just as useful for the purpose for which the professor wanted them as live ones, and he gathered in a great many rare and curious specimens without much trouble. The light was also used to good purpose for discovering the various depths in which different kinds of fish lived.—*Chicago Times.*

—A moral guide to the stage is said to be a novel invention of a theatre manager. He prints his bills in different colors, indicating the nature of his theatrical wares. For example, a red bill signifies that the play is pernicious; a white bill, that it is moral, and a blue one that it is half-and-half. By this system he says paterfamilias will be able to see at a glance whether he ought to take his sons and daughters or not. The same manager reserves yellow bills for pieces of the Dumas school, as a warning to husbands to beware of what may happen should they let their wives go.

—Any man with a fair education and good imitative faculties can pass himself off for a lord, count, earl, marquis, or bishop, and nothing but positive identification can expose him. It is different with a woman. Whatever she is naturally will come out the first time she gets mad.

DINING ITINERANCY.

How a Southern Gentleman Made a Dull Dinner Party Agreeable.

Variety, so they tell us, is the spice of life. And while each of us has, no doubt, been in certain conditions that we think would have been delightful enough to have lasted forever, yet we have many times been placed in conditions where the most sudden change, short of absolute disaster, would have been most welcome. What is more stupid than an uninteresting companion at dinner?—to be compelled to sit through course after course with one in whom you can find no response, with whom there is no common ground of meeting? Evidently a Southern gentleman has found a relief from this state of affairs, if the following incident is correctly reported:

"After the soup had been served, and just prior to serving the next course, the host gave his signal and rose from his seat, as did every other gentleman at the table, all the ladies remaining seated. Each gentleman then moved to the next gentleman's seat to his right. When this was first done, the ladies, not being let into the secret, were very much surprised at the unusual conduct of the gentlemen, and could not at once comprehend the meaning of it; but when they gathered its full intent, and the charm there was in it, it was decidedly gratifying to note the merriment and interest with which they received the innovation. Just prior to the commencement of the next course the host gave his signal again, and each gentleman again moved one gentleman's seat to his right, and so on. The entire setting of the courses was so harmoniously arranged that at the close of the dinner each gentleman had visited, for a short space, every lady at the table, and had at last returned to her whom he had escorted in to dinner."

There might be conditions under which this system of itinerancy would be very embarrassing, if not disastrous.

One would not enjoy having to stop in the midst of expressing a long-cherished sentiment to a most attentive and sympathetic listener; the fortunate companion of an entertaining conversationalist would not enjoy an interruption; the two hearts learning to beat as one would prefer to gaze into each other's faces. But to the unfortunate two who are suspended over the middle ground of indifference or antagonism, what a relief is the host's signal that gives liberty! This custom will not become general, but would it not be delightful to the lion of the evening who is expected to thrill the company by his wit or wisdom? Would he not welcome this opportunity? He could then prepare his set phrases and skillfully lead the conversation into the channels where his little barks would float without the mental effort necessary for a long voyage in which he must guide another's freight.—*Christian Union.*

EVOLUTION OF EATING.

Some Curious Table Manners of the Good Old Days.

It was late in the fourteenth century when the first evidences of art in the shape of silver cups were noticeable on the buffet. The dishes were made of pewter or wood, and spoons of bone, wood or silver. Knives were rare, and on that account guests invited to feasts carried their own knives. Forks came in general use still later, and for long years after their introduction they were considered ridiculous affectation and foppery, and not nearly so convenient as one's own fingers. The lord and his lady dipped their fingers into the same plate and sipped their wine from the same cup. Even the queenly Elizabeth, with all her elaborate ideas of etiquette, was content to carry her food to her mouth with her fingers, and at first despised the newly invented fork as unseemly and awkward.

Very gradually the dinning-hall grew in comfort and splendor. Dishes of gold and silver were made, and so eager were the nobles for them that they would sacrifice any thing to possess them. The salt-cellar was for a long time the article of highest importance on the board. It was a great affair and stood directly in the center of the table; it was the dividing line; the nobles were seated above the salt, the commoners below; hence grew the proverb: "Below the salt." The passing of salt was a ceremonious custom, the guest throwing a pinch over his left shoulder and murmuring a blessing.

The salt-cellars were of the most curious devices. Sometimes they represented huge animals, sometimes a great, full-blown flower on a long, slender stem, and again they were in the shape of a chariot, mounted on four wheels, on which they were easily run down the table.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to lose many of its primitive ways, and became, in a sense, more refined.

Henry VIII. was born with luxurious tastes; he had his banquet chairs supplied with velvet cushions, and about this time the parlor or "talking room," as it was called, was introduced; and here the dames took refuge when the dinner advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

The cook that presided over the kitchen in those days was not the counterpart of our nineteenth century Bridget, but he was an artist, and generally a man of quality. The ladies of the household, even those of noble birth, attended to many domestic duties, making the bread, preserving the fruits, while to understand the proper use of starch was considered a great accomplishment.—*Woman.*

Ghastly Relics.

The government will soon have to find new uses for Ford's Old Theatre at Washington. After the assassination of Lincoln public sentiment revolted at the idea that the place should continue to be a play-house. A proposition to transfer the property to the Government was readily entertained by the proprietor. The purchase price was $88,000. Then came the suggestion that it should be turned over to the surgeon-general. It was accepted as peculiarly fitting; and thus the building in which the President received his mortal wound became the store-house for the ghastly records and still more ghastly relics of the army surgeon.

People with weak nerves do not tarry long among the bones and casts. Most visitors are disappointed. They expect something realistic pertaining to the assassination, but the building has been so altered that it requires a pretty strong imagination to turn the interior into a theatre and picture the scene of that terrible April night.

The failure to gratify morbid curiosity by the preservation of the interior, or part of it, in the condition it was the night of the assassination has been partially atoned for. All these years there has been on exhibition in the corner above where the President sat that fatal night a little glass case containing three pieces from a human backbone. The sections rest one upon another. Between the first and second, as they stand, there is a jagged hole, showing where a bullet struck. This "specimen" was once part of the living body of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Mr. Lincoln.

The three vertebræ are nearly all of the remains of the mad actor which have not crumbled to dust. A small bottle, such as surgeons use to preserve specimens in alcohol, goes with the portion of Booth's backbone. A clot of grayish-looking matter floats in the preserving liquid. It is the part of the spinal cord which was struck by Boston Corbett's bullet when Booth received his death wound in the burning barn on the Garrett plantation, near Bowling Green, Va., eleven days after the assassination. Lincoln and Booth were shot in very nearly the same portion of the body. The ball in each case entered near the base of the brain. In Lincoln's case the nerves were paralyzed and no pain was suffered. Booth's torture, until death came, was the most severe that could have been devised. People gaze and gaze at the two specimens, after they learn what they are, and go away satisfied. Of late years there has stood near the Booth relics a jar which possesses almost equal interest with its neighbors. It contains the spleen of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield.

Reminiscences of the Indian wars are numerous. There is the skull of one Apache brave who only succumbed when he had been sabered nine times. At least that must be the conclusion, for the cranium shows nine distinct penetrating cuts from the sword. Of course, it is not to be supposed that the white man amused himself by whacking away needlessly at the red man's head after the latter was hors de combat. The skull belonged to an Arancanian, who was killed by Chilian soldiers.

The skull of the favorite squaw of Little Bear, the Indian chief, is a very good companion piece to the above. She was killed in Wyoming. In the preserved cranium are seven bullet holes.

Some of the wonderful accomplishments of the Indians with their arrows are illustrated in a very realistic manner. These arrows had heads made of the iron hoops of barrels. These may be taken between the fingers and bent with ease, they are so thin; but shot from the bow by the Indians they went through obstacles which would have stopped a bullet. They penetrated bones without fracturing them and they made cuts as clean as the keenest surgical blades. The Apache arrowhead of soft iron has pierced where a leaden projectile would have flattened.

The skull, with an arrow point driven into it almost to the head, is a reminiscence of an Indian attack on a stage in Western Texas. Three United States soldiers were the guard. One was killed outright, one escaped and the third crawled away through the grass with this arrow point sticking in his brain, a bullet hole through an arm, another through a leg, and a third chunk of lead in his breast. This man lay in the grass until the Indians had disappeared, and then he made his way afoot 160 miles over the plains of Texas. The stage was attacked on the 1st of September, 1870, and seven days later the man limped up to Fort Concho. He was still in possession of his mental faculties, but he died on the 19th of September, ten days after entering the hospital. When the post-mortem was held the surgeons found that the arrow point had gone straight through the bone and into the brain, making a wound, which under ordinary conditions, would be considered sufficient to cause immediate death. Alongside of the skull is shown a piece of the stage door, of hard wood, with another arrow head sticking in it.

Some people may think this a rather incredible story, but there are plenty of things in the Army Medical Museum to show that exceptions exist to the ordinary laws of mortality. A broken neck usually kills. There is exhibited a skull with the spinal column attached, which came from the Catacombs of Paris. Any surgeon can see that the column was broken where it reaches the head and that the parts mended themselves before death came. The United States has furnished one case of this kind, and the evidence is shown here in the dislocated vertebræ grown together again.

A miscellaneous assortment in a case containing a "giant" skeleton includes a piece of the hip of a soldier in the 8th New Jersey, which makes an interesting specimen, because the owner of it got well enough afterward to carry the hod. He laid in the hospital eleven months, however. The bone was taken out in May, 1864, and it was April, 1865, when the patient waked. No. 1335 is a large bone with the splintering about midway where the bullet struck. The tag says: "Maj.-Gen. D. E. S., United States Volunteers, Gettysburg, July 2; amputated in the lower third of the thigh by Surgeon T. Sim, United States Volunteers, on the field. Stump healed rapidly, and subject was able to ride in carriage July, 16; completely healed, so that he mounted his horse in September, 1863. Contributed by the subject." It is the leg of Gen. Sickles, who is still cheerfully stumping about New York and Washington.

The bones are much more agreeable to look upon than casts. There is some satisfaction in seeing a man was seven feet high in life wholly undressed, particularly when his bones are bleached glistening white and the joints and attachments are of bright metal.

Good for Great Britain.

The Washington *Republican* said Tuesday that information has been received in that city in regard to a gigantic Anglo-American commercial scheme in which several American millionaires, the Rothschilds, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminister and others, are said to be concerned.

It has been ascertained that the promoters propose to erect granaries, warehouses, a pork curing establishment, and a cheese and butter factory on sites convenient to several great lines of railroad leading into Chicago. All kinds of American produce, such as flour, bacon, cheese, butter and fruits of every description as well as live stock, are to be carried to Chicago and then by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to New York. A bridge will be built connecting the main land with Staten Island where large docks will be constructed by a syndicate of capitalists from New York. The produce of the United States will be carried by steamers specially built for the company and landed at Barrow in Furness, England. The Duke of Devonshire is the principal proprietor of the land in this district besides being president of the Furness railway.

At Barrow the company proposes building alongside the docks *abattoirs* for slaughtering cattle immediately after landing, also tanneries for preparing hides and factories for making oleomargarine. Large warehouses are also to be erected at Barrow and thence the food products will be distributed throughout Great Britain by means of retail stores which will be opened in all the leading towns in order to supply consumers direct without incurring any middlemen's charges.

The capital to be invested in the enterprise will, it is said, amount to many millions of dollars. Agents have been sent to this country and are now making necessary arrangements to commence operations in the spring.

Wickedness in Brazil.

Sabbath in Para is a holiday, and not a holy day in any sense. Beside the daily morning mass, very seldom is there any service in the Roman Catholic church. Sunday morning many of the women attend this mass; but the men almost universally stay away; some remain at home to work, but many more devote the day to drinking and the game. Those who wish to spend the day more quietly visit friends or take their families to Marco de Legua, a much frequented resort three miles from the centre of the city, reached by both horse and steam car. Steam cars only run to this resort, however, upon the Sabbath and other public holidays. In the evening twelve large churches, one of these the massive cathedral of the bishop, have closed doors, with both theatres, with a seating capacity of at least 4,000, are crowded to their utmost. Gambling dens and billiard and drinking saloons all do a thriving business, while the harlot watches at her window for the footsteps of the passer-by.—Rev. A. C. Smith in *New York Christian Advocate.*

When Attacked by Pneumonia.

"What is the first symptom of pneumonia?" was asked of a New York physician.

"A severe chill," was the reply.

"What ought a man to do who is seized with such a chill?"

"He should get into a bath tub containing hot water—so hot that it would redden the skin—and stay there as long as he can."

What is the philosophy of such treatment?"

A severe chill, which always precedes pneumonia, indicates that the blood has gorged the lungs, liver or kidneys. Now, the first remedial step is to dissipate this blood. A hot bath does this. It draws the blood to the surface, and dissipates it over a greater area. After having lain in the bath until relief is experienced the patient should step out of it and wrap himself in a woolen blanket. Don't stop to dry yourself with a towel, but wrap the warm wool around you and tumble into bed

"The consensus of opinion among the leading physicians of the day, is that pneumonia is an infectious disease. That is, the disease germ is in the air, and when the right physical condition is presented the germ takes root and fructifies. The popular idea that pneumonia is confined to cold weather in an erroneous one. There is no pneumonia in the Arctic regions. It is mainly due to the sudden changes in our temperature. By consulting the health reports of New York city it will be found that the highest death rate occurs in December and February, but that there are a good many cases in August."

Col. Smith, who writes for the Atlanta *Constitution* under the name of "Bill Arp," is a farmer in Georgia. He gives the following reasons for being a Protectionist: "You know I was an old-fashioned Democrat, brought up to believe in Free Trade and sailors' rights. I am now; but something has happened. I own a little farm near Cartersville. I used to gather my corn and sell it in Atlanta for whatever they would give. I had some pasture land for my stock and I raised wheat, vegetables and fruit in a small way. What we could not consume was wasted. When the tariff went into operation old Joe Brown started some iron developments near by, and the Cartersville Station became quite a village. Before I left home I sold seventeen loads of hay. Buyers didn't bargain for it, but came and took all I could spare at my own price. I havn't sold a bushel of corn in several years. Those fellows come and buy it by the dozen for roasting ears. It's so with everything that grows on my land. I cannot raise as much wheat as they want. I'm in favor of the thing that did it, so I'm a Protectionist.

"You will come to our fair to-morrow evening, Mr. Sampson, of course?" she said, with a bewitching smile, "and you must bring lots of money with you."

Mr. Sampson was so overcome by the smile that he was on his knees before he knew it, and presently everything was as it should be.

"George, dear," the girl said later on, and she said it thoughtfully, too, "perhaps it will be as well for you not to bring too much money to-morrow evening. We ought both to practice economy now, you know."
—*New York Sun.*

Are You Troubled With a Cough?
If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!
No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!
One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.
A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,
While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, 1y

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION
PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

—THE LEADING—

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.

ESTEY ORGANS



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instruments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Cor. Water and Third streets
OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,
SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	8.09 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6	11.38 A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4	11.56 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.37 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.07 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1888

THE MORNING HERALD

$3.00 A Year.
$1.65 Six Months.
30 Cts. Per Month.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE SUNDAY HERALD

$1.50 A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE WEEKLY HERALD

50 Cents A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, bright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald.*

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading *literateurs* of the day, *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

THE *Weekly Herald* is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright. It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 365 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888. NUMBER 3.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnol's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.

RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,

8 6 td Principal.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock. Permanent employment and good salary to honest, energetic men. The business is easy learned. We grow all the reliable new varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Write for terms.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,

West Chester, Pa.

Established 1853.

2 18 6t Maple Avenue Nurseries.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by *always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov, 24, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out: if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

O, Wilhelmina, Come Back.

Personal—Will the young woman who edited the gravy department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days, and then jumped on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back, or write to 32 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese.

Come back, Wilhelmina, writes Bill Nye, in the New York *World*, and be our little sunbeam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone at so much per cluster.

If you think best we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong to your set. We will also strive, O, so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If he had known, four or five years ago that children were offensive to you, it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shriek loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know, and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel towards them, and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were, and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble-cake and your slat-pie. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half.

Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peach-cobbler, compelling you to bear half of it yourself. That will not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide on the same basis. We are not now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air, and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess, and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors, and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmia.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples or grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us and the old sunlight come back to our roof-tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger, and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain-worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpling. Goaded to madness by this, I said that you sang like a shingle-mill, but it was not my better nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself, and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle-mill, at least so much as to mislead a practiced ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any shingle-mill I ever heard.

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour.

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell me how you are getting along, and how you contrive to insert air-holes into home-made bread.

One of our Western exchanges says that a practical revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, who explained that he was the editor, and could not because the rest of the congregation were owing him thier subscriptions.

Some Saxon Customs.

It seems somewhat paradoxical, perhaps, to use the term table manners about a people who had no tables strictly speaking, but a board that, when required, was brought out from its place of storage and placed upon trestles, and on this, after covering with a piece of carpet or tapestry, the meal was placed. From this source comes our word "boarder;" one who sits at our board to eat, but who is not of the family.

The salt-cellar was the most important article upon the table. It was very large, made with a cover, and when the host could afford it, was of solid silver elaborately chased. It occupied the place of honor on the table, and the most distinguised guests sat above it. Thus "to sit below the salt" shows the position of an inferior.

The meats were brought in on spits, just as they were cooked, and in that way passed around by the servants to the guests, who in the more barbarous times tore off a portion as best they could. When they were a little further advanced in civilization there was a carver who held the meat in one hand while he cut with the other. The guests helped themselves, using their hands, throwing the bones and refuse to the dogs and casts, of which there was a goodly number, and which scrambled for their share among the rushes. A few had knives shaped like razors, but forks were unknown. Even the great Elizabeth ate with her fingers. In her reign, however, commerce was extended and luxuries began to appear; porcelains and glasses to drink from instead of pewter mugs. In her bath-room she had mirrors, and this was considered a great extravagance.

At first, two persons ate from one "trencher." The trenchers were nothing more than a huge slice of bread. Two qualities of bread were made; one fine, to be eaten; the other of coarse, inferior flour, which was cut in substantial slices and used as plates. After the meal was ended, if the guest or member of the family was unusually hungry he was at liberty to eat his plate, which was found to be quite palatable in consequence of having soaked up the gravy; if he did not choose to devour it, it was placed in the alms-basket, which was always to be found in the dining hall and into which was gathered the broken food and sent out to the poor, waiting at the gate.

When plates first came into use the rich provided themselves with handsome silver ones, while the poorer classes had to be content with those made of pewter or wood.

Every one had his drinking horn or cup. Usually it was a horn elaborately carved or ornamented with gold and silver, and considered a very valuable article among a man's possessions. The drinking horn was often left by will, as in later times people bequeated snuff boxes and as now they might dispose of a valuable watch or diamond ring.

In the transfer of land, before the custom of witnessing by seal was introduced, the owner gave something in pledge as an assurance or token of the contract, and in such cases it was not uncommon to make use of the drinking horn for this purpose. One family held their estate from Canute by his drinking horn. This was their sole proof. One can get from this fact an idea of the value which was attached to this article of personal property. Probably the expression "taking a horn" could be traced back to the use of this form of drinking utensil, for they were so fashioned, as were the first drinking glasses also, that they could not be placed in an upright position, therefore it became necessary as soon as they were filled to swallow their contents at once. From their propensity to tumble over is said to have come our word "tumbler," as applied to a drinking glass.

They were seated in the balcony, and he, the ardent and romantic lover, was breathing impassioned sentiment into the ears of the peerless but practical Priscilla.

"How sweet to me is the scent of roses!" he murmured in his thrilling tones. "The perfume of that queen of flowers affects me strangely, agitates me, nay, even forces the tears into my eyes!"

And Pegasus would have soared to even greater heights had she not brought him to earth with the common-place comment:

"Well, do you know, I've noticed the same thing about onions!"

Soap Versus Law.

A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe armed with a subpena for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in the back yard busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling, mass in a large brass kettle, He stated his business and she said:

"I can't go to-day."

"But you must."

"What's the hurry?"

"Why, court's in session and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well, I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hull kittle o' saft soap to spile, jist to please your old court? No, sirree!"

"Why, my dear madam, you must. You really dont seem to understand——"

"I understand that I've got a big kittle o' splendid soap grease on to bile, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if it ain't finished to-day. You go back and tell the jedge so."

"You'll be fined for——"

"Pooh! I'd like to see the Missoury jury that'd fine a woman for not leaven' soap-bilin' when it was at a critical p'int, as one might say, Tell the jedge I'll come to-morrow if we don't butcher our peegs then; an' if we do, I'll come some day next week,"

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now."

"Lookee, young man, you think I'm a fool? I reckon you never made any soap, did you? If you had, you'd know that——"

"What does the jedge care about your soap?"

"Well, what do I care 'bout the jedge, if it comes to that? Let the jedge 'tend to his law, an' I'll 'tend to my soap. Law's law and soap's soap. The good book says there's a time for everything, an' this is my time fer a bar'l o' saft soap."

"Well, madam, if you want to be fined for contempt of court, all right. You will be fined sure as ——"

"Bah! I know all bout the law, an' there ain't anything in it, nor in the Constitution of the United States, nor in the Declaration of Injependence, nor in nothing else, that says a woman's got to leave a kittle o' half-cooked soap, and go off to court when she ain't a mind to. I guess I know a little law myself."—*Tid-Bits.*

Making Russian Sheet Iron.

Probably the only secret process which has been kept inviolate, and for ages openly defied the world of science, is the iron trade of Russia. The secret of making Russian sheet iron is owned by the Government and is such an immense monopoly that it is currently supposed to defray the entire expenses of the Government.

The works constitute an entire city, isolated and fortified against the rest of the world. When a workman enters the service he bids a last farewell to his family and friends, and is practically lost to the rest of the world. He is never heard from afterward, and whether he lives or dies, all trace of him is lost forever.

There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would-be traitor.

In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and despite their protestations that they were unable to read, they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter, and it was afterward decreed that the guards themselves should pass the remainder of their days within the works.

The wonderful properties of this iron are so well-known that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them; imitations have been made closely resembling the original article, but the durable polish, toughness and anti-rusting qualities are lacking, and today the secret remains hidden as the philosopher's stone.

It has been recently claimed that a new discovery has been made, which it is believed by some, will develop into the manufacture of an article equally as good, and preparations are now being made to erect large works in this country for its production, but it is too early yet to predict what the results may be.—*Ex.*

Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, then another? Because she cant turn it both ways at once.

"John, you said Sally kissed you, did you kiss her back?" "No—I kissed her face.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A NEGLECTED GRAVE.

Neglected grave: how soon forgot!
A blackened stone, rank grass, dead leaves,
A narrow mound that ne'er receives
A fond attention, mark the spot
Where one whose name no carving shows,
Lies wrapped in mortal's last repose.

Up yonder hill, years gone apace,
A funeral *cortege* crept—tears fell
From kindred eyes; a mournful knell
Announced an end to life's swift race.
And now, all those who sorrowed then
In endless peace are here again.

What care the dead if selfish aims
Afford no time for long respect?
If stately shaft or cold neglect
Extol or slight their empty names?
Alas! their usefulness is o'er,
The busy world needs them no more.

But do not we, whose beings thrill
With buoyant life and sturdy powers,
Keep bright the hope in solemn hours
That, when our throbbing hearts are still,
Some faithful friend shall ever keep
A loving vigil o'er our sleep?

—*Howard M. Hoke in Leslie's Weekly.*

A CLEVER WOMAN.

Her Shrewd and Successful Financial Operation.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on a bright spring morning. Yet Colonel Punter was still busily employed in his bachelor rooms in Piccadilly. The Colonel was a fresh-complexioned, somewhat portly man, of about fifty years of age, with grizzled hair and mustache and a vigor of eye and form, which, although he had retired, gave ample evidence that he was blessed with plenty of strength and energy, and would be quite ready for hard service should his country require it of him. On this morning he was correcting the proofs of a pamphlet that was shortly to appear, entitled "The Proper Formations in Savage Warfare." This pamphlet was looked forward to in military circles with a good deal of interest, for Colonel Punter was a very well-known man, and was highly thought of as a scientific soldier. He had been at work on these proofs for two hours, and had just made up his mind that it was time to walk down to his club, when his servant entered the room, and, presenting a card, said that the lady would be very much obliged if Colonel Punter would grant her an interview.

"Certainly," said the Colonel; then glancing at the card he muttered to himself: "Mrs. Verner—I can't remember ever to have heard the name before. I wonder what she wants." Then being a kindly and courteous man, he rose from his writing desk, pushed the proofs away, and took up the newspaper, so that he might not appear to have been interrupted at work. Scarcely had he completed his little maneuver when the door opened and a lady, well but quietly dressed, was shown into the room. She was tall and graceful, and wore a heavy veil, which, however, on the servant's retiring, she threw back, and, holding out her hands, advanced with a smile, saying:

"I am afraid, Colonel Punter, you will have forgotten me."

The Colonel was quite equal to the occasion, and returned her greeting cordially, racking his brains in the meantime to think where he could have seen that beautiful, sad face before. It was the face of a woman about thirty-five years of age, or perhaps a little more, with dark hair and eyes, and an indefinable expression of mirth beneath its sadness, indicating, as it seemed, a lightness of heart which the troubles of the world might have dimmed but could not obliterate. Observing, apparently, the Colonel's somewhat puzzled expression, she continued, gayly:

"I see that, as I expected, I shall have to help your memory. Don't you remember Miss Maud Mervyn, when you were quartered at Dover more than twenty years ago? Why, Colonel Punter, you had just got your company then, and we used to dance together at the Dover balls."

"Give me a moment, Mrs. Verner," he replied; "twenty years is a long time for an old man's memory to go back in a flash."

"Now, don't deny it," continued she, laughing. "I see you don't remember me, but I am not at all offended, for, indeed, how should you? I was a slip of a girl then, and you were, if you will allow me to say so, a man of somewhere about thirty. I, no doubt, was an infinitely insignificant person to you then, as, on the other hand, you were a very important person to me. But, you see, I am obliged to plead our old acquaintance, Colonel Punter, as it is my only excuse for the liberty I have taken in calling on you."

"Excuse of any kind is quite unnecessary," said the Colonel, with a slight bow and smile.

"It is very kind of you to say so," she replied; "and when you have heard my sad story I think you will give me the advice which I have come to ask of you."

"If it is a subject on which I am at all qualified to speak," said he, "I shall be most happy."

"I think it is decidedly your subject, Colonel Punter," she replied, "for it is about my son, who is in the army, that I wish to ask your advice."

"Your son—in the army!" exclaimed the Colonel, with an inflexion of voice that was decidedly complimentary to the youthfulness of her appearance. May I ask his regiment?"

"The Sixtieth Lancers."

"The Sixtieth Lancers!" repeated the Colonel. "Why, Mrs. Verner, I know your son. His commanding officer is an old friend of mine, and I have a slight acquaintance with the whole regiment."

"This is very singular and very lucky," said she. "As you know my poor boy's regiment, I think you will be better able to understand and advise on the troubles and difficulties I am in regarding him. Will you let me tell you my sad story from the beginning, or shall I be boring you?"

"O, pray, don't think so for a moment, Mrs. Verner," said the Colonel; and he would have liked to add: "Nothing you could say would bore me," but felt it would be unsuitable to the occasion.

"Well," she continued with a sigh, "my married life was a short and not a happy one. My husband's health was always bad, and for this reason we had to reside abroad. When we had been married two years my husband died and left me alone in the world with an infant boy." She paused and seemed lost for a moment in sad memories, while the Colonel glanced sympathetically at her, but thought well to say nothing. "Well," she continued, "during the last twenty years I have lived almost entirely abroad, but I sent my son to be educated at Eton, and about two years ago he obtained a commission in the Sixtieth Lancers. Words can not tell what a comfort and joy my son has been to me during my lonely widowhood—I have been so proud of all his school triumphs, I have always been his confidante when he got into trouble. You see, Colonel Punter, I am sadly constrained to use the past tense, for I am grieved to say that since he entered the army his manner to me has gradually changed, until now, when I do see him, which is not often, he who used to be all frankness and love is all coldness and reserve—and if this goes on it will break my heart." Here she fairly gave way and covered her face with her hands. Colonel Punter's soft heart was always much perturbed at the sight of a woman's tears. So he kept murmuring in his most soothing accents:

"Pray, madam, pray, calm yourself. I am sure I will do all I can to help you."

In a few minutes she recovered herself and said:

"You must excuse my breaking down. I know it always vexes a man to see a woman's tears. But I will promise not to do so again, and I dare say you are wondering what you can do to help me in this matter. Well, the fact is, I want to know the worst. I have heard rumors about my son which make me shudder whenever I think of them. I hear that he has given himself out in the regiment as the son of rich people who live abroad, and that he is living in most extravagant style, whereas it is, in truth, with considerable difficulty that his moderate allowance is regularly paid."

"Young scoundrel!" ejaculated the Colonel. Then remembering that a son must never be abused to his mother, added: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Verner, but for the moment my indignation got the better of me. Besides, these reports are, perhaps, not true. I do not know the affairs of the junior members of the corps sufficiently well to be able to give an opinion on the subject."

"O, I quite understand that; but do tell me what course I had better take," she said, glancing appealingly at him. "How am I, a helpless woman, to find out whether these dreadful reports are true or not? And yet I feel that I must know the truth or go mad."

After a pause, during which the Colonel was evidently lost in thought, he replied: "Mrs. Verner, I promised to do the best I could for you, and I will. I am going down to Aldershot in a few days, and I shall there see Colonel Thompson; from him I will ascertain what reputation for wealth your son has in the regiment. I admit I don't much like the detective part of the business, but I feel that it is a sacred duty to protect a lady in your sad position."

"O, how kind of you, Colonel Punter!" she exclaimed. "This is more than I had any right to expect that you would do for me. But, O, let me beg of you not to expose my son if these rumors should be true, and let me implore you not to seek an interview with him on the subject. If you learn from the Colonel, as you kindly say you will, whether what I have heard is true or not, and would, on your return to town, grant me a few words of advice as to what course I had better take, I should be very grateful."

"I shall be most happy, Mrs. Verner," said he, briskly; "but I feel sure that you will find that there is nothing in it after all. Your son, as far as I know him, is a charming young fellow, and quite incapable of the frauds which these accusations impute to him. So pray keep up your spirits, and, if it is convenient to you, let us arrange to meet here at this time on this day week."

The time was quite convenient to Mrs. Verner, and, with many apologies for the liberty she had taken in calling to ask his advice, she departed.

On his journey down to Aldershot the next morning Colonel Punter thought a good deal about his fair visitor of the day before and her troubles. He heaped, moreover, many hard words on the head of young Verner (for, of course, he supposed him, at any rate, partially guilty). "Selfish young rascals, all the lot of them!" said he to himself; "they don't mind a straw how much trouble they bring on their relations, if only they can indulge themselves, and such a charming woman, too!" And then he went off into a reverie, in the midst of which he found himself speculating as to whether a man of his age was absolutely and irrevocably too old to marry without making himself look like a fool; and as the train arrived at Aldershot he had just come to the conclusion that there was a good deal to be said on both sides.

That very evening he saw Colonel Thompson, and in the course of conversation managed to ask his questions about young Verner, and found out that, according to Colonel Thompson, Verner was the son of a rich merchant in Singapore, and that his people had not been in England for many years.

"Yes, thank you," said Colonel Punter. "I thought I heard of his people in England, but I suppose I must be mistaken," and then he changed the subject. He happened, however, just before mess (he was a guest of the regiment that night), to meet Verner by himself, and he suddenly resolved, in spite of the widow's request, to say a few words to him. So stepping forward and addressing the young man in a somewhat constrained voice, he said: "Would you mind taking a turn with me, as there are a few things I should like to speak to you about?"

"I shall be most happy, Colonel Punter," said the young man, wondering what on earth the old boy had to say to him.

No sooner were they well out of earshot than the Colonel turned short on his companion, and said sternly: "I saw your mother in town yesterday," and then paused to watch the crushing effect of his words. But no crushing effect was visible; on the contrary, Verner answered in accents of mild surprise:

"You must be thinking of some one else, sir; my mother is at Singapore."

"No, I am not thinking of anybody else," said the Colonel, still more sternly; and then added: "So you are going to brazen it out, are you?"

"Brazen what out?" said the young man, apparently thoroughly puzzled.

"You know very well," said the Colonel; "and if you don't, you soon will." Then he turned on his heel and walked off.

Young Verner stood for a moment looking after him; then walked away, laughing heartily.

At mess that night he was heard to say to a brother officer: "You know old Punter, who's here to-night?"

"Yes, replied the other, "I know him pretty well. What about him?"

"He was in India a good deal, wasn't he?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Did he ever get a touch of the sun?"

"Dare say he did; most people do out there."

"Well, if he did, it has affected his brain—poor old boy!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that the gallant Colonel may have his lucid intervals, but when he met me, just before mess, he was as mad as a hatter."

"How mad?"

"Well he told me that he had met my mother yesterday in London."

"She's at Singapore, isn't she?"

"Yes, and has been for the last twenty years, and so I told him."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said he saw I was going to brazen it out. I said, 'Brazen out what!' and he retorted, with a scowl, that would have frightened an elephant, that I knew very well. Then he turned and walked off. I could not help laughing at the poor old fellow at the time, he was so desperately serious about it all. However, the sun may do the same for me some day, and I really pity him, for he's a very good chap when he's all right."

"O, a capital fellow," replied the other, "and can tell a very good story. It's really very sad. I suppose it must have been a touch of the sun, though I never heard of his being odd before."

"He seems all right now, any way," said Verner, looking up the table where Colonel Punter was sitting.

"O, yes, he's all right now. I'll tell you what, Verner; I have an explanation. The old boy came down from town by a midday train, and I dare say missed his lunch, and what you took for a madman was only a fellow very much in want of his dinner." And the two young men laughingly changed the subject.

A few days after this the Colonel was back in town, and found himself dreading considerably the coming interview with the widow. He would have to confirm her worst fears, he was afraid; also, that there would be a scene, and he did not like the idea of it at all. He felt, moreover, that he must appear in the light of a bearer of bad news—a melancholy character which he did not by any means wish to assume in Mrs. Verner's eyes. "However," thought he, "I shall at any rate have an opportunity afterward of playing the part of comforter and adviser." And this reflection seemed to cause him a good deal of satisfaction. It will be seen, therefore, that the Colonel had been somewhat taken (to use the word which he employed in confessing it to himself), or smitten with Mrs. Verner on the one occasion on which he had seen her, and during the few days that intervened between his return to town and the day on which they had appointed to have their second meeting he found himself constantly regarding that future date with the mixed feelings which have been described above.

The appointed day and hour found Colonel Punter seated in his room trying to read the paper, but in reality waiting a little nervously for Mrs. Verner. She did not keep him long. On entering the room she looked keenly at the Colonel, and, advancing quickly, said in rapid, anxious accents:

"O, Colonel Punter, don't keep me in suspense; is it true?" Then seeing his blank look, she cried out: "It is, and he is dishonored." Then she sank into a chair and burst into tears. This the Colonel had prepared himself for; so in his most winning accents he implored her to compose herself. This in a few minutes she partially succeeded in doing, and immediately proceeded to cross-examine him as to what he had found out and done at Aldershot; how there was no doubt in the regiment as to young Verner's being the son of rich people at Singapore; how the Colonel himself had told him so, and how he (Colonel Punter) had in a fit of indignation spoken to the young man himself. For this she mildly upbraided him, reminding him of her request, and the Colonel deprecated her wrath and pleaded sudden impulse. When the story was finished she rose, and, smiling sadly through her tears, said:

"I don't know how I can sufficiently thank you for your kindness to me, Colonel Punter. You have indeed been a true friend, and I should like above all things, if you will allow me, to ask your advice as to what I had better do in this sad matter; but, indeed, I feel quite incapable of doing so on this occasion. Hearing that these terrible reports are true has, as you have seen, upset me very much, and I think I had better go home now; but if you will allow me to fix a future interview by note, when I feel less unequal to the effort, you will add one more to your many kindnesses."

The Colonel very readily consented, and in another moment she was gone, and with her, so it seemed to our gallant friend, all light and beauty departed from the room. From that moment, too, though he would hardly have confessed it to himself, he began looking forward to the day when he should see that note upon his table.

A fortnight had elapsed since the interview above detailed, but Colonel Punter had not yet received the expected note. He had not given up hope, but still he was undoubtedly depressed, and, whether it was an effort to throw off this dejection which had induced him to accompany his friend Captain Jones to the Variety Theater, or whether impelled by fate, or for whatever reason, we will not stop to inquire, but at any rate in that theater, and comfortably ensconced in two stalls, sat Colonel Punter and Captain Jones on this evening, some of the events of which are about to be related.

The curtain had just fallen on the first act, and the house, till at that moment wrapped in gloom, sprang suddenly into light. Then, as if by common consent, every man, woman and child in that great audience, with a want of manners that would be permissible nowhere else, but which is quite conventional between the acts of a play, commenced, with or without opera glasses, to scrutinize his or her neighbor. For a few seconds the Colonel had a discussion with his friend as to whether there was time for a cigarette between the acts. This was promptly decided in the negative, and both officers, grasping their glasses, proceeded to join in the "general inspection."

With a calmness born of long habit, Colonel Punter was sweeping the house, when suddenly his arm dropped and his gaze became intently fixed on the occupants of a box on the right of the stage; these consisted of two gentlemen and a lady, and the lady was Mrs. Verner. On this point he had no doubt whatever, though he looked at her with ever-increasing surprise, for she was in very full evening dress, and was extensively bejeweled. She was, moreover, at this moment talking and laughing loudly, not to say boisterously, with her companions, both of whom the Colonel mentally and unhesitatingly pronounced to be cads. At this juncture Mrs. Verner, turning her head suddenly, caught sight of Colonel Punter staring at her from the stalls; the moment their eyes met he bowed, and she also bowed slightly and smiled; then, turning to her companions, she seemed, from their uproarious laughter, to be telling them a more than usually good story. Captain Jones had observed the mutual recognition pass between his friend and the lady in the box, and was greatly astonished.

"Why, Colonel," he said, "do you know her? You don't mean to say that you have had to go to the Hebrews, like younger men?"

"Yes, I know her. But what on earth do you mean by asking whether I've been going to the Hebrews?"

"Well, I think it was a very natural question, under the circumstances."

"I don't know what you are talking about. Who do you think that lady is, then?"

"I don't think at all, Colonel. I know that she's Mrs. Hart Moss, the female representative of one of the biggest money-lending firms in town; and they tell me she's a very good hand at the business."

Colonel Punter made no reply, but became plunged in a deep and apparently distressing reverie, for he clenched his fist and almost ground his teeth, until he attracted the attention of Captain Jones, who had, in the meantime, been nodding recognitions to some people of his acquaintance.

"Why, Colonel," said he, "what's the matter? The sight of that Mrs. Moss seems to have disagreed with you awfully. Whom did you mistake her for?"

"It has disagreed with me," said the Colonel, grimly, "but I see it all now. What you say, Jones, is quite true; she is a very good hand at her business." Then suddenly his countenance brightened somewhat, and he added:

"Come and have something at the club after the play, and, if you will swear secrecy, I will tell you the whole story."

And he did tell Captain Jones every detail, finishing the narrative with these words: "So you see she made a regular catspaw of me, in order to find out if Verner was worth powder and shot. I suppose, as his people live abroad, she found difficulties in the ordinary methods of procedure."

"I expect that you're about right, Colonel. By Jove! she's a clever woman!"

"I wonder she had the audacity, though," said our gallant friend, his anger boiling up again for a moment. "Why, I might make the whole matter public."

"She knew you wouldn't, though."

"And she's quite right," said the Colonel, "for I won't.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SIDE-TRACKED IN LIFE.

Why Young People Should Study Their Own Aptitudes.

A Boston paper lately published a number of interviews with men who had become "side-tracked" in life.

By this is meant men, though willing to work, yet were unable to find anything congenial to do.

They were men who had somehow got out of the current of the great forces in which the world is moving, and were stranded, as it were, like helpless hulks along the sands of time. There are more such men and women in every community than most people imagine.

Perhaps the most numerous class of men who get side-tracked are those who start in life in an occupation for which they have no natural aptitude. There are thousands of farmer boys who never should remain on the farm—the loud protestations of the agricultural press to the contrary notwithstanding. There are, doubtless, men who make a life business of stirring the soil when they ought to be stirring the Senate; and, on the contrary, perhaps, there are men who are trying to stir the Senate who ought to be stirring the soil. Good business men are frequently spoilt to make poor preachers; and there are many large and heavy lawyers who would make ideal blacksmiths; and there are some slender and unsuccessful blacksmiths with the keen logical brain and the shrewd masterful mind of the lawyer. Such men are side-tracked for life, unless there is some great event crosses their track, such as crossed the track of Grant the teamster, or Cromwell the country squire. But no doubt there are many Grants who always team, and many Cromwells who never leave the farm. There are many men who start out in life, like hunters, on the wrong trail. They never bring down their game because their game has gone in another direction. They are like fishermen, who bob for cod in a trout brook, or start a-whaling on an inland pond.

There are some men who are side-tracked for life at their very birth. They are born into a mesh of circumstances from which there is no extrication. Of course it is easy enough to say that a man, like water, will always find his level; but it is hard for water to rise plumb with its fountain-head when confined in an underground pipe. It would have been difficult for Shakespeare to assert his claim to immortality if he had been born in Patagonia, and we would never have heard of Plato if he had first seen the light in Scythia. To say nothing of the hereditary influences that mold the unborn man, the environment of the young human's infancy usually shapes and directs his destiny, so irrevocably that only men of the strongest will and the toughest mental and physical fiber can ever counteract the impetus that is given them in childhood. To be sure there are a few who

> Burst their birth's invidious bar,
> And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
> And breast the blows of circumstance,
> And grapple with their evil star.

but men of such heroic breed are always so few that they are perpetually a source of special wonder.

The lesson that young people should gain from all this is the importance of studying their own aptitudes. In choosing a profession do not consult your egotism, but your personal fitness; and if the surroundings of your birth are unfavorable to your fullest development, overcome them as much as possible by the indomitable stubbornness of your own will. To do this, learn to think for yourself at as early an age as possible, and you will soon learn that a man well intrenched within himself is able to rise above the repressions and contracting force of circumstances. Above all things do not get side-tracked at the start.—*Yankee Blade.*

Farming as a Business.

There are some among our readers who, we fear, think farming an exceedingly profitable business, and that any one can make money at it. This is a great mistake, as many have found to their sorrow. We do not wish to mislead any one by giving results of crops obtained under peculiarly favorable circumstances. Farming, like every other calling, has its advantages and its disadvantages. When properly conducted, it will yield a good living, and possibly something more. No one should expect to get rich suddenly in this business. It is a healthful, and in many respects independent and pleasant employment, and one worthy the attention of men of brains. It is not now true, if it ever was, that every dunce can get a better living by farming than by any other occupation. We do not wish to discourage those who are thinking of farming for a life-work, nor, on the other hand, are we willing to glorify it so as to mislead. It is our desire to impress upon all our farmer friends the importance of so conducting their business as to secure the very best results.—*Congregationalist.*

—Fried Parsnips: Wash and scrape the parsnips and boil them until very tender, cut them lengthwise, sprinkle a little pepper, salt and sugar over them, dredge with flour on both sides and fry a light brown.

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken-up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some shtuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for thim!" "What do you mean? asked the clerk. "Purgatory Bullets, sor, or somethin' loike that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad shtomach, and the divil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

BEFORE making fruit-cake current expenses must be considered.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

WHY complain because you are compelled to change your domicile every spring?—even the world moves.

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EVEN truth is not always veracious. Witness the old proverb about truth lying at the bottom of a well.—*Life.*

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we can not help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

A DROWNING man catches at straws, we are told, and so, also, does the thirsty man.—*Boston Post.*

TESTED BY TIME. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price, 25 cts.

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EXPLOSIONS of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THERE is always a hitch in the teamster's business.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE deaf man finds some consolation in the hope of a hear-after.

BIRDS of a feather flock together, but women with high hats sit all over the house.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A BOSTON surgeon has extracted the nerves from a man's cheek. What business house the patient intends to serve as a commercial traveler is not stated.

THERE are some men who are like blank cartridges. They make just as much noise as the other kind but they don't have any effect.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE flour of the family you will often find becomes college bred.—*Yonker's Statesman.*

THE first syllable of Bismarck's autograph is always illegible, but he can plainly make his mark.—*Boston Globe.*

WHY is a candle-maker the worst and most hopeless of men? Because all his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.

THE wife of a dentist says that she intends to go into her husband's operating room soon and do her share of work, for she believes that a man and his wife should pull together.

IT is not altogether strange that a betrothal should lead to a honeymoon.—*Binghamton Republican.*

AN exchange tells how to raise a hat. Couldn't it be done by planting a little percussion cap?—*Texas Siftings.*

"CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases," said the compositor ruefully, as he discovered that somebody had dropped a lot of interrogation points into the e box.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"ARMOR plates," said Mrs. Snaggs, looking up from the paper; "I suppose they are what naval officers eat off."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Growing animals need more food in proportion to their weight than those that are full grown.

—Spinach is one of the early greens. An application of a very fine manure will hasten them and give a larger crop.

—Those who have experienced the misery of chilblains will be glad to try bathing the afflicted parts in a pint of vinegar containing five cents' worth of turpentine.

—Golden Pudding: Mix well one-quarter of a pound each of flour, bread crumbs, sugar and finely minced meat; and the same quantity of orange marmalade and one egg; pour into a well-buttered mold and steam two and a half hours.

—Vegetables with a strong flavor, such as onions and turnips, will be much improved by putting them to boil in cold water, renewing this from a kettle of boiling water as soon as it comes to a scald.—*Good Cheer.*

—The only way to continue bearing apple trees healthy, vigorous and fruitful, is by giving them full possession of the land, good cultivation, and supplying a sufficient quantity of manure to keep up the fertility of the soil. The neglect to keep these requirements is the main cause of the premature decay of many of our old orchards.

—The customary remedy for the black knot or blight on plum trees is to cut it out as fast as it appears and burn it. This is laborious and not always satisfactory. A Yankee fruit-grower reports that painting the diseased spots as soon as they appear with linseed oil, has been a sure preventive in his experience.—*Farm and Home.*

—The very best thing for a sprain is to put the limb into a vessel of very hot water immediately, then add boiling water as it can be borne. Keep the part immersed for twenty minutes, or until the pain subsides; then apply a tight bandage and order rest. Sometimes the joint can be used in twelve hours. If necessary use a silicate of sodium dressing.

—Sausage Rolls: Take puff paste, roll out to an eighth of an inch in thickness; then cut in squares of four inches each, lay them on a board; have sausage meat ready, make in small rolls, and place one on each square of pastry. Wet the edges and bring them together. Work with beaten white of an egg, bake nice and brown. If properly made these rolls are very dainty.

—Ham and Potatoes: Beat the yelks of two eggs into a little melted butter (about two ounces), cut some thin slices of cooked ham; dip them in it; butter a dish or pan, and lay in it a layer of cold boiled and sliced potatoes, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, then put a layer of the pieces of ham, another of potatoes, and so on till the dish be full, finishing with the potatoes. Pour over this half a pint of cream, stand the dish in the oven and bake quickly.—*Yankee Blade.*

WATCH THE PIGS.

How to Raise Healthy and Consequently Profitable Porkers.

The best possible floor for a piggery is one of earth, provided this is of a kind that will not become too dusty. Hogs seem to be peculiarly sensitive to dust, or, rather, since they have their nostrils oftener and closer to the ground than any other domestic animal, they inhale more dust than any other. It is very injurious to them, causing snuffles, cough, influenza, thumps, etc. The occupation of one bed for a long time unchanged is a fruitful cause of disease; even the earth, which purifies all things, will itself become foul at last from the exhalations of the skin. Hogs seem to be peculiarly sensitive in their skins and the mucous membrane lining all the internal cavities. They suffer from a lack of cleanliness, and no animal will show it sooner in the toused and dead look of the hair; whereas a hog that is in good thrift will very soon give unmistakable evidence of it in the clean, soft, bright appearance of his hair and bristles.

As above stated, an earth floor is the best every way, but this should not be allowed to become so dry as to yield excessive dust, nor so damp as to produce a steamy, reeking condition in the nest, which also is very productive of colds and cough. A floor of clay is good as against the first objection; it does not tend excessively to dust. I have bedded hogs on a layer of earth thrown on a tight board floor a foot or so above the ground, and this will prevent dampness, but is objectionable on account of the propensity of rats to harbor in it. Rats and unringed hogs are exceedingly destructive to a board floor. Every precaution should be adopted to exclude these odious vermin. Their constant running and squealing disturb hogs not a little, to say nothing of the thieveries they perpetrate. I have even suspected them of devouring very young pigs. If I were about to build a hog pen now, after years of experience, I should try at least one compartment of it with a brick or stone floor laid tight in cement, as a foundation for the layer of earth for them to rest in. This would prevent the foul and pernicious dampness that would arise by capillary attraction from the ground beneath, and it would exclude rats.

Let me repeat: If the farmer will carefully watch his pigs and completely renovate their straw, once a week at the outside, he may with safety give it to them for nesting; otherwise not. With the best of intentions toward my swine, I never could bear it in mind to change their bedding often enough; and there is hardly anything more pernicious to them than a pile of evil-smelling, polluted straw. It is positive poison to them.—*Stephen Powers, in Ohio Farmer.*

AGASSIZ AND DICKENS.

Something About the Mothers of These Two Famous Men.

Concerning many of those women the world knows much, but of the majority it is ignorant. The mother of Agassiz, the scientist, was the wife of a Swiss Protestant clergyman, and lived to a good old age. Louis was her favorite son, and she trained him with the greatest care. When, in 1857, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, visited her, he found her at fourscore a "tall, erect and dignified woman, with animated address and cultivated manners." When she was assured by her guest that her son's adopted country loved him, and was proud of him, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the sad story of a mother's heart.

The day that Professor Silliman left she walked a long way in the rain to bid him and his wife farewell. Presenting them with a little boquet of pansies, she bade them tell her son her "pensees were all for him." Pensee, in French, means both pansies and thought. On the fiftieth birthday of Agassiz the Saturday Club, of Boston, celebrated it with a dinner at which Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell read poems. In the poem of the former, allusion was made to the natural mother as mourning over the fact the great mother, Nature, had driven her son from the fireside, where she wished to keep him:

> And the mother at home says "Hark!
> For his voice I listen and yearn:
> It is growing late and dark,
> And my boy does not return."

Agassiz' head was bent during the reading of the poem, but when the allusion to his mother was made his ruddy face flushed with restrained feeling, tears gathered in his eyes, and as the last line was uttered they dropped slowly down his cheeks, one after another.

The childhood of Dickens was so shadowed by poverty, and his sensitive and imaginative mind was so keenly alive to his position, that it was hardly possible that he could draw an absolutely impartial picture of his parents. His mother had a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, and likewise considerable dramatic talent. She was a comely little woman, with handsome, bright eyes, and a genial, agreeable person.

From her Dickens undoubtedly inherited his temperament and intellectual gifts. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something astonishing. Her perception was quick, and she unconsciously noted everything that came under her observation. In describing ridiculous occurrences her tone and gesture would be inimitable, while her manner was of the quaintest. Dickens declared that to her he owed his first desire for knowledge, and his earliest passion for reading was awakened by his mother, who taught him not only the rudiments of English, but also a little of Latin. Poverty saddened and darkened many years of her life, and her children were early compelled to leave her and earn their own living, but they all honored and loved her as she deserved.—*Woman's Argosy.*

CHARACTER STUDIES.

To Learn a Man's or Woman's Disposition Watch Them Eat.

There is no better place to study human nature than the average hotel dining-room. If character doesn't show out when a man is hungry, there probably isn't any. Good breeding, however, shows even more quickly, and though it may not be altogether pleasant to watch the man next to you eat a whole dish of green peas with his knife, it is a curious and interesting sight.

A thin little woman leading four children came into the supper-room of one of the city hotels last week. There were three boys and one girl and they were probably included between seven and thirteen years of age. They had evidently been traveling and the children, though not used to public dining-rooms, all had children's appetites. Each one demanded a bill of fare and studied it eagerly. There was a moment's silence and then——

"Ma, I want some strawberries and a Bath bun and—and a banana."

"Ma, I want some turkey and pumpkin pie."

"Ma, ma, do they have bear steaks?"

"I don't know, my son—Willie, stop reaching for the butter, and put down that knife."

Here a commotion arose owing to a dispute between the eldest boy and the one next, relative to the changing of their order to "golden buck," the second boy contending that it would be better to order all mince pie, because they knew what that was.

"Ma, what's a canvasback duck?"

"It's a kind of wild duck."

"What does it have canvas for, to put up when it rains?"

Here the waiter, having prepared ice-water all around, assumed a receptive attitude, and the thin woman said: "We just want a light supper. The children are not hungry," she explained, "and it isn't good for them to eat much before going to bed. You might bring some buttered toast, tea and stewed prunes, two portions of each will do."

And then eight sad, young eyes, from which the light of pie and turkey had faded, followed the waiter as he vanished toward the kitchen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Philosophers have noticed that when a man makes up his mind that he has got to practice economy, he generally tries to begin with his wife's expenses.—*Journal of Education.*

—After awhile distinguished people will be those whose names never get into the newspapers.

THE NEVER-REST CURE.

Beneficial Effects of Regular Muscular Exercise and Recreation.

As there are many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one might prove laborious exertion to another, and what might be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation. It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but the aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. No means are used which might injure the general health.

The fact that women are more liable than men to the severer forms of nervous exhaustion is one reason why the cases quoted in these pages are chiefly those of women. Another reason is that, in men, it is rarely possible to study this stage of the disease uncomplicated by the effects of alcoholic indulgence. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness endeavor to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink; so they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that the late increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand there are many cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment.

Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed, it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This can not be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is almost impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is absolutely impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance.

Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the sea shore or lounging the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early "to make the best of to-day" when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider, who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions.

The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effects on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided. If the patient can not take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from five to ten miles a day without fatigue to head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, endeavor to retain it.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

For those who can not get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we can not avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks.

Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by strategem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Manhood in Criminals.

Speaking of his experience with criminals, Judge Gresham says: My experience with criminals, when I was on a district bench, taught me that there was no man devoid of manhood. Place anybody, however depraved, on his manhood, and you will observe his eye brighten up. I have taken men who have been convicted of serious offenses, and after sentencing them to the penitentiary, have said: "Now, I intend to place you on your manhood, for I believe you have manhood in you. I will give you a mittimus, and the marshal will provide you with money to go home and bid your family good-bye. After you have stayed there a day or two I want you to report at the door of the penitentiary named in the papers you will receive, and serve out your sentence like a man. And when you are through I want you to return to me, and I want to see what can be done to restore you to the confidence of your fellow-men in society." I never was disappointed in a man I thus trusted, and those convicts whom I have helped on their return from prison have always been faithful to the trusts imposed upon them.—*Chicago Journal.*



INVALIDS' HOTEL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Not a Hospital, but a pleasant Remedial Home, organized with

A FULL STAFF OF EIGHTEEN PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,

And exclusively devoted to the treatment of all Chronic Diseases.

This imposing Establishment was designed and erected to accommodate the large number of invalids who visit Buffalo from every State and Territory, as well as from many foreign lands, that they may avail themselves of the professional services of the Staff of skilled specialists in medicine and surgery that compose the Faculty of this widely-celebrated institution.

A FAIR AND BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER TO INVALIDS.

We earnestly invite you to come, see and examine *for yourself*, our institutions, appliances, advantages and success in curing chronic diseases. Have a mind of your own. Do not listen to or heed the counsel of skeptical friends or jealous physicians, who know nothing of us, our system of treatment, or means of cure, yet who never lose an opportunity to misrepresent and endeavor to prejudice people against us. We are responsible to *you* for what we represent, and if you come and visit us, and find that we have misrepresented, *in any particular*, our institutions, advantages or success, **we will promptly refund to you all expenses of your trip.** We court honest, sincere investigation, have no secrets, and are only too glad to show all interested and candid people what we are doing for suffering humanity.

NOT ALWAYS NECESSARY TO SEE PATIENTS.

By our original system of diagnosis, we can treat many chronic diseases just as successfully without as with a personal consultation. While we are always glad to see our patients, and become acquainted with them, show them our institutions, and familiarize them with our system of treatment, yet we have not seen one person in five hundred whom we have cured. The perfect *accuracy* with which scientists are enabled to deduce the most minute particulars in their several departments, appears almost miraculous, if we view it in the light of the early ages. Take, for example, the electro-magnetic telegraph, the greatest invention of the age. Is it not a marvelous degree of accuracy which enables an operator to *exactly* locate a fracture in a submarine cable nearly three thousand miles long? Our venerable "clerk of the weather" has become so thoroughly familiar with the most wayward elements of nature that he can accurately predict their movements. He can sit in Washington and foretell what the weather will be in Florida or New York as well as if several hundred miles did not intervene between him and the places named. And so in all departments of modern science, what is required is the knowledge of certain *signs*. From these scientists deduce accurate conclusions regardless of distance. So, also, in medical science, diseases have certain unmistakable signs, or symptoms, and by reason of this fact, we have been enabled to originate and perfect a system of determining, with the greatest accuracy, the nature of chronic diseases, without seeing and personally examining our patients. In recognizing diseases without a personal examination of the patient, we claim to possess no miraculous powers. We obtain our knowledge of the patient's disease by the practical application, to the practice of medicine, of well-established principles of modern science. And it is to the accuracy with which this system has endowed us that we owe our almost world-wide reputation of skillfully treating lingering or chronic affections. This system of practice, and the marvelous success which has been attained through it, demonstrate the fact that diseases display certain phenomena, which, being subjected to scientific analysis, furnish abundant and unmistakable data, to guide the judgment of the skillful practitioner aright in determining the nature of diseased conditions. The most ample resources for treating lingering or chronic diseases, and the greatest skill, are thus placed within the easy reach of every invalid, however distant he or she may reside from the physicians making the treatment of such affections a specialty. Full particulars of our original, scientific system of examining and treating patients at a distance are contained in **"The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."** By R. V. Pierce, M. D. 1000 pages and over 300 colored and other illustrations. Sent, post-paid, for $1.50. Or write and describe your symptoms, inclosing ten cents in stamps, and a complete treatise, on your particular disease, will be sent you, with our terms for treatment and all particulars.

MARVELOUS SUCCESS.

SIGNS OF DISEASE.

COMMON SENSE AS APPLIED TO MEDICINE.

It is a well-known fact, and one that appeals to the judgment of every thinking person, that the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and investigation of a certain class of diseases, must become better qualified to treat such diseases than he who attempts to treat every ill to which flesh is heir, without giving special attention to any class of diseases. Men, in all ages of the world, who have become famous, have devoted their lives to some special branch of science, art, or literature.

By thorough organization, and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement must be obvious. Medical science offers a vast field for investigation, and no physician can, within the brief limits of a life-time, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of *every* malady incident to humanity.

OUR FIELD OF SUCCESS.

NASAL, THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. **The treatment of Diseases of the Air Passages and Lungs,** such as **Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma,** and **Consumption,** both through correspondence and at our institutions, constitutes an important specialty.

We publish three separate books on Nasal, Throat and Lung Diseases, which give much valuable information, viz: (1) A Treatise on Consumption, Laryngitis and Bronchitis; price, post-paid, ten cents. (2) A Treatise on Asthma, or Phthisis, giving new and successful treatment; price, post-paid, ten cents. (3) A Treatise on Chronic Nasal Catarrh; price, post-paid, two cents.

DISEASES OF DIGESTION. **Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Obstinate Constipation, Chronic Diarrhea, Tape-worms,** and kindred affections are among those chronic diseases in the successful treatment of which our specialists have attained great success. Many of the diseases affecting the liver and other organs contributing in their functions to the process of digestion, are very obscure, and are not infrequently mistaken by both laymen and physicians for other maladies, and treatment is employed directed to the removal of a disease which does not exist. Our Complete Treatise on Diseases of the Digestive Organs will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

KIDNEY DISEASES. **BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES,** and kindred maladies, have been very largely treated, and cures effected in thousands of cases which had been pronounced beyond hope. These diseases are readily diagnosticated, or determined, by chemical analysis of the urine, without a personal examination of patients, **who can, therefore, generally be successfully treated at their homes.** The study and practice of chemical analysis and microscopical examination of the urine in our consideration of cases, with reference to correct diagnosis, in which our institution long ago became famous, has naturally led to a very extensive practice in diseases of the urinary organs. Probably no other institution in the world has been so largely patronized by sufferers from this class of maladies as the old and world-famed World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Our specialists have acquired, through a vast and varied experience, great expertness in determining the *exact* nature of each case, and, hence, have been successful in *nicely* adapting their remedies for the cure of each individual case.

CAUTION. These delicate diseases should be carefully treated by a specialist thoroughly familiar with them, and who is competent to ascertain the exact condition and stage of advancement which the disease has reached (which can only be ascertained by a careful chemical and microscopical examination of the urine), for medicines which are curative in one stage or condition are known to do *positive injury* in others. We have never, therefore, attempted to put up anything for general sale through druggists, recommending to cure these diseases, although possessing very superior remedies, knowing full well from an extensive experience that the only safe and successful course is to carefully determine the disease and its progress in each case by a chemical and microscopical examination of the urine, and then adapt our medicines to the exact stage of the disease and condition of our patient.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS. To this wise course of action we attribute the marvelous success attained by our specialists in that important and extensive Department of our institutions devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of the kidneys and bladder. The treatment of diseases of the urinary organs having constituted a leading branch of our practice at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and, being in constant receipt of numerous inquiries for a complete work on the nature and curability of these maladies, written in a style to be easily understood, we have published a large Illustrated Treatise on these diseases, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

BLADDER DISEASES. **INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, STONE IN THE BLADDER, Gravel, Enlarged Prostate Gland, Retention of Urine,** and kindred affections, may be included among those in the cure of which our specialists have achieved extraordinary success. These are fully treated of in our illustrated pamphlet on Urinary Diseases. Sent by mail for ten cents in stamps.

STRICTURE. **STRICTURES AND URINARY FISTULÆ.**—Hundreds of cases of the worst form of strictures, many of them greatly aggravated by the careless use of instruments in the hands of inexperienced physicians and surgeons, causing false passages, urinary fistulæ, and other complications, annually consult us for relief and cure. That no case of this class is too difficult for the skill of our specialists is proved by cures reported in our illustrated treatise on these maladies, to which we refer with pride. To intrust this class of cases to physicians of small experience is a dangerous proceeding. Many a man has been ruined for life by so doing, while thousands annually lose their lives through unskillful treatment. Send particulars of your case and ten cents in stamps for a large, illustrated treatise containing many testimonials.

NERVOUS DISEASES. **Epileptic Convulsions, or Fits, Paralysis, or Palsy, Locomotor Ataxia, St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia,** or inability to sleep, and threatened insanity, **Nervous Debility,** arising from overstudy, excesses, and other causes, and every variety of nervous affection, are treated by our specialists for these diseases with unusual success. See numerous cases reported in our different illustrated pamphlets on nervous diseases, any one of which will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps, when request for them is accompanied with a statement of a case for consultation, so that we may know which one of our Treatises to send.

DISEASES OF WOMEN. We have a special Department, thoroughly organized, and devoted *exclusively* to the treatment of Diseases of Women. Every case consulting our specialists, whether by letter or in person, is given the most careful and considerate attention. Important cases (and we get few which have not already baffled the skill of all the home physicians) has the benefit of a full Council, of skilled specialists. Rooms for ladies in the Invalids' Hotel are very private. Send ten cents in stamps for our large Complete Treatise on Diseases of Women, illustrated with numerous wood-cuts and colored plates (130 pages).

RADICAL CURE OF RUPTURE. **HERNIA** (Breach), or **RUPTURE,** no matter of how long standing, or of what size, is promptly and **permanently cured** by our specialists, **without the knife and without dependence upon trusses.** Absolute references. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

PILES, FISTULÆ, and other diseases affecting the lower bowels, are treated with wonderful success. The worst cases of pile tumors are permanently cured in fifteen to twenty days. Send ten cents for Illustrated Treatise.

DELICATE DISEASES. Organic weakness, nervous debility, premature decline of the manly powers, involuntary vital losses, impaired memory, mental anxiety, absence of will-power, melancholy, weak back, and kindred affections, are speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured.

To those acquainted with our institutions, it is hardly necessary to say that the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, with the branch establishment located at No. 3 New Oxford Street, London, England, have, for many years, enjoyed the distinction of being the most largely patronized and widely celebrated institutions in the world for the treatment and cure of those affections which arise from youthful indiscretions and pernicious, solitary practices.

We, many years ago, established a special Department for the treatment of these diseases, under the management of some of the most skillful physicians and surgeons on our Staff, in order that all who apply to us might receive all the advantages of a full Council of the most experienced specialists.

WE OFFER NO APOLOGY. We offer no apology for devoting so much attention to this neglected class of diseases, believing no condition of humanity is too wretched to merit the sympathy and best services of the noble profession to which we belong. Many who suffer from these terrible diseases contract them innocently. Why any medical man, intent on doing good and alleviating suffering, should shun such cases, we cannot imagine. Why any one should consider it otherwise than most honorable to cure the worst cases of these diseases, we cannot understand; and yet of all the other maladies which afflict mankind there is probably none about which physicians in general practice know so little. We shall, therefore, continue, as heretofore, to treat with our best consideration, sympathy, and skill, all applicants who are suffering from any of these delicate diseases.

CURED AT HOME. Most of these cases can be treated when at a distance just as well as if here in person.

A Complete Treatise (136 pages) on these diseases sent *sealed, in plain envelope, secure from observation,* on receipt of only ten cents, in stamps, for postage.

SURGICAL PRACTICE. Hundreds of the most difficult operations known to modern surgery are annually performed in the most skillful manner, by our Surgeon-specialists. Large Stones are safely removed from the Bladder, by crushing, washing and pumping them out, thus avoiding the great danger of cutting. Our specialists, remove cataract from the eye, thereby curing blindness. They also straighten cross-eyes and insert artificial ones when needed. Many Ovarian and also Fibroid Tumors of the Uterus are arrested in growth and cured by electrolysis, coupled with other means of our invention, whereby the great danger of cutting operations in these cases is avoided.

Especially has the success of our improved operations for Varicocele, Hydrocele, Fistulæ, Ruptured Cervix Uteri, and for Ruptured Perineum, been alike gratifying both to ourselves and our patients. Not less so have been the results of numerous operations for Stricture of the Cervical Canal, a condition in the female generally resulting in Barrenness, or Sterility, and the cure of which, by a safe and painless operation, removes this commonest of impediments to the bearing of offspring.

A Complete Treatise on any one of the above maladies will be sent on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

ALL CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY. Although we have in the preceding paragraphs, made mention of some of the special ailments to which particular attention is given by the specialists at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, yet the institution abounds in skill, facilities, and apparatus for the successful treatment of every form of chronic ailment, whether requiring for its cure medical or surgical means.

All letters of inquiry, or of consultation, should be addressed to

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

Last week the Baltimore papers spoke of a controversy in the House of Delegates between Messrs. Friend and Wilson on the passage of Mr. Friend's bill to compel the County Commissioners of this county to levy a large sum of money on the road leading from Friendsville *via* Selbysport to the Pennsylvania line.

Mr. Wilson opposed the bill and succeeded in preventing its passage two weeks ago, but Mr. Friend waited until there was a comparatively full house and then it was passed by a party vote.

Following is the substance of Mr. Wilson's remarks, omitting interruptions and some minor matters:

Mr. Speaker: I am still opposed to the passage of this bill, and more decidedly so since I have learned something more of its character. My colleague has been trying to convince himself, and the members of this House, that there is a thing in Garrett county called the Legislative Road. Now I don't know how near he came to deceiving himself into that belief, but every other member who has looked into the matter and knows anything about it, knows that there is no such road in the county as a Legislative Road. But my colleague indulged in some remarks the other night which I must refer to. He said in the first place, that I lived out in West Virginia and was not supposed to know very much about Garrett county affairs. Now I am sure he does not believe this himself, and when I state to the House that I have lived in Garrett county all my life, that all my property was in Garrett county, and that I pay taxes in Garrett county, I thought this accusation was sufficiently refuted. But he said further that I had never been down in that part of the county which is to be benefited by the Legislative Road. Perhaps when he said this he thought he was telling the truth, but he didn't know whether he was or not. He was not, however, as I have been there and know more about it than he cares to acknowledge.

The fact of the business is, he owns some tracts of land down along where his road is to be located, and has a large personal interest in it. He seeks to take advantage of the accident of his election as a member of the Legislature to compel the County Commissioners to open a road that he has a large personal interest in, and I am opposed to it because it is the subversion of a public trust to personal ends.

The gentleman says that if I want a road in my neighborhood why don't I get up a bill. Well I must remind him that I am not that sort of a man. I was sent here by my people to look after their interests, and not to make raids on the county treasury for my own personal benefit.

The facts with reference to the Legislative Road are about these: Twenty years ago there was an act passed authorizing the County Commissioners of Allegany county to levy $4,000 for a road from Oakland to the National Road, and I remember what was said about it. There was a job in it for certain parties, as there always is under such circumstances; and $1500 or $2000 laid out by the County Commissioners in the usual way would have accomplished as much as the four thousand dollars did accomplish, and with two years of this kind of experience the people found out better and repealed the law in 1870, and there is now no legislative road in Garrett county.

I am also opposed to it because it involves the question of local self government. The Legislature has no right to usurp the function of the County Commissions, who are the proper parties to apply to. A bill has been introduced to take away from the County Commissioners of Garrett county the appointment of tax-collector, and another the appointment of judges of elections, and if we are going to invade every prerogative of the County Commissioners we had better pass an act abolishing the board of Commissioners altogether.

I oppose it, Mr. Speaker, because it is a dangerous precedent. Pass this bill and every member who comes here from Garrett county hereafter will have a law passed to compell the County Commissioners to build a legislative road through his immediate neighborhood.

But I am also opposed to it for another reason, and that is, I know the county treasury is not in a condition to bear it. I have been before the Commissioners from time to time asking for a little help in roads in my neighborhood, and I know how embarrassed and perplexed they are with their scanty means to know how to make the ends meet.

Taxation in Garrett county now almost amounts to confiscation. Four year ago the rate went up to $1.58½ on the hundred, and there has been but a slight reduction since, and yet, with all this excessive burden of taxation, we have had but nine months school in three years. Our children are growing up in ignorance, and I can assure the members of this House that there are other interests demanding the expenditure of the taxpayers' money with a great deal more urgency than the so-called Legislative Road.

Annapolis Letter.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 10, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I gave you last week a synopsis of the reform league election law. Since then the mill has been kept grinding, and during the week two additional bills have been formulated, one of which has been printed, and the other has been under discussion in the Senate. The one I have examined is a much worse bill than any of its predecessors, as it authorizes the Governor to appoint three Registration officers for each election district. This would make the election expenses nearly three times as much as they are under the old law, but has the advantage of being precisely in line with the central idea in all Democratic legislation. With the average Democrat, as the party is now composed, Legislation is simply a means to an end, and the end is spelled with six-letters—boodle. And this of course means a heavy burden on the taxpayers, with hard work and scant comforts for the masses.

The bill authorizing the appointment of the School Commissioners for Garrett county by the Governor, is a fair example of the direction of the political current at Annapolis. The same law which governs the school system of the other counties does not apply to Garrett county hereafter, although the constitution and the law says the system shall be uniform. Hereafter we are not to have the same rights and privileges which the other counties enjoy. I have foreseen that the nesessity would arise to give the Governor the appointing power, in order to save to the Democracy the little pitiful bit of patronage there is in it, but it had never occurred to me that Garrett county was to be singled out and this humiliating stigma placed on her alone.

It is indeed a sad commentary on our county, where the people should be as free as the winds that sweep over their mountain homes, that she must be singled out from among the other counties, and the vital question of the education of the children turned over to the tender care of the political crows and buzzards which infest her borders. It is a burning, blistering, withering shame that the rights of a people, no longer free, should be so trampled on; and the meagre educational facilities they have made a bone of contention by a set of place-hunters, too proud or too lazy to earn an honest living by honest work.

Our masters here excuse themselves by saying that the judges would not appoint, but everybody knows that that is not the trouble, and further everybody knows just what it is, and all the whys and wherefores.

Allegany and Washington counties get along without trouble, *and the same Judges appoint their School Commissioners.* The trouble is, the judges refuse to appoint a new board at the dictation of the Oakland ring.

Browning, it is said, wants Dr. Bartlett's place for his brother, and the school system must be changed to accommodate him. However this may be, it is an outrageous proceeding. The county is reduced to a pitiable plight. It was bad enough in all conscience before, but what may be expected after such a proceeding as this, when to accommodate a certain clique or faction of hungry spoils hunters, Garrett county must be collared and dragged out from under the provisions of the general law.

Who among her citizens does not realize the shame and the humiliation of it; and who so tame and spiritless as not to resent it?

The school commissioners ought to be elected. The people to whom they should be responsible should make the appointment. But if not by the voters themselves, they should be appointed by the board of officers standing nearest the people, which would be the County Commissioners or Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Next after the county officials in their representative capacity comes the Judges of the Circuit Court. They come directly in contact with the people, know them, and have no motive for appointing any but honest capable men.

The Governor is the worst possible custodian of the appointing power, for he cannot know the people, and must depend on the recommendations of his party, as of course he will hear no other. This virtually places the appointing power in the hands of the local rings.

So far as I am aware there has never been the breath of a suspicion against the present board of School Commissioners. The only reasonable complaint has been that Dr. Bartlett's salary was too large, and that the salary should not have gone on when the schools were stopped.

But who expects any thing better now when the appointing power is removed as far as possible away from the people, and made the property of the boodle gang.

It is a fact that we are being stripped of our vested rights. One by one our privileges as freemen are being stricken down. There is scarcely a measure proposed in the Legislature that does not turn out to be an effort to cover up and legalize some sort of scheme for plunder; and the discouraging feature of it is, no measure is too outrageously vicious to be passed by a party vote.

Yours truly,
W.

In 1859 the States of Maryland and West Virginia by concurrent action on the part of their legislatures had a survey made of the boundary line between the two States. The report of the surveyors was adopted by the Maryland Legislature, but it never has been by the West Virginia Legislature. Senator Browning introduced Tuesday a joint resolution requesting the Attorney-General to give his opinion in regard to the proper remedy to be pursued in order to establish the boundary line referred to.

The Parkersburg *Sentinel* has a leading editorial in favor of the nomination of the Hon. Henry G. Davis as the Democratic candidate for governor of West Virginia. It pays an earnest tribute to Mr. Davis's ability his experience in public affairs and his success as an organizer. It further deciares that "no man is doing more to attract the capitalists of the world to West Virginia, and no one is doing as much to open up the hidden wealth of our mountains and bring in wealth to the people."

The rifle-shooting tournament to come off at Neward, N. J., in June, premises to eclipse that of Geneva, Switzerland, last year. It is to be held under the auspices of the Newark Rifle Club, and will last from the 9th to the 14th of June. The club named will give $20,000, and every club that enters is expected to subscribe to the fund, which will be devoted to prizes. This plan, it is expected, will raise a total of about $100,000. Invitations have not only been sent to every rifle club in America, but also to all the prominet clubs in Europe.

An example of deterioration in values is shown in the sale of the Great Eastern for less than $100,000. The original cost of the vessel was three and a half million dollars, but she was a gigantic failure from the start, The building of the ship, however, was of value in demonstrating that there was a limit in steamships in the direction of size. She has been of use in the laying of the Atlantic cables. While those who invested their money in building this ship lost heavily in the venture, they can console themselves with the fact that that their loss was not altogether in vain. The last report is that Barnum is trying to negotiate for its purchase with a view of converting it into a mammoth floating show.

A good-looking, well-dressed stranger one day last week in Baltimore stole and sold a saw-mill, pocketed $700 in cash and skipped the country. He contracted with Mr. Henry Wagner, 229 S. Exeter street, to do the hauling, who had to hire a number of additional men at $2.50 per day, and after the job was done invited Mr. Wagner in to a sumptuous dinner, and requested him to make out his bill for the work. While Mr. Wagner was doing this the smooth-tongued and apparently clever stranger, excused himself, saying he would be back in a moment, and that was the last seen of him. Quite a number of persons, including a number of police were present, but no one suspected that the stranger was a rogue of the sleekest kind. It is said Judge Steward laughed quite heartily when he heard of it, and said that a man who could work through a scheme of that kind deserved to get off.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 12th, 1888.—"Who will get Blaine's strength?" is the substance of the question that Republicans are asking each other every day. Who will get it is problematical at this time, but the fact that no one has got it so far, is very patent. The Blaine supporters have not stampeded. They say they have no second choice, but will support any good Republican who may receive the nominatinn. As long as things remain as they have been since Blaine's letter was published, it would be perfectly absurd to attempt to say who will be nominated by the Chicago convention.

Unless the republican sentiment of the country shall concentrate upon some one man to a much greater extent than it now shows any indication of doing, it is thought extremely probable that Mr. Blaine will be nominated by acclamation, and compelled by the unanimous sentiment of the party to accept. The convention is drawing very near, three months is a very short time in which to work up a boom, and no one of the gentlemen who has been mentioned for the nomination has any organized following, with the the possible exception of Senator Sherman, Of course the fact must be taken into consideration that Mr. Sherman is the only avowed candidate up to this time.

There is a rumor here that Clevelann has written a letter stating that he will not allow his name to go before the nominating convention and further that under no circumstances will he accept the nomination. This letter is said to be in the hands of ex-mayor Edward Cooper of New Yory city, who is authorized to make it public at any time he may see fit to do so. Such a letter may be in the hands of Mr. Cooper, but it will be safe to wager something handsome that it will never be made public unless Cleveland becomes convinced that Hill will defeat him for the nomination. In other words Cleveland wants the nomination if he can get it, but if he sees there is no chance for him, he will decline it.

Mr. Randall's own special little tariff bill is complete, though it has not yet been introduced in the House. It will reduce the internal revenue about $60,000,000 per annum and customs about $25,000,000. Many well informed people here think it very likely that the Republicans will support Randall's bill.

Senator Ingalls was voted a gold headed cane at the G. A. R. fair in this city as the most popular Presiuential candidate.

The Senate having passed the Dependent Pension bill it has now gone to the House, where it will be sure to pass, unless the Cleveland Democrats succeed in their scheme to prevent its being voted upon.

The bill which recently passed the House, depriving all books, except magazines, of the benefit of second-class (one cent a pound) postage, has met with so much opposition in the Senate Committee on Postoffices that it will not in all probability ever be reported to the Senate. The Committee decided that the benefit it derived by the people in cheapening the price of good books, far exceeded the injury done by the sending of trashy literature at a low rate of postage.

At last Congress seems to have become aware of the fact that our harbors and sea coasts are in need of defenses. The House military committee have unanimously agreed to report favorably the Cutcheon bill appropriating $7,475,00 to build a gun factory and purchase material for the manufacture of heavy ordnance. The Senate Committee on coast defenses have also agreed to make a favorable report on Senator Dolph's bill appropriating $126,378,800 for the purpose of building fortifications at all the ports of the United States.

The most pronounced political speech of the session was made by Senator Ingalls on the Dependent Pension bill. He scored the Administration and the ex-rebels who opposed the bill in a merciless manner. The speech was repeatedly applauded by the crowded galleries.

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situated in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, being bounded by Bonig's lot on the West side, A. Beachy's on the North, Gnagey's lot on the East and an alley on the South, containing one acre and one-half of an acre, more or less. This lot is fenced and is improved by an old HOUSE and STABLE.

And I hereby give notice, that on

FRIDAY, the 30th Day of March,

1888, in front of C. J. Livingood's Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, I will offer said above described lot of ground at Pubic Auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, to satisfy the above execution and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
3 10 4 Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said Court, wherein Nora Poland and others are plaintiffs and Jane Frances Fike and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY,
THE 28th DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at "The Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, in Selbysport District, Garrett county, and of which the late A. J. Fike died seized, all of said farm containing 250 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Otto Speelman, Abraham Augustine and others. Said farm is well improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other out-buildings, also a good orchard of apples and other fruit trees, and is considered one of the best farms in that section.

Also all that Other Property,

in the same neighborhood, containing 116¼ acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a deed from Ross Augustine and wife to the late A. J. Fike, dated the 14th April, 1884, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 399, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said last mentioned farm being improved by a DWELLING HOUSE and other out-buildings, and some of the land is under cultivation. Said farms will be sold separately.

☞ The above properties will be sold subject to the widow's dower.

TERMS OF SALE.—As prescribed by the decree, one-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in two equal installments at one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from date, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid down, at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS FRAZEE,
3 3 4t Trustee.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 25 '88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year.....$1 50
six months..... 75

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines 0 cents per square for each additional inser-on. Special contracts for advertising longer han three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but es a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

Last week the Baltimore papers spoke of a controversy in the House of Delegates between Messrs. Friend and Wilson on the passage of Mr. Friend's bill to compel the County Commissioners of this county to levy a large sum of money on the road leading from Friendsville *via* Selbysport to the Pennsylvania line.

Mr. Wilson opposed the bill and succeeded in preventing its passage two weeks ago, but Mr. Friend waited until there was a comparatively full house and then it was passed by a party vote.

Following is the substance of Mr. Wilson's remarks, omitting interruptions and some minor matters:

Mr. Speaker: I am still opposed to the passage of this bill, and more decidedly so since I have learned something more of its character. My colleague has been trying to convince himself, and the members of this House, that there is a thing in Garrett county called the Legislative Road. Now I don't know how near he came to deceiving himself into that belief, but every other member who has looked into the matter and knows anything about it, knows that there is no such road in the county as a Legislative Road. But my colleague indulged in some remarks the other night which I must refer to. He said in the first place, that I lived out in West Virginia and was not supposed to know very much about Garrett county affairs. Now I am sure he does not believe this himself, and when I state to the House that I have lived in Garrett county all my life, that all my property was in Garrett county, and that I pay taxes in Garrett county, I thought this accusation was sufficiently refuted. But he said further that I had never been down in that part of the county which is to be benefited by the Legislative Road. Perhaps when he said this he thought he was telling the truth, but he didn't know whether he was or not. He was not, however, as I have been there and know more about it than he cares to acknowledge.

The fact of the business is, he owns some tracts of land down along where his road is to be located, and has a large personal interest in it. He seeks to take advantage of the accident of his election as a member of the Legislature to compel the County Commissioners to open a road that he has a large personal interest in, and I am opposed to it because it is the subversion of a public trust to personal ends.

The gentleman says that if I want a road in my neighborhood why don't I get up a bill. Well I must remind him that I am not that sort of a man. I was sent here by my people to look after their interests, and not to make raids on the county treasury for my own personal benefit.

The facts with reference to the Legislative Road are about these: Twenty years ago there was an act passed authorizing the County Commissioners of Allegany county to levy $4,000 for a road from Oakland to the National Road, and I remember what was said about it. There was a job in it for certain parties, as there always is under such circumstances; and $1500 or $2000 laid out by the County Commissioners in the usual way would have accomplished as much as the four thousand dollars did accomplish, and with two years of this kind of experience the people found out better and repealed the law in 1870, and there is now no legislative road in Garrett county.

I am also opposed to it because it involves the question of local self government. The Legislature has no right to usurp the function of the County Commissions, who are the proper parties to apply to. A bill has been introduced to take away from the County Commissioners of Garrett county the appointment of tax-collector, and another the appointment of judges of elections, and if we are going to invade every prerogative of the County Commissioners we had better pass an act abolishing the board of Commissioners altogether.

I oppose it, Mr. Speaker, because it is a dangerous precedent. Pass this bill and every member who comes here from Garrett county hereafter will have a law passed to compel the County Commissioners to build a legislative road through his immediate neighborhood.

But I am also opposed to it for another reason, and that is, I know the county treasury is not in a condition to bear it. I have been before the Commissioners from time to time asking for a little help in roads in my neighborhood, and I know how embarrassed and perplexed they are with their scanty means to know how to make the ends meet.

Taxation in Garrett county now almost amounts to confiscation. Four year ago the rate went up to $1.58½ on the hundred, and there has been but a slight reduction since, and yet, with all this excessive burden of taxation, we have had but nine months school in three years. Our children are growing up in ignorance, and I can assure the members of this House that there are other interests demanding the expenditure of the taxpayers' money with a great deal more urgency than the so-called Legislative Road.

Annapolis Letter.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 10, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I gave you last week a synopsis of the reform league election law. Since then the mill has been kept grinding, and during the week two additional bills have been formulated, one of which has been printed, and the other has been under discussion in the Senate. The one I have examined is a much worse bill than any of its predecessors, as it authorizes the Governor to appoint three Registration officers for each election district. This would make the election expenses nearly three times as much as they are under the old law, but has the advantage of being precisely in line with the central idea in all Democratic legislation. With the average Democrat, as the party is now composed, Legislation is simply a means to an end, and the end is spelled with six-letters—boodle. And this of course means a heavy burden on the taxpayers, with hard work and scant comforts for the masses.

The bill authorizing the appointment of the School Commissioners for Garrett county by the Governor, is a fair example of the direction of the political current at Annapolis. The same law which governs the school system of the other counties does not apply to Garrett county hereafter, although the constitution and the law says the system shall be uniform. Hereafter we are not to have the same rights and privileges which the other counties enjoy. I have foreseen that the nesessity would arise to give the Governor the appointing power, in order to save to the Democracy the little pitiful bit of patronage there is in it, but it had never occurred to me that Garrett county was to be singled out and this humiliating stigma placed on her alone.

It is indeed a sad commentary on our county, where the people should be as free as the winds that sweep over their mountain homes, that she must be singled out from among the other counties, and the vital question of the education of the children turned over to the tender care of the political crows and buzzards which infest her borders. It is a burning, blistering, withering shame that the rights of a people, no longer free, should be so trampled on; and the meagre educational facilities they have made a bone of contention by a set of place-hunters, too proud or too lazy to earn an honest living by honest work.

Our masters here excuse themselves by saying that the judges would not appoint, but everybody knows that that is not the trouble, and further everybody knows just what it is, and all the whys and wherefores.

Allegany and Washington counties get along without trouble, *and the same Judges appoint their School Commissioners*. The trouble is, the judges refuse to appoint a new board at the dictation of the Oakland ring.

Browning, it is said, wants Dr. Bartlett's place for his brother, and the school system must be changed to accommodate him. However this may be, it is an outrageous proceeding. The county is reduced to a pitiable plight. It was bad enough in all conscience before, but what may be expected after such a proceeding as this, when to accommodate a certain clique or faction of hungry spoils hunters, Garrett county must be collared and dragged out from under the provisions of the general law.

Who among her citizens does not realize the shame and the humiliation of it; and who so tame and spiritless as not to resent it?

The school commissioners ought to be elected. The people to whom they should be responsible should make the appointment. But if not by the voters themselves, they should be appointed by the board of officers standing nearest the people, which would be the County Commissioners or Judges of the Orphans' Court.

Next after the county officials in their representative capacity comes the Judges of the Circuit Court. They come directly in contact with the people, know them, and have no motive for appointing any but honest capable men.

The Governor is the worst possible custodian of the appointing power, for he cannot know the people, and must depend on the recommendations of his party, as of course he will hear no other. This virtually places the appointing power in the hands of the local rings.

So far as I am aware there has never been the breath of a suspicion against the present board of School Commissioners. The only reasonable complaint has been that Dr. Bartlett's salary was too large, and that the salary should not have gone on when the schools were stopped.

But who expects any thing better now when the appointing power is removed as far as possible away from the people, and made the property of the boodle gang.

It is a fact that we are being stripped of our vested rights. One by one our privileges as freemen are being stricken down. There is scarcely a measure proposed in the Legislature that does not turn out to be an effort to cover up and legalize some sort of scheme for plunder; and the discouraging feature of it is, no measure is too outrageously vicious to be passed by a party vote.

Yours truly,
W.

In 1859 the States of Maryland and West Virginia by concurrent action on the part of their legislatures had a survey made of the boundary line between the two States. The report of the surveyors was adopted by the Maryland Legislature, but it never has been by the West Virginia Legislature. Senator Browning introduced Tuesday a joint resolution requesting the Attorney-General to give his opinion in regard to the proper remedy to be pursued in order to establish the boundary line referred to.

The Parkersburg *Sentinel* has a leading editorial in favor of the nomination of the Hon. Henry G. Davis as the Democratic candidate for governor of West Virginia. It pays an earnest tribute to Mr. Davis's ability his experience in public affairs and his success as an organizer. It further deciares that "no man is doing more to attract the capitalists of the world to West Virginia, and no one is doing as much to open up the hidden wealth of our mountains and bring in wealth to the people."

The rifle-shooting tournament to come off at Neward, N. J., in June, premises to eclipse that of Geneva, Switzerland, last year. It is to be held under the auspices of the Newark Rifle Club, and will last from the 9th to the 14th of June. The club named will give $20,000, and every club that enters is expected to subscribe to the fund, which will be devoted to prizes. This plan, it is expected, will raise a total of about $100,000. Invitations have not only been sent to every rifle club in America, but also to all the prominet clubs in Europe.

An example of deterioration in values is shown in the sale of the Great Eastern for less than $100,000. The original cost of the vessel was three and a half million dollars, but she was a gigantic failure from the start, The building of the ship, however, was of value in demonstrating that there was a limit in steamships in the direction of size. She has been of use in the laying of the Atlantic cables. While those who invested their money in building this ship lost heavily in the venture, they can console themselves with the fact that that their loss was not altogether in vain. The last report is that Barnum is trying to negotiate for its purchase with a view of converting it into a mammoth floating show.

A good-looking, well-dressed stranger one day last week in Baltimore stole and sold a saw-mill, pocketed $700 in cash and skipped the country. He contracted with Mr. Henry Wagner, 229 S. Exeter street, to do the hauling, who had to hire a number of additional men at $2.50 per day, and after the job was done invited Mr. Wagner in to a sumptuous dinner, and requested him to make out his bill for the work. While Mr. Wagner was doing this the smooth-tongued and apparently clever stranger, excused himself, saying he would be back in a moment, and that was the last seen of him. Quite a number of persons, including a number of police were present, but no one suspected that the stranger was a rogue of the sleekest kind. It is said Judge Steward laughed quite heartily when he heard of it, and said that a man who could work through a scheme of that kind deserved to get off.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 12th, 1888.—"Who will get Blaine's strength?" is the substance of the question that Republicans are asking each other every day. Who will get it is problematical at this time, but the fact that no one has got it so far, is very patent. The Blaine supporters have not stampeded. They say they have no second choice, but will support any good Republican who may receive the nominatinn. As long as things remain as they have been since Blaine's letter was published, it would be perfectly absurd to attempt to say who will be nominated by the Chicago convention.

Unless the republican sentiment of the country shall concentrate upon some one man to a much greater extent than it now shows any indication of doing, it is thought extremely probable that Mr. Blaine will be nominated by acclamation, and compelled by the unanimous sentiment of the party to accept. The convention is drawing very near, three months is a very short time in which to work up a boom, and no one of the gentlemen who has been mentioned for the nomination has any organized following, with the the possible exception of Senator Sherman, Of course the fact must be taken into consideration that Mr. Sherman is the only avowed candidate up to this time.

There is a rumor here that Clevelann has written a letter stating that he will not allow his name to go before the nominating convention and further that under no circumstances will he accept the nomination. This letter is said to be in the hands of ex-mayor Edward Cooper of New Yory city, who is authorized to make it public at any time he may see fit to do so. Such a letter may be in the hands of Mr. Cooper, but it will be safe to wager something handsome that it will never be made public unless Cleveland becomes convinced that Hill will defeat him for the nomination. In other words Cleveland wants the nomination if he can get it, but if he sees there is no chance for him, he will decline it.

Mr. Randall's own special little tariff bill is complete, though it has not yet been introduced in the House. It will reduce the internal revenue about $60,000,000 per annum and customs about $25,000,000. Many well informed people here think it very likely that the Republicans will support Randall's bill.

Senator Ingalls was voted a gold headed cane at the G. A. R. fair in this city as the most popular Presiuential candidate.

The Senate having passed the Dependent Pension bill it has now gone to the House, where it will be sure to pass, unless the Cleveland Democrats succeed in their scheme to prevent its being voted upon.

The bill which recently passed the House, depriving all books, except magazines, of the benefit of second-class (one cent a pound) postage, has met with so much opposition in the Senate Committee on Postoffices that it will not in all probability ever be reported to the Senate. The Committee decided that the benefit it derived by the people in cheapening the price of good books, far exceeded the injury done by the sending of trashy literature at a low rate of postage.

At last Congress seems to have become aware of the fact that our harbors and sea coasts are in need of defenses. The House military committee have unanimously agreed to report favorably the Cutcheon bill appropriating $7,475,00 to build a gun factory and purchase material for the manufacture of heavy ordnance. The Senate Committee on coast defenses have also agreed to make a favorable report on Senator Dolph's bill appropriating $126,378,800 for the purpose of bulding fortifications at all the ports of the United States.

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Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Samuel Engle vs. W. H. Chapman and others, the same being No. 5 Judicials to May term, 1888, I did seize and levied upon all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in Equity, of the said W. H. Chapman in and to

ALL THAT LOT OF GROUND,

situated in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, being bounded by Bonig's lot on the West side, A. Beachy's on the North, Gnagey's lot on the East and an alley on the South, containing one acre and one-half of an acre, more or less. This lot is fenced and is improved by an old HOUSE and STABLE.

And I hereby give notice, that on

FRIDAY, the 30th Day of March,

1888, in front of C. J. Livingood's Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, I will offer said above described lot of ground at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, to satisfy the above execution and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
3 10 4 Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said Court, wherein Nora Poland and others are plaintiffs and Jane Frances Fike and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY,
THE 28th DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at "The Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, in Selbysport District, Garrett county, and of which the late A. J. Fike died seized, all of said farm containing 250 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Otto Speelman, Abraham Augustine and others. Said farm is well improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other out-buildings, also a good orchard of apples and other fruit trees, and is considered one of the best farms in that section.

Also all that Other Property,

in the same neighborhood, containing 11¼ acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a deed from Ross Augustine and wife to the late A. J. Fike, dated the 14th April, 1884, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 399, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said last mentioned farm being improved by a DWELLING HOUSE and other out-buildings, and some of the land is under cultivation. Said farms will be sold separately.

☞ The above properties will be sold subject to the widow's dower.

TERMS OF SALE.—As prescribed by the decree, one-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in two equal installments at one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from date, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid down, at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS FRAZEE,
3 3 4t Trustee.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 25 '88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—If you are a lover of music go to the concert and you will never regret it.

—Married, at the residence of Mr. Ira E. Friend, on the 8th inst., Mr. Samuel K. Frazee and Miss Catharine J. Sisler, by Rev. Nathaniel Hart.

—Married, March 10th, 1888, at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md., by the Rev. J. S. Foulk, Charles M. Shinn to Ratie J. Cox, both of Weston, W. Va.

—Madame Fry's Concert charms alike their rustic hearers and most refined critics.

—The Rev. J. S. Foulk, who was prevented by a heavy cold from preaching last Sunday, will preach in the Garrett Memorial Church next Sunday, 18th inst., at 11 A. M.

—W. McC. Brown, living near Fort Pendleton, has a pair of large young horses, which he is offering for sale; also two heavy horses at a low price.

—Dr. D. T. E. Casteel's books have been placed in my hands for settlement. All persons having unsettled accounts will please come forward at once and make settlement.

3 3 4t ED. N. CASTEEL.

—FOR RENT.—Corner room next door to Drug Store. Also 7 rooms upstairs, suitable for dwelling. Apply to

3 10 tf W. D. NYDEGGER.

—Mrs. Samuel Lawton returned to Oakland with her family last week, from Webster, W. Va., where she had resided for the past two years. She occupies her old home near the woolen factory.

—We are under obligations to the members of the Oakland brass band for a serenade Friday evening of last week. We are fond of good music, and this band can produce it. Come again, and make your stay longer the next time.

—Quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church Saturday and Sunday. Services Saturday at 10½ A. M. Quarterly Conference Saturday evening at 7:15. Services Sunday as follows: Love feast at 9:00, preaching 10:30 followed by Communion; preaching at 7:15 P. M.

—Mr. E. J. Fringer left Oakland Thursday morning for Cranesville, W. Va., where he expects to carry on the general mercantile business. Mr. Fringer is a first-class man in every way, and we are sorry that he could not bemain in our town. We wish him abundant success.

—Died, at Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 1st, 1888, after a sickness of several weeks, Mrs. Eliza J. Dolliver, wife of the Rev. J. J. Dolliver, well known in Methodist circles of the West Virginia Conference as a veteran preacher and at one time a resident of Oakland. At the time of her death the deceased was 61 years old, having been born near Kingwood, May 9,th 1827.

—Judge Samuel H. Fairall, stopped at Oakland last week on his way east. The Judge was born and raised on the national pike, in this county. He went west about thirty years ago, settling in Iowa City, Iowa, where he studied and practiced law successfully. He is now Judge of the eighth Judicial Circuit. Mrs. Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Mrs. R. J. West and Mr. Wm. Fairall, of Oakland, are first cousins to Judge Fairall.

—The concert given by Mme. Fry and daughters in the Opera House last evening was attended by a large and select audience, and it proved to be one of the most enjoyable musical treats that it has ever been the good fortune of our people to listen to. Messrs. Slentz and Stine, to whom our people are indebted for this excellent entertainment, deserve the thanks of all local lovers of music.—*Truth, Gettysburg, Pa.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. W. J. Sharpes, P. E.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Arrested for Wrecking a Train.

On the morning of the 11th day of April, 1881, an emmigrant train was wrecked near Oakland, but fortunately no lives were lost and but slight injuries sustained by any of the passengers. Every effort was made at the time by the railroad company and the civil authorities of this county to ferret out the perpetrators, without avail. The B. O. detectives, however, never gave up the search. A few weeks ago Mr. Eugene E. Grannon obtained a clue which finally lead to the arrest of George Grim, near Terra Alta, Monday, and of William Enlow, at Hambleton, W. Va., Tuesday. They were brought to Oakland and given a hearing before Esquire Gonder, who committed them to jail, in default of $2,000 each, to await the action of the Grand Jury in May. They were charged on the oath of Eugene E. Grannon, who made the arrests, with having on the 11th day of April, 1881, "broken the McGowan Switch, and then and there removed the cross-ties on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Oakland Garrett county, Md., with intent to overthrow a train of cars, and actually caused the total wreck of a train loaded with emmigrants."

At the time of the occurrence both of the accused resided at Catonsville, a suburb of Oakland, the scene of the wreck. They are both married men, with families. Enlow was raised in this county, is about forty years old, belongs to a good family, and was always considered a good citizen. Grim is about thirty years of age, was from West Virginia, and only resided here a few years, going back to that State. They both worked on the B. & O. for some time after the wreck, but were not working for the Company at the time. Much sympathy is expressed in this community for the families and relatives of these unfortunate men, who each charges the other with the commission of this great crime.

One More Cheap California Trip.

Free Sleeping Cars, with only one change of cars to San Francisco and Los Angelos. Six hundred miles shorter and one day quicker than any other sleeping car line. Colorado passengers can take advantage of this trip. Train leaves Delaware Avenue Depot, Wilmington, 11.10 A. M., Baltimore, 1.30 P. M., Washington, 2.30 P. M., March 26th. The trip of February 27th having given perfect satisfaction, we have concluded to run one more. For further information and reservation of berths apply to H. A. Miller, Passenger Agent, Wilmington, Del., or to D. Brides Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

All taxes not paid on or before March 20th, 1888, will, without further notice, be collected according to law. I have authorized the following named persons to collect and receipt for me:

Townshend & Son, Oakland.
J. E. Gnagey, Accident.
Jonas Frazee, Selbysport.
A. L. Gnagey, Grantsville.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
2 25 4t. Collector.

Offutt's.

There you can buy 1,000 yards Tricot cloth, new colors and shades; 5,000 yards gingham, new and pretty patterns; 1,000 hats, every style, shape and color; 1,000 pairs shoes, men's ladies' boys' misses' and children's; 500 suits clothes, newest styles and lowest prices; 1,000 bushels corn; 1,000 bushels oats; 100 barrels flour, the cheapest and the best; 100 bags meal; 100 bushels timothy seed; 50 plows—"See the Hornet"—steel beam, and 25 harrows, steel frame, spring tooth.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the estate of Peter Reitz, deceased, either by note or account, are hereby notified to settle up by the 1st day of April, 1888, All claims not settled by that time will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

GEORGE W. REITZ,
2 25 4t Administrator.

Last Notice.

As I expect to start West in the near future I am compelled to sue on all open accounts March 24th. Please call and settle before that date and save cost and trouble.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Watson.

A heavy gloom has been cast over the hearts of the people of this community by the sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. Watson. Deceased was born Dec. 30th, 1820, and died March 8, 1888, aged 67 years, 2 months and 8 days. Just two years ago Mother Watson was stricken with a cancerous trouble. Her maiden name was Spurgin. About 46 years ago she was married to Mr. John Watson. In early life she joined the Baptist church to which she was most ardently attached. As a companion, she was faithful and true; as a mother, she was affectionate and kind; as a neighbor, benevolent and accommodating, and she was highly esteemed by all those who knew her. She leaves a husband, two sons and three daughters to mourn her loss. Her memory, sweet and fragrant with christian living, gives the sombre cloud of grief that now overshadows the desolate home of the bereaved a silver lining. Her home was a christian home and her family was a godly family. Then truly it may be said, "She hath done what she could." What a beautiful lesson such a life teaches young women! To have lived almost seventy years—to have lived almost fifty years with the husband of one's youth, and then to be laid by loving hands into an honored grave amid the tears and respect of all who knew her—it is surely a life worthy the study and the imitation of young women.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor in charge, Rev. Hart, at the house, after which the body was conveyed to the family graveyard and interred to await its ressurrection.

Her lovely form in dust they laid,
Where now it sleeps among the dead,
To suffer nevermore.
Her ransomed spirit, freed from clay,
On angels' wings has fled away
To yonder golden shore.

F. G. S.

MINERAL SPRING, March 12, 1888.

Complimentary Notice.

Attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the Security Corset elsewhere in our columns. This corset has become immensely popular with the ladies wherever introduced, and is having a very extensive sale. This corset—Style W.—is boned with genuine whalebone of the finest quality, cut in small strips, each strip having a woven or braided covering. These strips are inserted in sections, each section having the security device, as shown in cut, which prevents the bone from pushing through. The Security Corset requires no "breaking in," and adapts itself to the form of the wearer in the most trying positions. Style W. is made in fine Sateen, silk stitched in the most approved shape, and can be furnished in various colors. For stout ladies a Genuine Whalebone Corset is far preferable to any other style. Style B. is made in best Coutil, White or Drab, boned with superior horn strips, each section having the security device. Sold by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md.

Just Received at Hinebaugh's.

Dry Goods—full line of Muslins, Dress Goods, Ginghams, Shirtings, &c., &c.

Notions of all kinds. The celebratee Equaline Health Corset, fine Hosery, beautiful line of Buttons,

Staple and fancy Groceries—Prunes, Dried Apples, Crackers, &c.

Timothy and Clover Seed.

Will receive a fine line of Philadelphia made Clothing in a few days.

Give us a call and see our prices and examine quality of goods.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Shartzer's old stand.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public aucilon, Wednesday, March 21st, 1888, my entire lot of household goods, and personal property of all kinds, consisting in part of flour, cornmeal oats, two horses, a lot of clothing, boots, shoes, dry goods, &c. Four months credit will be given on negotiable notes. See bills.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Lost Pig.

A Poland-China male pig, (last May's litter) black and white spots, no ear marks, strayed from my farm last October. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

E. W. MILLER,
3 10 3t Oakland, Md.

Books! Books! Books!

At Nydegger's Drug Store, lower than you ever bought them before. All the popular writings of the day. Bound in cloth and gold at 50c; paper cover 10c. 3 10 2t

Bargain of the Year.

All the new 25 and 50 cent books can be bought at Thomas Little's confectionery at the small sum of 10 cents. Don't forget to call and examine them.

—Madame Fry's Concert, a highly cultured and strictly moral entertainment, indorsed by pulpit and press. The finest female string quartette in the world. Glades Hotel dining room, Friday evening, March 16th. Admission 50c.

Deer Park.

"The stormy March has come at last," and we are having genuine winter weather, doubtless that we may better appreciate the "balmy spring" when it comes.

Mrs. D. F. Graham returned from Piedmont on Saturday last, having spent the greater part of the winter there.

Mrs. P. W. Connell has been quite ill lately but is now improving.

Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield has just returned from a visit to Piedmont.

Miss Bessie Hoye is recovering from a recent severe illness.

Col. E. C. Tillson celebrated his 81st birthday Tuesday. Nearly all of his children and grandchildren were present. His activity and general good health, so unusual in one of his advanced age, make it easy for his friends to believe that their wishes of "many happy returns" will be fulfilled. He has four children, sixteen grandchildren, and one great-grandchild—the young daughter of Mrs. F. S. Landstreet. The little representation of the fourth generation would have been present if the inclement weather had not prevented.

The pastor of the M. E. Church has just closed a protracted meeting.

Mrs. J. S. Laughlin has opened a public school here.

Report of Wiley School.

Following is a brief report of the Wiley school, taught by Miss Jennie Miller:

A class—Reading—C. A. Bender, 98; Lewis Stanton, 96; Gustavus Stanton, 96; Thomas Stanton, 91.

Orthography—C. A. Bender, 100; Lewis Stanton, 100; Gustavus Stanton, 99; Thomas Stanton, 95.

Geography—C. A. Bender, 100; Lewis Stanton, 99; Gustavus Stanton 100; Thomas Stanton, 85.

History—C. A. Bender, 95; Lewis Stanton, 100; Gustavus Stanton, 98; Thomas Stanton, 97; Mary Hetrick, 95.

Arithmetic—C. A. Bender, 97; Lewis Stanton, 100; Gustavus Stanton, 100; Thomas Stanton, 99.

Grammar—C. A. Bender, 94; Lewis Stanton 98; Gustavus Stanton, 94; Thomas Stanton, 87.

Physiology—C. A. Bender, 80; Lewis Stanton, 98; Gustavus Stanton, 97; Thomas Stanton, 96.

B Class—Reading—Susie Orendorf 85, Solomon Orendorf 93, Mary Hetrick 94, Cinda Fresh 45, Mary Bowser 55, Daniel Resh 58, Cinda Biddinger 40, Ida Wiley 40, Grant Wiley 56.

Orthography—Susie Orendorf 98, Solomon Orendorf 85, Mary Hetrick 95, Cinda Fresh 90, Mary Bowser 60, Daniel Resh 80, Cinda Biddinger 90, Ida Wiley 80, Grant Wiley 85.

Goegraphy—Susie Orendorf 80, Solomon Orendorf 50 Mary Hetrick 90, Mary Bowser 40.

Arithmetic—Susie Orendorf 98, Solomon Orendorf 96, Mary Hetrick 88, Mary Bowser 98.

Accident.

Weather is cold and rough.

Snow has fallen to the depth of several inches and is drifting furiously.

Farmers are busily preparing to put up their limekilns.

Mr. William McMillen, of this place, has left for Kansas. We are sorry of his departure, we feel the loss of one good Suuday school scholar. We wish him much success.

Miss Sophia Ault has returned from a visit at Frostburg.

Mr. George Durst is building a fine house which is quite an improvement to his farm.

Cheap John is having auction here again in Mr. Alex. Haenftling's store room.

Miss Lillie Boyer proposed to start a subscription school here but is not certain of it yet.

Messrs. W. E. Boyer and E. H. Glotfelty are talking about taking a trip to California.

Mr. Adam Garinger is going to Washington soon on a pleasure trip.

Mr. William Englehart and Mr. Christian Bowman took a trip to Frostburg last week. Mr. Bowman on his return found that he had been presented with another son. He is all smiles. L. E. I.

Bittinger.

MARCH 5th.—We had a spelling bee on Friday night after school closed in which Miss Amelia Orendorf and Mr. Daniel Orendorf did excellent spelling.

The cheese manufactory previously mentioned, is under construction and to be finished by May next.

The present population of Bittinger is 22 and good prospects for a large increase in the near future.

The entertainment given to the young folks of Bittinger last Thursday night by Mr. Samuel Slabaugh, was a grand success.

Mr. Wm. C. Cuningham is not expected to live but a few days, being very low with consumption.

Sugar is being made in large quantities at present in Bittinger settlement. Mr. T. B. Wiley has made 1,000 lbs. already.

Mr. Noah Slabaugh met with a serious accident last week. While walking about the house he unfortunately fell, and his head coming in contact with the washtub, gave him a severe wound in the scalp. He is recovering, however.

Miss Jennie Miller paid a visit to Mr. Thomas B. Wiley last week.

Mr. C. E. Ellithorp is doing an extensive business in general merchandise.

The debating society at Dung-hill is progressing finely. The next question for debate is: *Resolved*, That married life is preferable to single life.

Mr. H. Winterberg, of Grantsville, and Mr. J. A. Feik, of Accident, visited Mr. P. P. Lohr last Sunday.

Mr. H. Bittinger is busily engaged in constructing sugar keelers.

Mr. Lewis Stanton fell on the ice last Sunday and seriously hurt one of his hands.

The wife of Mr. Conrad Spiker is convalescing.

Mr. Josiah Bittinger has purchased a team of good horses. He expects to haul timber for the paper men.

Messrs. Joseph Brenneman and Joseph Buckle visited Mr. Henry Bittinger one night last week.

Messrs. Geo. Ralston and Fred Snyder are doing an extensive business in their shops at present.

Mr. Amos Sibert has returned from Pennsylvania, where he has been residing for some time among relatives.

J. A. F.

Swanton.

Judge Fairall, of Iowa City, was on a visit to relatives at this place last week.

A. Fairall, Esq., was on a visit to Keyser on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Miller returned from Baltimore, where they had been for several days, on Wednesday morning.

M. T. Brady was visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. F. George, this week.

Frank Sharpless, Esq., has opened an eight foot vein of coal on his place, 2¾ miles from Swanton.

Our school has closed and Miss Lizzie Kahl has proven herself to be one of the best teachers we have ever had.

Rev. N. A. Kivacofe has been appointed to Deer Park Circuit, U. B. Church.

Rev. M. L. Maysilles has been stationed at Westernport. H.

The Fruits of Victory.

(From the New York World.)

A Western Democratic journal takes *The World* to task for resisting the attempt to commit the Democratic party to the spoils theory. It insists that a party is entitled to the "Fruits of Victory."

But what are the "fruits of victoro?" Did the Democratic party, with its five million voters, maintain its organization and its spirit through years of defeat simply or chiefly to lift 100,000 men into office?

The Democratic party, representing a majority of the people, was entitled to the fruits of its victory, and it is a pity that it has not enjoyed more of them. It fought for a reduction of taxes, for a prevention of the surplus, for a cessation of the extravagance caused by an "overflowing Treasury."

Not one of these fruits has been gathered.

The Democratic party fought to prevent the public service from being prostituted to partisan uses and to free elections from the domination of office-holders. In this it has been partially successful, and would have been more so if President Cleveland had removed a few Democratic officials for defiant violation of his orders.

The Democratic party contended for an opportunity to break up the plundering rings in the Government, to compel derelicit railroad corporations to respect their obligations, to check the growing influence of plutocrats in public affairs and to break the power of monopolies.

The boughs have been shaken, but how few of these fruits have been actually gathered!

It is said by a writer in the New York *Sun* that "not less than one million people were drowned by the terrible floods in the Hong-Ho river, which overwhelmed several thousands of Chinese villages in October last. The fact that this appalling tragedy has not profundly moved all Christendom shows how little we know of the lives, the sufferings and joys of people who are not closely connected with us by ties of interest and affinity. Still, this very calamity shows that widely removed parts of the world are drawing nearer together. This same river thirty-six years ago involved China in a calamity of equally terrible proportions, and so great was then our ignorance of that country and its affairs that five years elapsed before attention was called to the disaster in this country and Europe. The river cut for itself a new bed far north of its previous course, and seven years after the disaster European geographers were talking of the lost Hoang-Ho river, and wondering what had become of it. At the present rate of progress we may expect in time to see the daily news of China laid on our breakfast table along with the other news of the world."

The month of February, 1866, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature that was? It had not occurred since the time of Washington, nor since the discovery of America, nor since the beginning of the Christian era, nor the creation of the world. And it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for—how long do you think?—2,500,000 years. Was not that truly a wonderful month?—*Golden Days.*

"Ma, what is hush?" asked a little boy. "Why my dear do you ask?" "Because I asked sister Jane what made her dress stick out so behind, and she said 'hush.'

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



SECURITY CORSET.

ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) ☞Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.
For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting In Equity, passed in a certain cause wherein Wm. D. Burton, et. al. are plaintiffs and Elizabeth A. White is defendant, being No. 409, Equity on the Docket of said Court, the undersigned, as trustee, will sell, by public auction, to the highest *bona fide* bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1888,

at 11 o'clock A. M., all that piece, parcel, or tract of land situated in said county, known as

"CANDAHAR,"

and described as follows: Beginning for the same at the end of 200 perches on the 3d line of a tract of land called "SMALL MEADOWS," it being also at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "BOYLE'S SORROW," and running thence with the 2d line of the last mentioned tract N. 3° W. 208 perches to the end of the said 2d line, then leaving the lines of this tract West 11 perches to the 6th line of a tract of land—"CHARLES' DISAPPOINTMENT," and with it S. 3° E. 62 perches to the end of the said 6th line, then with the given line of said tract S. 35° W. 332 perches to the beginning thereof, and also to the end of 446 perches on the 3d line of "Small Meadows" aforesaid, and reversing said line N. 59° E. 246 perches to the beginning, containing 113½ acres, more or less.

It being the same land which was conveyed to Patience Burton, Ann M. Armstrong and Elizabeth A. White by Peter Devecmon, by deed bearing date December 8th, 1857, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 16 folios 468, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Md.

Said land lies about two miles West of Oakland on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is timber land underlaid with coal, with an opening to a four foot vein.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from date of sale, or all cash on day of sale at the option of the purchaser; the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustee and to bear interest from date of sale.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
3 17 4t Trustee.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, George Walters, Ramsey Browning and others at or near Mrs. Brobst's farm, in District No. 1, and running thence in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to Davis' tram road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hooppole road at or near King's Run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Francis Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, Chauncey Glass, George Walters and Perry's heirs, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 3d, day of April, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

DAVID ENLOW,
JOSEPH SPEICHER,
JOHN HARNED,
3 3 5 Examiners.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

GLAMOUR LAND.

Ah, dim, lost Glamour-land!
On whose confines I stand,
Longing for home that home shall be no more!
There stood my palace grand,
Where now, on either hand,
The fiery swords of seraphs guard the door.

There once I roamed to cull
Dear hopes more beautiful
Than siren thoughts that musing monks resist:
Nothing too far or fair
But its mirage was there
Pictured upon the valley's rosy mist.

There each sweet day I heard
Songs of a brooding bird,
Telling of purest pleasure yet to be:
There, by the singing streams,
Faint forms of darling dreams
Loitered and lingered hand in hand with me.

Ah, dim, dear fancy-land!
Thy, welkin, rainbow-spanned,
The softened light of halcyon hours o'er-past,
Fading away, away,
All the expanse is gray—
As fades the summer moon, too fair to last.

—*Danske Dandridge in N. Y. Independent.*

THE PANTHER SLAYER.

The Greatest One of All His Great Exploits.

There is still an occasional panther seen, but more frequently heard without being seen, prowling about the lumber camps of the Susquehanna basin, and making its presence apparent by raids on sheep and even cattle among the sparsely settled farm localities of Sullivan and adjacent counties. The advance of civilization has not been so rapid among these dense pine and hemlock wildernesses to have alone caused the panther to abandon its haunts in those forests, for there are still inaccessible jungles and wild, rocky retreats, so well loved by this boldest and fiercest of the great cat family, where it might hide itself with almost, if not quite, as much security as it did in earlier years; but civilization was aided by a band of inveterate and cunning woodsmen who passed their lives almost solely in carrying on an offensive warfare against the panther, following it even to its remotest and most dangerous haunts, and engaging it there fearlessly, and with tactics which they had reduced to an exact science. It was the perpetual and unrelenting crusade of this band of woodsmen that gradually reduced the once numerous race of panthers in these woods to a condition of almost absolute extinction, so that to-day, with conditions favorable not only to its existence, but to its increase, it is only at rare intervals that the blood-curdling cry of this once monarch of the woods is heard among its old haunts, and, rarer still, that the dreaded possessor of the voice is seen.

Captain Brown was probably the most famous of the old-time panther slayers. He was an early settler at the Forks of the Loyalsock Creek, near what is now the mountain village of Forksville, Sullivan County, where he put up a cabin and spent his time in hunting. He was the panther scourge of a wide region, and his cabin was the first place that was visited by the settlers thereabouts when a panther had bereft some one of them of a much-treasured sheep or cow, the visit being to beg Captain Brown to come and rid their particular locality of the marauding beast. Among the hundreds of tales of daring and persistence manifested by the great pioneer hunter one is recounted with especial pride by descendants of his.

Among the first to seek the then unknown and unbroken region about the forks of the Loyalsock was a settler named Samuel Rogers. One morning Rogers appeared in great trepidation at Captain Brown's cabin, just as that hunter was rigging himself up for a day's tramp among the panther haunts. Rogers said that a big panther had broken into his sheepfold the night before and had carried off his most highly prized ram. Rogers was a good panther hunter himself, but he implored Brown to accompany him in the chase. It was one of Brown's eccentricities that he never hunted in company with anybody, and he refused to go with Rogers. But he said:

"Now, you go home, Rogers, and keep cool. I won't go with you after that big panther, but I'll go out myself and kill it for you, and hope I'll have a chance to get it's mate, too."

That was satisfactory to Rogers, and Captain Brown took his gun and went at once to the woods on the flats at the forks of the creek.

It was late in the fall, and there was a light snow on the ground. At the edge of the creek he struck the fresh track of a panther in the snow. From the unusual size of the footprints and drops of blood here and there along the trail, the blood having come from some animal the panther had secured and was carrying away, Brown knew that he had located the big sheep-stealer which had been in Settler Rogers' fold.

It is the habit of panthers, like all of the cat family, to bury what is left from a feast, to be exhumed and eaten on some future occasion. Brown knew that by following the trail, if he did not overtake the panther itself, he would come to the spot where it had buried the remains of the sheep, and that by waiting near that spot he would be sure to get a shot, not only at the one panther, but more than likely at its mate, which the former would fetch along to join in devouring the mutton. The hunter followed the trail for a long distance, and finally, on the edge of a dense laurel thicket, found where the panther had buried the sheep. Before preparing himself to hide for the coming of the game, he instinctively glanced up among the tops of the tall trees bordering the swamp, and discovered the panther, his huge length stretched along a limb near the top of one of the trees, and his eyes fixed on the hunter below. Brown raised his rifle to fire, but the agile animal sprang to another tree top, and so swift were his movements that he escaped from the sight of the hunter, who could only follow the line of the beast's retreat by the swaying of the tree tops as the panther leaped from one to another. The course the panther took was toward Doubling Run, and Brown made his way as rapidly as he could through the intervening thicket, and when he reached the run he found that the panther had come down from the trees and had taken a course through the snow toward Lewis Lake, now the mountain summer resort of Eagle's Mere.

The tireless hunter followed the trail through the dense forest, and it led him straight to the lake, a distance of five miles, and around the southern shore for two miles more, when Brown discovered his game drinking from the lake. The present site of the Eagle's Mere steamboat landing is pointed out as the spot where the great panther stood and received Captain Brown's first bullet. The shot did not disable the panther, and it sprang into the laurels and again disappeared, leaving the echoes of its yells reverberating about the rocky shores of the lake. The course of the panther lay toward the outlet of the lake, and Captain Brown followed through the dense growths of laurels. When he came to the outlet he discovered the panther half buried in the soft mud at the edge of the water. It was treating the wound it had received, as is the instinct of wild animals of its kind. The hunter did not wait for the panther to enjoy the benefit of the healing mud, but sent another bullet after his first. Again the tenacious beast sprang into the thicket, but Captain Brown's quick eye saw that his last shot had been an effective one, and he still followed the trail, now marked by blood. From the direction the wounded animal took the skillful woodsman knew that it was making for the rocky recesses further down the course of the outlet, at a spot now famous as the Rainbow Falls. There the creek flows through a deep ravine, and the faces of the rocks are cut and seamed by fissures and deep ravines.

The hunter, now sure of his trophy, followed more leisurely than he had, and when he came to the head or top of the falls, where a perpendicular rock towers nearly fifty feet above the stream, at its base being a roomy but dark cavarn, he saw the enormous body of the panther stretched on the ground at the mouth of the cave. Brown clambered along the rocks which hugged the water so closely that passage was difficult and dangerous, and at last reached the flat rock which covers a space of several feet between the cave and the water's edge. The ways of panthers were well known to the hunter, as he had learned them by rough experience; but he was so certain that this great beast that lay stretched at the mouth of its den had died in its efforts to reach that retreat that he laid down his gun, and taking his knife from its sheath advanced upon the prostrate beast to claim its magnificent skin as his reward for the long chase. He reached the side of the panther, and was about to bend down and commence stripping it of its skin, when the great beast sprang to its feet as quick as lightning, and with a yell that almost deafened the surprised hunter, threw itself upon him. The force of the shock threw Brown several feet away, off the rock. It was not only a blow that the panther gave him, but as the infuriated animal struck it buried its long claws in the hunter's thick buckskin shirt and ripped it from him from neck to waist. Brown still retained his knife in his grasp and struggled to quickly regain his feet. He rose to his knees, and as he did so the crouching panther leaped toward him. Quick as a flash the wary hunter threw himself on his back on the ground. But for that the panther, flying through the air with wonderful velocity, would have struck him and carried him along in the flight. As it was, the panther passed over him.

Rapidly as the panther's leap carried it through the air, Brown's eye and hand were quicker still. The hunter's keen, long-bladed knife, thrust upward as the huge body of the panther was passing over him as he lay, was plunged almost to the hilt in the animal. The thrust was between the fore legs, but the knife was not withdrawn, and its keen edge, buried in the panther's flesh, passed the entire length of the great animal's body, and the panther fell dead and disemboweled fifteen feet beyond the spot where Brown lay covered with blood that had poured upon him from the frightful wounds of his now vanquished foe.

The hunter jumped to his feet, and was eying with grim satisfaction the completeness of his work, when a cry, of which he at once knew the significance, echoed among the rocks. He sprang to where his gun lay, and seizing it, looked in the direction of the cry. There, crouching on the summit of Cavern Rock, her eyes glaring, and her long tail swaying in that deliberate, snake-like movement that denotes the fury of the cat and its kind, was the mate of the great panther that had just met his death. The mate plainly comprehended the situation, and did not tarry in her efforts for vengeance. With a frightful yell she launched herself from the rocky peak in a furious leap for the hunter, who stood near the water's edge. His bullet met the vengeful panther in mid-air and passed through her heart. The impetus of her leap carried her to the spot where she had intended to fall upon the hunter and bury her fangs in his throat, but she fell dead at the water's edge where her enemy had stood.

Brown skinned the two panthers and started back for his cabin. The course he took led him to the spot where the big panther had buried Samuel Roger's sheep that morning. As he neared it he heard the growling and snarling made by panthers while devouring their food. He approached cautiously, and peered through the bushes. A male and female panther were busily engaged in making a meal off of the sheep. Brown shot one of the panthers dead as it ate. Its mate sprang into the very tree in which the hunter had first discovered the big one earlier in the day. It paused on a branch and looked back at its dead mate. As it gazed Brown reloaded his rifle. The panther in the tree presented a favorable mark. Brown fired, and the panther fell from limb to limb, clutching at each in its death struggles, and at last tumbled to the ground and died. Six hours from the time Captain Brown had left his cabin in the morning, after traveling more than twenty miles through swamps, tangled woods and high mountains, he was back again, with four of the biggest panther skins ever stripped from the backs of any animals of their kind in the old Lycoming woods. That day's work of the king of the panther slayers is related as the greatest of all the exploits of the great hunter of the Loyalsock.

Laporte (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.

DARING ROBBERIES.

Burglaries Planned With Astonishing Care and Circumspection.

A few weeks ago the residence of a Mr. Greenfel, at Taplow Court, England, was entered and jewelry, principally bridal presents, valued at $25,000 carried off. The time was the servants' supper hour. There was no one in the second story of the mansion. The burglars entered, took the property, and departed without making any noise or leaving the smallest article by which any clew could be obtained. There was not the slightest suspicion against any of the servants or any one living in the neighborhood. No strangers had been seen about the place for months.

Still it was evident that the burglars knew every thing about the house, from top to bottom. They were familiar with the habits of the family, the time for taking meals and the location of articles about the place. They must have known exactly where the jewelry was kept. They had planned their expedition with as great care as ever a great military commander did a campaign. They had arranged for their advance, and for their retreat, if one was found necessary. They had fastened every door and window in the lower story. They had stretched fine copper wires under the grass all over the lawn, so that persons would be tripped up if they tried to overtake them. It seemed likely that the robbery was planned shortly after a fashionable marriage occurred and the London and provincial papers published accounts of the costly bridal presents. Evidently weeks had been spent in making preparations for the robbery.

The history of crime, like that of other events, is likely to repeat itself. A London paper, from which this information is obtained, states that a similar burglary occurs in Great Britain every year. The house robbed is always at some distance from a large town, so that the inmates entertain no fear of robbers. The occupants of the house are always wealthy and generally unsuspicious people. The articles stolen are rarely if ever found. They are not disposed of at pawnshops or to common dealers. They are not offered for sale in country towns. They cannot be found in any of the cities on the continent. Jewelers who made the articles can always recognize them.

It seems likely that the persons engaged in these robberies are possessed of means sufficient to enable them to live for years. It is also likely that they keep the articles they steal till the persons who would be able to recognize them die or lose their recollection of them. It is presumed that many of the articles stolen are sent to America or India. It seems probable that there is an international arrangement for disposing of these goods. Warning people against leaving valuable jewelry and plate unprotected appears to do no good. They may be locked up in a vault or safe for a few months, but at the end of this time they are left on tables as before. The skillful professional burglars know this and make their calculations accordingly.—*Chicago Times.*

Of Small Consequence.

A Chicago belle was riding in a Boston horse car the other day when she suddenly stooped over and began searching for something she had evidently dropped in the straw at her feet.

A half dozen of the polite young gentlemen, for whom Boston is proverbial, sprang to the pretty girl's assistance.

"Ah, have you lost something?" they asked in chorus, as six pair of hands began shaking up the straw.

"It is of no consequence," said the Chicago girl, smiling sweetly. "Don't go to any trouble about it; I've got a whole box more at home. It was only my gum I dropped."

Six polite gentlemen resumed their seats in silence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—An Ypsilanti man has a queer craze—that of collecting axes. He has ninety-two different kinds, and yet his wife complains of a scarcity of kindling-wood.

DAKOTA JOURNALISM.

How an Unenterprising Editor Lost His Hold on the Community.

"Have you a newspaper here?" I asked of a man who came over to where we were camped on the edge of a little Dakota town.

"Yes, got one; did have two, but the other feller pulled out last week."

"Didn't it pay?"

"Naw, he wa'n't no good—got out the weakest paper you ever seen."

"What was the trouble with it?"

"No news, or least none to 'mount to any thing. Course, if something big happened that he couldn't help seein' he'd git it in, but ev'ry week there'd be a whole lot o' spicy things that he'd keep still's a mouse about, an' stick in a lot o' pieces on free trade, or protection, or mebby sometimes the tariff. But the other man wa'n't that style—no blowin' pieces in his'n, but all the spicy an' interestin' news that happened."

"So you froze the long editorial man man out?"

"Had to do it, I tell you—he didn't know enough to pound sand. W'y, lemme tell you a little case: Couple o' months' ago I built me a new chicken-coop—not a very big un, 'cause I only got six hens an' a fightin' rooster—but I made it very keerful an' put in two round roosts an' whitewashed 'em, an' three nests. I figured on half the hens restin' au' scratchin' while the other shift was layin', an' nailed some slats over a box in one corner to shut up the setters in an' make 'em quit their monkey bus'ness, an' fixed her up in style generally. Pretty soon old Cooper, this man that's gone, come along an' I called him in an' says I: 'Jes' get onto the new hen-house I been a-buildin.' 'That looks first-rate,' says he. 'Wiggle it,' says I. He wiggled it. 'It 'pears solid,' says he. 'I claim it's the best hen-house in the city,' says I. 'Wouldn't wonder,' says he. Then he walked off with his head down, a-thinkin', I reckoned, what he should say 'bout it. Somehow I didn't manage to see the other feller to tell him 'bout it, but Lordy, how do you think it come out?"

"Haven't any idea. How did it?"

"W'y, sir, I went over to Hank George's an' borrowed his copy of Cooper's paper soon's it come out—Hank hadn't got alook at it yet himself—an' took it home an' waded through it, but not a line 'bout my hen-coop! Not a line! Not a word! Didn't say nothing 'bout it—my name wasn't in the paper! I went so fur as to even read clear through a long piece on 'Our Common School System,' thinkin' mebby that he stuck in something 'bout my hen-house in it somewheres, but he hadn't. Well, I was mad, an' I think I had a right to be. I throwed the paper down an' didn't even take it back to Hank. But next mornin' when I seen one of the other feller's papers down in the store my eyes stuck out so you could 'a' hung your hat on 'em. There it was in his paper 'bout my hen-coop big's a Mexican dollar! It read like this: 'We hear that Uncle Abner Doty has jes' completed a large an' convenient hen-house for his fine flock of Shanghis, Bramys, Plymouth Rocks, an' so forth, together with his famous fightin' rooster, Ben Butler. We have not yet had the pleasure of samplin' any of the eggs laid in this new henhouse, but we know that Uncle Abner is not the man to long forget ye editor.' That's the very way he had it, word for word, name an' all. Jes' soon's I read it I went right out an' told ev'rybody we couldn't 'ford to support Old Cooper no longer 'cause he was hurtin' the town by not mentionin' the improvements, and I jes' kep' up the talk till what little bus'ness he did have dropped off an' nobody wouldn't have nothing to do with him, an' he's left. You can see yourself that we couldn't very well do any thing else after the way he used me on that hen-house."—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

KEPT HIS PROMISE.

A Small Boy Saved from a Ruined Life by a Kind Word.

I remember a case that happened years ago in Illinois. A lawyer friend of my father defended a lad for stealing apples. The owner of the orchard was without pity, but the lawyer pleaded that the child's act was merely one of gluttony and that he ought to be indulgently treated. This was the view of the matter taken by the justice and he spoke to the accused in a fatherly way.

"You hear," he said, "what has been said about you, that you are no thief; now I am going to acquit you, but you must first promise that in future you will behave in a way to redeem this fault you have committed."

"The boy, who had been crying bitterly, looked up, wiped away his tears, and gave the required answer in a firm voice. Years passed away. One day as the lawyer stepped off the train at Detroit he was accosted by a gentleman who asked if he remembered him.

"No, I do not recall ever having seen you before," was his reply.

"Well, I am the little apple thief whom you once defended. I want to let you know that I have kept the promise I made on that occasion. I now own a wagon factory in this place, am a married man and the happy father of several children. It is to you and the good justice of that day that I am indebted for all this. I am sure that had I been sent to the reform school I would very likely have grown up to be any thing but an honest man."—*Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

—Flimsey—"I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimens of men invariably get the best wives." Mrs. F. (archly)—"O, you flatterer!"—*Boston Transcript.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

MY VISION.

"Look Not Upon the Wine When It Is Red."

"Look not upon the wine when it is red,"
The preacher said—
"Nor when it gives its color in the cup;"
A fiend, the poisoned chalice hath filled up,
And he that drinks, drinks misery and death.
* * * * * * *
But once I gazed into its ruddy tide;
The fiend stood by my side:
Upon my cheek I felt his blighting breath,
And as I gazed, he laughed with hellish glee,
And whispered: "Take the gift I proffer thee;
'Twill rouse thy heart,
And bid its pulses start
With joyous life, and thrill
Each nerve with new delight;
'Twill fill
The earth with beauty and the heavens with light."

Spell-bound, I gazed into the fatal bowl,
And saw a sight that thrilled my inmost soul—
What saw I in the bowl? Be patient, friend,
And hear me to the end.
'Twas not a sight that thou would'st care to see;
And seen but once, 'twould haunt thy memory.
And, as a fever dream, return again
To mock with shapes of dread the dazed brain.
Wraiths of the living, spectres of the dead—
Behold they come, a ghastly, gloomy train—
* * * * * *
O look not on the wine when it is red
Lest forms of dread
Arise
From its red depths to blast and blight thine eyes.
"Look not," the preacher said—
"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

O I have seen in waters clear and bright
The glorious upper world of bloom and light,
The nodding spires of grass, the swaying trees,
And heaven's azure flecked with argosies
Of silver clouds; and all things true and fair
Were mirrored there;
And I have even
In deep dark wells beheld the light of heaven,
Bright in reflection as the orbs that roll
In majesty above.
What saw I in the bowl?
'Twas not the waving grasses, dewy bright,
The nodding trees, the clouds, the stars of night.
No! Darker visions swept before my sight.
Ah! well the preacher said:
"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

As the magician sees before him pass
Demons of darkness mirrored in his glass,
The shrouded, ghastly tenants of the grave,
And the dread underworld of mystery,
So I, when gazing at the wine which gave
The crimson hue that dyes the sunset wave,
Saw that which hath been, is, and yet shall be;
Saw sights, would God I never more might see—
Saw stars go out on earth to shine no more—
Saw shattered wrecks upon a storm-beat shore—
Saw ships go down before the tempest's wrath—
Saw hopeless ruin in the whirlwind's path.
Brave hopes and high
Had perished utterly.
Glory was quenched in shame, and love in hate;
The fairest homes of earth were desolate,
Of love, of hope, of happiness bereft.
Ah! what was left?
Edens, from which the bloom of life had fled,
Gardens of roses growing thorns instead,
And visions of the dying and the dead,
Were pictured in the wine when it was red.

I saw a palace radiant and fair,
Its marble walls bedight with sculptures rare,
And, gathered in its halls, the young and gay
To speed in revelry the hours away.
"Pour out the wine," the insidious tempter cried,
'Twas the same fiend that halted by my side.
"Pour out the wine; each emptied glass fill up."
Ah! how it gave its color in the cup.
Each goblet flashed aloft its baleful red,
A death-lit flame! With its ensanguined tide
The snowy marble of the walls was dyed,
As in the glow of conflagrations dire,
As in the light of hell's intensest fire.
The end was near; dreamlike the vision sped;
The palace lay in ruins o'er its dead.
This saw I in the wine when it was red.

I saw a thousand homes made desolate
By the red hand of murder. Pitiless fate,
Binding his victims, gave them unto death,
And life and beauty withered at a breath.
Alas for the despair
Of stricken ones! Alas! the young and fair,
Beauty with golden hair,
Childhood with dimpled face,
Youth with unconscious grace,
Faded life's morning bloom, its glory fled,
And mothers clasping in a long embrace
Within their pulseless arms their murdered dead,
This saw I in the wine when it was red.

I saw a million graves,
Earth furrowed with them, as the sea with waves;
Graves, not of those who passed away in pride,
But who, in abject misery, drank and died;
Graves of the nameless, unremembered dead;
The raindrops are the tears above them shed;
Heaven weeps for them, human lids are dry.
Men shun the fields unconsecrate
Where they forgotten lie;
Or haply point a moral by their fate,
To warn the passer-by,
To shun the paths which they were lured to tread.
To look not on the wine when it is red.

I saw the small and great,
Before the judgment seat
Waiting the verdict of the last great day.
In far-off fields of air,
Unclouded and serene,
The jasper walls of holy Heaven were seen.
White-robed and fair
The throngs of the forgiven soared away,
And through the pearly portals passed for aye.
For aye forgiven.

But oh, for those the hapless slaves of sin
That stood below unshriven,
Waiting in vain the mandate: "Enter in,"
For everywhere,
Upon the gather ng clouds, the darkening air,
Was writ the lurid sentence of despair:
"No drunkard ever shall inherit Heaven,"
And these the nether darkness swallowed up.
Ah! well the preacher said:
"Look not upon the wine when it is red,
And when it gives its color in the cup."

And yet I looked upon the wine, alas!
It was no horrid vision of the night,
Or picture shadowed in the magic glass,
Of figures moving to and fro,
Through scenes of deepening woe,
That pass and are not, for I felt the might
Of him, the fiend who tempted me to drink—
The fiend who forged my fetters link by link,
And bound me till in utter agony
I writhed, and moaned, and struggled to be free.
I was aware
Of countless beings in the invisible air,
Of damned souls that shrieked in their despair,
Demons that came
From hell's abysses, breathing breath of flame.
* * * * * *
Above, Heaven's golden gates were opened wide;
Below me yawned the grave.
Falling, as from a battlement, I cried:
O God, is there no hand to save!
None, none; then let me from the dead
Shout to the living, as they tread
The maze of mirth, and bow at pleasure's shrine:
"Look not, look not upon the wine
When it is red."

—*Rev. E. F. Edwards, in Indiana State Journal.*

AGITATION may be the life of trade, but it is the death of the liquor trade. Therefore agitate.—*Voice.*

"IN MODERATION."

The Voice of Science as to the Injurious Influence of "Nipping Upon Health"—Total Abstinence the Only Sure Temperance.

The disapproval of the "abuse" of intoxicating beverages has become very general. This disapproval is very often expressed in one form or another by moderate drinkers, and is even fervently reiterated from time to time by the brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers. But it is refreshing to find high medical authorities inviting public attention to the fact that even moderate drinking is injurious to health, and therefore itself an "abuse."

The *Medical Record*, of this city, calls attention, in articles which the *Scientific American* reprints entire and thus emphasizes, to a late discussion of this subject by Dr. Harley, the English hepatologist and nephrologist, in the *Provincial Medical Journal*. Dr. Harley's significant article is entitled "The Influence of 'Nipping' upon Health," and in it he considers the injurious effects of drinking alcoholic beverages "in moderation." Comparing, in the registrar-general's report, the mortality tables of men exposed to the temptation of frequent "nipping" with those of men not similarly exposed, the result is, he says, "startling in the extreme, more particularly as regards the proportion of liver diseases." The rate of mortality is found to be six times greater among those whose business is practically inseparable from "nipping" than among those representing all the other industries combined. After the liver, the kidneys, the heart and the nervous system become most frequently affected in moderate drinkers. Dr. Harley says that "it is not difficult to understand why the liver, of all organs of the body, should be the most affected by 'nipping,' when it is remembered that almost every drop of alcohol taken into the stomach is absorbed by the branches of the portal veins, is conveyed directly to the liver, and has to filter through its tissues ere it can get into the general circulation, and by it become distributed to the other organs of the body." That the kidneys suffer less than the liver is presumed to be due to the fact that less alcohol reaches them, yet it is in part eliminated by these organs, and Dr. Harley claims to have obtained "pure alcohol" from the kidneys of persons who have died intoxicated, by the simple process of distillation. The bad effect of "nipping" upon the heart consists in inviting disease in the predisposed, as well as in augmenting disease which already exists.

Dr. Harley also believes that alcohol taken in small quantities at a time, but frequently repeated, acts deleteriously upon the nervous system by keeping the blood-vessels on the stretch, by engorging them and causing them to press upon the nerve-cells and fibrils. This, it is claimed, interferes both with the proper performance of their functions and with nutrition.

The nerves also suffer indirectly through the action of alcohol on the blood. Dr. Harley has found that, even in the small proportion of five per cent., "alcohol exerts a powerful chemical effect on blood, so powerful as to entirely derange one of its most important functions—namely, the function of respiration." "The alcohol," he says, "seems to act like an asphyxiant, inasmuch as it not alone diminishes the power of the red corpuscles to absorb oxygen, but to exhale carbonic acid, and that, too, in the same way (though to a somewhat less extent) as morphia does. This peculiar action of alcohol on the blood nerve-pabulum may be thought to give a reasonable explanation of the paralyzing action of alcohol upon the nervous system.

The five per cent. of alcohol thus declared by a scientific expert to have so serious a chemical effect upon the blood is about the average quantity contained in beer. In the light of this very suggestive and important medical and scientific discussion of the subject, the reason becomes obvious why beer risks are avoided by life insurance companies, why the so-called moderate drinker, as well as the heavier toper, is guilty of the "abuse" of intoxicants, and why total abstinence therefrom is the only true Temperance. — *National Temperance Advocate.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

A TEMPERANCE society has been formed in the Girls' Mission School, Samokoy, Turkey. The white ribbon is donned by its members, and all have enrolled their names upon the World's W. C. T. U. petition.

THE world's petition, which provides for the abolition of alcohol and narcotics, is meeting with great favor in the Orient and in Australia. This petition will be presented for signature to all influential bodies in America this year.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, preaching in the St. James' Hall, said that the destruction of the liquor traffic and the investment of its capital in legitimate branches of industry would give work to every unemployed and starving man and woman in England at the present time.

AN enterprising grocery firm of Kirksville, Mo., makes the following offer: "Any man who drinks two drams of whisky per day for a year, and pays 10 cents a drink for it, can have at our store 30 sacks of flour, 220 pounds of granulated sugar and 72 pounds of good green coffee for the same money and get $2.50 premium for making the change in his expenditures." That is a Temperance lecture in a very few lines.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A lady in Grant County, Va., aged seventy, recently had an attack of measles, whereby she was cured of rheumatism.

—The depth of snow on the mountains of Colorado is illustrated curiously by stumps of trees. Instead of being cut close to the ground the stumps are from six to ten feet high, since the trees are cut when the snow is upon the ground.

—A Georgia farmer who lives near Kenesaw mountain, with a small branch running through his farm, which you could dam up with a couple spades of dirt, has the following sign stuck up: "Hunting positively forbidden on this place, but you can fish as much as you please."

—It has been estimated that a man would have to consume in every twenty-four hours sixty-seven feet of a sausage nine feet in circumference in order to eat as much in proportion to his bulk as the red-breast, whose daily food is considered as equivalent to an earthworm fourteen feet long.

—A countryman, who had been on a visit to London, on returning home, remarked that he never saw so many trees in his life as he saw in Piccadilly. This led to a dispute and a bet, when the countryman, being called upon to name the trees he saw, replied, "Axle-trees."

—A young man in Caribou, Me., gave two young ladies a ride to singing-school and left them there to get home the best way they could, while he returned with his best girl. The next time the two slighted damsels met the fellow they gave him such a flogging that he was laid up for several days.

—The latest freak in wood fires is the pine cone blaze. No self-respecting open fireplace is now without the woodsy relics of the past summer, and the quaintest gilded baskets come to hold them. A hostess welcomes her visitor by throwing a handful of pine cones into the fire, and then, inspired by their cheery blaze, the gossip and the chatter flow merrily on.

—A traveler in Japan was recently shown the interior of a native printing office. He found a "case" four feet wide by sixty feet long, where twelve compositors worked. They did a wonderful amount of rushing about in search of the types needed, for over fifty thousand different characters reposed in the divisions of this vast construction.

—A French provincial lawyer recently died. In his will he directed that an annuity of $400 a year be paid to the servant who should "close his eyes." When this clause was read the servant who had performed the office jumped with joy, but his delight was speedily dampened by the nephew and heir of the dead man who reminded the servant that his master only had one eye, and the servant actually failed to get his legacy on this absurd technicality.

—A recent funeral in Louisiana was announced by handbills reading as follows: "There will be a large funeral at Frogmore, the grandmother of ——'s wife. All are invited to attend. Ice water in abundance, free to all. Come one, come all." The paper contained the date of the funeral services, the names of six "managers," three of whom were clergymen, and the time of arrival and departure of trains from neighboring stations, with a list of railroad fares.

—A Cape Colonist who had been guilty of indiscreet remarks publishes this card in a local South African newspaper: "I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, C. son, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar, and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth, why did you lie so?' I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

—Frederick the Great was not only wise, but also very witty. On one occasion a Catholic priest refused to allow an officer who had not complied with all his religious duties, to be buried in consecrated ground. Frederick sent for the priest and asked him: "You say that the graveyard is consecrated?" "Yes, your majesty." "How far down does your consecration go?" The priest, somewhat puzzled, replied, "Five feet." "All right, then, the officer shall be buried six feet under ground. He will then be one foot outside your jurisdiction."

—A Buffalo professor the other day was enlightening his class on the subject of geology, when one of the pupils came forward, handed a piece of rock candy to the professor, and asked what it was. The professor suggested that it was probably a quantity of crystalline quartz, whereupon the boy wondered at its being so crumbly. The scientist then ventured the opinion that the substance was carbonate of lime. Some of the boys could not refrain from giggling outright, but the professor remained in blissful ignorance of the joke.

—Some ingenious individual has organized a "Book Exchange" in Paris which might possibly be imitated with profit in this country. Membership costs 3 francs and 50 centimes (70 cents); that is, the reader buys a book —not in paper covers, but a well-bound volume—and pays this amount in cash. On a fly-leaf he will find a list of "sub-agencies," principally in large hotels, restaurants, etc., where he may upon payment of an additional 50 centimes (10 cents) surrender his book and get another, and so on, *ad lib.* It is optional at any time for the subscriber to surrender a book definitely and receive 3 francs in payment therefor.

EXTRAVAGANT DRESS.

A Philosophical Consideration of an Important Question.

A love of the beautiful and ornamental need not degenerate into a craving for merely costly luxury. Here we have to investigate the meaning of luxury in dress. Every one will admit that a Brussels lace flounce which has cost fifty thousand hours of labor and the eyesight of more than one worker is a luxury, yet in one whirl of a waltz the queen of the ball-room has sacrificed this costly article. And what advantage does she gain? But what is luxury in one age, in another is a cheap and necessary article of wear. The days are passed when a Prince received a shirt as a fitting gift from a Princess; when cotton there was none, and linen was so dear it was held to be an extravagance to wear a night-dress. Thanks to discoveries and inventions, to machinery and to facilities of transport, woolen, linen and cotton fabrics are within reach of every one, at prices adapted to the slenderest means. Never has it been possible to clothe one's self so warmly and cheaply as in the present day. We can not revert to those days when each class had its special and distinctive dress; we can not accept M. de Lavaleye's counsels of perfection and clothe ourselves in the garb of the religious orders. We must regulate, not repress the love of ornament; we must reject the freaks and follies of fashion and appeal to those whose taste and position enable them to adopt a higher standard, and urge them to set the example of simplicity and frugality, of sense and solvency. It is is singular to contrast the glowing splendor and prodigality of the dress of one sex in this nineteenth century with the sobriety of the dress of the other sex, which has shrunk within our own recollection into a grim uniformity of black kerseymere. The laws of nature are reversed, if it be true, as Mr. Darwin teaches, that the male bird owes the hues of his plumage and the beauty of his form to his desire to please the hens and obtain the honor of natural selection. In modern society it is the hens who carry the gay feathers. Shall we say with the same motives, and with equal success? There was a time when the dress of men was alike wasteful, extravagant and inexpedient; when they wore costly stuffs, rich embroidery, lace, jewels; when at the Court of France the Duke of Buckingham shook off diamonds, and the maids of honor went on their knees to pick them up and appropriate them; when the folds of a cravat and the embroidery of a waistcoat were subjects of earnest attention to the masculine mind. Those days are over, men's dress is simple, suitable, inexpensive. Is it too much to hope that reason may assert her authority in the case of women's dress, as she has done for men, and that while slovenliness is unknown, and the highest standard of neatness is attained, there may be neither waste nor extravagance, but that all-pervading sense of propriety of which Dr. Johnson was the advocate? "Learn," said he, "that there is propriety or impropriety in every thing how slight soever, and get at the general principles of dress and behavior." When Mrs. Thrale asked his opinion of the dress of a child: "Well, sir, how did you like little miss? I hope she was fine enough?" "It was the finery of a beggar," said he; "she looked like a native of Bow Lane dressed up to be carried to Bartholomew Fair." Views which the philosopher and the economist advocate may well gain a hearing, though only now urged by one who has no other claim to an audience than the desire to help in woman's work.—*Christian G. J. Reeve, in Longman's Magazine.*

FASHIONABLE KINKS.

Some of the New Things Affected by the World of Fashion.

Etchings are in great demand.

Turning down visiting cards is out of date.

The camelia japonica has been restored to favor.

Velvet basques and redingotes are quite fashionable.

Red and gray is a favorite combination in children's dresses.

Braided coiffures are again in vogue, especially the braided coronet or diadem.

Large mantles with Muscovite, religieuse and ambulance sleeves are in great demand.

Russian jewelry, Russian tea, Russian gowns, etc., are having a mild run just now.

The fashionable boutonniere is either a single rose or a bunch of violets, or mayhap as many as three buds.

Moire antique and moire Francaise are oftener chosen for trimming cloth costumes than velvet or plush.

As the season advances the skirts of dresses are less bunched at the back than heretofore and are laid in wider plaits.

Long boas are, if possible, more popular then ever. Otter or beaver is the correct thing with costumes of brown cloth.

Crimson Jacqueminot and Bennett roses, the new Papa Gontier and American beauty, both a rich, rosy pink; the creamy Marechal Niel, and pure white Puritan are all favorites of fashion.

At large and ceremonious dinners, where favors are laid at every plate, each gentleman finds at his a single rose or other flower matching the corsage bouquet at the plate of the lady he takes out.—*N. Y. World.*

—Real estate in South America ranges from five cents an acre in Paraguay to $4.30 in Buenos Ayres.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Pasteur's plan of exterminating rabbits by inoculating them with chicken cholera has been tried at Rheims with success.

—It is stated that several diamonds were found in a meteoric stone, weighing about four pounds, that fell in Krasnolobodsk, Russia. This discovery has set people to examining meteorites with unusual interest.

—The artificial production of chickens is a great industry in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Over 700 incubators are in operation and the production is from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 chickens annually.

—A noted scientist has shown to the Ophthalmological society of Hiedelberg his second success in grafting the rabbit's cornea into the human eye. The patient's visual power with the new eye is about one-tenth of the normal, and coarse print may be read.

—The advisability of testing as foggy weather signals sudden flashes, such as those of gunpowder, has been suggested to the British lighthouse authorities by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Stokes, who think the flashes might attract attention where an equal fixed light might escape notice.

—An instrument called the autographometer has lately been devised, which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and when in use indicates the topography and differences of level of all places over which it passes.

—There are about five hundred different kinds of humming birds. These birds belong exclusively to the continent of America and its islands. From America they range north to the Arctic regions and south to Patagonia; and from the level of the sea to the height of the Andes.

—Among the almost numberless methods of removing particles from the eye, the following is recommended as an efficient means: Make a loop by doubling a horse-hair. Raise the lid of the eye in which is the foreign particle; slip the loop over it, and placing the lid in contact with the eyeball, withdraw the loop, and the particle will be drawn out with it.—*Scientific American.*

—The *Polytechnical Journal* describes a new kind of lubricant. One hundred parts of mineral oil and twenty-five parts of castor oil are mixed thoroughly with sixty to seventy parts of sulphuric acid, and the whole worked with two or three volumes of water. In this condition the composition is allowed to stand some time, the watery layer is then drawn off, and, after remaining undisturbed for several days, it is carefully neutralized with soda or potash.

—It is found that living creatures brought up from sea depths of four miles or more, suffer greatly from the changed conditions of pressure and temperature. At those vast depths the pressure is tremendous, and the temperature is comparatively low. On being brought to the surface, the deep-sea creatures are sometimes torn to pieces by the powerful expansion of their organisms occasioned by decrease in pressure, and "sometimes they absolutely melt away before the eyes of the beholder."

—It is estimated that in the United States alone during the year 1887 there were manufactured and sold about half a million gallons of writing ink and about four thousand tons of printing ink. Of course a considerable quantity of this was exported, and some ink of European manufacture was also imported. But the importation of this article is constantly decreasing as the excellence of the home manufactures improve and the market is supplied by them at a cheaper rate.

—Science has demonstrated that sugar is contained in nearly every vegetable and animal product, the constituent elements of which are known. The sweetness of the different varieties of sugar varies, cane sugar being five times sweeter than beet sugar, beet sugar several times as sweet as grape sugar, and so on. But now a sweet substance has been discovered in coal oil tar which is said to be three hundred times sweeter than cane sugar. This new substance is called saccharine, and one drop of it will sweeten three quarts of water.

WANTED HIM BAD.

An Ex-Congressman Applies for a Position and Gets It.

An unpretentious man entered the office of the proprietor of a great daily newspaper.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I have come, sir, to ask for a position as editorial writer on your paper."

"I don't think there is room for another man, still, using a homely phrase, we are ever on the look-out for good timber. Have you done much newspaper work?"

"None, sir."

"But you think that you can shape public sentiment, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you ask for a place?"

"On account of my fitness."

"Of your fitness? But what does your fitness consist of?"

"My absolute ignorance."

"You are surely a peculiar man. Want a position as editorial writer because you are absolutely ignorant?"

"Yes, sir."

"But of what use is an absolutely ignorant man? What would you propose to do?"

"Write articles on the tariff."

The proprietor caught a quick breath, placed one hand on the table to steady himself, and said: "Of course I want you, but I am surprised to see that you have resigned your seat in Congress."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Why are women extravagant in clothes? Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

—The man who wants the earth, my son, is the very man the earth doesn't want.—*Burdette.*

—The girl who thinks she ought to marry no one lower than a Baron, generally compromises upon a Count R. Hopper.

—He was fond of singing revival hymns, and his wife named the baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

—A comely figure in a woman has its charms. But it is the incomely figure that influences the average wife-hunter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Goliath of Gath was a big man, but that didn't kill him; it was his big konseat that brot him face to face with deth.—*Toronto Grip.*

—Women know about as much about politics as men do about making a chain stitch tidy. The difference is that men keep still about the tidy.

—"I live for those who love me," says a Philadelphia poet. If he is like most amateur poets, then, he hasn't much to live for.—*Somerville Journal.*

—It is all bosh about women being afraid to tell their age. The trouble is that people are afraid to ask 'em, and perhaps it is safer not to.—*Dansville Breeze.*

—"Look here, Jones, I understand you called me a blooming jackass last night." That is incorrect, Smithers. I didn't use the word 'blooming.'" "Ah, that's all right, then. Shake, old fellow."—*Philadelphia Times.*

—"I'll teach you to play pitch-and-toss!" shouted an enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I will." "Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing!"—*Boston Globe.*

—Omaha dame—"Didn't you know before your marriage that the man you loved had contracted the liquor habit?" Neglected wife—"Yes, I knew he had contracted the habit, and if it had only staid contracted I should not have complained, but after marriage the habit expanded."—*Omaha World.*

—A Western school-ma'am has become famous by getting all her pupils out of the school-house while a blizzard was in progress. Some day she may succeed in keeping them all in school while a circus procession is passing, and then her name will go down in history.

—It is stated that over five thousand pianos are ruined every year in this country by sudden changes of temperature. When this fact becomes generally known, the American people will be cheerfully reconciled to sudden changes of temperature—and some will regret that the sudden changes are not more sudden and frequent.—*Norristown Herald.*

—An old man was on the witness-stand and was being cross-examined by a lawyer. "You say you are a doctor, sir." "Yes, sir; yes, sir." "What kind of a doctor?" "I makes 'intment, sir. I makes 'intment, sir. I makes 'intment." "What's your ointment good for?" "It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind." "What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?" "None at all, sir, none at all. We have to have something to start with."—*Concord (N. H.) Monitor.*

A JAPANESE GENESIS.

The Oriental Story of the Creation of the Mundane Sphere.

In the beginning all things were in chaos. Heaven and earth were not separated. The world floated in the cosmic mass like a fish in the water, or the yelk in an egg. The ethereal matter sublimed and formed the heavens, while the residuum formed the present earth, from the mold of which a germ sprouted and became a self-animate being, from which sprang all the gods.

On the floating bridge of heaven appeared a man and woman of celestial origin. The male plunged his jeweled spear into the unstable waters beneath them, and withdrawing it, the trickling drops formed an island upon which they descended.

The creative pair, divine man and woman, designing to make this island the pillar for a continent, separated, the male to the left, the female to the right, to make a journey around the island. When they met the woman spoke first, saying: "How joyful to meet a lovely man!"

The man, offended that the first use of the tongue had been by a woman, demanded that the journey be repeated, after which he cried out exultingly: "How joyful to meet a lovely woman."

Thus ensued the proper subjection; and this, according to the ancient idea of Japan, was the origin of the human race and the art of love.—*Overland Monthly.*

Virginia's Old Powder Horn.

The old "Powder Horn," an historical building at Williamsburg, Va., is in danger of falling in from neglect and decay. It was built by Sir Alexander Spotswood, Governor of the colony, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, to store supplies in. But its greatest interest arises from the fact that it was the building in which the colonial ammunition was stored in 1775. Lord Dunmore seized the ammunition and moved it on board a man-of-war, the result being "the first gathering of an armed force in the colony in opposition to royal authority." In later years the building was used as a market, church and stable. It was bought of the city authorities in 1866, and its present owner should not allow so interesting a relic of the times that tried men's souls to be destroyed.—*Springfield Republican.*

GERMAN AND YANKEE.

How an Independent Tin-Peddler Astonished an Unhospitable Teuton.

A German farmer, living in Maryland, was notorious for his stinginess, and had never been known when any one entered his house whilst he was at table to practice those rites of hospitality so common among country people. He was in the habit, however, of getting over the omission by an impudent sort of a turn that was inimitable. If a traveler entered the house about noon, which is the usual hour for dinner with American farmers, who are generally a very hospitable race of people, he would say, in his Anglo-Germanic dialect: "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" And if he received an affirmative answer, would say: "Well, den, you peats us." If he got a negative answer, his regular response was: "Well, den, we peats you." With this established character, an impudent Yankee tin-peddler once tried an experiment upon his patience. This fellow had a prodigious canine appetite, and was for this reason the dread of the whole circuit in which he was accustomed to sell his tins. He had, therefore, thought it prudent to annex to his perambulations a new district in Maryland; and, hearing of this German farmer, and being in his neighborhood, he, one day, presented himself just at the dinner hour. "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" said the farmer. "I guess I have," answered the peddler. "Well, den, you peats us," he replied. "You see," said the Yankee, "I am one of those critters that likes his dinner as soon as he can get it; howsumdever, I'll jest take a look at your taters till the woman has done, and then, perhaps, we can trade a little." Upon this he sat down, and helping himself to one-half of the pork that was on the table, he shot it down so rapidly that all eyes became fixed upon him, little suspecting that the corned beef on the table was doomed to follow it instanter. Having achieved the beef, he perceived near to him two fine young cabbages, the first that had been gathered that summer; these, which were the German's own dear dish, he had the inexpressible horror to see disappear in a twinkling, down the implacable throat of the omnivorous tin-peddler. Rising from his seat, full of wrath, the farmer now shoved a huge dish of unskinned, seedy potatoes to the fellow, that were there for the family, and screamed out: "Will you swallow de potatoes, too, mit me dish und de skins? I should like to see dat." "No," said the Yankee, "I guess I telled you I'd only jist look at your taters; it ain't so long to supper time, but I can hold on."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CLEVER DETECTIVES.

Inspector Byrne Talks About the Traits They Must Possess.

"How do men become detectives, any way? What training and natural traits must a man have?" asked a New York reporter of Inspector Byrne.

"That is a hard question to answer off hand," said the inspector, slowly. "The most important thing, I should say, is that men have a distinct liking —an undoubted passion—for this line of duty. That is essential.

"A man must like the business and know that he likes it, that he has a natural aptitude for it. That is the indispensable prerequisite. Then he must have perseverance, youth, intelligence, enthusiasm for his work. He must be thorough and zealous, and especially he must be tenacious. A good officer will lay his plans and go over a case, and perhaps fail; then he goes back and begins all over again, doing his work in the second line as carefully as at first; perhaps he will fail again, perhaps a half dozen times, but he has the bull-dog in him and is up and at it again. That's the kind of a man that succeeds in this business; the man who does something hard does it by patience, persistence and tenacity. Why, I wouldn't give a cent to do something any body can do. if a man is shot down here in the street and an officer on the opposite side runs across and arrests the murderer, there's no credit in it.

"But in talking about the personal traits a detective should possess to do good work. I must not neglect to say that all these are of no avail if he does not have a thorough knowledge of professional criminals. Without this he can do nothing. Of course the large proportion of crimes are crimes against property — thieving in one form or another."

"How is the knowledge acquired?" I asked.

"O, in various ways; by visiting their haunts, perhaps, or some naturally pick it up in knocking about New York. If a young man of inquiring turn of mind sees a fellow who seems a little suspicious he inquires about him, takes notes and perhaps talks with him. This local knowledge of criminals gradually widens, for all professionals come here at one time or another, the budding detective sees new faces and keeps his records as he picks up information. Then he must study classes of crime. Professional criminals are very clannish; they run in gangs, the bank sneaks together, the hotel men, and so on through all classes of work. They are all grouped and classified."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

—An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

—It is estimated that in the year 1900 the United States will have a population of nearly one hundred million.

CHARITY IN CHINA.

How Food is Dispensed to the Poor and Needy of Peking.

On the first day of the tenth moon (15th of November) the winter charities are opened in Peking for the dispensing of food. When the cold season is further advanced the distribution of clothing is made and the almshouses become filled. Two of our reporters recently made a tour of inspection among the charities in the south city of Peking. All the institutions visited were supported by imperial bounty. The first one reached was a porridge kitchen, a little east of the great central city gate Ch'ien Men. The "granary rice" was already cooked and waiting hot in the great wooden tubs usually found in such places; but although it was nine o'clock none of the poor people had arrived. The explanation of this unusual lateness is that at a place half a mile away they were drawing the rations of good millet porridge first. The granary rice is of bad quality, and the people much prefer the millet. The second place visited was one where sound millet porridge was served, and there men, women and children to the number of 1,200 were waiting in great rooms or barracoons the distribution of the food. It soon began. Two files marched out simultaneously, men on one side, women and children on the other, each person carrying a vessel of some kind into which with great expedition a dipper of hot millet porridge was ladled. Most of the recipients returned to their homes to eat, but many homeless ones found quiet places in wood-yards and sunny corners of the streets to finish up the millet while hot, and then go to the place where the rice already mentioned was waiting for them. At the third place visited the dispensing was already over, only five hundred applicants having presented themselves to-day, most of them, as usual, being women and children.

This was one of the departments or branches of a large and expansive charity under the title "Hundred Goodnesses." The functionary in charge informed us that several thousand sometimes were fed. A few steps further on were the free schools of this same charity, and still further to the west at a short distance the winter's lodgings known as "The Warm Quarters." This is appropriated for women and children, fifty or sixty of whom had already arrived. They receive porridge of millet and granary rice twice a day, on which they subsist during the winter. The "warm quarters" number eight in the south city, and were opened about ten years ago in addition to the regular official almshouses. The administration of the charity leaves little to be desired, many thousands of poor people being housed, fed and clothed during the winter in a perfectly efficient manner.—*Chinese Times.*

CHEAP FUEL GAS.

A Valuable Invention Perfected by a Pittsburgh Syndicate.

For eighteen months and over Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., after associating with himself the most skilled gas and engineering experts, has been endeavoring to solve the problem of manufacturing fuel gas. Associated with him, among others, were S. T. Wellman and T. Goetz. These gentlemen now announce the entire success of their labors, and recently gave a public exhibition of the fuel gas they are making at the Fuel Gas and Electric Engineering Company's works. The problem these gentlemen had to unravel was by no means an easy one. It was, briefly summed up, to discover how to manufacture a maximum amount of fuel gas having a high heating power, from a single ton of any class of coal, with a minimum loss during process of manufacture, of the total heat limits originally contained in coal.

The obstacles which had rendered all former inventions for this purpose useless were many. They each required a special character of coal: too great a proportion of the coal was consumed in gassification, and too little converted into gas; the manufactured gas was odorless, and consequently dangerous, the amount of incombustible gas contained was so great as to render pipeline transportation expensive.

The process of manufacture employed by the new company is quite simple. The coal or illuminating gas is first driven out of the gas, the coke, which is an essential part of the process, being then used either alone or with raw coal to produce generator gas, but of a much higher efficiency than other gases. Ordinary water gas is made from the coke not used. These gaseous products are then mixed and form the ultimate product of the process in its entirety.

The mechanical appliances employed, although new and elaborate in design, are so simple in operation that a plant capable of manufacturing 1,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours can be operated by three men and a boy, with alternate shifts of twelve hours each. The low cost at which this gas can be manufactured renders it a substantial rival to natural gas, and will prove of immense advantage to Pittsburgh. Should the natural supply run out, fuel gas could be manufactured at prices to enable local manufacturers to maintain their supremacy.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—"Lady Clare Vere De Vere," said Queen Victoria to one of the ladies of the royal household the other day, "hand me the morning paper. It contains my speech in Parliament yesterday, and I have not yet read it. I have a woman's curiosity to know what I said on that occasion."—*Norristown Herald.*

True to Baby Brother.

"Chancellorsville is up the river from Fredericksburg," said old man Plunkett, "and I think it's what was afterward called the "Wilderness," when old Gen. Grant got down there. Thar's er world of pine land erlong there, but they ain't the long pines like we have in Georgia; they are kind of stubby like, and the limbs come down nearly to the ground, and I seed Gen. Wright on er horse what they said the ladies of Augusta give to him to go er sailing ermong them limbs, and got his long hair tangled up eround them and liked to have got snatched offen the horse's back.

"Hooker was the Yankee general at Chancellorsville, and the boys among the Yankees would tell from our fellows from ercross the river how he'd fight, and Mr. Lincoln come down to Fredericksburg and reviewed the army, and we could see them on the other side of the river, and our fellows begin to think that they wouldn't have old Burnsides to deal with, but Hooker couldn't do nothing with Lee nor none of 'em, as long as he had anything like an army.

"The bombshells set the woods on fire and their was er lots of follows burned, and if ever you seed fighting it was there. The Confeds had just ran the Yankees back and held possession of the field, and when the woods caught on fire the Yankees tried to regain the ground so as to save their wounded, but they jist might as well been er butting ergin Stone mountain for the Confeds wanted to save their wounded too, and they stood.

"But I seed er little girl over to the left of the old Chancellorsville tavern that they couldn't make run by their balls, but that there fire what I've told you erbout made her get up.

"The little girl's folks were refugeed folks, and they were living in er little house out in the wilderness by some old gold mines. The mother had went up the river and got cut off from her home, and the little girl, erbout twelve years old, was taking care of the house and the little baby boy, and the fighting soon got so fierce that it was safer to lay down at one place than it was to try and run, so she stayed and hugged the little brother close in her arms, and lay down on the floor till she heard the fire er cracking and er roaring, and then she riz, and with the baby boy in her arms, and her hair all streaming down her back, with nothing on her head, she pitched out amidst the shower of lead, and the soldiers seed her and begin to cheer, and that seemed to get her faster, till her foot caught in er bush and tripped her and threw her down, and the little baby fell erway in front of her, and er bomb bursted and tore up the dirt not more than twenty feet in front, but she never left her little brother. She grabbed him and started ergin, and the Yankees ceased firing and the soldiers of both sides cheered worse than ever, and the whole line pulled off their caps and waved to the little lady as she went over the brow of the hill. I hope she lived to see the days of peace restored, and I hope she may raise up a family as true to the old flag as she was to her little baby brother."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Problem of London.

For three centuries one of the great feats of thinking persons has been the enormous growth of London; and yet, till about a hundred years ago, neither its population nor its area were what we should now call abnormal. But since the last hundred years it has advanced by leaps and bounds, increasing its population fourfold within this century, and its area at least ten or fifteen fold. Even in my own lifetime the area of London has increased at least fivefold and its population between two and threefold. So that now we have a continuous population of some four millions, packed in an area not far off 100 square miles, with nearly 2,000 miles of streets, hardly anywhere less than ten or eleven miles in a straight line.

Every year 70,000 souls, roughly-speaking, are added by immigration and births; every year more square miles are added to the area. Year by year some 20,000 immigrants press into this city; that is the population of a fair county town, so that every ten years there is added to London by immigration alone a city as large as Bristol or Lisbon; and by the entire series of causes, a new city as large as St. Petersburg or Vienna. And thus, already, in this corner of the Thames there is huddled together about one-sixth of the entire population of England.

From Charing Cross or the Royal Exchange a man has to walk some five or six miles before he can see the blessed meadows or breathe the country air. Few of us ever saw more than half of the city we live in, and some of us never saw nine-tenths of it. We all live more or less in soot and fog, in smoky, dusty, contaminated air, in which trees will no longer grow to full size and the sulphurous vapor of which eats away the surface of stone. The beautiful river, our once silver Thames, is a turbid, muddy receptacle of refuse; at times indescribably nasty and unwholesome. The water we drink is continually polluted with drainage, and at times comes perilously near to being injurious to health. Our burying places, old and new, are a perpetual anxiety and danger. Our sewers pour forth 5,500,000 tons of sewerage per week, almost all of it wastefully and dangerously discharged. An immense proportion of our working population are insufficiently housed in cheerless, comfortless and even unhealthy lodgings. Not a few of these are miserable dens or squalid cabins, unfit for human dwelling place. Every few years some epidemic breaks out, which carries off its thousands. In some four-fifths of London the conditions of life are sadly depressing and sordid, with none of the advantages which city life affords.

Strong Liquors a Modern Invention

Strong liquors are a modern invention. The ancients knew of nothing more powerful than light fermented wines, and have left warnings enough of the abuse of them. Alcohol was not discovered till the seventh century, although an older story exists of a monk, Marcus, who collected and condensed in wool the steam of heated wine, and then pressed out from the wool, a balsam which he applied to the wounds of those who fell at the siege of Rheims, in the reign of Clovis I. He also mixed this balsam with honey, and produced a cordial which brought the moribund back to life. Clovis, however, did not wait for the approach of death before claiming his share of the cordial.

According to Dr. Sanford Chaille, the distillation of spirits from wine was not discovered till the twelfth century, and spirits did not come into common use as a drink until the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Prof. Arnoldus de Villanova, in the fourteenth century, made a panacea of the water of life, which gave sweet breath and fortified the memory, besides being good for sore eyes, the toothache and the gout, and having other wonderful properties. Distilled spirits came into use in 1359, and had to be prohibited in 1494. Michael Savonarola produced a treatise on making the water of life in the fifteenth century, which became a standard authority on the subject, and was followed by Matthioli de Sienna. These books gave the start to brandy making in Italy, whence the trade extended to France.

About 1520 the Irish usquebaugh began to acquire reputation in England. Before 1601 "brand wine" had come to be distilled in the Low Countries from apples, pears and malt, and in that year an ordinance was passed at Tourneay forbidding the sale of the liquor except by apothecaries, partly "because of the dearness of coin, and partly because of the drunkedness which this cheap brand wine caused, to the great prejudice not alone of homes and lives, but to the extreme danger to the souls of the drinkers, many of whom had died without confession."

The art of extracting alcohol from other substances was gradually discovered, and liquors of various names came into use. The trade grew great, and the present century has seen a new development of it in the general application of the art of "doctoring" liquors.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Millionaire's Way of Doing It.

The other day I asked the millionaire Senator from California, "How would you abolish beggery?"

"There is only one way," he said. "Dry up the source—abolish the conditions that make beggars. To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor."

I asked him if he would specify the conditions.

"Yes," he said, "I can vaguely indicate them. Let me say, in the first place, that it is not millionaires that cause poverty. Nobody is worse off because the Vanderbilts are worth $200,000,000. If they had not the wealth it would not exist at all. It is only in those communities where millionoires are possible that the average citizen has enough to eat. Now what causes poverty.

"First—Ignorance of how to save money. I found beggars in California in 1840, when any man could go out with a tin pan and earn $5 before breakfast. When by working three hours a day a man could make his board and clothes, there were always shiftless creatures around whom the rest had to support. It is the same way now. The soil is wonderfully fruitful there. Merely 20,000 men produce all the wheat of the State, and export 1,000,000 tons of it every year, and yet there are beggars. We can cut, thresh and sack wheat at an expense of one and a half cents per 100 pounds, potatoes cost only half a cent a pound, and flour is only $4 a barrel, and there is want. An important cause is unthrift. People do not understand economy or practice it, as almost every rich man has had to at some time in his life. I really believe that there would be beggars in the world before night if $20 gold pieces were to be sown broadcast every morning, and so distributed that every man, woman and child were certain to get some.

"Second—The sale and use of liquor. As long as there are ten times as many saloons in this country as there are of both churches and schools, and they are mainly supported by the very poor, the sources of misery are pretty obvious.

"Third—A lack of manual training. This last need is most serious. If so many people could be taught trades that the entire product of this country were doubled next year the wages would be doubled, either in increase of money received, or in the smaller cost of the necessities of life to be bought. More capable skilled hands—that is one of our greatest needs. My great hope is in my university, which I wish to build so tall and deep and broad that the rudiments of every useful trade and occupation may be taught. When everybody knows how to do some difficult and useful thing poverty will rapidly diminish."

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The three Vedas are the most ancient books of the Hindoos.

Moses lived and wrote his Pentateuch fifteen centuries before Christ.

The Eddads of the Scandinavians were first published in the fourteenth century.

The Zendavests of the Persians is the grandest of all the sacred books next to the Christian Bible. Zeroaster, whose sayings it contains, was born in the twelfth century before Christ.

The Pitikes of the Buddhists contain sublime morals and pure aspirations, but their author died in the sixth century before Christ. There is nothing of excellence in these sacred books not found in the Bible.

The Koran is the most recent of the seven bibles, and not older than the seventh century of the Christian era. It is a compound of quotations from the Old and New Testament, the Talmud, and the gospel of St. Barnabas.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the "Five Kings," King meaning web of cloth, or the warp that keeps the web in place. These sayings cannot be traced to a period higher than the seventh century before Christ.

When the recent great storm swept over Aurora county, Dak., Eric Johnsen, a farmer near Plankinto, was watering his cattle some distance from the buildings. He became exhausted in his attempt to drive his cattle home. Among the cattle was a very large ox, which lay down to die near where Johnson was making his last struggle for life in the snow. Johnson in a moment of inspiration, killed the ox, disembowled it, and crawled inside. He was completely sheltered from the storm and passed the night in safety. When morning dawned, however, and he endeavored to crawl out, he was horrified to find that he was completely frozen in. He had left his knife sticking in the carcass outside. He cried for assistance, and it was not until 2½ P. M. that his cries were answered by a party who were searching for him. He was none the worse for his experience, except that he was cramped and sore.

Husband—"I never saw a woman so hard to please as you are, my dear." Wife (calmly)—"I am not so sure about that, John. I married you, you know.—*New York Sun.*

Are You Troubled With a Cough?
If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!
No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!
One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.
A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,
While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87, 1y

SURVEYING!
Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.
HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound
For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.
Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

—THE LEADING—
PIANOS & ORGANS
OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,
are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the
LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.
goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.
Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous
WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,
instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.
Also agents for the
New Home Sewing Machine,
the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.
MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Cor. Water and Third streets
OAKLAND, - MD.
I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
in Oakland, and am prepared to do
All Kinds of Work
in my line, at
Reasonable Prices!
☞ All work Guaranteed.
A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!
Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th '1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,
SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,
Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.37 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, read r, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.
I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."
ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

• ✻ • 1888 • ✻ •

THE MORNING HERALD
$3.00 A Year.
$1.65 Six Months.
30 Cts. Per Month.
POSTAGE PAID.

THE SUNDAY HERALD
$1.50 A Year.
POSTAGE PAID.

THE WEEKLY HERALD
50 Cents A Year.
POSTAGE PAID.
EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is cheap, able, bright. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald.*

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading *literateurs* of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

The Weekly Herald is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news. A full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright: It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!
As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!
Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to,
J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.
I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of
LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,
Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.
There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.
The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.
All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.
THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888. NUMBER 4.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD M. SINCELL.
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Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

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SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.
Apply to or address
HENRY WAGNER,
2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to,
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

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Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

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Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
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Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.
For terms and particulars apply to or address,
GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
64 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strickly limited.
For terms, &c., address
REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock. Permanent employment and good salary to honest, energetic men. The business is easy learned. We grow all the reliable new varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Write for terms.
HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
West Chester, Pa.
Established 1853.
2 18 6t Maple Avenue Nurseries.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,
Apply to
MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the **skin** and **eyes;** a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
(PURELY VEGETABLE)
Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the
LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
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THE OLD ROOFTREE.

"Hello, Jim! Where have you been lately?" shouted a broker the other evening to a portly, finely dressed man in the corridor of a New York hotel. The gentleman stopped pocketbook hands with his friend, and replied:

"I've been home to see my old father and mother, the first time in 16 years, and I tell you, old man, I wouldn't have missed that visit for all my fortune."

"Kinder good to visit your boyhood home, eh?"

"You bet! Sit down. I was just thinking of the old folks, and feel talkative, If you have a few moments to spare, sit down, light a cigar, and listen to a story of a rich man who had almost forgotten his father and mother."

They sat down and the man told his story:

"How I came to visit my home happened in a curious way. Six weeks ago I went down to Fire Island fishing. I had a lunch put up at Crook A. Nash's, and you can imagine my astonishment when I opened the hamper to find a package of crackers wrapped in a piece of newspaper. The newspaper was the little patent-inside country weekly published at my home in Wisconsin. I read every word of it, advertisements and all. There was George Kellugg, who was a schoolmate of mine, advertising hams and salt pork, and another boy was postmaster. By George! it made me home-sick, and I determined to go home, and go home I did.

"In the first place I must tell you how I came to New York. I had a tiff with my father and left home. I finally turned up in New York with one dollar in my pocket. I got a job running a freight elevator in the house in which I am now a partner. My haste to get rich drove the thoughts of my parents from me, and when I did think of them the hard words that my father last spoke to me rankled in my bosom. Well, I went home. I didn't see much change in Chicago, but the magnificent depot in Milwaukee I thought was an improvement on the old shed they used to have. It was only 30 miles from Milwaukee to my home, and I tell you, John, that train seemed to creep. I was actually worse than a schoolboy going home for a vacation. At last we neared the town. Familiar sights met my eyes and they filled with tears. There was Bill Lyman's red barn, just the same, but, Great Scott! What were all the other houses! We rode nearly a mile before coming to the depot, passed houses where only occasionally I saw one that was familiar. The town had grown to ten times its size as I knew it. The train stopped and I jumped off. Not a face in sight that I knew, and I started down the platform to go home. In the office door stood the station agent. I walked up and said, 'Howdy, Mr. Collins?"

"He stared at me and replied, 'You've got the best of me, sir,'"

"I told him who I was and what I had been doing in New York, and he didn't make any bones about talking to me. Said he, 'It's about time you came home. You in New York rich, and your father scratching gravel to get a bare living.'

"I tell you, John, it knocked me all in a heap. I thought my father had enough to live upon comfortably. Then a notion struck me. Before going home I telegraphed to Chicago to one of our correspondents there to send one thousand dollars by first mail. Then I went into Mr. Collins' back office, got my trunk in there, and put on an old hand-me-down suit that I used for fishing and hunting. My plug hat I replaced by a soft hat, took my valise in my hand and went home. Somehow the place didn't look right. The currant bushes had been dug up from the front yard and the fence was gone. All the old locust trees had been cut down and young maples were planted. The house looked smaller, somehow, too. But I went up to the front door and rang the bell. Mother came to the door and said, 'We don't wish to buy anythink to-day, sir.'

"It didn't take a minute to survey her from head to foot. Neatly dressed, John, but a patch and darn here and there, her hair streaked with gray, her face thin, drawn and wrinkled. Yet over those eye-glasses shone those good, benevolent eyes. I stood staring at her and then she began to stare at me. I saw the blood rush to her face and with a great sob she threw herself upon me and clasped me about the neck, crying, 'It's Jimmy! it's Jimmy!'

"Then I cried, too, John. I just broke down and cried like a baby. She got me into the house, hugging and kissing me, and then she went to the back door and shouted, 'George,'

"Father came in in a minute and from the kitchen asked, 'What do you want, Car'line?'

"Then he came in. He knew me in a minute. He stuck out his hand and grasped mine and said sternly, 'Well, young man, do you propose to behave yourself now?'

"He tried to put on a brave front, but he broke down. There we three sat, like whipped school children, all whimpering. At last supper time came, and mother went out to prepare it, I went into the kitched with her.

"Where do you live, Jimmy?" she asked.

"'In New York,' I replied.

"'What are you workin' at now, Jimmy?"

"'I'm workin' in a dry goods store.'

"'Then I suppose you don't live very high, for I hear tell them city clerks don't get enough to keep body and soul together. So I'll just tell you, Jimmy, we've got nothin' but roast spareribs for supper, We ain't got any money now, Jimmy. We're poorer than Job's turkey.'

"I told her that I would be delighted with the spareribs, and, to tell the truth, John, I haven't eaten a meal in New York that tasted as well as those crisp roasted spareribs did. I spent the evening playing checkers with father, while mother sat by telling me all about their misfortunes, from old white Mooley getting drowned in the pond to father's signing a note for a friend and having to mortgage the place to pay it. The mortgage was due inside of a week and not a cent to meet it with—just $800. She supposed they would be turned out of house and home, but in my mind I supposed they would not. At last 9 o'clock came, and father said: "Jim go out to the barn and see if Kit is all right, Bring in an armful of shingles that are just behind the door and fill up the water pail, Then we'll go to bed and get up early and go a-fishing.'

"I didn't say a word, but I went out to the barn, bedded down the horse, broke up an armful of shingles, pumped a pail of water, filled the woodbox, and then we all went to bed.

"Father called me at half-past four in the morning, and while he was getting a cup of coffee I skipped over to the depot across lots and got my best brass rod. Father took nothing but a trolling line and spoon hook. He rowed the boat with the trolling line in his mouth, while I stood in the stern with a silver shiner rigged on. Now, John, I never saw a man catch fish like he did. He caught four bass and five pickerel and I never got a bite.

"At noon we went ashore, and father went home, while I went to the postoffice. I got a letter from Chicago with a check for $1,000 in it. I got it cashed, with some trouble, getting paid in five and ten dollar bills, making quite a roll. I then got a roast joint of beef and lots of delicacies and had them sent home. After that I went visiting among my old schoolmates for two hours and went home.

The joint was in the oven. Mother had put on her only silk dress and father had donned his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, none too good, either. This is where I played a joke on the old folks. Mother was in the kitchen watching the roast, father was out in the barn, and I had a clear coast. I dumped the sugar out of the old blue bowl, put a thousand dollars in it and placed the cover on again. At last supper was ready. Father asked a blessing over it, and he actually trembled when he stuck his knife in the roast.

"'We haven't had a piece of meat like this in five years, Jim,' he said; and mother put in with, 'And we haven't had any coffee in a year, only when we went visitin'.'

"Then she poured out the coffee and lifted the cover of the sugar bowl, asking as she did, 'How many spoons, Jimmy?'

"Then she struck something that wasn't sugar. She picked up the bowl and peered into it, 'Aha, Master Jimmy, playin' your old tricks on your mammy, eh? Well, boys will be boys.'

"Then she gasped for breath. She saw it was money. She looked at me, then at father, and then with trembling hands drew the great roll of bills out.

"Ha; ha! ha! I can see father now as he stood there on tiptoe, with his knife in one hand, fork in the other, and his eyes fairly bulging out of his head. But it was too much for mother. She raised her eyes to heaven and said slowly: 'Put your trust in the Lord and he will provide.'

"Then she fainted. Well, John there's not much more to tell. We threw water in her face and brought her to, and we demolished the dinner, mother saying all the time, 'My boy Jimmy! My boy Jimmy.'

"I stayed home a month. I fixed up the place, paid off all the debts, had a good time and came back again to New York. I am going to send fifty dollars home every week. I tell you, John, it's mighty nice to have a home."

John was looking steadily at the head of his cane. When he spoke he took Jim by the hand and said, "Jim old friend, what you have told me has affected me greatly. I haven't heard from my home way up in Maine for ten years. I'm going home to-morrow."

The Terror of Riches.

Satisfies of suicide show that, after all, the poor man rarely commits suicide owing to poverty. Hundreds of good fellows, with rarely $50 ahead, and five or six in the family to clothe and feed, go on with more equanimity than men with good bank margins. They are generally looking for a job, and frequently have no work ahead for longer than one to six months. Tens of thousands of day laborers in the United States rarely know what their income is to be three months ahead, yet they are neither depressed nor miserable. They readily spend their last dollar; eat liberally, as long as food can be had, and economize when they must. The terror of poverty is not so overpowering as the terror of riches. The fear of losing is greater than the fear of not getting.—*Globe Democrat.*

A bushel of corn distilled will make four gallons of whiskey. Government tax on four gallons of whiskey, $3·60. The whiskey made ripe and old by the new Jay Eye See rapid process, sells rapidly for $4 per gallon, making $16 for four gallons. Of this $16 the farmer gets 25 cents, the Government gets $3 60; the railroad gets $2; the manufacturer gets $4; the vender gets $6.25; the user gets the "devil"; while the tax payer and producer foot the bill from the earnings of honest toil not connected with the whiskey trade.—*Exchange.*

"What do you get for carrying that thing?" I asked a man who was struggling under the weight of an advertising banner that appeared twice too heavy for him. The fellow dropped the handle of the banner on the pavement and looked up with a broad grin.

"A dollar a day," he said.

"It's not much."

"That's so, but,"—and he clutched the handle a little tighter—"it's a hundred cents better than doin' nothin'."

"Doesn't it seem silly to look back and think of your courting days?" remarked Smythe to Browne. "Just think how you used to sit and hold each other's hands in silent rapture. We're all over that now, aren't we?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. Yesterday I sat and held my wife's hand for over an hour."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. We'd been having some words and I knew mighty well that as soon as I let go she'd reach for the rolling pin."

The car had just stopped at the Priests of Pallas Hall, Kansas City, and a jovial kind of a man assisted a lady to alight. As the car started again he rather earnestly remarked: "Now there goes my wife to hear Sam Jones tell her of her faults," "Yet when I try to tell her of them there is a terrible racket. I can't understand women.

An old law is still extant in Virginia which imposes a fine of fifty pounds of tobacco on a man if he absents himself from church for one month without a valid excuse.

A new rule for removing a cinder in the eye is given by a railroad engineer. It is: "Let the injured eye alone and rub the other one, and the cinder will be out in two minutes."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

When the horrid darkness gathers over all the dreary skies,
And the snow flakes flutter round us like the ghosts of butterflies,
What sweet fancies and fond wishes around the weary heart and brain,
When the face that waits our coming throbs against the window pane.

There's the baby's, soft and rosy as the blush upon the peach,
With her dimpled fingers clutching at the flakes just out of reach,
Till her curly head aweary mamma's loving bosom bears,
And she dreams the dancing snow flakes in her fingers turn to tears.

There's the prince of mother's kingdom in top boots and round-about,
With the melody of childhood ringing in his happy shout;
How the joys that wait to-morrow dance before his sparking eyes,
In the snowy treasures dropping from the melancholy skies.

There's the darling blue-eyed sister, with her curls of shining gold,
Pure as when the angels kissed her farewell from the upper fold—
With that look of wistful longing in her pure angelic face,
For a message in the snow flakes whirling hither out of space.

There's another waits his coming at whose step the blushes start,
Whose faint foot-fall in the gloaming finds an echo in her heart—
Goddess of the wheel and distaff, weaver at life's mystic loom,
In what holiest of holies, in the paradise of home.

Dream ye not in art's atelier of a vision to be caught,
With such holy passions haunted and such soul of love inwrought,
As that glowing picture painted on the throbbing heart and brain,
When the forms we love and cherish crowd the wintry window pane.

—*Edwin S. Hopkins, in Peterson's.*

CECIL DACRE.

Stories From the Life of a London Artist.

Cecil Dacre was an artist. He was desperately poor, undeniably good looking, and he stood six feet in his stockings. Young Dacre was an Englishman, and he lived with another artist, a young American, as poor as himself, just behind the Church of San Martino, in one of the oldest houses of old Naples. So poor were they that they could hardly ever afford a model, so they used to take it in turn to sit to each other. Cecil Dacre and his friend, Orlando P. Jones, were both rival artists, but Dacre had an additional talent—he was a *farceur* of the first water. He hadn't been six months in Naples before he attended before the Committee of Monte di Misericordia and suggested that they should pay his debts. "I am poor," he said, "I am deserving, and I am deeply in debt—so deeply that I can get no more credit. Pay my debts, give me a little cash to go on with, and you, gentlemen, will be doing your duty. That is your raison d'etre."

But the committee laughed and bowed Mr. Dacre out, declining to accede to this very modest proposition. On another occasion Dacre, becoming indignant at the pertinacious way in which his movements were watched by one of his neighbors who were accustomed to stare at him from his balcony opposite, drove up to his door late one evening in a street cab. The cabman got down from his box, and a female figure wrapped in a cloak was carried carefully into the house by the artist and cabman; the two men reappeared in the street, the artist mysteriously placed his fingers to his lips, paid the cab-driver, and the man drove off. The little drama was well lighted by the solitary gas lamp that stood in front of the artist's lodgings. The inquisitive neighbor was at his post and carefully noted all the details of this mysterious affair.

At noon the next day four officers, accompanied by the neighbor, presented themselves at Dacre's room door and knocked loudly for admission in the name of the law. Only at the third and very imperative summons was the door opened by Orlando P. Jones. The supposed criminal was discovered seated at his little table, upon which lay a blood-stained dagger; his face was buried in his hands.

"Signor Dacre," said the chief of police, "I call upon you to surrender, and I demand to search your apartments. This gentleman," said he, pointing to the informer, "detected you last night conveying the body of a dead or insensible female into the house." The informer, being an Italian, immediately struck an attitude.

"I yield," said Dacre, in a broken voice; "the proofs of my crime you will find in the next room."

Two of the agents advanced and seized the supposed murderer by either arm.

"I should recognize her at once," cried the informer. "The poor creature wore a dress of a bright blue color; I saw the edge of it from under the cloak in which she was enveloped."

The bedroom door was flung open by the leader of the little party. In the center of the room was a lay figure in a bright blue dress; it was standing on its head.

The police instantly released their prisoner.

"Let this be a lesson to you, sir," said Dacre to his too curious victim, in a voice of thunder, "when you next dare to intrude upon the privacy of gentlemen and men of honor."

And then Messrs. Dacre and Jones executed a ferocious *pas de triomphe*.

A less sublime but equally ridiculous joke was perpetrated by Dacre upon an unfortunate old lady who had the misfortune to dwell upon the second floor of the great house of which the comrades occupied the sky parlors.

She was a devotee—her one harmless amusement being the keeping of two immense gold-fish in a big glass globe upon her balcony. With diabolical ingenuity Dacre, by means of a piece of string, a bent pin and a small piece of meat, angled for the two finny monsters who formed the joy of the old lady's life, caught them, fried them in egg and bread crumbs, and then restored them to their once happy and transparent home.

In the Cafe Verdi, Cecil Dacre once calmly declared, after a rather hilarious breakfast, that he would cause twenty innocent citizens of Naples to be arrested within the hour. The Cafe Verdi is, as we know, situated in the Plazza del Martiri. Dacre went out and purchased a large ball of string; he made a loop in the end of it, and then he took a mean advantage of the urbane politeness of the Italians. Producing a huge note book, he courteously raised his hat to the first respectable bystander.

"Signor," said he, "will you greatly oblige me by holding this piece of string while I take a few measurements? Thank you so much."

And then with great strides he commenced to pace the plaza. Of course a little crowd collected at once. Dacre selected another victim with the same result.

"Keep it quite taut, if you please," and he bowed politely. Within five minutes thirty individuals were holding the tightly stretched string, an immense crowd had assembled and Dacre had finished his pacings, his string and the careful notes he had appeared to be making.

"Be patient, gentlemen," he said; "I shall not detain you long." Then he disappeared, only to re-enter the Cafe Verdi by the back door to watch the result. He had chosen his time with considerable ingenuity, for he knew that the police patrol always arrived on the Plaza del Martiri punctually at noon. It wanted but two minutes of the hour. Just at that time the peace of Naples was much disturbed by political demonstrations, which were severely put down by the authorities. The hour struck. Twenty policemen, headed by a sergeant, appeared upon the scene; of course they proceeded at once to arrest the thirty mysterious conspirators who were still innocently engaged in holding Dacre's string, Dacre and his friends watching the whole scene from the windows of the Cafe Verdi with delighted merriment.

But the master stroke of Dacre's ingenuity was the artfully arranged plan by which he obtained feloniously £5 5s. from Mr. Donald MacTaggart, of Leith. MacTaggart was an ambitious young fellow of small talent, who had recently arrived in Naples to study art. MacTaggart was well-to-do, excessively stingy, preternaturally ugly and preposterously short. He was one of the "uncouth;" he wouldn't foregather with the other students; his ways were not their ways, and young Mr. MacTaggart, of Leith, was shunned when he was not made a butt of.

MacTaggart had one grievance against Providence upon which he constantly harped; it was his want of stature. It was this weakness of the young Scotchman that the wily Cecil Dacre determined to take advantage of, and at the same time gratify his taste for practical joking. Cecil Dacre was in want of £5 very badly indeed. He was always in want of £5, but the want at this particular time was more than usually urgent.

One day the three young men met by accident in the Cafe Verdi.

"That American doctor's a wonderful fellow," said Dacre, in a loud voice to his friend, Orlando P. Jones. "I wonder whether he's a humbug?"

Now MacTaggart was sitting at the next table consuming a dish of macaroni with great gusto.

"No, I don't think he's a humbug," said Jones; "they say he really does possess the secret of permanently diminishing or increasing the stature at will. I've noticed people who have been to him two or three times, and there was always an extraordinary difference in their height. It's very marvelous."

MacTaggart who had drank in the conversation with greedy ear, now joined in it with manifest interest. The two young fellows gave him a host of circumstantial evidence.

"Yoe ought to try him, MeTaggart, at any rate," said the crafty Dacre. "Any change in your appearance, my Caledonian Apollo, would be a benefit."

"I am thinking it would be very expensive, and I object to extravagance on principle," said the Scotchman.

"Well, you might beat him down; at all events you could try," said Dacre.

"Without a doot. I'll sleep on it," said MacTaggart, and he paid for his breakfast and departed.

It took the Scotchman a whole week to make up his frugal mind, and then he screwed his courage up to the sticking point and informed Dacre that he should visit the American physician the next day.

"D'ye ken where he dwells, Mr. Dacre?"

"Well, he lives in the same house as I do, on the first floor. He's a benevolent old boy; you're sure to like him; the Yankees are almost as clannish as the Scotch, you know. You are sure to find him at home at three," and then they parted.

No sooner had the unfortunate MacTaggart turned the corner than Cecil Dacre triumphantly turned a cellar flap breakdown, to the astonishment of the little crowd of Neapolitan bystanders; then he bowed to his audience, kissed his finger tips to them, and started off as fast as his legs would carry him to his lodgings. The next day Cecil Dacre obtained the loan of his landlord's first floor for the day, and then he began to busy himself in an extraordinary manner. He secured the services of the porter's wife and daughter, black-eyed Pippa; they dusted, arranged and re-arranged the big dismal reception room on the first floor. Dacre rushed out and borrowed a screen and purchased a little bottle of turpentine; and then, in the bath-room, which opened from a little passage which was constructed in the corner where he had placed the screen, he laid out at least half a dozen towels. Then he ran over to the costumer's across the street and came back with a fur robe de chambre, a long gray beard, and a close cap of black velvet, and a pair of big, green spectacles, exactly similar to those worn by the celebrated Dr. Faust in the first act of Gounod's opera. Pippa, her mother and Dacre worked with a will, and then the two women, with many gestures of astonishment from Pippa herself, took their departure, promising that every thing should be ready punctually at three. Then Dacre ran up to the rooms of the medical student on the third floor and borrowed several of his largest and most professional looking books, which he placed in a row upon the writing table. Two gruesome looking anatomical preparations in spirit he also obtained from the Italian Bob Sawyer; with these and a human skull, procured from the same source, he decorated the mantelpiece. Then he put on the dressing gown, the long, gray beard, the velvet cap and the spectacles, and he looked a very tremendous specimen of a quack doctor. When the travestiment was complete he went to the window and waited patiently for young Mr. MacTaggart. He was not kept long in suspense. The great bell of San Giovanni struck three, and, punctual to the hour, MacTaggart appeared on the other side of the street.

In the meantime Orlando P. Jones, on his part, had not been idle, for he called upon at least a dozen of MacTaggart's friends and acquaintances, had a short interview with each, and as he took his leave each of the people he had so honored with a visit, laid his forefinger at the side of his nose and appeared considerably amused.

As has been said, the bell of San Giovanni struck three. A rather timid knock sounded upon the outer door of the first floor where Dacre was lying in wait. Dacre allowed it to be repeated, then he flung the door open suddenly. There stood MacTaggart.

"Have I the honor of addressing the newly-arrived American physician?" he said.

"Enter, my young friend," said he of the gray beard and green spectacles, in a loud but drawling voice. "Take a seat, inquiring stranger," he continued, "and let me hear in what way I can be of use to you. You see before you," he added, "the celebrated old Dr. Jacob Townsend, a physician of world-wide celebrity—a man, sir," he went on, "who has devoted a long life, prolonged by his own skill far beyond the ordinary human span, to the amelioration of the condition of the human race."

"I'm afraid I have come to you on a fool's errand," said the patient uneasily.

"No man who consults me," said the doctor, "is guilty of an unwise act. I read your thoughts, young man," he continued severely; "my eagle eye detects the workings of your puny brain. You are discontented with your stature. Say, is it not so?"

The patient nodded.

"Are you ready to submit to the treatment, young man? Have you every confidence in me?"

"I've every confidence, Doctor," replied MacTaggart, uneasily, "but I heard that your fees were high, and I thought, perhaps, as I'm only an art student you might consent to make a little reduction."

"Young man," said the physician in an indignant tone, "do not trifle. The paltry honorarium I exact is but to cover the cost of the balsamic drugs used in the treatment of such cases; they have been produced from the deserts of Central Asia, after the expenditure of much time, blood and treasure; but be assured, young man, that the trifle wrung from your parsimonious clutch will be immediately distributed by me to the deserving poor."

"And you wont take any less?" said MacTaggart, as he stretched out his reluctant hand and deposited five guineas upon the physician's table. "Is the process very painful, Doctor?" he said.

"There are two means of achieving the object," said the physician, who took no notice of the fee. "The one is purely mechanical; it is gradual extension; considerable pain has naturally to be endured. The other course, which is equally efficacious and quite painless, is by means of a medicated bath, but not more than four inches increase in height can be obtained."

"I shall be perfectly satisfied, doctor, with four inches."

"Very good, young man, very good. You know your own business best. Retire behind that screen, divest yourself of your apparel; in a few moments all will be prepared. So powerful are the effects of the drugs that your clothing, were it exposed to the potent vapors, would be utterly destroyed. Strip, young man," said the doctor, emphatically, and he pointed to the screen.

Mr. MacTaggart retired behind the screen, and did as he was bid, and the venerable benefactor of the human race disappeared into the bath room.

The first thing Dacre did was to empty his bottle of turpentine into the bath, and then he turned on the hot water till the bath was nearly full.

"Are you prepared, young man," he cried in a loud voice as he re-entered the reception room.

"I'm quite ready, sir," said Mr. MacTaggart, from behind the screen. "I can smell the potent odors of the drugs, even here."

"Don't trifle, boy," cried the American physician; take your watch with you and proceed to the bath. You will find it very hot and the odor of the Eastern balsams is pungent; but do not let that deter you; enter it as speedily as possible, for the hotter the bath the more rapid the osseous change. Remain extended in that bath and perfectly still, and every five minutes by your watch, and not more frequently on any account, let your head disappear beneath the balsamic film with which the surface of the water is covered. Do not speak, and breathe only through your nose. I will warn you when the process is complete."

Mr. MacTaggart entered the bathroom, watch in hand. The odor of the balsams made him sneeze violently, the water was evidently very hot, and was covered by a thick oleaginous film. But young Mr. MacTaggart had paid his five guineas, and he was determined to have his money's worth. After a little time he entered the bath.

Every five minutes his head disappeared beneath the steaming, oily surface.

In the meantime Cecil Dacre was not idle. He rang the bell; Pippa and her mother appeared; the one carried a little charcoal brazier and a flat-iron, the other a very small work-bag and a big pair of scissors, They laughed immoderately as they set to work upon the clothes of the young Scotchman. Three inches were cut off from the trousers legs, the sleeves of the coat and of the shirt: Pippa's mother worked with a will with her needles to refashion the extremities of the garments, and as she finished each, Pippa herself carefully pressed the newly made seams with the hot flat-iron. Then the physician dismissed his two assistants; he flung open the bath room door and addressed the bather.

"Come forth, young man," he said. "You entered that bath a miserable and puny specimen of humanity; you will leave it, in all human probability, a well-grown youth of prepossessing appearance."

Mr. MacTaggart did as he was bid. He dried himself to the best of his ability; but the balmy odors of the balsams of the East still clung to his hair. No sooner was he dressed and had emerged from behind the screen than the mock doctor addressed him.

"Young man," said he, and his voice was apparently momentarily choked by emotion, "behold the result of the wondrous bath of Bokhara. There is a considerable change, I think," he said, solemnly.

Mr. MacTaggart had evidently grown out of his clothes; his arms and legs protruded in a portentious manner.

"Don't thank me," continued the American physician, hurriedly; "don't thank me, but hasten home to bed to sleep off the powerful effects of my patent medicaments."

Mr. MacTaggart bowed as gracefully as he could and left the premises.

The very first person he met in the street was his acquaintance, Orlando P. Jones. MacTaggart's appearance was sufficiently striking. His ordinary straight red hair was curly and extremely odoriferous from the effects of the turpentine. His face and hands were the color of a boiled lobster and his eyes were bloodshot from the same cause.

"Goodness me," said Jones, "I wouldn't have known you. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Don't ask me," said MacTaggart; "my happiness is too great for words," and his scarlet face was illuminated by a smile of celestial beatitude.

Before he reached his own house he had met at least twenty of his acquaintances. Each one interviewed him with a similar result.

But the cup of happiness was rudely dashed from his lips when his extremely plain and elderly sister, Miss Flora MacTaggart, on her arrival, addressed him in these indignant words:

"Eh! Donald, man, is it foul ye are? or simply fatuous? that ye have been making a Merry Andrew of yerself by cuttin' doan yer claithes."

In vain the brother explained his visit to the doctor.

Then the secret came out, and Mr. MacTaggart and his sister left Naples for Rome within twenty-four hours.—*C. J. Wells, in N. Y. Graphic.*

—A young lady and gentleman were married on the top of the Blue Mountains in Pennsylvania the other day. They had a marriage license from the court of Schuylkill County and were in Berks County. The nearest point where the license was valid was the top of the mountains, between the two counties.

—According to a recent compilation, Dakota has 352 newspapers—25 dailies, 314 weeklies, 13 quarterlies, monthlies and semi-monthlies.

EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The Court Life of the Third Napoleon's Beautiful Wife.

The life of the Empress soon became utterly monotonous and wearisome. She rose at about half-past nine, and took the late breakfast replacing lunch in France, with the Emperor alone, at half-past eleven. At two her ladies came. In Paris they slept at their own homes, but in the country residences they had their stated turns of waiting, and during that time lived at the palaces. Amongst her ladies, of course some were more agreeable to her than others; but she must accept the inexorable turn of precedence, and could not choose her companions. Day after day she drove out with the lady whose privilege entitled her to a seat in the imperial carriage; day after day she went to the Bois de Boulogne and bowed incessantly to the crowd; day after day she returned just in time to dress for dinner; and then came the weary evening, where nobody had any thing to say, or, if they had, dared to say it. No one could sit down till she gave the gracious permission; but this she did invariably in the case of ladies. Her ready good-nature would have willingly extended the privilege to the gentlemen in waiting, but this was contrary to rule, and must not be. So the ladies sat in a circle and the gentlemen "stood at ease," tired out before the close of the evening. When her Majesty retired, scarcely had the last fold of her skirt passed the door before all the weary attendants threw themselves on the sofas. The presence of Majesty necessarily prevented all animated conversation; every one awaited the pleasure of the sovereigns. The Emperor spoke very little, and in a soft, languid voice; the Empress, feeling that the general chill would be unbearable if she did not take the lead, chatted incessantly with a sort of feverish vivacity. Her voice did not seem to belong to that sweet face; it was the Spanish voice, guttural and harsh. She spoke French with perfect fluency, but with a decided foreign accent.

The weariness of those evenings became so unendurable that all kinds of experiments were tried to vary their monotony. One night the Empress suddenly took a fancy to make artificial flowers, and a chamberlain was immediately despatched, at nine o'clock in the evening, to procure the necessary materials. Another time she, who possessed the most beautiful specimens of ceramic art that France could afford, was seized with a violent desire for "potichomanie," and this again must be satisfied immediately. Reading aloud was proposed. But what book could be chosen for such an assembly? Some one proposed Jane Eyre, the well-known novel; the Empress was amused, but the Emperor utterly wearied. Then they tried Josephus and the Wars of the Jews. Here the Emperor was intensely interested, but the Empress yawned, and the attempt was given up.

The Emperor was in general more popular in the imperial household than the Empress; his languid gentleness was in nobody's way, but the Empress was often irritable and capricious. She was certainly intelligent, but her education had been neglected, and she cared for no intellectual employment or artistic occupation. She hated music; she had no taste for the fine arts; even a well-written play at the Theater Francais did not amuse her. She would have liked the small theaters—any thing, in short, that could make her laugh; but this undignified kind of pleasure could not often be enjoyed. Her life had been one of constant amusement, the empty existence of watering-places, and now she was in fact a prisoner. She gave state balls, but they were filled with such a motley crowd that she could only dance the opening quadrille and walk through the rooms. Then she gave select private balls, but the absence of the French aristocracy obliged her to invite a large proportion of wealthy foreigners—Russians, Wallachians, and also Americans. These were unknown in French society, and splendor of dress seemed the only means of being remarked. To attain this end no extravagance seemed too excessive, and the Empress was blamed as having originated the love of dress, which spread in all classes and became a complete mania.

So far as she herself was concerned, the accusation has been greatly exaggerated. She certainly liked dress, and preferred fragile clouds of tulle and gauze to the heavy but durable magnificence of valuable lace and brocaded stuffs worn by the Bourbon Princesses. But the light clouds in which the fair Empress appeared like an Undine or sylph were very expensive, and could only be worn once. Every one wished to be like the Empress, and at every ball filmy dresses costing fabulous prices were torn to pieces, and had to be replaced. Husbands grumbled, and the Empress was accused of ruining families by setting the example of extravagance.—*Anna L. Bicknell, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Five years ago the increase of wolves in France had become so serious that the Government found it necessary to raise the awards for killing them. In 1882 423 wolves were killed, in 1883 1,316, in 1884 1,035, in 1885 900, and in 1886 760. The awards are now 200 francs for the killing of a wolf which has attacked human beings, 150 francs for one in young, 100 francs for a male wolf, and 40 francs for a cub.

—A generous concession: Lynching party (apologetically)—"We've come to tell yer, ma'am, that we lynched yer husband. We admit we got the wrong man, but yer got the laugh on us this time."—*Judge.*

MASCULINE TRAITS.

Points That a Girl Should Consider Before She Engages Herself.

Much advice has been written to young men on the choice of a wife. In fact, a good many girls are weary of reading that aged, but ever green, paragraph which recurs so regularly in a certain class of family papers, in which the inquiring youth is bidden to take for a wife the patient creature who wastes an hour or more in the endeavor to wind a snarly skein of silk without a single complaint, who smiles perpetually whether there is any thing to smile at or not, and who, after dancing all night, is accustomed to make her appearance at the breakfast-table in an irreproachable toilet, collar and cuffs of snowy whiteness, and every hair in place. Clearly this is expecting too much. Every woman, no matter how patient she may be, experiences a certain relief in pronouncing the word, "Botheration," or some of its synonyms, when more than usually annoyed; if she is sensible "her face has serious sweetness" instead of being wrinkled up into an unending and insipid smirk; and, although after any social excess she will not omit her usual morning bath and hair-brushing, her chief comfort thereafter will be found in a loose wrapper with a soft muslin kerchief at her throat.

The young woman in search of a husband (if such a being exists outside of the usual leap-year references to her, is not so apt to look for supernatural qualities, and perhaps not so apt to find them. If that impossible young lady is in need of advice on this subject let her scan the following rules:

Observe the manner in which the object of your regard treats his horse. If he is a hard driver out-doors he will be a hard driver indoors; if he lashes his horse past the object at which it "shies" he will scornfully deride your nervous fears; if he allows it to stand and investigate the object of its dread he will show a like consideration of your foolish fancies.

Notice the gait of the candidate for your favor. If his step is heavy, he is pronounced in his opinions; if he moves slowly, he is cautious, conservative, slow to anger and apt to let his thoughts dwell on the past rather than the future; if he walks rapidly, he will be sure to "get there," providing he has a clear idea of the object aimed at; if every one turns out for him, while he "keeps straight on" your future days with him will be set to the tune of the line: "Sure I must fight if I would win."

But the dinner-table offers perhaps the best field for discovery. If this hypothetical young man has a marked preference for one viand and an aversion for another, both being equally innocuous to the normal stomach, the indications are that he is a crank; still this is better than that he should pick daintily at every dish and be dissatisfied with all, as by these marks the dyspeptic is known. If he puts all his mind on his plate, with an evident disinclination to take part in the conversation or notice the requirements of those about him, he is possessed of great concentration of purpose, with rudimentary notions of good behavior. If his style of dining reminds you, in ever so slight a degree, of that of the farmer who goes to market at four in the morning and gets nothing to eat until noon, it is a sure sign that there is nothing odd or eccentric about your young man; he belongs to the great brotherhood of mankind. If he begins an anecdote with the soup, allows it to drag its weary length through the various courses and come to a melancholy end with the coffee there is no crime of which he may not be capable. Bachelorhood is too good for him. Let him be shunned as you would shun a pestilence.—*Toronto Globe.*

THE GOLDEN PAGODA.

Graphic Description of One of Burmah's Famous Structures.

The Golden Pagoda of Rangoon stands upon a hill in the edge of the town. About 170 feet up the hill has been leveled off into a platform about 800 feet square. In the center of this stands the main structure. It is octagonal at its base, with a diameter of over 450 feet. This runs in, by a succession of terraces or high steps, a hundred or more feet, giving it a bell-shape. From the shoulder of this bell springs another member, circular, also in the bell form, but more steep; then another. On this lifts a tall, thin, four-sided lantern on which rests the "htee," or open work metallic receptacle for sacred mementos. This is then surrounded by a half-open metallic umbrella. The whole height from the platform is 370 feet. Around the base are fifty-six small pagodas about 30 feet high. The whole of this vast structure is solid, of well-burned brick, covered over with cement, plaster, and gilded from foundation to pinnacle.

The upper half is freshly gilt, the scaffolding being removed while we were there. At a distance the whole, when the sun is sinking, looks like a mountain of gold. The "htee" is said to be of solid gold and studded with real gems. It was erected by a late king at a cost of $250,000. To repair an ordinary pagoda does not work "merit" for the one making the repair, but the "merit" is relegated to the original founder. But any repairs to this pagoda and to three others in the kingdom avails for "merit" to the repairer. Around the platform are a number of smaller pagodas, and many chapels and "kyoungs," or temples for worship. These are filled with statues of Buddha in gilded plaster or white alabaster. Many of them are much larger than life.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Funny enough the late apple is often a gnearly one.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

—It is said that a plot against the life of the Czar of Russia has been discovered. A scheme was on foot to induce him to act as a judge at a baby show.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"Then you do love me, Evaline?" he said. "I do," she murmured. "And shall I speak to your pa?" he asked. "No," she replied, "speak to ma; pa isn't of any account in this family."

—The girl who has fine teeth may not have a keener sense of humor than other women, but you can depend on her to show all the appreciation she has of a joke or a funny story.—*Journal of Education.*

—A young man has sued a postmistress for breach of promise. This is the first case we have yet seen mentioned wherein a woman is alleged to be that reprehensible being known as a mail flirt.—*Boston Budget.*

—A correspondent of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* wrote, asking if there is any preparation known that will turn hair gray, and the editor answered "no," without trying the effect of printing a portrait of its subscriber.

—The women of Russia do all the harvesting. The grain is cut with sickles, as it was three thousand years ago. The men who let them do it are the ones who come to this country to reform it.—*Omaha World.*

—It is a singular phase of human nature that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hair pins or a gum ring for the baby it looks about seven times as big as when he planks it down for bitters.

—The fact that now and then a bald-headed Indian is to be seen on the Government reservations indicates that the down-trodden squaw is slowly but surely climbing into the same rights enjoyed by her pale-faced sisters.

—London has now several women carpenters, and a commentor remarks that thus women are entering another new field. Well, it's hardly proper to call it a new field, inasmuch as women have always been "bent" on "matching" and "joining."

—"What is there so very bad in cigarette smoking?" My boy, there are two wretchedly bad things about it; first and worst, the cigarette; and second, the fellow who smokes it. Eliminate these two evils and no one will find any fault with cigarette smokers and smoking.—*Burdette.*

—Mr. O'Flaherty (rushing into depot just as train is leaving)—"Gimme a ticket—gimme a ticket—quick!" Ticket Agent—"Where are you going?" Mr. O'Flaherty (enraged)—"None o' yer business phwere Oi'm goin'. Well, I loike your impudence. Gimme a ticket, quick, or Oi'll lose me train."—*Boston Beacon.*

—Young man—"I can not understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise. You remember that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace the family." Old man—"Young man, that was sentiment; this is business."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Revivalist—"Young man, what can I say to induce you to experience a change of heart, and enter upon a new and blessed life?" Young man—"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. Such a departure would break me up in my business, and I have a family to support." Revivalist—"What is your business?" Young man—"I'm a book agent for works of a religious nature."—*Epoch.*

AN EXCELLENT MODEL.

How Sentimental Young Women Can Answer Their Own Questions.

"The Art of Conducting Answers to Correspondents" is the title of a little mole-colored volume just issued from the press of Cackleton & Co., Philadelphia. In two hundred and twenty-six pages the author, Mr. P. H. Delmore, tells how the answer-to-correspondents department of a story paper should be conducted. Although his work is praiseworthy, yet we think that he could have disposed of the subject in a few carefully chosen words, and then devoted his energies to some other undertaking. We have given some little thought to this subject, and, as a labor-saving measure, we submit the following model:

"(1) You should consult your mother. (2) Dark brown hair. Your writing could be improved by practice. (3) It is hardly proper, when calling, to ask for a biscuit, even if you are hungry, and we do not think that it is altogether proper for a young lady of good complexion and moderate means to receive callers who have thumped her father. It is not a mark of good breeding for a gentleman to take off his muddy overshoes in the parlor and place them in a plush rocking-chair. (4) Drink sassafras tea for grubs and black-heads. (5) America was discovered on a Friday. (6) Ask your father. (7) The following lines are suitable for the album of a friend:

"The bee may forget to gather the honey,
The miser may forget to count his money;
The birds may forget to sing in the trees,
The dog may forget to scratch at the fleas,
The rose may forget to swallow the dew,
But you may bet your old clothes that I'll not forget you."

"(7) 'Red-Headed George, or, the Cross-Eyed Girl Who Snapped at a Fly,' was begun in October. (8.) You are not too young to get married. In the summer a small family can live on ten dollars per week, if the neighbors are liberal. (9.) We do not know the name of the author who wrote the gem 'The world is round, the sky is blue, sugar's sweet and so are you.'"

It will be seen that by giving this model a little study, almost any young lady may answer her own questions.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GOOD AND POOR LUCK.

"If the face in the moon
Wear a frown—alas,
Luck will be poor till the month shall pass!
If the face in the moon
Wear a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good, till it frown again."

So runs a verse
That I used to say;
I have learned it, since,
In another way.

"If a face be marred
By a frown—alas!
Luck will be poor till the frown shall pass!
If a face be bright
With a smile—why, then,
Luck will be good till it frowns again."

If the first be true
'Twould be hard to say;
But the last, if you will,
You can prove, each day.
—*H. R. Hudson, in Wide Awake.*

TOM'S FAITHFULNESS.

The Spring That Closed the Door of the Safe.

"Don't you worry one bit, mother," kindly declared Tom Sperry. "I can get my own supper just as well as not. Now, you see, I can broil a piece of steak, make a cup of tea, toast a slice of bread, handy as an old cook in a hunter's camp."

"You are a good boy. I feel pretty well used up to-day," said Mrs. Sperry, who, closely bundled up in her big red shawl and nursing a rheumatic affection, occupied a rocking chair before the fire.

"Not a word, mother, not a word!" said the obliging Tom.

Soon the steak was broiled, the bread toasted, the tea made. All the dishes were on the table, and Tom was seated before them, happy as any office-boy eating his supper could be.

"Sakes!" suddenly exclaimed a voice as the door opened and old Miss Bartlett entered. "How comfortable you do look in here!"

"Come in, come in!" cried Tom's mother, glad to have a caller who could help her while away a half hour.

"And, Tommy! what a good time you are having, eating your supper!" exclaimed Miss Bartlett.

"Yes, yes," replied Tom, promptly, charging away with knife and fork on that beefsteak, like a knight with sword and lance on a trophy in the forest.

"He had to get his supper himself, poor boy!" moaned his mother.

"Don't call this boy poor!" said Tom, cheerfully. "I think he is doing first-rate."

"Bless him! I say," exclaimed old Miss Bartlett, admiringly. Tom was a great favorite with the old lady.

"How does Tommy like his place at Dodlins'?" she now inquired.

"Splendid!" declared Tom. "And Dodlins trusts me, too. He leaves a lot of money near me; leaves the safe-door open."

"Yes," said his mother, "but he seems to look out and see that the door can be closed pretty quick. He has got a spring under his desk."

"Not a real bilin' spring?" said old Miss Bartlett. "That's handy if you are thirsty."

"Oh!" explained Tom, "it is a spring to put your foot on, you know, of steel; and that connects with the safe door, and shuts it all of a sudden—that's in case any body came in and wanted to be up to mischief, and run off with what is in the safe; take money, you know. That spring will do the business, you know, pretty quick."

"I should think it would, 'mazin' quick," declared the old neighbor. "What a progressive world we do live in! Things was different when I was a boy—girl, I mean."

"Yes," said Tom, wisely and with the air of one who has seen both Boston and the tip of the north pole; "yes, it is a go-ahead age."

"Dodlins is smart," affirmed Miss Bartlett. "As for that matter, his father before him, Simon Dodlins, was smart in his day. He is a lively old man still. You ever see him?"

"No, ma'am."

"He will give you a call one day. He is a fussy old feller, but a good man, if I do say it. He has notions, you know. What he wants now is somebody he can trust, so he says; yes, somebody he can trust."

"He might take our Tommy," thought Mrs. Sperry, but modestly did not express her opinion. "If Tommy could get more wages it would not go bad at all."

The next day Tom was on duty in the office of William Dodlins. It was noon. Said Tom's employer: "I have plenty of time, and I will run home for a bite; if you need me use the telephone; I will be back in time to close up."

"All right, sir," replied Tom.

Leaving the safe door open, William Dodlins adjourned to his house for "a bite"—a good many of them.

It was very still in the office. The open fire crackled in the grate. A fly came out of his hiding-place and buzzed in the sunshine flooding the window.

"Just two sounds here!" thought Tom.

Hark! A third sound was audible on the stairway leading to the office door, and in walked a man somewhere on the farther side of sixty. Three things were very prominent: an immense red handkerchief swathing his neck, very keen eyes behind his iron-bowed spectacles, and a cane with a crooked head. With this cane he pompously pounded on the floor, and, looking at Tom, said: "Eh, eh, young man!"

"Yes, sir," said Tom; "can I do anything for you?"

"I dunno. Where is your master?"

"At dinner, sir."

"At dinner! Well, we can do without him. I just want to get at his safe."

Tom sprang up. "Who—who—are you, sir?"

"No matter, young man, no matter who I am. I am going to that safe, You go—"

"If you will sit down and wait, Mr. Dodlins will be in, sir; he has only gone home for a bite."

"A bite! Yes, first one and then another, for an hour. Here! you take your seat and be quiet, young man."

"If you will tell me your name—"

"No matter. Take your seat, sir!" With his lifted cane the visitor assumed a threatening attitude.

"I am going to do my duty," muttered Tom. Rushing to his employer's desk, placing his foot on the spring in the floor, and pressing hard, Tom heard the safe door go—slam!"

"Young man!" shouted the old man, angrily, his face reddening.

"I must look after my employer's interests," said Tom, firmly.

"Open that safe door, young man!"

"I can't, sir, I don't know the combination."

"Must I wait till William Dodlins comes back?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Where's the telephone?"

"I'll call up Mr. Dodlins and tell him how it was."

Ding-ding-ding! went the telephone in William Dodlins' dining-room.

"What's that?" said the man, who was enjoying his one hundredth bite. "Pity I can't eat without interruption! however—"

He rose and went to the telephone, bowing down his big red ear.

"Oh!" he muttered, "that's Tom! Well," he called to Tom, "what's wanted?"

"Man here that wouldn't give his name wanted to get into the safe; he was very commanding. Of course I wouldn't let him, and touched off that spring, and—"

"What kind of a man?" asked William Dodlins.

"An old man, and has a red comforter and a crooked-head cane."

"Dear me!" muttered William Dodlins, "if it isn't father!"

He now shrieked through the telephone: "You did all right, but another time let him go to the safe. It is my—my father; I will be down immediately after——"

He stopped. The rest of his sentence he finished at the office. "After—I have a few more bites. Father will calm down and be like a zephyr, I know. He will like the boy for standing up to his duty. Of course, when so many evil-minded people are about, if father won't give his name, he must take the consequences." He then rose, left the house, and hurried to his office.

Night came again. Tom again got his own supper. Miss Bartlett once more called and found a jubilee going on in the Sherry kitchen.

"Just think of it, Miss Bartlett!" exclaimed Mrs. Sperry, still nursing her rheumatism, "if old man Dodlins didn't call on Tom, and Tom touched off the spring—wouldn't let him into the safe, you know—and the old man liked him for it, you see, and says he is the boy who wouldn't swerve a hair—that is his language—not a hair for Queen Victoria, and—and—he is going to employ Tom and give him bigger pay."

With what intense satisfaction Tom Sperry looked up and grinned.—*Rev. E. A. Rand, in Interior.*

A Boy Hero.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes, the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush; and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" shouted the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lillie Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys, and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "It's only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears, to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance, "It isn't like your house."

"But it has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.—*S. S. Visitor.*

—Lady (before her husband's portrait)—Very fine, charming. I am enraptured—but the picture has one great fault. I don't find the least trace of resemblance. Painter—Resemblance—resemblance, madam? go to the photographer; he will give you resemblance. I am an artist!"

—A Singapore missionary says that the deadly cobra of the Indian Archipelago never exceeds the length of five feet. The hamadryas, a snake often confounded with the cobra, attains the length of fifteen feet, and is very fierce. The python sometimes grows to be twenty feet long.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Where hens are not changed from one locality to another they will lay a great many more eggs in the course of a year.

—When breaking in your young colts, put them beside fast walking horses. The first few lessons will make a lasting impression on them.

—To soften water for dish washing and laundry purposes thoroughly dissolve one teaspoonful of granulated lye in four gallons of water.

—It is claimed that wet land may be made to produce fire wood by planting willows thereon, and that it may be made profitable to do so in some sections.

—It is a wasteful practice to haul out manure in winter and leave it in small heaps till spring. The manure often heats and throws off the ammonia, which is lost. If spread at once it will not heat.

—If hot water is poured on raisins or currants to seed them or wash them for cake, dry them between towels and in the oven at once, before putting them into the cake. If added while wet they will make the cake heavy.

—Practical experience has demonstrated in the face of all opposition, even if the fact can not be explained, that the growing and plowing under of crops in the green condition will enrich the soil, and that nitrogen will be thereby increased.

—Give the fowls occasionally a feed of corn that has been charred or burned. It will act as a stimulant and counteract disease. A good way to burn it is to put it an oven, as it will be more equally charred than if in contact with fire.

—Cabbage salad: Cut the cabbage very fine, and put into a dish in layers, with salt and pepper between; then take two teaspoonfuls of butter, two of flour, two of mustard, one cup of vinegar and one egg. Stir all together and let it come to a boil on the stove; pour it hot over and mix well with cabbage. Cover up.

—German pudding: Three-fourths cup of sugar, one large spoonful of butter, mix as for cake, add two eggs well beaten, one cup of milk, flavoring to taste, and enough flour (into which some baking powder has been sifted) to make an ordinary cake batter; beat up very light, pour into a buttered mold, bake in a quick oven, turn out on a dish, sprinkle with a little sugar, serve with lemon juice.

—The idea that the bee invariably dies after stinging is a vulgar error. It will, if allowed time, generally carry its sting away by traveling around upon the wound, giving the instrument a screw movement until it is free. More usually, however, the bee is not allowed to travel around, and she loses not only the sting and the venom gland and sac, but also the lower portion of the bowels, so that her death follows in an hour or two.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

Prevent Them by Keeping Your Fowls Clean and Well Fed.

"The best and only way in which to prevent fowls from having diseases is to look with unremitting care to the cleanliness of their food and water, of the vessels in which they are fed and watered, as well as to the thorough cleanliness and proper ventilation of their houses, and they be not crowded in their houses, or have a wet floor under them. Then, of course, in confinement or on limited range, one must supply them with what they would find for themselves, if free. A dust bath, part ashes and part dirt, with a little sulphur added; ground shells and bones; fine gravel; meat of some kind, two or three times a week; onions, also, and a supply of charcoal broken up for them, and a constant daily supply of vegetables or green stuff of some kind." This is the doctrine of the poultry business as we have been trying to preach it. Keep the hens clean and well fed, avoid dirt, hunger and wet floors, and you will prevent disease getting a foothold, and prevention is better than cure. If, from exposure to a cold rain, or some such cause, a bird shows signs of roup, administer a slug or two, separate her from the others, keep her warm, give her strengthening food, including some bits of raw meat, or a little milk, and she may be cured; but for an advanced case of roup, or an attack of cholera, I should unsparingly use the hatchet and block, burying the carcasses.—*Cackler.*

Color in Eggs.

There is a growing demand among townspeople for dark-colored eggs. In certain localities this has been the case for years; and the preference has grown and spread until it has become pretty general. It will pay farmers who live adjacent to towns and sell directly to consumers, to be governed by this fact in their choice of a breed, lest some enterprising competitor, more alive to the popular demand, shall break in upon their market and quietly steal away their trade. Of the fowls that lay dark-colored eggs, there are probably none as desirable as the Langshan and Brahma, either of which is good, although I prefer the Langshan after having tried both. These two breeds lay an egg almost identical in appearance, being a rich dark brown color. There is no doubt that their eggs contain more nutriment to a given amount of weight than those from most other breeds. And even if they possessed no well-founded points of superiority, the fact remains that they are growing in the estimation of the consumer, and as long as you expect him to buy directly of you there can be no doubt but it will pay you to choose your breed with an eye to his favor.—*J. Fiero, in Farm and Home.*

SUNLIGHT IN STABLES.

The Effect of Absence of Light Upon Growing Animals.

We tried an experiment some years since to test the effect of absence of light upon a calf. We had two deep-red calves, of the same age (sixty days), one weighing 180 pounds and the other 182 pounds. The latter we placed in a dark room, with a trough that could be filled by a spout through a partition. The other was confined in the same amount of space, but in full light, and both were fed exactly for the next three months. The object was to test the affect of light upon such a growing animal. At the end of the time the one in the light weighed 430 pounds and the one in the dark weighed 360 pounds, and its color had faded to a very pale, dirty red. Its eyes were so much effected when admitted to the light that it kept them closed most of the time for the first week or two. The two calves were kept on together, but the one from the dark room never fully recovered from this three months' of darkness. It never recovered its bright red color, although the color improved. Any one who noted these two calves during this experiment would never after doubt the impolicy of a dark stable. Sunlight is indispensable to healthy vegetable and animal life. Every farmer sees his cat and dog select a belt of sunlight to lie and bask in; and if he will watch his cattle when turned out he will find them seeking at once the sunny side of the barnyard. And with all these indications before his eye, still the farmer keeps his animals in a dark stable, much to their discomfort and his pecuniary loss. We do not, of course, include all farmers in this statement, for a small minority fully understand the importance of sunlight in stables, and make ample provision for its introduction.—*Practical Farmer.*

Fresh Air Society Stories.

The report of the Fresh Air Society of Portland, Me., tells some pathetic incidents connected with the little city waifs' first visit to the country, and other incidents not pathetic. One boy, after a three days' stay, suddenly remembered that he had left his baby sister in charge of a neighbor while his mother went out washing, and he was sure that the woman abused the infant. He must go home and see. And he did go home. When he got to Portland he had a wonderful story to tell of the dangers of life in the country; of the Indians and bears and other wild beasts that he had met. But his mother knew him. She sent him back and in due time he arrived at the farm with a tremendous plug of tobacco in his pocket. As he didn't chew there was a natural curiosity to know why he had brought it. He said that he was "afraid he might need it some time."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THERE were wrestlers in the old chivalric days, or else how could a knight throw down the gauntlet?—*Texas Siftings.*

Seven Cheap Excursions to the West.

NOW is the time and the "GREAT ROCK ISLAND" is the route. Take advantage of the series of cheap excursions to Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota, leaving Chicago March 20, April 3 and 24, May 8 and 22, June 5 and 19. Rate, one fare for the round trip; tickets first-class, and good for 30 days for return passage. Do not fail to take advantage of this opportunity—you may never have such another. Be sure your tickets read, via CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY, which has its own lines to principal points in all these States. For rates and full particulars, address E. A. HOLBROOK, G. T. and P. A., Chicago, Ill.

IF you want to know what a sliding scale is try to handle a wet flan.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Genteel Quacks.

"Yes, it pays," said a big, fat physician, with a name which is known throughout the medical world. "I have a practice worth $40,000 a year." "Women"? "Yes, you've guessed it first time. They pay $10 every time they come into my office. When one gets on my list I tell you she stays!" and Dr. H—— laughed long and loud. This is quackery—gilt-edged, genteel quackery—to keep suffering woman paying tribute year in and year out, and doing them no good. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the peculiar weaknesses and diseases of women. It does not lie to them nor rob them.

AN early rumor—the first guest at a summer hotel.—*Critic.*

1,394,175 Cigars

were the exact number shipped during the short, dull month of November, 1887, by the largest mail order cigar house in the world, namely, R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

AN extraordinary thing in ladies' hats—cheapness.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar coaled.

IF you want to hear some racy English go to a horse-trot on the ice.—*Burlington Free Press.*

CARPET-TACKS are now made in drawing-rooms by a lady-ship steering her bustle and train.—*New Haven News.*

IT is said to be unlucky to have thirteen persons at table, but it is only to be feared when there is barely food enough for twelve.

THE most acute embarrassment a girl ever suffers is when, after passing a fellow on the street for whom she has a concealed fondness, she looks back at him and he catches her at it.

IT'S the brickmaker who wants the earth.

DECLINED with thanks—an object on a table dish.

PRIVATE houses have dumb-waiters—hotels have deaf ones.

WHEN a musician goes fishing, does he castanet in the hope of catching a bassoon?

A BOURBON pretentier—one who pretends he doesn't like it when he does.—*Buffalo Courier.*

DRIVING a street car is not a very high calling, but it can scarcely be classed as among the lower walks of life.

IT is a notable fact that however cleanly seamen may be on the water, they have a decided dislike to being washed ashore.—*Boston Transcript.*

TRAIN robbers know how to disburse the passengers.

THE lower the price of coal the more grate-full the community.—*Binghamton Leader.*

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RHEUMATISM.

The Case Stated.—Jan'y 17th, 1883. Messrs. George C. Osgood & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote to the undersigned as follows: "Mr. Lewis Dennis, No. 136 Moody street, wishes to recommend St. Jacobs Oil, and desires especially to say that:

"ORIN ROBINSON, of Grantville, Mass., a boy of 12 years, came to his house *in the summer of* 1881 walking on crutches, his left leg being bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house, and gave it to him to rub on his knee. In six days he had no use for his crutches, and went home well without them, as he has been ever since."

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.—Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.—Gentlemen: Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work at manual labor; the case certainly proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.—DR. GEO. C. OSGOOD, M. D.

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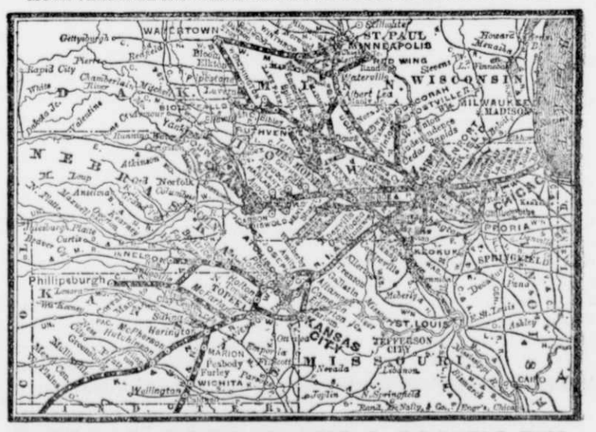
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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

The Buffalo *Commercial-Advertiser* tersely and truthfully remarks that the most pretentious fraud among all the trust of the period is the Cleveland public office trust."

The Atlanta *Constitution* is singing on the right key when it says: "We believe that the Mills tariff is a piece of hum buggery, pure and simple, which will lose us New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey, and cause serious defections in Louisiana. We believe, moreover, that the Mills internal revenue bill will hurt the party in Virginia and North Carolina.

Legislative Notes.

Petitions and letters against the repeal of our local option law are pouring into Annapolis.

Senator McKaig's bill for the ventilation of mines, passed the Senate Tuesday, having received fourteen votes. The bill went to the House and was referred to the Committee on Inspection. The outlook is that the bill will pass the House.

The Oakland bank bill passed the Senate.

The bill authorizing the Governor to appoint a treasurer passed the secono reading in the House.

Mr. McKnight has introduced a bill providing for the appointment by the Governor of a State agent to look after pensions before the pension bureau and other departments at Washington. An ex-Union soldier is to have the preference in the selection of an agent, who is to hold office for four years and receive a salary of $1,500 a year. He is to have an office in Baltimore city, and gets $750 a year for rent and other expenses. He is not to charge any fee for services to claimants.

The Boundary Question.

President Peter, Monday, presented to the Senate the opinion of Attorney-General Whyte, rendered in response to an order of the Senate, in regard to the proper remedy to be pursued to establish the boundary line between Maryland and West Virginia. The Attorney-General says: "In my judgment no definite settlement of that matter can be accomplished by the appointment of commissioners or negotiation between the Legislatures of the two States. The controversy has been going on for more than a century, and the State of Maryland has appointed commission after commission to make such adjustment, but all to no purpose. As far back as 1795 William Pickney, William Cooke and Phillip Barton Key, and subsequently Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Jeremiah Townly Chase, Gen. Wm. H. Winder, Reverdy Johnson, James Boyle, Judge E. F. Chambers, and still later Col. Thomas J. Lee, were appointed commissioners to settle and adjust the southern and western boundaries of the States, yet the services of these eminent gentlemen were of no avail. The southern boundary between the States was not settled until by the award of arbitrators under the acts of 1874 and 1876. In my judgment, therefore, there are but two courses open to the State to bring the long-pending question to an end. One is for the State to cause proceedings to be taken against the State of West Virginia in the Supreme Court of the United States for the purpose of securing a final legal adjustment and settlement of the boundary line between the two States, and the other is to submit the matter in controversy to arbitrators appointed by the two States, whose award shall be final and binding between the two States. The first course should only be taken when the second has been declined by the State of West Virginia. I should advise the passage of a law at the present session of the Legislature making the formal proposition to the State of West Virginia that the subject of the boundary should be submitted for settlement and adjustment to arbitrators chosen by the respective States." The Attorney-General submitted a bill to carry out this recommendation.

Mr. Browning introduced a bill to designate the arbitrators to ascertain and fix the true boundary between Maryland and West Virginia. The bill provides for the appointment of three arbitrators—one by Maryland, one by West Virginia and one by these two.

What is Being Done for Us at Annapolis.

A consideration of some measures introduced in the General Assembly at its present session, has led some of our good citizens to take a very despondent view of our county's future, and if no remedy existed for these supposed violations of a people's right's, well might we bow our heads in sorrow, and mournfully raise our voices, praying of those we sent to Annapolis to have mercy. American citizens are proverbially patient under political grievances, and it becomes us to cultivate this virtue.

Let us ask ourselves what it is we complain of. What have our representatives done? Are we not to have "Legislative Roads," whatever that may mean? Will not these roads lead to the homes of those we have honored, thus enabling us who visit them to pay our respects (as in duty bound we should) to travel with ease and comfort?

The fish in our streams, and the fowls of the air, rise up to bless them, because they are to be protected from the outside world, and will you find fault with their "Game Laws."

A bridge over Castleman river will cost only about $5,000.00, but three or four of your fellow citizens, farmers in that neighborhood, would save at least two miles in hauling lime stone. Why do you tax-payers, complain?

Grandest of all, is not our Governor to appoint a new Board of School Commissioners for us? What do the Judges of our Circuit Court, who meet us four times a year, know about our fitness for such an office, compared to the man whom the people of the entire State have elevated to the high office of Governor?

You may be careless in selecting the custodian of your funds, and therefore our Chief Magistrate is to appoint a *good* and *careful* man to act as County Treasurer. Think how safe your money will be, and murmur not.

In all that has been said, you have not been told the half that is in store for you. You are to have an Academy in Oakland. Let those who read this be silent for half an hour and ponder well the subject, lest some unbecoming expression escape them. Oh! Plato! Oh! Academus! Be silent still. Two years hence let us have four "Legislative Roads" leading from the four points of the compass to this sacred spot, and let the temple be so constructed, that those who come from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, may pass beneath the imposing superstructure, through magnificent archways, gathering inspiration as we pause for a moment in its shadows. Let us have a "Legislative Road" around the county. Roads! Roads! we say. No common thoroughfares or highways to immortalize McAdam, but "Legislative Roads." Fish, rejoice! Increase and multiply, no eels can here destroy your offspring. Birds, be happy! No prowling sportsman can you molest. Children look upon your Academy, but do not go too near it. Some one will tell you when it is safe to approach. But we are exhausted. Plato, ah there! Academus, we faint, thy grove with its refreshing——

"Awaking with a start, the waters heave around me." So sang the poet, but we are not treating now of songs. We realize, though, as we approach the earth, that we viewed these things from too great an altitude, and next week, we may give them a closer inspection. X.

The Garrett Local-Option Question.

A protest signed by leading Democrats in Garrett county, and petitions signed by hundreds of the best citizens of the county, irrespective of party, have been addressed to the Legislature, requesting that the present local-option law of Garrett be not repealed, as has been proposed. This proposition, it is claimed, would be in direct disregard of a majority vote of the citizens at a special election forced upon them at the last session of the Legislature in the interest of a few liquor sellers. One of the opponents of the repeal movements says: "At the last fall term of court, Judge Alvey presiding, nearly all the violators were indicted, including so-called 'clubs,' and the judge dealt out justice to all alike, claiming that the name of 'club' should not shield a violator of the law from the just penalty due, and accordingly fined and imprisoned offenders found guilty, which has caused the third contest on this question. The petitions for repeal, after months of circulation, only obtained about six hundred signatures, being backed neither by a majority of the Republican nor Democratic voters, nor of both combined, but merely by the liquor element, while the petitions favoring the local-option law have only received an impetus since the newspapers reported the effort to repeal the law, since which time, notwithstanding the 'blizzard,' they have been coming in from places forty or fifty miles apart over the mountains, manifesting a determination to prevent the repeal. Among the signers against the pending bill is Mr. G. W. Delawder, State fish commissioner, and Mr. D. E. Offutt, another staunch Democrat; Judge Hamill, who with Squires Hinebaugh, Winterburg and others rank foremost among the democrats of Western Maryland; Mr. Miller, a school commissioner: Mr. Stanton, another Democrat, and Mr. Getty, the son of old Senator Getty. The only Republican name upon the protest is that of Mr. Van Meter. From lack of funds our county schools are closed, cutting off our children and youth from the advantages of a common school education to a sad extent, yet it is desired by some parties closing our only source of education to open public saloons, a great source of public and private depravity, against which iniquity we ask your powerful aid. The people being too poor to support public schools, are certainly too poor to pay for special elections in the interest of saloons after every session of our Legislature, and too poor to pay for liquor. — *Annapolis Correspondent of Baltimore Sun.*

Annapolis Letter.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 17, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—The long talked of election law has at last passed both houses and may now be regarded as an accomplished fact; and, as was feared and predicted, it falls short of what was so ardently hoped for, viz: a measure that would prevent fraud.

The Republicans, aided by a few few honest Democrats, tried to amend the bills in the house, but in vain. The managers would not accept any amendments calculated to prevent repeating or false counting.

Mr. Graves, of St. Mary's county offered an amendment requiring the word *no* to be written opposite the name of each qualified voter on the lists who had not voted at the close of the polls. This would prevent the names being marked as having voted, and it is difficult to see what objection could be urged against a precaution so simple, and so effective, as a means of preventing false counting; yet without reason it was voted down.

Mr. Dodson, of Talbot county, also pressed an amendment requiring that after the ballots were counted and the returns completed the ballots should be burned.

This is also a provision of the Tilden act, which the Democracy was pledged to, but instead of burning the ballots and avoiding the possibility of ballotbox-stuffing, the bill provides that a strip of paper shall be pasted over the key-hole, and the hole for the admission of the ballots, and the ballots returned to the clerk's office, where they are to be kept a certain time and then destroyed.

Mr. Laird, a Democratic member from Montgomery, spoke in favor of Mr. Dodson's amendment, and said that it would not take more than ten seconds to soften the paste, so that the strips of paper could be taken off, and that there was a possibility of duplicate keys, and insisted that this would afford no protection whatever; but this amendment was also voted down, although it would be very difficult to find any other reason, only the one which naturally suggests itself: they are not quite ready to close up the avenues of fraud.

In 1875, when Harris was elected over Carroll, if the law had required the destruction of the ballots by the judges, Eugene Higgins would have missed his opportunity to make himself immortal. He succeeded in getting his man counted in, although the boldest deciple of reform does not now deny the methods by which Carroll was made Governor.

Higgins spends most of his time in Annapolis, and his ear-mark is visible in a great deal of the legislation being passed at this session.

There is a move on foot to establish an emmigration bureau at an expense to the state of $20,000 to send commissioners abroad to induce immigration to Southern Maryland, and Higgins is understood to be looking for the appointment. Of course "Gene" must be cared for. He has engineered more political deviltry through the Maryland Legislature than any of Gorman's satelites, and of course "Gene" must be looked after. He is the embodiment of more pure cussedness politically, than any one else, and his influence is not abating. I have no doubt a majority of the county members intended to do the square thing when they came here, but influences are soon brought to bear which makes it seem the proper thing to herd with the crowd, and they are speedily absorbed into it, and losing their individuality and their independence they go, willingly or unwillingly, along the road that is made easy for them.

Dr. Mackall, of Cecil county, is a fair example of how it goes with a Democrat who has the courage of his convictions, and dares to maintain his independence. He is a man of considerable ability, and has generally stood up for what he believes to be right, but his party goes against him and votes down his bills, for no other reason only that he wants his party in good faith to redeem the pledges made prior to last falls election. He said in the House yesterday that hereafter when he wanted a measure to pass he would oppose it.

John K. Cowan's estimate of the value of Democratic promises was correct.

Yours truly,

W.

A Shrewd Trick Exposed.

An insidious Mormon scheme for preserving their power and peculiar institutions has come to light in Washington. How cunning and vigilant are the leaders of these "Latter Day Saints" was pointed out in these columns the other day, in referring to the advantages they would gain for continuing defiance of the laws of the land, by the admission of Utah as a state in the Union. With the executive, judicial and legislative machinery all in Mormon hands, Gentile residents of the state would stand no show whatever.

This view of the probability became so fully recognized that the Mormon leaders abandoned the proposition to change territorial form of government for Utah, and turned their devices in another direction. They began covertly to exert themselves to secure the admission of New Mexico as a state. The Mormons have large settlements in that territory. They have secured possession of hundreds of square miles of its richest soil. That the possession of New Mexico might ultimately be their own, as completely as is Utah, was a dream of the sagacious Brigham Young. It has never been lost sight of by his successors. Hence for years colonies have been established and land secured in every desirable section of the territory.

As it is generally conceded that New Mexico would be a Democratic state, Delegate Caine, of the House, had no difficulty in inducing Representative Springer to include in his "Omnibus" bill a clause for the admission of this territory. The bill was so framed respecting New Mexico as to allow to vote on the question of coming into the Union next fall "everybody who shall have been a resident of the territory sixty days." Herein is the cunning Mormon plan. With plenty of money for missionary purposes, and for the expense of agents everywhere to induce and assist emigration, they could, should the enabling act pass, send thousands of their proselytes into the territory in time to become eligible as voters next fall. The word of the Church autocracy is as potent to-day as it ever was, and would need only to be spoken to send yet other thousands from Utah, across the line in due season. By this means New Mexico would be voted into the Union as a Democratic state, and thenceforward the Mormons would have the same advantages for their evil purposes as though their original territory were clothed with statehood. The scheme was a shrewd and artfully conceived flank movement on the part of the Mormons and Democrats alike, but that the manoeuver is now disclosed it will not subserve the purpose intended. Such a scheme will not be likely to pass the Senate, even should it receive the endorsement of the House.—*Baltimore Herald.*

Catholics in the G. A. R.

The following is a reply to a letter of inquiry sent by Comrade Edward Schilling, of Tyler Post, G. A. R., of Cumberland.

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
408 CHARLES STREET,
BALTIMORE, March 19, 1888.

To Edward Schilling, Esq., 130 *Green street, Cumberland, Md*:

My Dear Sir:—I am directed by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons to acknowledge the receipt of your favor dated March 15, and in reply thereto to write you that Catholics of the archdiocese of Baltimore are free to join the Grand Army of the Republic, provided their dispositions in so joining, or in remaining in, said organization, are such that they will be willing to conform to any decision respecting membership in the Grand Army of the Republic which may hereafter be made by competent ecclesiastical authority.

I have the honor to remain, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,
P. J. DONAHUE,
Chancellor.

The Cuban fast mail train went through a trestle on the Savannah, Florida and Western Railroad at Hurricane river, seventy miles below Savannah, Saturday morning, and 23 people were killed and between 30 and 40 injured.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 19th, 1888.—Who will be nominated at Chicago? Less than three months from this time the convention will meet, hence all Republicans are getting interested in the above question. It is a much easier question to ask than to answer. It is doubtful if the best informed Republican in Washington would attempt to say who the candidate will be. He may be any one of the dozen gentlemen mentioned or he may be as yet unnamed. Let us consider how the chances stand at present.

Senator Sherman is developing considerable strength in the South, but unless he can make some friends in other states his nomination is extremely doubtful. Senator Harrison and Judge Gresham have both shown themselves to possess much strength in the Northwest, but the ill-feeling that has already cropped out between their followers disposes the chances of both of them. Mr. Chauncy Depew has a considerable following in the Eastern States and just now he is credited with having a real boom in Pennsylvania. So far no one of the other candidates appears to be attempting to antagonize Mr. Depew, but then his following is perhaps too small as yet to make that necessary. That's the situation as it exists to-day. The gentlemen mentioned are the only ones, whose friends have, so far, attempted to boom them for the nomination. All the rest are apparently waiting for that concentration of sentiment that has as yet refused to take place in anyone's favor except Mr. Blaine's.

The pension claim agents of this city got a scoring in the Senate on Thursday. Senator Plumb had read a letter received by an ex-soldier in Kansas and written by a Washington pension agent, which intimated that the writer had special facilities for pushing private pension claims through Congress. The letter asked for a fee of $25, $10 in advance and balance upon passage of bill. Mr. Plumb said he believed that large sums of money were being obtained from ex-soldiers by men who render them no service whatever.

Senator Hale wanted to know the name of the firm which sent the letter; in view of the fact the rules of the pension Committee prohibited all attorneys or claim agents making any arguments before the committee, it was plain that they could render no service to the ex-soldier, therefore the letter was clearly intended to deceive and defraud the man to whom it was written. Mr. Plum preferred not to mention the name of the firm until the whole matter had been thoroughly investigated by the Pension Committee. Senators Davis, Cockrell, Plumb and Hale each took this occasion to denounce the Washington claim agents as "sharks."

The Dependent Pension bill has been under consideration by the House Committee on Pensions, but as yet no action has been taken on it. Petitions have been presented in the House from Pennsylvania and Ohio, asking for the passage of a service pension bill and the per diem pension bill.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, paid his respects to the President's message in a strong speech, on Thursday. He dwelt upon the immense advantage of a protective tariff and contrasted the great prosperity of this country with the poverty of free trade England.

Senator Hale's resolution for the appointment of a special Senate committee of seven, to investigate the many alleged violations, by federal officials, of the civil service law, has been passed by the Senate and the committee appointed. They will begin the investigation as soon as possible. The subject is a large one and includes officials from messengers to Cabinet officers; but the result will pay for all the trouble. It will show the people of the country that in spite of the great professions and promises of Administration, hypocrisy is its ground-work.

Senator Ingalls will, it is understood, write an open letter in reply to one written by an ex-staff officer of Gen. Hancock. It will also answer the charges made by some Democrats with accommodating memories, that the language used by the Senator in referring to the President in his recent speech, was unprecedented. For its severity and personal application, It will be shown that the language complained of was very mild if it be compared with that used by Democratic Senators in speaking of Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Arthur during their Presidential terms.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is the latest Democratic Senatorial kicker at the Administration tariff programme. He wants the internal revenue laws repealed at once, and it might be added, so do his moonshiner constituents.

The Ways and Means Committee have commenced night or rather evening sessions, which it seems are necessary in order to make such progress with the tariff bill, as will get it before the House in a reasonable time. It held its first evening meeting Saturday, when the internal revenue portion of the bill was disposed of. It was adopted without amendment. This does not foreshadow a peaceful time, however, many schisms are yet ahead.

HOMŒOPATHY. — Homœopathy, like Gravitation, is a law of Nature; its expression is *Similia Similibus Curantur*—"like cures like"; a handful of snow cures a frosted ear—snow is like frost but is not frost. Similarly with drugs; each one when taken by a person in health, produces certain "symptoms"—nausea, fever, chills, etc., and when similar symptoms are met in sickness those drugs will cure if it be possible; such, in brief is Homœopathy, the most successful system, or, indeed, the only one, for it is Nature's, and all cures, knowingly or not, must work by the same law. It will pay the reader to write for a copy of our little manual, "The Medical Index," and for our book catalogue. Leading druggists sell our medicines, or we will send a 50 dose vial of any desired remedy for 25 cents. Address BOERICKE & TAFEL, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md. Oldest Homœopatic Pharmacy and Publishing House. Established in 1385.

The following from the New York *Sun* is quite unexpected, but, nevertheless, true: "If ever the lesson was taught to New Yorkers by actual experience that there is an Invisible Power in the universe which can thwart man in all his undertakings, yesterday was the time. Herculaneum and Pempeii were covered with the ashes and lava of Vesuvius. Charleston was wrecked by her earthquake. And now New York has had its life of commerce and of pleasure deadened for two days. We have had a grand opportunity to see with our own eyes how majestic Nature can be in her wrath,"

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Samuel Engle vs. W. H. Chapman and others, the same being No. 5 Judicials to May term, 1888, I did seize and levied upon all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in Equity, of the said W. H. Chapman in and to

ALL THAT LOT OF GROUND,

situated in the town of Grantsville, Garrett county, being bounded by Bonig's lot on the West side, A. Beachy's on the North, Gnagey's lot on the East and an alley on the South, containing one acre and one-half of an acre, more or less. This lot is fenced and is improved by an old HOUSE and STABLE.

And I hereby give notice, that on

FRIDAY, the 30th Day of March,

1888, in front of C. J. Livingood's Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, I will offer said above described lot of ground at Public Auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, to satisfy the above execution and costs.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
3 10 4 Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said Court, wherein Nora Poland and others are plaintiffs and Jane Frances Fike and others are defendants, the undersigned trustee will sell at Public Auction, to the highest bidder,

ON WEDNESDAY,

THE 28th DAY OF MARCH, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at "The Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, in Selbysport District, Garrett county, and of which the late A. J. Fike died seized, all of said farm containing 250 acres, more or less, adjoining the lands of Otto Speelman, Abraham Augustine and others. Said farm is well improved by a

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE,

Barn and other out-buildings, also a good orchard of apples and other fruit trees, and is considered one of the best farms in that section.

Also all that Other Property,

in the same neighborhood, containing 116¼ acres, more or less, which is particularly described in a deed from Ross Augustine and wife to the late A. J. Fike, dated the 14th April, 1884, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 389, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said last mentioned farm being improved by a DWELLING HOUSE and other out-buildings, and some of the land is under cultivation. Said farms will be sold separately.

☞ The above properties will be sold subject to the widow's dower.

TERMS OF SALE.—As prescribed by the decree, one-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or the ratification thereof by the Court, and the balance in two equal installments at one and two years from the day of sale; the deferred payments to bear interest from date, and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser with security satisfactory to the trustee, or all the purchase money can be paid down, at the option of the purchaser.

JONAS FRAZEE,
3 3 4t Trustee.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghiogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Just received at M. L. Scott's, a complete line of Spring Millinery goods.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard returned to Oakland Tuesday, from a visit to relatives and friends in Ohio.

—Mr. B. F. Snyder and family, of this county, left for Salem, Oregon, Saturday last. We heartily wish them success.

—St. Prtrick's day was celebrated in Cumberland by the Ancient Order Hibernians. The Oakland Division was in charge of Patrick Garrett.

—Mrs. James Bayard, who has been residing in Oakland for several months, left Sunday night to join her husband, son of Secretary of State Bayard, in New York,

—Mr. George D. White has purchased the Rev. Wm. Junkins farm, three miles South of Oakland. The purchase price was $3,500. Mr. White will continue to carry on the livery business in Oakland.

—Dr. D. T. E. Casteel's books have been placed in my hands for settlement. All persons having unsettled accounts will please come forward at once and make settlement.

3 3 4t ED. N. CASTEEL.

—Mr. Porter, son-in-law of Mr. John L. Browning, who had sold his farm and intended to go to Oregon with his family last Saturday, at the last moment decided to remain, and has taken the Ralph Browning farm in this district

—Mr. Marshall C. Feather has finally located at Brittan, W. Va., a short distance west of Fetterman, on the B. & O. R. R., where he will take charge of a general store for the Bush Brothers. Marshall made many friends during his short residence in Oakland. The REPUBLICAN joins them in wishing him success.

—Mr. Samuel Lawton has resigned the office of Register of Wills of this county, to accept an appointment as Deputy Circuit Court Clerk. Mr. James W. White has been appointed by the Judges of the Orphans' Court to fill the unexpired term as Register. The change will take place April 3d, 1888.

—Mr. John Shartzer and family will leave Monday evening for San Francisco. Mr. Shartzer will leave his family in that city until he selects a location. Mr. Shartzer will be accompanied by Mr. W. E. Boyer, of Accident, and Miss Maggie Chambers, of Oakland. They are furnished sleeping cars for the entire trip, which will take six days. Mr. Shartzer has been a resident of Oakland for about twelve years, and has a host of friends here who regret his departure and wish him success.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Bargain of the Year.

All the new 25 and 50 cent books can be bought at Thomas Little's confectionery at the small sum of 10 cents. Don't forget to call and examine them.

S. L. Townshead & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Lost Pig.

A Poland-China male pig, (last May's litter) black and white spots, no ear marks, strayed from my farm last October. A suitable reward will be paid for information that will lead to its recovery.

E. W. MILLER,
3 10 3t Oakland, Md,

—Our delinquent subscribers will have an opportunity to call and settle during the appeal term of the County Commissioners, the first week in April. Those who do not intend to come may send by their neighbors. Make a note of this. We need our money.

Notice.

To all persons wanting carriage or wagon making done and all kinds of wood work repairs, would do well to call on F. R. Enos, at Richardson's old stand, adjoining A. D. Naylor's Blacksmith shop. Also wood work for blacksmiths put up at short notice. Good lumber taken in exchange for work. All work guaranteed.

F. R. ENOS.

The Chase Nurseries.

MR. EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that we have steady work on salary for honest, temperate, energetic men, soliciting orders for our nursery stock. Our stock is first class. Satisfaction guaranteed. For particulars, address

R. G. CHASE, & CO.
1430 S. Penn. Square, Philadelphia, Pa,

DEER PARK, March 19, 1888.

MR. EDITOR: — Will you please give space in your valuable paper for the following:

Died, March. 3rd, 1888, aged five years, three weeks and one day, after a lingering illness of pneumonia, Susan Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin and Mary Spiker, of Summersville, (Wilson's Store.) The body was interred in the Wilson Burial Ground, and the funeral sermon was preached in the Wilson school house, on Sunday last. 18th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., by Rev, E. A. Paugh, of the U. B. Church. The service was touchingly impressive, and we trust that lasting good may be the result.

Little Susan was a scholar of the Wilson Sunday School, a bright little girl of her years, and loved by all. While we mourn her loss, and sympathize with the bereaved parents, nevertheless our loss is her eternal gain. May we all so live as to meet our young sister in Heaven.

Why should I my loss bemoan;
Though the darling child is dead,
She to early rest is gone;
She to Paradise is fled.

Diamonds!

Now is the time for bargains in Jewelry and Musical Merchandise. I will offer my stock at public auction, commencing Saturday night, March 24th, and continue three nights the following week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. I have a very large stock on hand and wish to reduce it to about one-half. It will pay you to come and buy something, if you don't have occasion to use it for a year to come, as the larger portion of my stock is new and stylish. Stock consists of all kinds of Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Musical Instruments, &c., &c. Come one, come everybody. If you don't get bargains it won't be my fault. Sale to commence about 7 o'clock. (Look out for posted bills everywhere.) Don't forget the date, and don't forget to come. I propose to auction goods that no one will be ashamed to own.

Hoping to see you all out, and wishing you lots of bargains, I am,

Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
Jeweler, Oakland Md,
N. B.—Terms positively cash.

Swanton.

Mr. C. T. Sweet, who is engaged in the fruit tree business, will shortly have the largest young orchard in this section if not the largest in the county. He is now at work putting up one end of his barn. This part, when completed, will contain stalls for work animals, root cellar, an arch kettle, granary, work shop and room for fodder.

Mr. Wm. E. George was on a visit to relatives at Barton this week.

Mr. C. M. Miller has recently become the possessor of a valuable Irish setter dog.

John A. Wagner, Esq., who a short time ago sold his farm near Barton and went to Kansas, came back to Garrett and located near Swanton, has just completed and moved into his new home. He is a good neighbor and citizen. We would be glad to have some more such settlers come.

Frank Snyder, Esq., with his family, started for Oregon last Saturday. We wish him abundant success in his new home.

Mr. Sol. Harvey, of Wilson's store, is improving his place with a new dwelling house.

Mr. Meshack Harvey is hauling lumber for a new house on his place near Mount Zion.

The cross tie trade is brisk at this time, a great many having been brought to the road this winter.

The B. & O. have now six new "helper" engines on the 17 mile grade. They are heavier than the old engines, their weight being 62 tons, 13 tons heavier than the old ones. The last trial was made with two of the new engines with 22 loaded cars, 13 of them being coal. The run was made in one hour and 58 minutes from Piedmont to Altamont. Sixteen loads were what the old engines hauled. Trials made prove the new engines to be a great improvement over the old ones.

HOOSIER.

Accident.

Mild and pleasant weather has again returned.

The old snow drifts are disappearing fast.

Messrs. John Burkhart and Henry Menhorn went to Hamilton to work on a saw mill.

Messrs. Dr. E. H. Glotfelty and W. B. Glotfelty went to Philadelphia last week.

Mr. George Cropp has returned again from Scottdale, Pa.

Last Thursday evening quite a number of ladies and gentlemen met at Mr. J. W. Boyer's to spend an evening with their departing friends, Mr. John Shartzer and Mr. W. E. Boyer, who are going to California. We feel sorry that they have left us. Mr. W. E. Boyer has been one of the best school teachers we have ever had. As a Sunday school superintendent and teacher he could not be excelled. We wish them much success all through life.

Measles are again coming in this neighborhood.

SWANTON, MD., Mch. 19, 1888.

MR. HAYDEN:—I am going to test the effect of various fertilizing materials applied to my land, but, while I am about it, I wish to do it in such a way that it will benefit our entire county as much as possible:

1st. By creating sufficient public interest that others will perform like experiments in other parts of the county and on different soils, thus making their value greater, both by combination and comparison; and 2d, by provoking thought, discussion and in the end better methods of farming. Our experiments will be as simple as possible, but must be practical and carefully performed to be of any value.

I know that the discussion of these matters in your paper will make it more valuable in a farming county, and that our brief reports through the season of the appearance of the crops and our full report in the fall of the weighed product of each plot, will be discussed and re-discussed, for what is done by those whom we know is always more highly appreciated.

How shall we increase our crops without increasing our labor?

If by applying more manure, what shall we fertilize with?

To be absolutely certain, every farmer must experiment for himself, but twenty farmers with different locations, soils and aspects can settle the thing practically for Garrett county. Now, who will volunteer? Remember they will not be expensive nor very extensive; the crops will probably more than pay, but you will have to do it yourself, unless your hired man is more careful than you are. As to expense, I know of one acre in twenty plots which had altogether $13 88 worth of different manures applied, and which yielded $38.83 more than an adjoining acre without fertilization. And more still, out of those manures, some did actual damage, while others gave a gain of over $65.00 per acre more than they cost. Now, brother farmers, which shall *we* use? As what is meat to other sections may be poison to ours, we shall have to ask our own fields. Who will help do this for our county? I will be one, and to save time let every one who will help in this good work drop me a postal card this week.

Here is a general outline of the work. We will take our acre, ten rods wide, sixteen long, and divide it into twenty plots, eight and one fourth feet by sixteen rods, and apply the following:

No. 1.—Nothing.
2.—Nitrogen.
3.—Phosphoric acid.
4.—Potash.
5.—Nitrogen and phosporic acid.
6.—Nitrogen and potash.
7.—Phosphoric acid and potash.
8.—Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.
9.—Stable manure.
10.—Ground bone.
11.—Dissolved bone.
12.—Ground S. C. rock.
13.—Dissolved S. C. rock.
14.—Lime.
15.—Plaster.
16.—Guano.
17.—Commercial fertilizer.
18.—Nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash.
19.—Stable manure.
20.—Nothing.

There is nothing very difficult nor costly about this, and if we are careful about it when we get through we know something. The "Yankees" live a great deal better than we do here on their ten to twenty acre farms, but when they see a thing they don't talk, they *act*. In fact, the way to accomplish most anything is to *do it*. Let the postals come. The more the better.

We can get our necessary fertilizers to better advantage if we buy them together, and I shall be glad to give any further information or assistance I can. The experiments should be uniform to be of the most value.

CHAS. T. SWEET,
Swanton.

Flatwoods.

Considering the poor sledding we have had this winter, our energetic farmers have been very successful in hauling large quantities of lime rock upon their farms.

Our school closed with sad countenances upon the scholars. Our teacher has given satisfaction to the scholars and patrons of the School.

Mr. M. L. Fresh has moved from our vicinity, to make his future home in W. Va. He was one of our most energetic farmers. He will be missed by our citizens. We wish him good luck and prosperity in his new home.

Noah Ppsell has lost three yearlings, with the black leg.

Mr. B. F. Keller is preparing to build a home on a part of his father's farm.

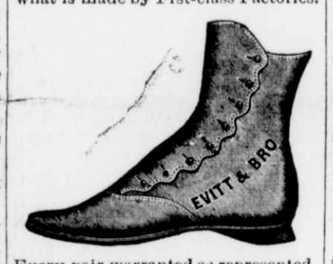
We have failed to get Mr. M. L. Mayselles back on this appointment. His presence would have been appreciated very much on this circuit.

The last cold spell was the coldest weather we had this winter.

Foot Wear! Foot Wear!



We have just received a line of Ladies', Misse's, and Children's Fine Shoes, direct from the Factory. We handle nothing in the shoe line but what is made by Frst-class Factories.



Every pair warranted as represented. You are cordially invited to inspect our stock, especially "Evitt's Perfect Fitting Hand-made Shoes."

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, M.

Senate and President.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—It will be remembered that after the final adjournment of the Forty-ninth Congress there was considerable discussion as to the authority of the President to make during the recess appointments to newly created offices which he had failed to make nominations for prior to the adjournment. Many of the most learned constitutional lawyers in Congress took the ground that no such authority vested in the President. Notwithstanding their opinions the President made the interstate commerce commission appointments, and also appointed Mr. Lacombe as the additional justice for the second judicial circuit. All of these offices had been created at the session that had just closed, and the President had sent no nominations to the Senate to fill them. It was apprehended that the Senate would make an issue with the President as to his action, and intimations were frequently thrown out that the railroads would dispute the acts of the interstate commerce commission, if any were particularly objectionable to them, on the ground that it was not a legal body. Notwithstanding these anticipations, the Senate has not seen fit to make open warfare with the Executive on the point, but the judiciary committee, in reporting recently the nomination of Mr. Lacombe, took occasion to submit and formally place on the files of the executive session a statement of its views on the President's course. The committee expressly deny the constitutional right of the President to fill during a recess of the Senate offices created at the last preceding session, and which had never before been filled, and assert that the only time when any President had ever undertaken to exercise such power was when President Monroe, in 1822, appointed two gentlemen to places in the military establishment newly created. When the Senate again met and the names of these gentlemen sent in, they were rejected. The judiciary committee then go on to say that "the impropriety of this unwarranted action of Mr. Cleveland is much more apparent in the case of political office." Senators Wilson, of Iowa, Ingalls and Pugh unite in an additional comment, saying: "It is against the just philosophy and policy of our constitutional system that judicial offices should be filled in any instance without the advice and consent of the Senate." Senator Vest appends an additional comment to the effect that under no circumstances, however extreme, could he admit the constitutional power of the President to act as he had, and that there were no party divisions in this matter, the Democratic Senators being quite as pronounced as the Republicans in their disapproval of what the President had done. The nomination of Mr. Lacombe was confirmed because technically the terms in which it was made did not show there were any unusual circumstances in the case, but the committee placed its protest on the files, so that hereafter if a similar case should arise the consent of the committee and of the Senate to the appointment of Judge Lacombe should not be construed as a precedent. In transmitting to the President the notification of the confirmation it was accompanied by the comments and conclusion of the committee on his action.

A Gigantic Railway Project.

It has just been discovered that St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago railroad men are engineering a stupendous scheme. It is to build a railway from the Twin Cities, via Bismarck, British Columbia and Alaska, to Pekin, China, and Irkouisk, in the Russian empire. The Minneapolis and Pacific, the Aberdeen, Bismarck and Northwestern and the Canada Pacific will carry the road to Victoria. Thence a line will be built to Cape Prince of Wales, on Behring strait, a distance of about eleven hundred miles. This body of water, separating the American continent from Asia, is about thirty-five miles wide, and midway is dotted with islands. The water is only twenty or twenty-five fathoms deep, and can ultimately be bridged, though temporarily a crossing will be made in boats. On the opposite side in Asia is East Cape, whence a road will be constructed to Pekin, China, Yeddo, Japan, and other points in the Russian and Chinese empires. A road is already being constructed by the Russian government to Irkoutsk, and it is expected that this will be extended to form a juncture with the line from East Cape to Pekin, about sixteen hundred miles from the strait.

This project looks huge. It is, and a few years ago would have been deemed a crazy idea and impossible of execution. But scarcely a better country for railroading could be found, with comparatively small exceptions. Through British Columbia a passage is easy. The weather on the proposed line is never severe, and travel is never impeded by snow. There is but one port on the coast that does not remain free of ice during the winter, and that is Westminster, which is sometimes filled with floating cakes. Coal is plentiful and timber inexhaustible. In Alaska there is but one section where cold would prove a drawback, and that is no worse than on the Canadian Pacific. In most of the territory traversed the temperature scarcely ever falls below zero. The extreme upper part of Siberia is almost uninhabitable, but the road will enter that land at about latitude 62, and the country below that is rich in minerals, timber, agricultural productions, furs, etc., and every mile of the road can be made to pay.

The distance between Cape Prince and Pekin is but a little over 1,600 miles, making the whole route from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Pekin but 5,169 miles. Trains are expected to run through in ten days. The time to Yeddo, Japan, will be about the same as to Pekin. — *Chicago Times.*

Grumbling is a very easy thing to do. It takes less talent to be a good grumbler than would fit a man for any other calling. The man best qualified to engage in this business is the one who does the least and succeeds the worst. Whoever has his hands and heart full of work is no grumbler. If you want to get the best remedy for this malady, get work and do it. You will get well as quick as if you had taken a bottle of patent medicine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trespassing upon any of our lands, near Oakland, for any purpose whatever. Trespassers will be subjected to the extreme penalties of the law.

3 24 4t MARY D. CROOK.
FANNY D. READE,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 1 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

A WINDIGO stare—watching your best girl as you hold her skein of floss.

COUGHS, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. *Sold only in boxes.*

THE impecunious man in need of gum shoes is not opposed to a rubber trust.—*Baltimore American.*

PISO'S Cure for Consumption is the best Cough Medicine. If you don't believe it, take a dose. By druggists, 25c. a bottle.

A NOVELTY for fashionable luncheon—a good appetite.

A PERFECT specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THE prop her study of mankind is how to support a wife.—*Critic.*

WANTED—AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class.

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) ☞ Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed in a certain cause wherein Wm. D. Burton, et. al. are plaintiffs and Elizabeth A. White is defendant, being No. 409, Equity on the Docket of said Court, the undersigned, as trustee, will sell, by public auction, to the highest *bona fide* bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1888,

at 11 o'clock A. M., all that piece, parcel, or tract of land situated in said county, known as

"CANDAHAR,"

and described as follows: Beginning for the same at the end of 290 perches on the 3d line of a tract of land called "SMALL MEADOWS," it being also at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "BOYLE'S SORROW," and running thence with the 2d line of the last mentioned tract N. 3° W. 208 perches to the end of the said 2d line, then leaving the lines of this tract West 11 perches to the 4th line of a tract of land—"CHARLES' DISAPPOINTMENT," and with it S. 3° E. 62 perches to the end of the said 4th line, then with the given line of said tract S. 35° W. 332 perches to the beginning thereof, and also to the end of 440 perches on the 3d line of "Small Meadows" aforesaid, and reversing said line N. 59° E. 215 perches to the beginning, containing 113¾ acres, more or less.

It being the same land which was conveyed to Patience Burton, Ann M. Armstrong and Elizabeth A. White by Peter Devemon, by deed bearing date December 8th, 1857, and recorded in Liber H.R. No. 16 folios 408, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Md.

Said land lies about two miles West of Oakland on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is timber land underlaid with coal, with an opening to a four foot vein.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from date of sale, or all cash on day of sale at the option of the purchaser; the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustee and to bear interest from date of sale.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
3 17 4t Trustee.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by J. Z. Browning, George Walters, Ramsey Browning and others at or near Mrs. Probst's farm, in District No. 1, and running thence in the most direct line to the corner of Eden's Paradise Regained, thence with said line to Davis' tram road, and thence by the most practicable route to intersect the Hoopole road at or near King's Run, through lands of J. Z. Browning, Ramsey Browning, Francis Nethkin, Joseph Speicher, Chauncey Glass, George Walters and Perry's heirs, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 3d, day of April, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

DAVID ENLOW,
JOSEPH SPEICHER,
JOHN HARNED,
3 3 5 Examiners.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

HIS RELIGION.

She goes to church, the pious pet,
To hear the parson preach;
I go to drink those lessons in
No mortal man may teach.

She hears of sin and shame and hell,
Of God's eternal ire,
And how her what she is
... worship will forgive.

He is no tyrant envious,
Cruel and cold and grim:
Blest be His holy name, He knows
In her I worship Him.

—*Boston Globe.*

IN ADVANCE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, $1 per square of ten lines; 50 cents per square for each additional insertion. Special contracts for advertising longer than three months.

Correspondents must enclose full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith. Rejected communications will not be returned.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

The Buffalo *Commercial-Advertiser* tersely and truthfully remarks that the most pretentious fraud among all the trust of the period is the Cleveland public office trust."

The Atlanta *Constitution* is singing on the right key when it says "We believe that the ... or aye, ... her what she is ... worship will forgive.

RED AND WHITE.

Uncle Zeke's Investigations and His Courtship.

"How's Northwestern this morning, Unkle Zeke?" asked Dick Spriggs across the restaurant table.

"Slumped off six points, blast it," scowling viciously over his paper at the steak brought by the waiter.

Ezekiel Spriggs laid down his paper and picking up his fork stuck it into the meat. As he withdrew it and saw the rich, red juice ooze out, his face brightened. Spriggs was somewhat of an epicure.

"Six point's a pretty big drop," said Dick, possessing himself of the paper and alternating between it and his breakfast: "How d'ye come out?"

But Spriggs was busily engaged in tearing off huge pieces of steak and chewing them with much the same expression that a chicken exhibits when taking a drink of water. Business was business, but breakfast was breakfast just then, and while Dick chattered and read extracts, Spriggs turned his eyes to the ceiling at every bite and gave himself up to the soulful enjoyment of what was before him. Dick skimmed lightly over the news, took a cursory glance at the editorials and paused at the lower corner of the page; then he read aloud:

"Possibly the reason why, when a red-headed girl appears on the street, a white horse soon makes its appearance, will have to be sought for in history. Away back in the early Greek and Egyptian days, red-haired girls were justly prized above all——"

"Whadz that?" interrupted Spriggs. Spriggs was a bachelor, and though rich, was not especially addicted to the fair sex.

Dick leaned thoughtfully back in his chair. "It's a dodgasted funny thing, Uncle Zeke, but it's a fact, never knew it to fail; straight as a string, too."

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, don't you see, the saying is that where ever you see a red-headed girl there is always a white horse in sight. I believe it now—didn't at first. Why only last Sunday night I went to church with Miss Austin—you ought to see her, Uncle Zeke—— " Dick paused with a piece of steak half-way to his mouth and gazed yearningly at the blank wall. "Well, as I was saying, I went to church; coming out I saw directly in front of us a girl with hair just about as red as you find it. One of the rules of the game is that you must always go some where that is accessible to the horse after seeing the red hair, so I made an excuse about a short cut and dragged Mabel out the side door. I thought I had the white horse sequence dead this time, but just as we came out the door, sure enough the inevitable white horse came trotting around the corner. There wasn't another four-legged animal in sight and I didn't see any the whole way home. I've tried it every chance and never knew it to fail."

Spriggs grunted an inaudible response and rose from the table. By noon he had forgotten all about it but the sight of a red-haired girl brought the subject to his mind. In spite of its evident absurdity, there was something odd and uncanny about the notion and Spriggs almost unconsciously began to scan the passers-by. Turning the corner he came plump against another maid with fiery hair and sure enough there, hitched to a post, was a rather scrawny but an unmistakable white horse. This was the beginning of his downfall, for there and then he determined to see exactly what was in the saying. Now Spriggs was nothing if not methodical. A long life of single blessedness and business training had made him so, and he entered into the investigation in somewhat the same manner as he would some great business question.

The major part of the next day was spent in keeping tally of the horses that passed his office window; and the following day in an extended hunt of red-headed girls without regard to their so-called accompaniments. The result was that while one horse in every fifteen was white, only one female in thirty-one had red hair. A series of afternoon sittings at his club window brought out the remarkable fact that for every seven women that passed, two horses were in sight. This was to be the basis of the test. Spriggs reasoned that the chances against the sequence were about two to one, for, according to his observations, in the ordinary day's run, there were twice as many red-haired girls as white horses. This, of course, did not allow for unusual occurrences or for night travel, when there were fewer horses on the street. At the end of the first week the result was: Failures, one; verifications, forty-eight. Spriggs did not quite believe in the thing yet, but the next week was even more convincing. The record stood: Failures, none; success, seventy-four times. By this time it had become not a definite test to prove the truth of a saying, but a wild hunt after an instance where a failure could be recorded. Night after night Spriggs prowled around the streets, peering into the faces of the pedestrians and frequenting localities where there would be little likelihood of finding quadrupeds. The fever had grown to such an extent that he was forced to admit to himself that there must be something in it, while he professed to believe that the truth needed further investigation.

One day Dick dropped in and taking Spriggs aside, with much hesitation and stammering, confided the fact that he was engaged to be married. "It's Mabel Austin, Uncle Zeke, a beautiful girl ——"

"Light or dark?" asked Spriggs, with a quick look of interest.

"Well, I guess you'll call her a brunette, for she has the loveliest black hair in the world; but I have promised to bring you to see her to-night. Say you'll go, Uncle Zeke—I'll call for you at eight, shall I?"

It had been many years since Spriggs had gone out calling and he was loth to begin now, when he needed all his time for his investigations; however, he promised and sent his nephew away rejoicing.

Spriggs found Mabel all that Dick had claimed for her, and was well pleased with his boy's choice; yet the evening dragged somewhat, and his dress suit made Uncle Zeke overly conscious of his society shortcomings.

He was standing near the window for a moment alone, when he heard his name called. Turning quickly, he saw Dick approaching with a vision of loveliness on his arm.

One look was enough, and the next instant Spriggs had wheeled about and jerked aside the hangings. Trotting slowly past, and directly under the street lamp, was the inevitable white horse.

Then he remembered that Dick possibly wanted to present him, and, dropping the curtain in great haste, he confronted the pair. The vision had a cold and haughty look, and Dick was clearly embarrassed. Spriggs appreciated his awkward position fully, and with a great effort made himself exceedingly agreeable. Indeed, in his abject humiliation, he was so devoted that Dick was led to whisper to his fiancee: "Your sunny-headed friend seems to have caught Uncle Zeke hard."

When Spriggs went home he sat down and went over the events of the evening. The vision was certainly handsome and could talk as few women were able, but he shuddered at the thought of her hair. It was an unmistakable red. Nevertheless, he had asked permission to call and it had been graciously granted. Spriggs called and then called again. In a short time his leisure hours were about evenly divided between his investigations and the vision. Spriggs was struck hard, so hard, indeed, that when in her delightful presence he almost forgot his hobby. He invariably hired a white horse, however, when he took her out driving. Once he had the temerity to try a bay horse, but he never repeated the experiment. He was uneasy the whole time, for while his heart and soul were with his companion his mind and eyes sadly missed the familiar sequence.

One evening as matters were approaching a crisis, Spriggs found himself seated in close proximity to his inamorata. He had fully made up his mind to settle the matter at once and have done with it. There was just enough manly conceit about him to make him feel assured that his suit would not be unsuccessful, but it was with considerable trepidation that he approached the subject. The conversation had drifted, as lovers' talk invariably will, to the personal, and Spriggs was expatiating on early struggles and ambitions.

"I had a hard time of it when I was young," he was saying. "My nature was not one to make friends readily, and female friends were exceedingly rare. Indeed, my mother was the only woman with whom I felt really at ease. Then, as my business grew, I had so much to attend to that social pleasures were almost unknown."

There was silence for a moment; both intuitively felt that the time was almost at hand. The vision was seated facing the deep bay window with her head just touching the curtains, while Spriggs sat so that his back was towards the street. He generally sat that way when in her company to avoid the temptation of looking out when he heard a horse passing.

Then Spriggs meditatively resumed:

"Until lately I thought that I should always move along in the rut I have fallen into, but now I am bold enough to hope for something infinitely better."

As Spriggs in his earnestness leaned forward, his quick ear heard the distant pit-a-pat of a trotting horse. His first impulse was to turn and look out, but with a mighty effort he restrained himself, and, leaning still further, he groped blindly, excitedly for her hand. Nearer and nearer came the horse, but Spriggs now had a firm grasp on her hand.

"I do hope for something infinitely better, and—and——"

"Well," softly breathed the vision, while her glorious eyes gazed dreamily past him into the deepening night.

"And—and now it all rests on a single word. Can you—will you—dear Miss Lucy—*is that a white horse?*"

Dick Spriggs said the other day that if he did not read the papers for himself every morning he would imagine from Uncle Zeke's appearance that Northwestern had slumped off about six hundred points.—*E. A. Custer, in Detroit Free Press.*

PRACTICAL FORESTRY.

Tree-Planting a Labor That Returns a Good Rate of Interest.

This much certainly is practicable: That the land grow only valuable trees; and that land which can not be cultivated profitably be put in trees. The average forest growth might be three times as valuable. It is badly distributed—bare spots and crowded spots. On the first, a thick sod prevents a natural growth; but enough trees can soon be planted. Thinning out the dense, stunted growth will much improve it, and usually only nearly worthless trees need be cut out. Our woodlands contain many trees that have no value for lumber, and scarcely any for fuel. Valuable trees ought to be growing in their places, or have the space for their better development. If, to thin properly, valuable trees must be cut, take the worst-formed and least vigorous. No tree that will not make good rails or posts should grow; for a tree that will make good rails and posts will take its place, and the limbs and knotty parts of such trees will furnish all the fuel needed. It is best to foster the growth of valuable trees of the kind growing naturally on the land, for it is certain that the soil and climate are adapted to these trees. Nearly every nut tree makes valuable lumber, and the nuts will bring an income while the trees grow.

Dressing the woodland in the way contemplated above necessitates little extra labor; but it requires that the labor be intelligently applied. Trees for rails, posts and fuel must not be cut by chance. Those of least value and vigor are to be selected for fuel and such uses, and when trees furnishing the best timber must be cut, they should be taken from among the thickest growth. The usual winter timber cutting, thus directed, will accomplish at least two-thirds of the work; and of the other third, a good part can be done in winter and early spring, when there is time for it. Not a little land now cultivated would better be in trees. Hillsides that wash easily, have been cleared of soil by rains, and fertilizers applied to them are half thrown in the creeks. These hillsides are hard to cultivate and yield poor crops. Some of them are so cut up that they can not be cultivated at all with horses. Trees do best in a good soil, yet they will grow on these hillsides. As soon as they have a fair start, grass may be made to grow by using fertilizers, and the grass and roots of the trees will prevent the washing by rain, while the leaves from the trees, and natural forces, will deepen and enrich the soil. Although the best timber growth can never be expected on these hills, yet trees that will yield more profit than cultivated crops can be grown by a little care. He who plants a tree puts labor out at a good rate of interest.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Very Latest Kink.

"I came in here to ask you," he began as he entered a Grand River grocery. "I came in here to——"

"No, sir!" was the prompt reply.

"I came in here to ——"

"Well, you can go right out, again!"

"Sir! I'm no beggar!" exclaimed the stranger.

"I know it," replied the grocer. "You came in to ask if I had a City Directory. I haven't got one. I never had one. I was trying to save your valuable time."

The stranger stalked stiffly out, and as he related his adventure on the corner he was asked if that really was his object.

"O, no," he replied; "I was going to ask him for credit until Saturday night, and that is the new way of choking a man off. He tried to spare my feelings and secure himself at the same time. It's a new kink among grocers, and I guess I'll have to pay cash."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Chinese Dust Storm.

What is described as "a proper dust-storm" recently passed over Pekin The morning opened with a thick fog, damp and raw, and a slight air of wind from the east. In the forenoon the sun partially broke through and showed a strong current from the west in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Then a deep yellow haze obscured the sun for some hours, reminding one of the characteristic London fog. The air was quite still. In the afternoon, suddenly as a shot from a gun, a gale broke out of the west and blew hard till after sunset, when it lulled, but broke out afresh during the night and continued for some hours more. The morning revealed a coating of fine yellow dust over every thing. This dust comes from great distances, and is carried along in a dense cloud at very high altitudes.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Huntsville, Ala., has exempted from city taxation for ten years all manufacturing enterprises employing over $5,000 capital that may be located in that city.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A low estimate puts the number supported by all the forms of employment furnished by electricity at 5,000,000.

—It has been discovered that wool previously saturated with a ten per cent. solution of glycerine can bear a prolonged heat of some 275 degrees without injury.

—Gum of Bassora is insipid and tough and of a yellowish white color, and comes from Asia, and is used to adulterate the lower grades of tragacanth before exportation.

—The greatest velocity ever measured by man was that of the electric discharge of a Leyden bottle through a slender copper wire, which was computed to be 289,000 miles a second.

—Professor Cones, the well-known ornithologist, wholly denies the alleged discovery that the wings of birds were capable of being "locked" so as to allow them to soar without muscular effort. He states that the locking does not take place, and that if it did take place flight would be impossible.

—Experiments with cast iron show that when it has been immersed for a long period in sea water its qualities undergo very great changes. A cannon ball that had been thus immersed for fifty years, was changed into "a porous substance which became strongly heated when exposed to the air for a quarter of an hour."

—A Pittsburgh mechanical engineer has invented a novel movable dam, by the use of which, he claims, a boating stage of water may be obtained in shallow rivers at all seasons of the year. The invention has been examined by old river men and pronounced practicable. The inventor is eighty-two years old.

—The old idea that sufferers from heart disease should avoid physical exertion has been dispelled by Prof. Oertel, who has successfully employed regulated exercise in the treatment of some forms. In a large proportion of cases, the nutrition of the cardiac muscle, as of the muscular system, generally, is thus improved.

—Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the Channel islands farmers which will fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that the heads being removed, they may be rolled up. They are made perfect cylinders, and therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels.

—Scientists in England have long sought to have the education of mechanics and other laborers placed on a scientific basis. An effort, backed by half a million of dollars, is now to be made in Manchester to found an institution whereby "the physical energies of the population may be maintained at a proper level, their moral state be cared for, and by which there may be some days of hope and pleasure in their lives, and the sole prospect of a life of labor may not be an old age of penury."

—Cotton, according to a scientific authority, is not a fiber, but a plant hair. It holds to be spun into a thread because of peculiar twists in each hair, shown under the microscope, especially in polarized light. Linen thread may be spun, because the flax fibers have certain roughnesses on their surfaces, which enable them to cling together. Hence it is impossible to make as fine linen as cotton cloth, but it is much stronger.

—Veneer manufacturers having been put to much trouble and expense to secure from the natives of Persia or from French markets, even, fancy wood burls from which to carve out veneers for manufacturing purposes, have demonstrated by recent experiments that red wood stumps possess meritorious qualities for such use, and will undoubtedly be substituted for the more costly woods in the future. The demand for burl and curly red wood for finishing work has already reached large proportions in the West. The large butts of trees now being slain in California forests will be used to a great extent.

FAMOUS BUSYBODIES.

The Three Taylors of Tooley Street Not a Mythical Creation.

It is supposed by many that the three tailors of Tooley street were a mythical creation of Canning (some say of O'Connell) during the agitation for the removal of Catholic disabilities. But this is not so; for, although all three were not tailors, yet the men had a living existence, and the facts associated with them had an actual reality. The three men were John Grose, tailor, Tooley street; Thomas Scatterly, tailor, Netson street, and George Sandham, grocer, Bermondsey street. The last was known by the soubriquet of "Spinmischief," from his irritating interference in other people's affairs. These three men were great local politicians—local dictators, in fact—who met in the evenings after business at a public house in the neighborhood to discuss, over their pipe and glass, the affairs of their neighbors and of the nation, no subject being too great or too insignificant to escape their critical supervision. At the time when the Catholic emancipation movement was at its height the Tooley street politicians were agitated to the highest pitch, and, having a firm belief in their own powers and the righteousness of their cause, they resolved at one of their meetings to petition the houses of Parliament on the subject, and actually prepared a petition which commenced with the words: "We, the people of England." Although the place of meeting and much of Tooley street have been demolished of late years, there are, no doubt, many people still living in Bermondsey who remember these three busybodies.—*Notes and Queries.*

TEMPERANCE.

THE CRIMSON STAIN.

"Oh! curse this awful appetite for drink,
I feel that I am standing on the brink
Of a precipice, with not a friend around
To draw me back to firmer, safer ground.
Oh, the thirsting! Oh, the craving! Oh, the burning!
Oh, the loathing! Oh, the loving! Oh, the spurning!
Every nerve, every vein
Throbs with pain—
But I've sworn to never touch the stuff again.

"There's a bar-room o'er the way. Hear the clink
Of the glasses as the 'boys' step up to drink.
There is something now a-pulling me that way.
Hear the laughter! Hear the singing! All are gay!
For a moment shall I step across the street?
How hilariously would old companions greet!
Shall I go? How my brain
Throbs with pain!
But I've sworn to never touch the stuff again.

'Ah! who is that a beckoning to me?
'Tis my little sweetheart—none so fair as she.
She is waiting now to take the promised walk.
How I love to watch her smile, and hear her talk.
She it was who plucked me from the 'ragged edge;'
She it was who made her lover sign the pledge.
No more throbbing of the brain,
Vanish pain—
I swear I'll never touch the stuff again."

Hear the bell—hear the clanging marriage bell.
What a tale of hopes and fears doth it tell?
See the bride—see the blushing, tearful bride.
See the proud and happy bridegroom by her side.
'Tis he who cursed his appetite for drink—
'Tis he who stood upon destruction's brink,
Every nerve, every vein
Racked with pain—
'Tis he who swore to never drink again.

See the tears—see the bitter, scalding tears.
See the wife—see the wife of two short years.
See the child—see the puny, starving child.
See the man—see the man, unkempt and wild.
See him raise his hand and strike with savage blow
Her whom he swore to love two years ago.
Hear her beg for life in vain.
See the stain—the crimson stain.
She ne'er will weep o'er broken vows again.

—*Burke Mott, in Arkansaw Traveler.*

"COME, TAKE A DRINK."

The Custom of "Treating" and What It Leads to—Drink in Commercial and Business Relations.

[The following facts with reference to the "treating" habit are furnished *The Voice* by a well-known newspaper man of Brooklyn, whose business and social relations have given him a clear insight into the relations of this pernicious social custom to the wide prevalence of inebriety.]:

One must know the facts about the "treating" habit in order to know what an important element it is in the matter of excessive drinking. Let us go to the famous Hoffman House bar. We will sit at a table and drink a bottle of lemon soda as an excuse for being there. In one hour we have seen fifty men drink at the bar; four of them drank alone. Thirty were accompanied by from one to three friends. Each man treated. Sixteen came in parties of two or three, and each member of the party treated. Down town, at Nash & Crook's, we see few men come in singly. In half an hour, while sitting at the lunch counter, we have seen fifteen parties, ranging from two to five persons each, stand up at the bar. In most cases each man has treated and in nine cases out of ten these parties have been joined by other men, some one of whom has been acquainted with some one in the party, and introductions and reciprocal drinks have taken place all around.

You may say this doesn't prove much, and that it only happened so. But I claim that the "treating" habit is responsible for most of the excessive drinking. This is not a pet theory, but is based on personal acquaintanceship with a large number of men who have suffered from the drink habit—men whom I have met while holding official positions in both the State and the National Government, and in a wide acquaintance with men generally, from a very early age.

Let us take a report of 600 cases of inebriety in the King's County (N. Y.) inebriate asylum. Of these 600 cases, 458 became inebriates from association, i. e., from going with drinking men and indulging in the habit of treating. Among other cases given are melancholia, injury, business, disease, trouble, being in the army (meaning, probably, the fatigues and exposure of military life) and hereditary. As to hereditary the specialist in dipsomania does not believe that because a man's father or grandfather was a drunkard he must of necessity be one. What he says is that a man so situated as to relationship will have a standing tendency toward the excessive use of liquor, and that he should not use it at all. The specialist says that there are very few men who really like the taste of alcoholic drink, but there are many men, in our present state of civilization, the condition of whose nervous system is such that they can not escape becoming inebriates if they drink at all.

Many an inebriate, morally speaking, would like to stop the habit, but he drinks from what he believes to be a physical necessity. Hence it is that a man who has once been committed to the inebriate asylum can never drink with safety on his release.

A distinguished artist was lately found dead in a liquor saloon. Three years ago he told me of the great excesses in which he was indulging, and asked me how he could stop. I told him the first thing to be done was, as Falstaff says, forswear "villainous good company." No man could ever break the habit as long as his companions, during social hours, were men as badly off as himself. A year ago two of his quondam companions died from excessive drinking. Soon after this the artist voluntarily went to an inebriate asylum, was cured, and for a time did well. The doctor of the institution met him, and his former patient said he drank nothing but beer at his dinner. "You must stop that," said the physician; "you can drink absolutely nothing intoxicating." The artist failed to heed the order; sure enough, he relapsed into his old habits and died.

The methods of carrying on business resorted to by some firms in the mercantile world lead many men to become excessive drinkers. More than one-half of the "drummers," or commercial travelers, in the United States make it a matter of business to treat their customers to liquor and cigars. It is not absolutely necessary to pursue this custom in order to get trade, and men who are thoroughly businesslike refuse to use any outside inducements. But the more ordinary class of "drummers" do a large amount of "treating," as they believe it helps along trade.

The expense of "treating" goes on their expense account and is rarely questioned. Some travelers make a gross charge for their expenses; others, in the smaller houses, have an itemized expense book, with the various items of expense printed, and a blank space to put in the amount. When they "treat" the expense is put down to that account.

At certain times of the year the country merchant comes to New York to make purchases and see the styles. The drummer meets him at the store and treats him while he is in the city to dinners and plenty of liquid refreshment. In former times some houses were in the habit of employing a special man, whose duty it was to meet the merchants, to take them out and show them the city.

Some years ago there was a country peddler who, in his travels, had made the acquaintance of a large number of business men. He came to New York and was employed by a big mercantile house, though he knew nothing about the business carried on in the establishment. His duty was to induce his friends to patronize the establishment. Whenever they came to the city he would meet them and "entertain" them royally at the expense of his employers.

With such methods prevailing in certain portions of the mercantile world it is not surprising that many business men contract the drinking habit and, sooner or later, become excessive drinkers. Of the six hundred inebriates in King's County Asylum above spoken about, nearly two hundred were merchants, clerks and salesman.

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

RUM, revelry and revolvers made a ghastly record in a West Virginia town. Two drunken men were flourishing pistols without any deadly intention, and both weapons were discharged by accident, killing one of the men and fatally wounding the other.—*Chicago Times.*

JAMES ALBERT, the winner of the six-days' walking match in New York City, made a speech in which he expressed the belief that total abstinence from intoxicating drinks was the prime factor in his success. The New York *Sun* says: "His bit of oratory made a good Temperance appeal."

S. A. HAINES of Netherwood, R. I., for twenty years a commercial traveler, has organized a Temperance organization which he has named the "King's Temperance Army." The requisite for membership is a pledge not to drink intoxicants. Each member is expected to get ten others. The especial object is to help commercial travelers.

CITY MISSIONARY FREAS, of Trenton, N. J., who has been at work among the poor and unfortunates in that city for the last ten years, in his report for 1887, says: "I still find the liquor traffic the fruitful cause of most of the evils in our midst and the chief hindrance to the improvement to the morals of the people and the greatest drawback to the prosperity of our city."

Direful Effects of Rum.

The world's history is but the repeated story of the fall of nations. Not one of the mighty empires of the past is in existence to-day, and rum was the most potent factor in the decay of each and every one of them. Drunkenness is the fruitful parent of the whole brood of debasing vices, and the great nations of antiquity fell through the destruction of the manhood of their people through rum and vice. It is the lessons of the annals of the world that power and wealth give the means to the people of a nation to indulge their appetites, and that through that indulgence inevitably comes the decay of the state. It was so with Assyria, with Egypt, with Greece, with Rome, and it will be so with every nation whose flag proudly floats to-day, including our own loved land, if the curse of rum is not banished. Wherever rum exists, men will drink it—for a large fraction of humanity lacks moral backbone, and is swayed by passion and by appetite rather than governed by reason and obedient to the commands of religion and the behests of common sense; and so long as they drink, intemperance and vice and crime will abound. Men are subject, by the eternal law, to the consequences of their own acts; and this is true of them as individuals and as communities. Individuals will be brought down to pauperism, to vice and to crime, and the Nation will decay in the same proportion.—*Toledo Blade.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A man may be opposed to capital punishment and yet in favor of hanging up his grocer.—*Boston Courier.*

—Married men are preferred as officers on the police force. The authorities want men who have had their courage tried and proved.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Mrs. Bridget Eagan, of Rondout, N. C., is 105 years old, and she says it makes her mad to have young folks of 80 or 90 years to come round and ask if she is "feeling poorly."

—James Debois, of New York, issues a challenge for a six-days' go-as-you-please sleeping match. The challenge is open to the world, with policemen and messenger-boys barred.

—A great deposit of gypsum recently discovered in Humboldt County, Neb., has been sold to a syndicate of English capitalists far $150,000. It is estimated that it will yield 10,000,000 tons.

—Scientists tell us that a man's brain decreases in size as he grows older. The human brain, it appears, weighs the heaviest between the ages of fourteen and twenty. This explains why young men know so much more than their elders.

—As a small boy was watering his "horse" (a chair) out of an empty cup his mother suggested that she should get him some "truly" water. "O, no," he said, with a fine sense of dramatic unity; "oh, no; a puhtendin' horse must drink puhtendin' water."—*Harper's Young People.*

—The longest railway anywhere operated by electricity is said to be a great success. It is in Richmond, extending twelve miles over steep grades and sharp curves, and is running profitably and unfailingly, the electric current being carried upon wires upon poles at the side of the street and connected with the car upon which is a motor, by a suspended wire which moves with the car.

—In order to secure a case against a dentist who was using contraband matches, the detective of a French match company went to the offender and had a tooth extracted. Then, taking out a cigar, he asked for a light. The dentist handed him a box of matches, which he at once declared were contraband. The detective called to an associate in an adjoining room, and a case was at once made up.

—The championship absent-minded man lives in Portland, Me. His wife advised him to go to his room to make some changes in his toilet, about seven o'clock the other night, as she expected a young ladies' whist party to meet with her that evening. He went but forgot his errand, and when his wife went to look for him, a half hour later, she found him sound asleep. From force of habit, when he got to his room, he wound his watch, hung it in its usual place, disrobed and went to bed.

THE SENSE OF TUNE.

An Army Officer Who Could Not Distinguish One Note from Another.

That there are many people who are unable either to sing a tune or to recognize one when it is sung is well known. But no musician nor man of science is able fully to account for the phenomenon of one person out of twenty, or one out of forty, according to the nation to which he belongs, being unable to do what all the rest do instinctively, although his hearing is as good as theirs. It has been suggested that people so afflicted have ears that are not, so to speak, mates, inasmuch as they hear the musical sounds differently, and so make a discord and render the effect disagreeable. But this theory seems to be disproved by the circumstance that music is not by any means disagreeable to many people who do not know one note from another. Though they can not distinguish even a tune that has been sung or played to them a great many times, they are nevertheless "moved with concord of sweet sounds." Other people hear all musical sounds alike, and to them music is not discord, but simply noise.

But if the theory of the unlike ears does not explain all cases of "music deafness," it seems to explain some of them. General Grant used to say that all music was torture to him. A certain gallant Major, however, was differently affected. A young lady, who had sung a great many songs to him, finally remarked:

"But, perhaps, Major, you do not like music?"

"O yes, miss; I may say that I like *any* kind of noise!"

A certain gentleman who is master of a New England high school is very lenient to such of his pupils as declare themselves unable to sing. He remembers an experience which he had in his own youth, when he was required to sing, with others, in school, although he could not distinguish one tone from another. Seeing that his singing seemed to give him a good deal of distress, the teacher called him out and asked him if he could sing the scale.

"I suppose so, sir," said the boy.

"Then let me hear you."

The boy sang "Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," but all upon one note, without a particle of difference between them. He had never supposed there was any thing more of it. In after-life this gentleman became an officer in the service of the Union. He found that his entire inability to distinguish one musical note from another caused him difficulty in recognizing the bugle calls. They were all on one note to him. As it was necessary for him to know them, he sent for a bugler and had him practice all the calls, in succession, before his tent. After a series of these studies, he became able to distinguish the calls, but he learned them rather by their rhythm than by the varying notes.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SULTAN'S HAREM.

Conspicuous Personages and Officials of the Establishment.

The Sultana Valide is the only inmate of the royal harem who is privileged to receive visits from foreigners. Under a manner of quiet dignity she carries determination, which makes high officials dread her influence and seek her favor. In time of peril and distress she may admit deputations from the army and people; her judgment in affairs is acknowledged, and she has been known to plead for her son with eloquence and pathos. At the festival of Bairam, celebrated by the departure of pilgrims for Mecca, she joins the highest dignitaries and ministers, officers, civil and martial, in kissing the hem of the Sultan's robe. By court etiquette he must stand in her presence, sitting at her request; in return, the place at his right hand, given by Solomon to his mother, is still the reserved seat for the mother of the Padisha. The pontoon bridge spanning the Golden Horn, crossed daily by 100,000 men, is called the Bridge of the Sultana Valide, and leads to a mosque of the same name.

A conspicuous person about the palace is the Bairam Aga, keeper of the maidens, a jet-black Nubian, probably from the Soudan. He wears a gorgeous uniform of scarlet and gold, has the air of authority, and on his ample breast displays a dozen imperial, royal and Christian orders of which he is knight. He ranks with Prime Ministers and Field Marshals, disputes precedence with ambassadors, and is courted for his influence. A genuine African, he loves jewels, and on the hand graciously extended for kisses of the Faithful there glitters a ruby second only to the one for which Kubla Khan offered a city and was refused. From the savings of his income the Guardian of the Lilies has built a mosque for his lordly sepulcher when his term of vigilant service is ended.

The true Oriental is unsurpassed in secrecy, and there is a fascination in his silence which moves the gossip to insatiate curiosity. The foreigner must stop at the carved and gilded portal of the consecrated place. Even Bairam Aga does not pass it. Ambassadors have petitioned and Princesses sued in vain for entrance into the gate of felicity. The outside world hears not the faintest echo of the strange, adventurous life of women whose loves, hates, spites, intrigues, are plays played out with neither audience nor spectator to report. If Bairam Aga knows more than we do, he makes no sign; he is secret as the grave.

Seven female officers preside over the haremlik. Each has her slaves and establishment, and may be often seen shopping in the city, attended by the imperial servants. Seven thousand persons daily eat the bread and salt at the Grand Signor. My brief space forbids enumeration of service or wages. A few items are: 300 cooks, 400 musicians, 200 men in charge of menageries and aviaries, 1,200 female slaves. Properly speaking, there is no civil list, and accurate figures are not easily reached. The ladies, veiled and attended, visit in their walled gardens and palaces, hired musicians play on lutes and almehs dance for their amusement. Donizetti, brother of the famous composer, was at one time director-in-chief of the Sultan's music.—*Susan E. Wallace, in Philadelphia Press.*

THE MURDERED CZAR.

A Charming Story of the Late Alexander II. of Russia.

There appeared in print a most scurrilous attack upon the morals of the Czar and the Empress, in rhyme, which was discovered to be the work of a young noble, famous for his literary gifts, but strongly suspected of Nihilistic tendencies. When the identity of the author was reported to the Czar he sent for the young man to come and see him. They chatted together for a few moments on commonplace topics, when the Czar invited him to take luncheon with the imperial family. After the luncheon was served and the Czar sat sipping a cup of tea, he turned to the young noble and said:

"I understand you are a very clever poet."

The author blushed and acknowledged that he did some verses now and then.

"And I am informed that you are the writer of a most beautiful tribute to your Emperor and Empress lately—one of the most charming things I have ever seen, so pure and elevated in sentiment, so nobly and beautifully conceived and so honorably published. I have asked you here that you may see the family you have made the subject of your lines, in order that you may judge for yourself how truthful you are, and witness 'the old boar,' as you called me, and 'the old sow,' as you called my wife, 'the litter of pigs,' as you called my children, 'eating from the trough,' as you were pleased to call my table. Now that you for the first time have had an opportunity to see what degraded beasts we are, I must ask you to return the favor by reading your little work aloud in our presence. Here is a copy," said the Czar, drawing from his pocket one of the brutal and obscene pamphlets that had been published anonymously and circulated broadcast.

The young poet dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy. He denied and confessed the authorship in the same breath, and actually fell over in a faint. He said he would rather be hung, rather be sent to Siberia than read the poem in the presence of the family, and tore the pamphlet to tatters. The Czar took him by the hand, bade him ask the forgiveness of the Empress and then with a word of admonition dismissed him.—*Chicago News.*

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

The Hard Row Which the Average Physician Has to Hoe.

The individual, no matter what his profession may be, who imagines that he is going to give satisfaction to the general public in any thing he may undertake, is certainly the victim of a delusion. It is impossible to please every body. The man, be his station in life what it may, who comes up to the expectation of the multitude has not yet been born. The editor, in particular, soon makes this discovery. The clergyman also knows that there are people in his congregation who are never satisfied with what he does or eaves undone. The doctor is another professional man who has a hard row to hoe.

If a doctor dresses well and wears a high hat, people say that he is a medical dude. If, on the other hand, he pays little or no attention to his toilet, then he is accused of lack of dignity. If he goes into society, attends balls and parties, then the impression is that he is fishing for popularity. If he does not he is accused of putting on airs.

If the physician visits his patients while they are in good health, he is accused of foisting himself upon them. He comes to the house in order to be invited to dinner. If, on the other hand, he never comes until he is called, the inference is that the only use that he has for his patients is to make money out of them when they are sick. If the doctor attends church, of course he is a hypocrite who is trying to work on the religious feelings of the community. If he does not attend church, nothing can be plainer than that he is an infidel or a socialist. If the doctor's wife does not return the calls that other ladies make on her, then she is stuck up, turning up her nose at her betters, etc. If she does return the calls, then she is flushing patients for her husband to shoot at.

If the doctor's horse is fat, that is a sure sign that he has not got much to do. If the animal is emaciated, he is a brute for not taking better care of his horse. If he drives fast, he is trying to create the false impression that he has been called to the bedside of some important patient. If he drives slowly he does not care a cent whether or not his patients die before he gets to them.

If a patient recovers his health, he is indebted to a kind Providence or a strong constitution, or to the care that was taken of him during his illness. In no case is the doctor entitled to any credit for his recovery. If the patient dies, he was undoubtedly murdered by his physician. If the medical man is sociable and talkative, the people say: "We don't want a doctor who tells every thing he knows." If he is a silent man, then they say a doctor should encourage his patients to be communicative.

If he talks politics, they say that a doctor should have no politics; and if he does not talk politics, then he is a sneak and a time-server who either has no politics or is afraid to own up what his politics really are. If he does not send in his bill, his object is to prevent the patient from engaging another doctor. If he does send in his bill, he is in a fearful hurry for his money, and so on to the end of the chapter.—*Texas Siftings.*

GLANDERS AND FARCY.

Why Farmers Should Not Attempt to Doctor Diseased Animals.

The prevalence of glanders in quite a number of places in the West prompts a repetition of the warnings given heretofore in our columns, that it is extremely dangerous for any one to attempt the doctoring of such diseased animals. Cases are frequent where this loathsome disease has been conveyed to the attendants, who, after lingering a while in great suffering, have died horrible deaths, the care of such persons being not only repulsive, but dangerous as well. There is only one safe course to follow when animals are found to be affected with glanders, and that is to immediately destroy them, and bury them deeply where they are not likely to be disturbed. The stables shou'd be thoroughly disinfected, and every thing that has been used about the animals, brushes, harness, pails, etc., should be immersed in boiling water, and then, after having been dried, placed in a carbolic acid solution. A safer method is to burn all these things, together with all straw, hay or other food about the mangers, and even the wood-work about the stables. The fatal and very contagious character of this disease calls for the greatest caution, and it is far better to burn every thing from which there is the least danger, rather than take any risk whatever. It is particularly dangerous for any one whose hands the skin is broken or tender to handle such animals, for, as stated, the disease is incurable, and alike fatal to man and beast. Farcy is a similar disease, and either frequently terminates in combination with the other. Although generally spread by infection, these diseases may originate from badly ventilated, unhealthy quarters, from bad food, privation, etc., and hence the importance of providing suitable food and housing for the stock. When the disease breaks out in a stable, the affected animals should be immediately separated from the rest. Those that have been exposed should be carefully watched, and on the first appearance of any indications of the disease should at once be placed where they can do no harm, and when it is evident that the disease is glanders, they should also be killed immediately. Neither horses nor mules should be placed in a stable where glanders has appeared for at least two months afterwards, the building, meantime, having been thoroughly disinfected.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

IMPROVED FARMING.

How Western Land May Be Made to Produce More Than It Ever Did.

The tilling of soil and growing of crops—that is what one usually characterizes as farming; but that term can scarcely be applied with justice to much of the work done on our farms to-day. Farming should mean the perfect handling of a given portion of land so that it shall produce a maximum amount of products, cereals, roots, vegetables, fruits and grasses, and their secondary products, horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Regarding it in this light, then, can we say that farming, so-called, deserves the name? Is not a great majority of it a mere attempt at farming—a work begun and only half finished; a profession practiced but not thoroughly understood; a pursuit capable of the profitable introduction of more brain work into the mechanism of its machinery, and in short demanding the better education of those employed in it? Years ago when the great Western plains of America lay in undisturbed repose, the prairie grasses gannually growing up and falling down, thus gradually but surely enriching the soil whence they came, the pioneer—the "farmer" of his day—came, saw and settled thereupon. Possessed of limited means and but crude implements for cultivating the soil, with no railroad facilities and few marketing points, his requirements were of necessity those merely of himself and family. Thus no great efforts were needed by him to secure sufficient returns from the soil for the maintenance of himself and children. He merely "tickled" the soil, so to speak, scattered seed and the fertile earth rewarded him an hundred fold. This man was a farmer sufficiently well versed for his day and opportunities, when manual labor alone was almost all that the pursuit required. Since then what a change has come to these Western farms and to the descendants of those pioneer farmers? The present generation inherits, not virgin soil to cultivate, but farms that have been hard run and badly worked; a legacy of poverty this to the man who has not learned more about farming than his forefathers knew, and worse yet to his children after him. With the stern necessities of the farmer's position of to-day, surrounded by thousands of men competing with him in the markets of the country, middlemen, high freight rates and consequent low prices for products, with land no longer rich in nature's store of crop food for the manufacture of farm products, farming has become a most difficult profession. Men, who, finding themselves in these circumstances, surrounded by difficulties and possessed of unprolific soil, content themselves with farming as their fathers did must fail, or at best make but a hard-earned living for themselves and families in the sweat of their brows. Those who would make a success of farming are of an altogether different class. They are men whose headwork precedes their manual labor in every department of the farm; whose manual labor is the carrying of science into practice, and whose practice is perfect in detail and correct in principle. Their farms are farmed in the proper sense of the word. Crops are taken from the land, and in their place something is returned to repair the loss consequent upon cropping. The land is thoroughly worked, every inch of it; the crop is thoroughly removed, no ten-inch stubble being left behind, is thoroughly threshed, no good grain finding its way into the chaff, and is thoroughly fed to "thoroughbred" improved stock. In short, the successful farmer is the *thorough* farmer, who understands farming principles and practically applies them. Such farmers have not each day to look out upon slovenly surroundings and miserable, unthrifty "scrub" stock, but live comfortably themselves because they have the better feelings of "thoroughbreds," and warmly house and properly feed their stock because it too has a dash of thoroughbred blood in it, enhancing its value, and therefore rendering it worthy of proper attention. Our farming has improved because our farmers have improved themselves, to enable them to cope with deteriorated soil and depreciated prices for products. By proper farming the land may be made to produce more than ever it did, and by improving the quality of its products the prices commanded by them will be greater and more remunerative than before.—*Farmers' Review.*

—A man named Burdick, who removed from the East to Kansas several years ago, recently found a tax receipt given to his grandfather in Allegany County, New York, thirty-five years ago. He picked up the paper on the prairie forty miles from his own home, and miles away from any settlement. His grandfather never was in Kansas, nor had the finder ever seen the paper before. Now he is puzzling his brains to ascertain how that old receipt traveled so far.

—A hoed crop should be a part of the regular rotation on all farms, for the reason that such a crop requires close cultivation, and when removed leaves the ground clean. Unless this be done the weeds will at some time take possession of the fields, though much benefit will result from the use of the cultivator if a corn crop is grown.

—In case of tomatoes to be grown in new soil, likely to be too rich and send up plenty of vines and blossoms but little or no fruit, start the plants early in the house; transplant at least twice. When the plants begin to bloom, or just before, sink a spade about the roots and within a foot of the stem.

The Funereal Month of March.

An observant metropolitan barber says that he can tell one's physical condition by the state of the hair!

The Bible tells us that with his hair gone Samson lost his strength. The Romans considered baldness a serious affliction and Julius Cæsar was never quite satisfied with himself because his poll was bare.

The face, however, is the open book and one can readily trace in its various expressions, lines, changes and complexion the state of the system.

The eye that is unusually bright and yet has a pallid brightness, the face upon whose cheeks nature paints a rose of singular beauty and flush, more marked in contrast with the alabaster appearance of the forehead and nose and lower part of the face, is one of those whom the skilled physician will tell you will some day dread the funereal month of March, because it is then that consumption reaps its richest harvest. Consumption they tell us is caused by this, that and the other thing, by microbes in the air, by micro-organisms in the blood, by deficient nutrition, by a thousand and one things, but whatever the cause, decay begins with a cough and the remedy that will effectually stop the cause of that cough cures the disease of the lungs.

That is all there is of it.

The cough is an evidence of a wasting. To stop it effectually, a remedy must be used that will search out the cause, remove that and then heal the lung and do away with the cough. This is the power, special to itself, possessed alone by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy. This is no new-fangled notion of narcotics and poisons, but an old-fashioned preparation of balsams, roots and herbs, such as was used by our ancestors many years ago, the formula of which has been secured exclusively by the present manufacturers at great trouble and expense. It is not a mere "dryer. It is a system-searcher and upbuilder and a consumption expellant. Where others fail, it wins, because it gets at the constitutional cause and removes it from the system.

J. W. Hensaw of Greensboro, Pa., on Jan. 15, 1883, reported that "he had derived more real benefit for the length of time, from Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy than he had for years from the best state physicians."

If you have a cough, night sweats, "positive assurance in your own mind that you, oh—you, have no consumption," and yet lose flesh, appetite, courage, as your lungs waste away, you may know that soon the funereal month of March will claim you, unless promptly and faithfully you use the article named. If other remedies have failed try this one thoroughly. If others are offered, insist the more on trying this unequaled preparation.

Some persons are prone to consumption and they should never allow the disease to become seated.

"Y R U so C D in your dress?" asked the school-teacher of a tramp. "X Qs me, mum," replied he; "I drank 2 X S."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Half-Rate Excursions to Kansas and Nebraska.

The Missouri Pacific Railway will run excursions to all points in Kansas and Nebraska forty miles west and south of Missouri River Points, at one fare for the round trip, on the following dates: March 21st, April 4th and 25th, May 9th and 23d, and June 6th. The tickets are good for 30 days, 10 days allowed for going passage and five days for return trip, with stop over privileges in the territory to which these special rates are made.

The bootblack deserves to succeed. He gets right down to business.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Disastrous Failure!

We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver and bowels may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malarial and kidney troubles.

It is better to give than to receive—a thrashing.—*Texas Siftings.*

DANGER Signaled by a Cough is averted with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A STANDING offer—"Will you take my seat, madam?"—*Tid-Bits.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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The Best Spring Tonic.
DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion with Loss of Appetite, Biliousness and Constipation, are the diseases most common at this season of the year. These diseases are generally followed by nervousness, weakness and prostration. Sleepless and restless nights are followed by a tired waking. There is often no appetite for breakfast, there may be a bad taste in the mouth morning, and the person has frequently a dull or bad feeling head. After meals there is in many cases a full, bloated or uncomfortable feeling, with belching of wind. In some cases there is a pain in the side or under the shoulder blade; sometimes there is a pain at the pit of the stomach, while in others there is a faintness, sinking or "all gone" sensation. There is often biliousness and almost always constipation.
In such cases the food does little or no good to the system, does not nourish the body or build up the blood and vitality. The health and strength therefore gradually wane, the person becoming weak, tired and exhausted; after a time there is hardly power and energy to get through the day's work, and there is a cross, irritable or depressed feeling.
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So read the headlines of many a newspaper column, and we peruse with palpitating interest the details of the catastrophe, and are deeply impressed by the sacrifice of human lives involved. Yet thousands of men and women are falling victims every year to that terrible disease, consumption (scrofula of the lungs), and they and their friends are satisfied to believe the malady incurable. Now, there could be no greater mistake. No earthly power, of course, can restore a lung that is entirely wasted, but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will rapidly and surely arrest the ravages of consumption, if taken in time. Do not, therefore, despair, until you have tried this wonderful remedy.

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THE impecunious man in need of gum shoes is not opposed to a rubber trust.—*Baltimore American.*

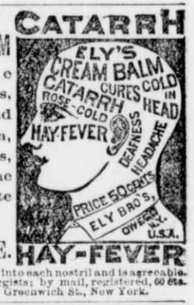
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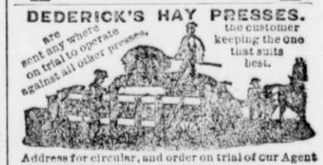
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The Economite Society.

Economy is the quaintest village in the United States. It is situated on the Fort Wayne Railroad, eighteen miles below Pittsburg, yet it is as unlike an American town as if it belonged to another part of the globe. Neither the bustle of the near by city nor the railroad and steamboat lines ever penetrate the heart of the sleepy town. It is the home of the Economites, a society founded by George Rapp in Germany many, many years ago. What all their beliefs were is more than any outsider can ever tell. Their chief aim was to live as the earliest Christians did, as portrayed in the writings of the apostles. Driven from Germany by religious persecutions, they emigrated to America in 1805 and settled in Pennsylvania.

They bought land and built a village which they called Harmony. They dubbed themselves Harmonites, and gave what earthly goods they possessed to their founder and leader, George Rapp, who was their father, banker, adviser and preacher.

George Rapp decided that it would be more in conformity with the teachings of the disciples to live a life of celibacy. Several of the members who had wives and sweethearts rebelled against this. Those who were true to Rapp moved with him to Indiana, where another Harmony was founded. Disease attacked the new village and reduced the number of its inhabitants so greatly that the remaining ones fled back to Pennsylvania. In 1822 they bought 2,500 acres of land in a most beautiful valley near Pittsburg. Here they settled and here those of them who are still alive, live to-day. The misfortunes that befell them in the two Harmony settlements caused them to change the name. They called their new home Economy and themselves Economites. The members who deserted the Harmonites either died out or became as other citizens of the globe. Many of their descendants are well-known people in and around Allegheny City. About one thousand members first settled in Economy, but as their number was never increased by birth or by adoption, and as death occasionally invaded their homes, there remain at the present time not more than eighteen members, the youngest of whom is sixty-two years old. When they first took vows of celibacy they belived that the world was nearing its end, and so they lived simple lives, preparing for the mysterious hereafter. George Rapp, just before he died, told the others the world would surely end before the last member died. They believe it.

On entering the village one sees plain houses, wide, well-kept streets, lined on either side with large shade trees and chickens—nothing else.

The houses are all alike. They are all built with the gable end towards the street, and cannot be entered except through the yards.

Everything in Economy is run by rule and regulation much as at boarding school. At 5 o'clock in the morning the bell on the one church rings, and every one in the village rises. At 6 o'clock every dweller sits down to breakfast, and what is eaten in one house is eaten in all. There is a day for "milk soup" and one for "wine soup" and for every other dish peculiar to the place. The bell rings again at 7 o'clock for all to go to work; at 9 it brings them back to lunch, at 12 to dinner, at 3 to lunch again, at 6 to supper, and at 9 it rings for every one to put out his light and go to bed. No member ever rebels or disobeys.

There is a wine cellar in Economy famous for its old liquors, but it is never sold except to invalids. None of the Economites drink water, and their employes are given wine and cider.

The only paper published in Economy is a novel one on wheels. It is the side of the milk wagon which carries to each dweller, as well as the milk, the work to be done. "The apples will be gathered to-morrow," "The cherries will be gathered to-morrow," or "Such a field will be reaped," is inscribed on the wagon's side, so that when all are supplied with their daily portion of milk they know what labor awaits them.

No family names are used among the members. "Jacob" and "Anna" and "Dorothy" are sufficient. If there are two of a name, they distinguish them by the locality where they live. Thus, there are a "Dorothy near the mill" and a "Dorothy near the orchard."

On Sunday no excuse is accepted for absence from church. Is is a quaint little chapel painted blue and white, and in keeping with the people who gather in it to worship according to their belief.

Miss Gertrude Rapp, the granddaughter of the founder, although at least eighty years old, still plays the organ and leads the singing twice every Sunday. She is yet a petty woman, rather petite, has large blue eyes and the whitest hair, which, tucked under her quaint little blue Normandy cap, makes her a perfect picture of ye olden days. She occupies the Rapp House—the White House of Economy. It contains many costly, beautiful and curious relics.

When an Economite dies he is wrapped in a winding-sheet and buried in the white graveyard near the orchard. No tombstone ever marks his resting-place. In the centre of the orchard is a mound where the Indians buried their fallen after a battle with the French.

The Economy Hotel has many visitors. One large room is always reserved for tramps. They are always treated just as the citizens. They are kept over night, and after being given some money in the morning, are started on their way. No one ever leaves Economy hungry.

People often wonder what will become of their wealth, for they are very wealthy. Everything they engage in prospers, and it has become a saying that an Economite is always wealthy.

The world does not seem nearer its end than it did when George Rapp founded his quaint society, yet his followers are firm in their faith that their last member will see its end. It will not be many years until his disciples will all have followed his footsteps through death's grim portals, as they did through life, and then what will become of Economy and its millions?

Experiments in Mesmerism.

A distinguished professor, speaking of his experiments in mesmerism in the columns of a scientific paper, says: "In this way a great variety of suggestions can be produced, not only in the brain properly so-called, but in all the special senses. Presenting to a somnambulist a leaf of paper perfectly white, I say to him, "Here is a photograph of me." He immediately sees my portrait on that paper—sees it so plainly, so truly, that if I shuffle that particular leaf with any number of leaves exactly like it, he will readily recognize and pick out the one upon which his brain shall, in accordance with my assertion, have impressed my photographic image. So, too, with regard to hearing or to taste. We may cause the somnambulist to hear a concert of harmonious sounds where absolute silence reigns; we can make him drink the bitterest liquids, which he shall deem to be delightful beverage. The sensibility, both general and special, is also lulled to sleep in somnambulists, at least in those that keep the eye closed; but when by definite excitation or suggestion the operator has summoned that sensibility to quit the apparent apathy in which it is sunk, the awakening is comparable to an explosion. The subject's accuteness of sight and of hearing is extraordinary; he will see and hear sights and sounds that he could hardly distinguish in the waking state owing to their distance. This supersensibility has given occasion to the belief in the power of somnambulists to see objects at enormous distances, or through opaque bodies, and the like. The truth is that in the somnambulist every sense is exalted, and the same holds good as to his muscular strength. We have spoken of the strong hold the magnetizer has on the subject. Well, let the subject be a woman possessing as little physical strength as may be. Let several persons stand between her and the operator, and let him summon her to come to him. She will struggle with them if they oppose her movement, and in doing so will display a surprising degree of strength."

Some friends were talking of an old couple not long since, and describing their lives. They have toiled and denied themselves persistently for long years, and now that they have come close upon the evening of their days, the habit of a lifetime is fastened upon them, and though they count wealth by the hundreds of thousands of dollars, they still economize to such an extent as to almost deny themselves necessary comforts. The wife is a cripple from rheumatism, and the husband almost insane with fear of the poor house. They may have enjoyed their life of hard labor, devoid of all pleasure and recreation in a way; it may have been a pleasure to see the dollars accumulating and their wealth growing day by day, but it would seem as though an existence governed by the desire for riches alone, with no other object to attain and no relief or comfort given to unfortunate fellow beings might be placed in the category of misspent years and looked back upon with regret when the wealth is gained and the blessings of health and happiness gone forever. Economy to a certain extent often becomes a necessity, either from reverses in fortune or where it is needful to make a small income cover a multitude of wants. In such cases it is always better to make a virtue out of necessity and the brave man and woman who can deny themselves cheerfully are sure to find some comfort in life and often a few spare dollars to buy some luxury in which the soul delights. To economize when the purse is light is sure in the end to open the road to wealth, but to allow the hoarding of money to be the chief end and aim of existence is to find when the goal is reached that the carefully garnered riches cannot buy back the two greatest blessings of life—health and capacity for enjoyment.

Gems for Thought.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so if he has to spend all his time looking for it.

He who thinks he cannot win is quite sure to be right about it, for he has already lost.

There never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.

No man ever got rid of a lie by telling it; it is sure to come home sooner or later to hobnob with its author.

He whose only claim to the title "gentleman" is in his clothes must necessarily be careful as to what he wears.

Reason and kindness are the great promoters of that harmony and hilarity which generate friendship and affections.

There are nettles everywhere, but smooth, green grasses are more common still. The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

Nothing but the right can ever be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less.

The aspirations of the race for further and higher developments nerve the arm which strikes down the barriers of an ignorant past.

More is felt than perceived, and more is perceived, than can be interpreted, and love climbs higher with its lambent flames than art can pile the fagots.

Folly consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

There is no longer any question about the removal of Libby prison to Chicago. The final transaction in the deal has been completed, and the building is now the property of a Chicago syndicate whose purpose is to transplant it in that city by the 1st of June. The parties interested declare that it will not be converted into a chamber of horrors, but that it will be made an interesting place of resort, alike unobjectionable to Northern and Southern people. To show the friendly feeling of the leading citizens of Richmond toward this project it is announced that a number of them have signified their willingness to come to Chicago and deliver addresses at the opening ceremonies.

Peter Anderson, of Terre Haute, is a tremendous eater. He says that once in Chicago he went into a restaurant and bargained with the proprietor for all he wanted to eat for fifty cents. After he had eaten enough for half a dozen men and called for more, the proprietor offered to refund the fifty cents and pay him $1 if he'd quit eating. He quit. But it is not as an eater that Peter shines most. He claims to be the world champion water drinker. He can easily drink half a gallon in fifty seconds, and he has drunk five gallons in five hours, and thirty gallons in a day. This beats the record of an ordinary horse.

Wife—George, do the American Indians always travel in single file?

Husband—I never saw but one, and he did.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

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A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

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While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87, 1y

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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.37 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD.
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

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THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading *literateurs* of the day. *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

THE *Weekly Herald* is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news, a full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright: It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay. ☜

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888. NUMBER 6.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

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THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.

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Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

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GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

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OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

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Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

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ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishop and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

The Easter term commences on TUESDAY January, 3d, and continues 12 weeks. The course of study for term will be the same as last, with the addition of German and music for special pupils. Applications for admission to any class must be made at once as number is strictly limited.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,

8 6 td Principal.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,

(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTF.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

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AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

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☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

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☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

THE FACTORY FOREMAN.

It was just such an American village as you see in pictures. A background of superb bold mountain, all clothed in blue green cedars, with a torrent thundering down a deep gorge and falling in billows of foam; a river reflecting the azure of the sky and a knot of houses, with a church spire at one end and a thicket of factory chimneys at the other, whose black smoke wrote ever-changing hieroglyphics against the brilliancy of the sky. This was Dappievale. And it the rosy sunset of this blossoming June day the girls were all pouring out of the broad doorway, while Gerald Blake, the foreman, sat behind his desk, a pen behind his ear and his small, beady black eyes drawn back, as it were, in the shelter of a precipice of shaggy eyebrow.

Only one the girls stopped and received their pay for one week's work, for this was Saturday night. One by one they filed out, with fretful, disontented faces until the last one passed in front of the high-railed desk.

She ws slight and tall, with large, velvety blue eyes, a compexion as delicately grained and transparent as rose-colord wax, and there was something in the way the blue ribbon at her throat was tied and the manner in which the simple details of her dress were arranged that bespoke her o foreign birth.

"Well, Mlle, Annette," said Mr. Blake, "and how do you like factory life?"

"It is not disagreeable," she answered, as she extended her hand for the money the foreman was counting out.

"You have given me but $4," it was to be $8 by the contract."

Mr. Blake shrugged his shoulders disagreeably.

"Hump! he grunted, "you ain't much accustomed to our way of doing things, are you, mademoiselle? Eight—of course; but we deduct two for a fee——"

"A fee, for what!" Annette demanded, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

"For getting you the situation, mademoiselle, to be sure," said Mr. Blake, in a superior sort of way. "Such places don't grow on every tree. And folks naturally expect to pay something for the privilege."

"I did not!" flashed out Annette Duvelle.

"Oh—well—all right. Because, you know, you ain't obliged to stay unless you choose."

"Do you mean," hesitated Annette, "that if I do not pay this money ——"

"You can't expect to stay in the works," said Mr. Blake, hitching up his collar.

"But the other two dollars?"

"Oh," said Mr. Blake, "that's a per centage the girls all pay."

"But what is it for?"

"Mr. Blake laughed.

"Well, it helps pay my salary. Of course, you know, the girls all expect to pay something every week for keeping their situations in a place where there's so many anxious to get in."

"And Mr. Elderslie?"

"Oh, Mr. Elderslie," repeated Mr. Blake, "He hasn't much to do with it. I am master at the Dappievale Calico Works."

"Mr. Elderslie owns it, I believe?"

"Well, yes he owns it. But I manage everything. Mr. Elderslie reposes the utmost confidence in my capacity, ability, and—and—responsibility. And now if you've any more questions to ask —"

"I have none," said Annette, wistfully. "But—I need this money myself. I cannot afford, any more than the others among these poor laboring girls, to pay it to your greed —"

"Eh?" ejaculated Mr. Blake, jumping from his seat as if some insect had stung him,

"And I will not pay it," concluded Annette.

"Very well—very well. Just as you like, mademoiselle," cried the foreman, turning red in the face. "Only if you won't confirm to the rules of the Dappievale Works—"

"Are these the rules?" scornfully demanded Annette.

"Pray consider your name crossed off the books," went on Mr. Blake.

And he slammed down the cover of his desk as if it were a patent guillotine and poor Annette Duvelle's neck were under it.

Two or three of the factory girls who had hovored around the open door to hear the discussion looked with awe-stricken faces at Annette, as she came out with $4 which she had received from the cashier in her hand.

"You've lost your place, ma'amselle," whispered Jenny Purton, a pale, dark-eyed little thing who supported a crippled mother and two little sisters out of her mulcted earnings.

"It matters not," said Annette. "He is a rogue, and rogues sometimes outgeneral themselves."

"And Annette Duvelle went back to the little red brick cottage, all thatched with the growth of woodbine, where she lodged with the wife of the man who tended the engines in the Dappleville Works.

"Does he cheat you, too, of your money?" she asked, when Simon Pettengill came home, smoke-stained and grimy, to his supper.

"One-sixth I have to pay him," said Simon, with an involuntary groan, as he looked at the five little ones around his board. "Yes, miss, he's a villian, but the world is full of such. Mr. Elderslie never comes here, or maybe things would be a bit different. Mr. Elderslie lives abroad; in Paris, they say."

"He is in this country now, said Annette. "I intend to write to him."

"'Twon't do no good, Miss."

"Yes, it will," said Annette quietly.

* * * * * *

The petals of the June roses had fallen, a pink carpet all along the edge of the woods, and the Dappleville Works wore their holiday guise even down to Simon Pettingill's newly brightened steam engine, for Mr. Elderslie and his bride were to visit the works on their wedding tour.

"It's a pity Ma'amselle Annette went away so soon," said Simon to his assistant, "cause they say the master's kind hearted in the main, and she might have spoken up for herself."

Mr. Gerald Blake, in his best broadcloth suit, and mustache newly dyed, stood smiling in the broad doorway as the carriage drove up to the entrance, and Mr. Elderslie, a handsome, blonde-browed man, sprang out and assisted a young lady, in a dove-colored traveling suit, to alight.

"Blake, how are you?" he said with the carelessness of conscious superiority. "Annette, my love, this is Blake, my foreman."

"Mlle. Annette!"

And Mr. Gerald Balke found himself cringing before the slight French girl whom he had turned from the factory door a month before.

"I must beg to look at the books, Blake," said Elderslie, authoritatively. My wife tells me some strange stories about the way things are managed here. It became so notorious that the rumors reached her even at Blythesdale Springs, and she chose to come and see for herself. Annette, my darling, the best wedding gift we can make to these poor working girls is a new foreman. Blake, you may consider yourself dismissed."

"But, sir—"

"Not another word," cried Mr. Elderslie, with lowering brow, and Mr. Gerald Blake crept away, with an uncomfortable consciousness of Annette's scornful blue eyes following him.

And a new reign began for poor Jenny Purton and the other working girls, as well as for Simon Pettengill.

"John," said the butter dealer, "always put in a couple of sheets of paper when you weigh. Customers will think you neat and cleanly in your business. They don't like to have their butter slopped onto a scale that, for all they know, has never been washed. And besides, there's a good profit in buying paper at half a cent a pound and selling it for thirty-five or forty."—*Boston Transcript.*

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 272 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1881, entitled An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county," and to enact a section in lieu thereof fixing the compensation of the Sheriff of said county for conveying persons from said county to State Institutions.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter two hundred and seventy-two of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county" be and the same is hereby repealed; and that the following section be enacted in lieu thereof.

The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be allowed for conveying persons under sentence from said county to any State Institution the actual and necessary travelling expenses of said persons, and the actual and necessary travelling expenses of himself to and from such institution, and also ten dollars a day as compensation for such service, but said Sheriff shall not be allowed more than two days compensation for any one trip to such institution; said expenses and compensation shall be levied and paid as other county charges are usually paid.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 24, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,

473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 473 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section 3 of Chapter 108 of the Act of January Session, 1878, entitled An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of Sheriff; and also to repeal Chapter 378 of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1874, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county," and also to repeal section 61 of Chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter four hundred and seventy-three of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county" providing for the fees of Sheriff; and Chapter three hundred and seventy-eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy four, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county;" and Section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff" be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,

473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 16 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1876, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and also to repeal Chapter 101 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal Section 22 of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled 'An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county;'" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the Crier of the Circuit Court; and also to repeal Sections 21 and twenty-two of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," subtitle "County Surveyor" and "Crier," respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter Sixteen of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy six, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and Chapter one hundred and one of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal Section twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled 'An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled 'Garrett county;'" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the "Crier of the Circuit Court;" and Sections twenty-one and twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled 'Garrett county;'" sub-title "County Surveyor" and "Crier" respectively, be and they are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 20, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,

473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," and to enact the following Sections in lieu thereof, requiring security for costs.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, and the following Sections be enacted in lieu thereof:

2. In any suit or action before a Justice of the Peace in Garrett county, where the plaintiff is not a resident of the State of Maryland the Justice of the Peace shall upon motion of the defendant, require the plaintiff to give security for the payment of the costs and charges which may be recovered against him in such action. When such security is required in any case the plaintiff shall be entitled to a continuance for not less than six nor more than fourteen days, and if the security required be not then given he shall be non-suited.

3. In all cases of appeal from Justices of the Peace in said county to the Circuit Court, the plaintiff, if he be a non-resident of the State of Maryland, may be required to give security for costs in the same manner and to the same extent in all respects as if the case had originated in the Circuit Court for said county

SEC. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,

473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 208 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter two hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve," be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,

473 Secretary of the Senate.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE CHAMPION.

Exultant, proud,
The hero bowed
To the eager, worshiping, countless crowd;

Then stood upright,
Like a victor knight,
A figure of virile grace and might.

From the Temple of Fame
The priestess came
To write on her tablet the hero's name.

And now behold
His name enrolled
On the virgin tablet in script of gold.

Then she asked: "O son,
What hast thou done
For the meed of glory thou hast won?

"From sword and brand,
From traitor's hand
That sought to ruin thy father-land—

"'Twas thine to save?
Thine edict gave
Freedom and manhood to the slave?"

The hero heard;
But never a word
Of his the list'ning silence stirred.

"An orator, then,"
She asked again,
"Thou swayest at will thy fellow-men?

"Doth a poet's soul
Thy name enroll,
And crown thy head with its aureole?

"Or dost thou bless,
By Heaven's grace,
With holy counsels a fallen race?"

His dull head hung
And his surly tongue
At the priestess' feet this answer flung:

"That's not my 'lay;'
Ta'n't in my way
To gabble, or scribble, or preach and pray."

Ill pleased, she viewed
The multitude
Adoring, and her quest renewed:

"Then hath thy hand
Wrought out some grand
Achievement by thy genius planned?"

His fierce eye shone
As it looked upon
His hand, a hammer of bone and brawn.

She understood:
"'Tis a hand imbrued
In the blood of a slaughtered multitude?

"Some warrior great,
Thou rulest fate
Of pope and emperor, church and state?

"Well, men must die!"
And her sorrowful eye
Gazed on his brute-like majesty.

No flush of shame
With his answer came:
"No, priestess; that is not my game;

"I say with pride,
These fists deiled
The world—at a thousand pounds a side!"

Contemptuous burned
Her eyes, she spurned
Her tablet from her, then home returned.

And there she stood,
From her altitude
Scorning the man and multitude.

But a big, broad zone
With jewels shone
Round his huge bulk of brawn and bone.

—*Edward P. Jackson, in Harper's Weekly.*

THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

Unpleasant Anticipations That Were Not Realized.

"Well, now, Jed, what do you think old Mr. Sims has done? He has rented the little cottage next us. Manday Green told me so this morning, and that ain't the worst of it, either. It is let to a man with a wife and boy, and the boy is one of them smart ones. They can't abide with him in the city, and so they will bring him here to worry the life out of honest and peaceable folks."

"Is that their sole object in coming here, mother?"

"Manday says she is sure that is it, for she heard the man tell Sims that he must get his boy into the country, and what else can you make of it? Sims would rather die than sell you that property, Jed. Now he rents it to a man that owns a harum-scarum boy that will be our especial torment. It does seem too bad," and the old lady set down her cup, and looked as she probably felt, completely put out.

"Don't worry over it, mother; perhaps the mother of the boy may compensate for all his shortcomings, in being neighborly, and company for you. I am sure you need something of that sort. Mr. Sims' family being the only one near, and they choose to feel so bitter toward us, that seems to me a fine thing to have the cottage out here occupied."

"Well, here they'll be within a stone's throw of us, whether we will or wish it. I'm glad its no widow to angle after my boy."

The boy colored slightly and laughed heartily.

"There now, you have found a crumb of comfort, mother. No one wants to angle after your great, awkward boy. I am sorry Mr. Sims feels so towards us. I would like to buy the little place, and add it to mine, as it joins us so nicely. It would save me the building of a new house, for this old one has served others well, and I can not expect it to do duty for us much longer. This dear old home of my grandfather, I feel like clinging to its walls, humble as they may seem to others."

"Yes, the home of Amos Johnson is good enough for us, Jed, or them that come after us."

"Did Manday say Mr. Sims had rented the cottage?"

"Yes, and the family will be here this week."

"Well, strange to say, I know more of the matter than Manday. The family have purchased, not rented. Their name is Orcutt."

"Bought it. O dear! Now there is no hope of their making a short stay," sighed the old lady.

"I don't know of only one loop hole, mother, and that is with Mr. Sims joining them on one side, and Manday Green prying around and making herself generally obnoxious on the other, they may get disgusted, and leave us to rural solitude again. But now, really, mother, I enjoy the prospect of having near neighbors, even if Manday has discovered an imaginary bad boy among them."

"There you go at Manday again, Jed. I do wish you felt more like a Christian should towards her. There is not another woman around here that comes in so often to see how I am gettin' on. Any other woman of her age would be settin' their cap for you, but that is not her way at all. She often remarks that herself."

Bachelor Jed smiled grimly, and rising from the dinner table, strolled out into the yard, picked up his broad straw hat he had flung on the grass before going to dinner, and whistling cheerily, took his way to the barn, while Mrs. Johnson looked after her handsome son with a fond pride.

It was a well known fact in the neighborhood, of which the Johnsons formed a good and prominent part, that the mother of Jed watched with a jealous eye all the unmarried ladies, with the exception of Manday Green; and as the aforesaid Manday had so often declared to her that she thought it would be so cruel in any one to supplant Mrs. Johnson in the affections of her son, that good lady believed Manday free from any designs on her Jed.

"Well, mother," said Jed a few days after the arrival of the new neighbors, "I saw Manday sailing into the house over the way, and I suppose a call has been made."

"Yes, she dropped in here a few miuutes and told me about it. I do think Manday is the most neighborly of any of us. She is the first one to go in there, and it was not from curiosity either, for she said so."

"It was very good of her, of course," drily remarked Jed.

"Manday says Mrs Orcutt is a dreadful pretty little woman, and as pleasant and common like as need be. She says she don't look one bit worried over the idea of having a bad boy to manage. She didn't see the boy; his mother said he was not well, and had kept his room the most of the time. Mr. Orcutt will not be here often, for his business keeps him in the city. That boy will just run wild around here with his capers, you may depend on it, for Manday says Mrs. Orcutt looks too mild to hold him in."

"If the boy is sick I can not see any danger of our being overwhelmed with his pranks. Do go over and see them, mother; don't let her feel as if she was all alone with a sick boy and we so near."

"That I will. I don't want to feel as if they was intruders even if the boy is here. Strange I should feel so put out about one boy, for I well remember when you was a lad, and I dare say this youngster's mother loves him as well as I loved mine, but then you was an extra good boy, Jed."

"Why did you allow me to grow up such a bashful booby then, mother?"

"Now do jest hear. Who ever would think of calling you such a name as that, pray tell? I know you have always kept shy of the girls around here, and I am right glad of that," and Mrs. Johnson spoke from the depths of her heart then.

None of the rustic beauties in that quiet farming district had succeeded in attracting the attention of Jed Johnson. At the death of his father he had come home from a distant college and taken charge of the farm. As he found his company among his books and with his mother, he was looked upon as a bashful bachelor, a title that would not disturb him any if he knew it.

"Jed," said Mrs. Johnson, "I called on Mrs. Orcutt to-day, and she is one of the prettiest little women I have seen for many a day. She seems dretful taken up with her new home and says if Johnnie only improves, she will be perfectly contented. I don't know which she meant, his health or conduct. I dare say it's both. She thinks he will be out in a few days. I wonder if I called her name right? She opened them big blue eyes of hers when I called her Mrs. Orcutt, so wide and inquiring like that I thought may be I was wrong about her name."

"It might be, mother, for I noticed she looked surprised when I used her name in speaking to her to-day. A board was loose on the fence back of the garden, and I saw her trying to nail it on, so I walked over and fastened it for her. It is my opinion we have found some very nice neighbors."

In a few days Johnnie Orcutt was out, and, as nothing terrible seemed to develop in the neighborhood on account of it, Mrs. Johnson quite lost her fear of being terrorized by a bad boy.

"Just you wait until he is well, before you think him so tame," was the quieting (?) remark of Manday.

Things seemed progressing finely with Mrs. Johnson and her pretty neighbor, who dropped in often and chatted so pleasantly, that Miss Manday grew quite jealous and told the old lady she was quite carried away by a pretty face.

"Dear, no, Manday, it's not her face as I knows on, but it's her bright cheery ways that takes my heart."

"O, well," with a toss of the head, "I'm no hand to lay aside old friends for new, as you must know. How do you know she ain't fishing for Jed?"

"Mercy on us, Manday! how you do talk of Mrs. Orcutt."

"Hain't you ever heard of married women flirting? I have, if you hain't."

"I'll never believe any such thing of her, anyway; beside she never comes here when Jed is about home, and they have not got one bit acquainted yet."

"Well, why don't her husband come home oftener, I'd like to know."

"I am sure I don't know, Manday; for some good reason, I dare say."

"Well, I'd ask her, I would, but it's no affair of mine. Good afternoon, Mrs. Johnson."

The following afternoon Mrs. Johnson took her knitting and went over to sit with her little friend the intervening hour before supper getting. She found her busy mending a coat for Mr. Orcutt.

"I'm so glad to have you come in, Mrs. Johnson. It seemed so quiet here, for Johnnie is off to the woods this afternoon. I could not go with him for I had nearly forgotten this coat needed mending, and Edward is coming to-morrow. Johnnie can scarcely wait, he is so anxious to see his papa."

"I found it lonely to sit down without some one to talk to. You are spoiling me about being alone. I am getting childish, I am afraid, Mrs. Orcutt."

"Call me Jenny, will you please? I would so much prefer it. I always allow Johnnie to call me that."

"I see he does, but it don't seem to me the right thing for him, to be calling you Jenny."

"He always has since he could talk at all. Then too," and she blushing slightly, and, laughing, said: "it does not make me seem so old to have Johnnie call me Jenny; I don't mind telling you, Mrs. Johnson, I don't like to appear older than I really am."

"None of us do for that matter. How cozy you look here. Young fingers have such a knack for fixing up things."

And the old lady's eyes traversed the room with it's pretty adorning, and then rested on the fair form of her young friend, dressed with a good bit of taste, and then at the sweet face bending over her mending.

"Do you know, Jenny, I have thought a great many times since you came here how much I have missed in not having a daughter. Not that I wish Jed had been a girl, oh, no; I can't do without Jed, bless his dear, brave heart; but if he had a sister of your age, what a comfort and blessing she would be to me now. I have been so blessed that sickness is almost a stranger to me. I get to thinking nowadays over it, and I think a woman with no kin of her own sex is not very well prepared for sickness."

"None of us feel prepared for that, I think, let our surroundings be what they will," said Jenny; "but please don't go home so soon, Mrs. Johnson."

"O, yes, I must, for I find I am not swift in doin' any more, and I somehow feel tired to-day. I always like Jed to find his supper waiting for him when he comes in at night; but come over dear, and chirk up my old heart often."

"That I will, but don't look for me to-morrow, for Edward is coming, you know."

Jenny walked down to the gate with the old lady, picked a bouquet of sweet peas and pinned on the snow-white 'kerchief Mrs. Johnson wore, and bidding her good afternoon, went singing back to the house, while the old lady went slowly back to her home, which, somehow, seemed quite cheerless and lonely to her this afternoon.

The following morning Jenny Orcutt answered a knock at her door. Jed Johnson stood there with a troubled look on his face, and she saw beneath the brown mustache the tremulous workings of his mouth.

"Will you come over and see mother, please? I fear she is very sick. I knew nothing of it until this morning. She seemed well last evening. If you will kindly stay with her, I will go now for a doctor."

"O, yes, I will go now. Indeed, I am sorry to know she is sick; she seemed well in the afternoon, for she sat with me until tea-time."

In a few minutes Jenny was beside her friend, and Jed was flying on the road to the village. Mrs. Johnson had been seized with an acute rheumatic attack and lay moaning in great distress.

"It is so good of you to come to me, dear," she said. "Jed is almost beside himself, for he never saw me sick before."

"At the rate he went off he will soon be here and bring relief to you, I hope," said Jenny. "I was greatly surprised to hear you were sick, for you were in usual health yesterday, were you not?"

"Yes; only I felt tired and childish," moaned the sufferer.

That day was but the beginning of—that Jenny Orcutt sat at the bedside of Mrs. Johnson, or busied herself about the room to make it cheerful for the invalid, and when she became convalescent, prepared her tempting dishes with her own pretty useful hands.

Mrs. Johnson declared that a glimpse of her face even did her a world of good.

Manday Green shook her head in a very "you'll-see-how-it-will-turn-out" sort of a way, and remarked to the woman in the kitchen while Jed stood conveniently near, that if she got sick she did not want a boy rushing in and out of the house all hours, and she "thought a woman that cared for her husband would keep her own hose and not her neighbor's."

A very amused look came over the handsome face of Jed, and he very pleasantly said:

"A woman that has no husband can do as she pleases, eh, Manday?"

"Yes, thank Heaven," and the little old maid perked her head on one side and looked very independent.

"And very fortunately they are at liberty to do for others," said Jed, in a way that puzzled Manday, and the look on his face perplexed her more. "I don' know what we would have done the pat few weeks without Jenny. Not that we would have wanted for neighbors, Manda, but mother and the doctor says she is one of the best of nurses, and it was very kind in Mr. Orcutt to insist upon her staying with us, and he was here, too, the most of the time during his visit, for of course he could not get along at home without his little housekeeper."

"Dear, me! some folks seen just bewitched over a new face," was the parting shot of Miss Manday, and she sailed out of the house and through the gate at her swiftest pace.

Alas, for poor Manday! Johnnie Orcutt was mounted on his bicycle and coming with all the speed he could muster; the curve in the road hid Manday until he was very near, and she was so full of jealous rage that she did not notice the shrill little signal behind her. In an instant down went the prim spinster and over her head landed Johnnie, while the green parasol left the roadside path and landed into the highway.

"O, you horrid little wretch," shrieked the female, as soon as she could get her breath.

Johnnie sprang after the parasol, captured it and handed it to her, saying:

"Indeed, I am very sorry, Miss Green. If you had only looked back when I gave the signal that I was coming, I think you could have stepped aside, but I could not stop the bicycle quick enough; I tried to do so, indeed I did, truly."

"What right have you to go around here with such a machine as that, I want to know? One of Satan's own inventions, I'll warrant, and none but his own imps would want to be hilarating around on it, either. The signal that you was a-coming was sounded months ago, and I knew, then, just how it would be. But what are you standing there grinning with all your might and main for?"

"You look so funny, Miss Manday; indeed you do. There is some dirt on your face, your bow on the front of your dress is, I think, a little to one side, and something seems to have come off the top of your head."

Miss Green made a quick grab for her false foretop lying in the dirt at her feet, clapped her hat on her head, and skurried off, too full of indignation to utter another word.

"Well, now," said Johnnie, "I don't know what Jenny will say to this. I'll have to tell her, anyway. I am sorry it happened, and she will believe me when I say so, too."

Mrs. Johnson was pleased to see Jed, bashful Jed, so much at his ease of late in the presence of Jenny. In fact, she noticed they often sat apart, and talked so very friendly.

"Jed," said she one day when she had become quite herself again, and Jenny had run over to see her a few minutes, "I think I had not better get well too fast, for I will lose my nurse, and I don't like to think of that."

"I have been talking of a plan to keep her here with us, and she is waiting to know if you object."

"No, I don't object to any of your plans, Jed, you know that very well. But what is this one?"

"I have heard you say you wished you had just such a daughter as Jenny. Now you can have her for your daughter, but I want her for my wife."

At this proposal the old lady's cap nearly flew off her head, and the only thing that prevented her bounding out of her chair, was her rheumatics.

"Good heavens!" she gasped out. "Jed Johnson, what of Mr. Orcutt?"

"He is quite willing to allow his sister to do as she pleases."

"His sister! and I supposed all this time you was his wife, Jenny."

"Dear Mrs. Johnson," and Jenny leaned over the chair, and placed her fresh young cheek close to the pale one of the old lady, "I was not aware of the mistake you had made concerning me, until Jed told me during your sickness. You do not think I wished to deceive you, do you? And can not I have a place in your heart along with Jed?"

Mrs. Johnson drew her down to her in a clasp and said:

"Bless you, Jenny, you have a place there now, and nothing could please me better than to see you Jed's wife. But, deary me, I always said I would never let any woman take Jed from me, and here I be, a-consenting to that very thing."

"I am sure I would not wish to take him from you. You see, you are to take Jed and I."

"Yes, that is it, after all. But, Jed, how in the world did you get over your bashfulness enough to——"

"To court Jenny, mother? You see you did all that yourself, and I am sure it was very kind of you. You have been courting her all summer."

"Well I'm glad I made it out, at all events," said Mrs. Johnson.—*Yankee Blade.*

JACKSON CITY'S FATE.

An Eastern Town Which Virtually Died Before It Was Born.

Just across the Potomac, near the western end of Long Bridge, a tract of land containing 90 acres, was recently sold for $18,000, which in President Jackson's time was fabulously valuable. A gentleman from New York, widely known as a popular inn-keeper of that day, offered $5,000 for a lot 75x150 feet, upon which he proposed to build the finest hotel then south of Philadelphia. But the owners of the land wanted $10,000, and that settled the business—no hotel was ever built. The land referred to—90 acres—was laid out during Jackson's administration and received the name of "Jackson City." It was owned by a company which issued $100,000 in bonds, and the corner stone was laid by President Jackson with military and civil pomp. But it never make a spurt—never had a population of over twelve souls, and in a few years the corner-stone was dug up and used for years by an old colored "aunty" as a mortar to beat her hominy in.

Not far from the proposed hotel was nature's cause for the origin of the craze to build a city which was to rival Washington—Curtis Spring—which was famed as a picnic and excursion resort. Curtis Spring was the capital's Saratoga, and the little steamer took down thousands of pleasure parties annually. During the late war most of this ground was occupied as forts for the defense of Washington. The locality is now occupied by several brick yards. The only remaining structure of that city "laid out on paper" in 1837, is an old dilapidated brick building, almost directly in front of which is a square post bearing these words: "Center of pike, 19,200 feet from junction." Nobody knows what the words mean nor why the post was placed there, obstructing as it does legitimate travel.

By the way, a little to the north of this is Mason's Island, or Analostan Island, as it is now called, which is separated from the Virginia shore by a small rivulet. This island is the birthplace of James M. Mason, who, with John Slidell, was sent by the Confederate Government to Europe, in 1861, to secure the recognition of the Confederacy by England and France. The ruins of the house in which he was born still remain upon the island.

And then Arlington is almost within a stone's throw of this island. Who has not heard of Arlington, the former home of Robert E. Lee, the chieftain of the Confederacy, and now the resting place—the silent home of more than 16,000 soldiers, who gave their lives for their country? But there is one fact connected with this spot not generally known. The iron flag-staff from which the stars and stripes fly to the breeze stands upon the exact spot once occupied by a charming little summer house erected by Washington for his own use, and frequently occupied by himself and wife during the "heated term" in town. And it was on this spot that the Marquis de La Fayette stood on his last visit to this city about sixty years ago, and pronounced the view from it the finest in the world.—*Washington Letter.*

POLITE ETIQUETTE.

Some Good Points for Those Desirous of Improving Their Manners.

To bow to a friend or an acquaintance is a simple enough matter, yet all the grades of liking, all the degrees of familiarity, can be expressed quite as surely as by the signature to a letter, and more subtly. If you know people intimately, your bow and smile express intimacy and cordiality; if you have a very slight acquaintance, the bow is less smiling and more formal. A bow no longer requires that inclination of the body which the Turveydrops of other days used to practice—a mere bend of the head is sufficient. No man should bow to a lady without completely lifting his hat from his head.

If he has a cigar in his mouth he will of course withdraw it. It is never good form to smoke while walking or driving with a lady, unless it were in an after-dinner stroll in some quiet country neighborhood. In town it should never be permitted, even if the lady were one's own sister and had no aversion to the odor of tobacco. These facts concerning her would not be known to the people one might meet, and the smoking would to them have all the appearance of a discourtesy.

When walking with a lady a man lifts his hat to all the people whom she recognizes and who bows to her, whether he himself knows them or not. In thoroughfares a man should keep at the left of the lady he is walking with, thus protecting her from the pressure of the crowd and leaving her right hand free to carrying her parasol and lifting her dress. It is an obsolete absurdity for a man to be dancing around a lady whom he escorts, changing the side on which he walks with every crossing of the street. In walking or driving in a park or in any place where you meet the same person again and again, it is not necessary to bow each time. A cordial salutation on the first is quite sufficient.

It is a lady's privilege to be the first to offer her hand. Where an introduction is merely for dancing, there should be no shaking hands—nor indeed it is usual to shake hands on being introduced at a reception; but a married lady should extend her hand, by way of cordial welcome, to her own guests, and especially to any stranger brought to her house and presented by a common friend.—*Chicago Journal.*

CAKE AND PICKLES.

Pernicious Habits of Eating Practiced by American Children.

"My Jennie has such a dainty appetite I don't know what to do with her! She just won't eat any thing but sweetmeats and the like!"

Thus exclaimed a foolish mother in my hearing the other day. Yes, lamentably foolish is she for allowing such a condition of things to exist. We are told by the matchless bard that desire grows upon what it is fed. The child desires dainties, and the mother oft gratifies that desire. Soon the mischief is done, for the dainty appetite is quickly formed. Apropos of this: A ruddy German girl of seven summers was adopted by childless people of means. The indulging process was early begun by them, for it was a pleasure to give the child all the goodies that she could well eat. Ere long a scorn for substantial food possessed her, and the mere thought of the plain but healthful fare of her German home excited great disgust. Dainties formed her daily living, but think you that her robust German parentage preserved her from paying outraged Mother Nature's penalty? No indeed! She fell a victim to consumption while yet in her teens. The poor abused digestive apparatus could not manufacture good blood; the great waste was not supplied, and "galloping consumption" claimed another victim.

While on the cars, en route to one of Minnesota's beautful lake resorts, I was attracted by an anxious mother and her unfortunate invalid daughter who occupied seats near mine.

The wan cheeks, the hollow eyes and the languid air all told their own sad story of disease and death. The weary one oft had access to the stimulating flask to sustain her to the journey's end. At length the mother and child partook of a morning meal. A large lunch hamper indicated a long journey. I did not observe the mother's choice of fare, but the delicate girl who had so aroused my sympathies made a hearty (?) meal of rich cake and pickles. Yes, she devoured three whole pickles and a piece of cake. Think of it, mothers—of supplying the enormous waste that was apparently going on with only cake and pickles! Could one drop of good blood emanate therefrom? Would disease have attacked the poor child had the mother prevented such unnatural appetite? She seemed a woman of culture and refinement—not always accompanied with common sense, it seems—and I would fain remind her that she could take her loved one to the most healthful clime of earth, but she would not keep her long if her diet consisted of cake and pickles. Indeed, in this instance I fear that nothing could avail, for the blood—which, you know, is the life—had already become impoverished.

See to it, mothers, that your children are not forming pernicious habits of eating what will perchance take them to early graves or render them dyspeptics for life.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

FASHIONABLE SILKS.

Varieties Suited for Elegant Demi-Season Toilettes.

Silks are being very largely used for making up dressy toilettes to be worn at afternoon receptions and when paying formal visits. For the demi-season the entire dress will be of any of the repped silks. Bengaline, faille francaise, gros grain or moire, whether of a plain color, or shaded in two or three tones, or glace, or in stripes partly plain, partly twilled or watered, or else in the plain brocades of the last century, with small woven flowers, or the more modern designs with velvet vines, balls, or bars. As the season advances to summer, the simple taffetas of a generation ago will be revived, with their plain lustrous surface showing stripes, or else glace, or in large plaids of the gayest colors together, or a single color with white. The silk surahs are also to be worn again in plain colors, in crossbars, in stripes, and with blocks or balls strewn over them. Sometimes a striped silk will be combined with plain repped silk of the color in the stripe, white or Suede tints being most often alternated with the colored stripes. The plain silk will be used for the front and back of the skirt, while the stripes appear on the sides; the basque of the plain color will have bias side forms of stripes in front, or a girdle giving that effect, with a striped vest, revers and collar. This is prettily illustrated in myrtle green faille combined with green and Suede-colored striped faille. The skirt has four plaits down the front (two each side meeting in the middle) of plain green faille, while the back has three straight breadths of the same, with their sides faced with the striped silk turned over in jabot shells. Two striped breadths of silk form drapery on each side next the plain front; these are plaited in fine plaits at top to the belt, falling straight to the foot, and the side is then rounded up high on the tournure, and caught in a cluster of plaits next the plain green back breadths. The space left uncovered below the curved part in the sides of the skirt has two gathered breadths falling to the foot from under the curved part, and these are cut in sharp points at the edges and faced. This design may also be prettily carried out in moire and plain silk, using the moire in front and back, and the plain repped silk on the sides. Sometimes the lower part on the sides of the skirt is drawn on cords and slightly puffed at the top, with perhaps the standing ruffle of doubled silk. For summer taffetas and checked silks skirts made in this way will have pinked edges on the sides, or there may be a series of pinked flounces set there.—*Harper's Bazar.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When is a theater-manager like a dog? Answer: When he lies about the house.—*Texas Siftings.*

—While the lamp holds out to burn there is not much danger of the average servant filling it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.

—When a woman wishes to make soft soap she never gets mad because her neighbor gives her the lye.

—The green man who starts out to paint the town red is in danger of coming out blue.—*Boston Courier.*

—A great many people who are crazy to get into the social swim are drowned before they can get out.—*Boston Post.*

—Nature is full of wise provisions. Wives do their worst cooking when they are young and irresistible.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—In ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for headache. It is difficult to improve upon some of those old-fashioned remedies.

—"The strongest friendship may be broken by a trifle." We have known the lending of a lawn mower to do it—mower than any thing else.

—Policemen have noticed that the man who sings the loudest "We wont go home till morning" is often the man who has a wife and doesn't dare to.—*Journal of Education.*

—It may be some consolation to a man to feel that if he ever is the cause of a mourning-bonnet being worn, the price will make no difference to him.—*Puck.*

—There is a peculiarity about the Irish servant girl which may have occurred to you. Her cousins are all of the masculine gender.—*The Epoch.*

—It's popular misconception, observes a student of human nature, that women dress to please other women. They don't. They dress to make other women jealous.

—The dreadful blizzards are made up of many soft and balmy breezes. It is the combination, organized into a trust, as it were, that is terrible when it is let loose.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A hole in the ground and a smell of gas sold for $8,000 in Ohio the other day. The hole was found to be all right, but the smell of gas disappeared with the owner of the land.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—According to the old superstition of the mediæval Church, whenever a cock crows a lie is being told. The reason that cocks crows so persistently in the early morning hours is because the morning papers are being set up.—*Life.*

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The Trade in Legs and Arms Better Than It Ever Was Before.

"Five years after the war was ended and all the maimed soldiers were supplied, there were some makers who thought the wooden leg and arm business was at an end," said an artificial limb maker. "But they were all wrong. There are more manufacturers, big and little, at present than at any time, and the annual sales are larger than ever before. Machinery is responsible for this. The railroads have cut off twice as many limbs as were destroyed by powder and ball from 1861 to 1865."

"Do the makers sell more legs than arms?"

"Yes, many more. An artificial arm is now constructed with a hand the fingers of which will hold a pen, or pick up light articles, such as a handkerchief, hat or a newspaper. A good many men when they lose an arm, tie the empty sleeve to their breasts. But an artificial leg supplies the lost one. A man can work and walk in it. He can follow any ordinary vocation about as well as ever."

"What improvements have been made of late years?"

"The principal one is the substitution of rubber for toes, fingers and ankle joints. This is a patent. The small makers build limbs entirely of wood. The material used is English poplar. Philadelphia is the market for it, and there it is bored and thoroughly seasoned by the jobbers. The price of legs is from $85 to $100, according to the location of the amputation. For arms it is $75 to $100. Legs weigh about five pounds on the average. Six pounds is a heavy weight. The lighter it is the better. It is a fact that many people walk upon artificial legs so well that you could not tell they were on a wooden pin. I know of one young man in town with a wooden leg who has taken a prize for waltzing. Five years is the average time an artificial limb can be worn before it must be replaced. The Government allows crippled soldiers $75 every five years to renew their arms and legs."

"How do maimed people take their infliction?"

"At first the man who loses his leg wishes it had been his life instead. The sudden change from health and strength into a cripple is a terrible thing. But after he gets an artificial limb on and finds how much more easily than he supposed he can get around, his feeling alters completely. Human nature is wonderfully adaptable and some of the jolliest people in the world are among the unfortunate victims of accidents.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Very Considerate.

"Well, John," said old man Jordan to his young friend, "you have just married, I hear."

"Yes, sir," he answered, with a spring morning smile; "just a month ago, and I want you to go up to dinner with me to-day."

"Have you got a cook?"

"No."

"Well, my boy, s'pose we go to a restaurant this time. You must remember I had a young wife once myself."—*Texas Siftings.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Bran, oats and oilmeal is the food for growing pigs up to the time pumpkins are ripe.—*Rural Home.*

—Every poultry-yard should have a peach tree planted therein, as the peach thrives well in poultry-yards and is protected from the borer by the hen.

—In removing crops from the soil we take away plant food. This is the chief cause of soil exhaustion. Lack of fertility is commonly due, in large part or entirely, to lack of plant food.

—Keep a spool of linen thread along with your knitting balls. A strand of it knit into mittens and the feet of the men's socks and the children's stockings insures them much longer wear.

—If a farmer has plenty of patience and is willing to give close attention to details in the care of stock he can make more money for food consumed from sheep than from any other stock.

—Nutmeg Sauce: Two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon flour and half a cup of sugar creamed together. Pour on a pint of boiling water and stir until it thickens, grate in half a nutmeg.

—Escalloped Onions: Take eight onions and cook in plenty of water with one tablespoonful of salt two hours; when tender, drain, put in a baking dish, cover with one pint of cream sauce, sprinkle with one cupful of grated bread crumbs and brown in the oven.

—Plant fruit trees, do it well, and give good after care and culture, and you and your family will ere long be abundantly rewarded with an article of diet which, when sound and ripe, can only be conducive to health and longevity.

—Breaded Potatoes: Boil potatoes in their skins until done, but not too soft. Peel them, cut them in thick slices, dip them in beaten egg and roll them in fine bread or zweiback crumbs. Fry the slices in hot butter or drippings until they are a golden brown and serve.

—In boiling meats take the fat from the top of the water and save for cooking or soap. In roasting meat pour the fat out of the pan or dip it out before it gets burned. It will be excellent for use in cooking. But if it stays till the meat is done it will be nearly sure to have a burned, unpleasant flavor.

—A substantial dish without meat is the following: Wash and peel two quarts of potatoes, peel and slice six ounces of onions, skin and bone two large herrings, season with salt and pepper, pour enough water on to cook, bake an hour and a half and serve hot. Any cold gravy, stock or dripping on hand will be better than the water.

—In summer swine graze and do well on clover, and, indeed, are perhaps as healthy and make as cheap and satisfactory growth on that food as on any other. There is no reason why clover should not enter into the winter rations of swine. Sweet clover hay could be cut up into short lengths and fed wet, along with meat and bran, without much trouble and with the best results.

—The liberal use of lime in a fine condition will greatly assist in reducing old sod land that may be plowed for corn. The lime should be divided into two lots, one-third applied before plowing the sod, and the remainder after the ground shall have been turned over, harrowing the surface after the land shall have been plowed. The rains will carry the lime down, and before the corn crop shall be matured the effects of the lime will be very marked.

IMPROVE THE HOG.

A Matter Which Deserves the Attention of Progressive Farmers.

If the margin between the price of corn and pork remains as great as it has been during the past year, the inference is that the demand for a better class of hogs will be greater than it has been for a number of years. There will be new herds built up, and arrangements made for breeding hogs on farms where they have been abandoned for years. Young farmers, casting about for the most profitable product of the farm, will not be long in deciding on this branch, as promising the greatest and quickest returns for the money and labor invested. Our observations force the belief upon us that farmers for a few years have not been as careful about adding new blood to their herds as they should have been, and the consequence is their hogs are not as good as they should be. With the combination of all breeds that is convenient to use, they find themselves possessed of a class of mongrel swine that are not profitable either for market or breeding.

Every step removed from some pure fountain head makes matters worse. But even with these things against the quality of hogs they bring a good profit, and should make the farmer feel able to invest in better stock. And taking all these things into consideration, we can but think the demand for pure bred stock will be better in the near future than for a number of years past. The demand during the past year has started the current that way, making an ambition among farmers to excel once more in the quality of the porker, a laudable desire that benefits the farmer and improves the quality of pork given to the consumer. Years ago it was the opinion among farmers that all that was required to raise good hogs was a fine thrifty sire, no regard being taken as to the breed, for, as I heard a man once say: "A hog is a hog, and that is enough." But this is not enough. As much attention should be given to the breeding of swine as of horses or cattle, and in the end they will be just as profitable.—*Cor. Western Plowman*

How Alligators Eat.

It is a Southern writer who compares an alligator's throat to an animated sewer. Every thing which lodges in the open mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat he lets his victuals hunt for him. That is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the 'possum. Soon a beetle crawls into it, then a fly, then a gnat and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator doesn't close his mouth yet, He is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes. Then more mosquitoes and gnats will alight on the frog. Finally a whole village of insects settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls; the alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.—*American Angler.*

Attractiveness of Children.

A child's attractiveness is in his being a child. If he seems like a little old man, he is not so attractive as either a real old man or a real child would be. Yet there are parents who are afraid that their children will seem like children in what they say or do; and so they are afraid to let them be themselves in their saying or doing, in their writing a note, or in their expressing their thanks by word of mouth to one who has done them some special favor. The parent who has highest respect for his child's childhood, really helps that child to be at his best by permitting him to be his own self in all simplicity.—*S. S. Times.*

—London *Truth* sums up the record of Osman Digna, the famous Arab chief, as follows: Killed, six times; fatally wounded, three times; severely wounded, four times; troops totally dispersed, nine times; permanently discouraged, three times; escaped, once.

"If a woman is pretty,
To me 'tis no matter,
Be she blonde or brunette,
So she lets me look at her."

An unhealthy woman is rarely, if ever, beautiful. The peculiar diseases to which so many of the sex are subject, are prolific causes of pale, sallow faces, blotched with unsightly pimples, dull lusterless eyes and emaciated forms. Women so afflicted, can be permanently cured by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; and with the restoration of health comes that beauty which, combined with good qualities of head and heart, makes women angels of loveliness. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Some men are accused of being tight, when, in fact, it is their pocket-books that are "full."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Nothing Like It:

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-renowned and ever growing in favor!

A plumber never asks: "Is it warm enough for you?" He just hands you his bill and watches the perspiration trickle.

The Demon of the Marsh.

The evil spirit that hovers about stagnant pools and inundated lowlands, is no materialized bogey, no phantasm of a disordered imagination, but a power of evil far more malignant than any familiar anathematized by Cotton Mather. It is Malaria, which has for its destructive progeny fever and ague, bilious remittent and dumb ague, conquerable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as are dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, etc.

Perhaps no article has been so frequently "weighed in the balance and found wanting" as coal.

It Never Fails.

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy will cure any case of rheumatism on earth. It is taken internally. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. Helphenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C., or ask your druggist for it.

Upside down—the youngster's mouth in early mustache time.—*Washington Critic.*

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." "I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

It requires strong emotions to heave a sigh.

Never allude to a dressmaker as Miss Sewand-Sew.—*Binghamton Republican.*

A breach of trust—when the grocer demands cash down before delivery.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Acrons frequently fall out, but they find no difficulty in making up.—*New Haven News.*

Never worry over trouble. The trouble itself is misery enough.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The boom for a new-born town is like the music of locust wings. One looks at the little thing and wonders where all the big noise comes from.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Georgia school-boy's definition: "Florist, one who floors."

A good two-foot rule—never wear tight shoes.

Time flies and stays for no man. The only fellow who can beat it is the magician.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The hen is not nautical, though she does come into the world by the hatchway.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," as the humorist remarked upon receiving a check for twenty-five cents, payment for a joke on the blizzard.—*Puck.*

Girl violinists are becoming numerous. Girls are always after beaux of one sort or another—at least in leap year.—*Lowell Courier.*

We have been reading up on ethnology of late, and find that Adam was an Irishman, as he seems to have been Eve-icted.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

It doesn't follow that every man who has a hoarse voice is a stable fellow.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The Lessons of "Unser Fritz" Case.

The greatest doctors in Europe don't seem to know what ails "Unser Fritz."

Thus are the Garfield and Grant episodes repeated, and public confidence in "expert" medical knowledge is again shaken.

The effect is a revulsion.

Since the fatal days of 1883, many of the doctrines of the schoolmen concerning extensive medication have been abandoned, and all schools of practice are more and more relying upon old-fashioned simple root and herb preparations and careful nursing—the only reliances known to our ancestors.

These methods and reliances are illustrated to-day in a series of old-fashioned roots and herbs preparations recently given to the world by the well-known proprietors of Warner's safe cure—preparations made from formulæ possessed by many of our oldest families, and rescued for popular use, and issued under the happy designation of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies.

"My son," exclaimed a venerable woman to the writer when he was a boy, "my son, you'r yeller and pale and weak like lookin', you'r needin' a good shaking up with some sas'paril'."

A jug of spring sarsaparilla was just as necessary in the "winter supplies" of fifty years ago as was a barrel of pork, and a famous medical authority says that the very general prevalence of the use of such a preparation as Log Cabin Sarsaparilla explains the rugged health of our ancestors.

While Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for all seasons of the year, it is particularly valuable in the spring, when the system is full of sluggish blood and requires a natural constitutional tonic and invigorator to resist colds and pneumonia, and the effects of a long winter. Philo M. Parsons, clerk of the City Hotel of Hartford, Conn., was prostrated with a cold which, he says, "seemed to settle through my body. I neglected it and the result was my blood became impoverished and poisoned, indicated by inflamed eyes. I was treated, but my eyes grew worse. I was obliged to wear a shade over them. I feared that I would be obliged to give up work."

"Under the operation of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Liver Pills," he says, "The sore and inflamed eyes disappeared. My blood, I know, is in a healthier condition than it has been for years. I have a much better appetite. I shall take several more bottles for safety's sake. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla is a great blood purifier and I most heartily recommend it."

A few bottles of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla used in the family now will save many a week of sickness and many a dollar of bills. Use no other. This is the oldest, most thoroughly tested, and the best, is put up in the largest sarsaparilla bottle on the market, containing 120 doses. There is no other preparation of similar name that can equal it. The name of its manufacturers is a guarantee of its superior worth.

While the great doctors wrangle over the technicalities of an advanced medical science that can not cure disease, such simple preparations yearly snatch millions from untimely graves.

They'll never more be *missed*—the successful fair who dare to leap in 1888.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

A combination lock makes a good chest-protector.—*Picayune.*

Half-Rate Excursions to Kansas and Nebraska.

The Missouri Pacific Railway will run excursions to all points in Kansas and Nebraska forty miles west and south of Missouri River Points, at one fare for the round trip, on the following dates: March 21st, April 4th and 25th, May 9th and 23d, and June 6th. The tickets are good for 20 days, 10 days allowed for going passage and five days for return trip, with stop over privileges in the territory to which these special rates are made.

An angry dog is an animal of cur-rage.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar cures Coughs and bronchitis and consumption. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The church belle is sometimes found in the choir.—*Boston Bulletin.*

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. Merchants only. R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

To dream of a bear betokens mischief, which your vision shows you is a *bruin.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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SPRING DEBILITY.

Every one needs a spring tonic—a remedy which will strengthen and invigorate the system and tone up the action of all the organs. The spring is the time above all others for the sick to get well; it is the time for the comparatively well to keep in good health by the use of a judiciously selected spring medicine.

With the advent of spring comes malaria, nervousness and debility. A weak and tired feeling, if neglected, always results in nervous and physical exhaustion. Cure these diseases, or guard against them by the use of DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC, which is the greatest and best of all spring medicines. This wonderful remedy is recommended by physicians, druggists and the people every where as being the most marvelous in its effects of any known medicine. If you are nervous, irritable, dreamy and can not sleep nights, use this remedy at once and your nerves will become strong and your sleep calm, natural and refreshing. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite for breakfast, and feel weak, languid and exhausted, this remarkable remedy will clear your head, give you an appetite, restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaint, pain and weakness in the back, this remedy will give you sure relief and cure. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, palpitation, paralysis, numbness, trembling and all nervous diseases.

Use this Remedy and you will never regret it. It is purely vegetable, and its wonderful effects afford a safe, sure and positive cure. Do not be persuaded to take any thing else, for this remedy has no equal. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age. All druggists keep it. Price, $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Its discoverer, Dr. GREENE, 35 West 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

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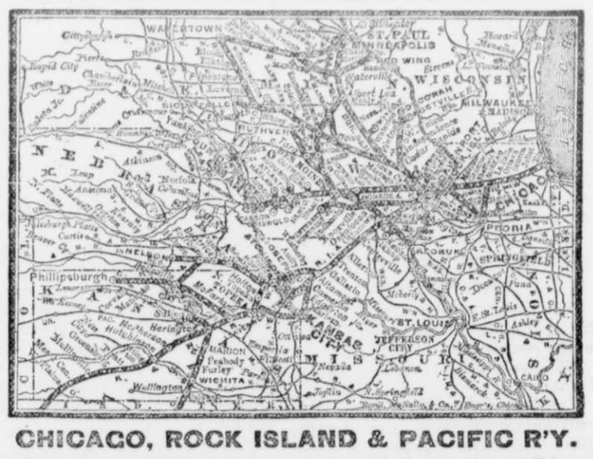
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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more protracted and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skilful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

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"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

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Large bottles (100 doses) $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

Legislative Notes.

The Legislature adjourned Monday night at midnight, to the great relief of the people of the State.

Bills were passed for this county as follos:

The Garrett county treasurer bill, providing for the appointment of the county treasurer by the Governor, was read for the third time. Mr. Stake moved to strike out the enacting clause. He said he regretted that a sense of duty compelled him to oppose the bill; that he was compelled in the closing hours of the Senate to invade what is termed senatorial courtesy, the obligation of which he felt as strongly as any Senator. Mr. Stake read from a veto of Goy. Whyte of a bill providing for the appointment of a commission by the Governor to build a court house in Washington county, which Governor Whyte held to be against the principle of local self-government. He contended that the people in Garrett county were the people most interested who shall be their treasurer; best suited to make the appointment. He argued that the distance of Garrett county from the State capital, its local surroundings, &c., made it specially improper to place the appointment in the hands of the Governor.

Mr. Browning interrupted Mr. Stake to say that he proposed to amend the bill so as to provide for the appointment of the treasurer by the county commissioners. The bill was so amended and passed the Senate without a dissenting vote.

Bill to amend charter of Shealtiel Lodge, No. 122, Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Garrett county; to authorize county commissioners of Garrett to build a bridge over Castleman's creek; to charter the Oakland bank; the bill relating to repairs on the legislative road at Selbysport, as amended; relating to fees of States' Attorney; to incorporate the community of Mountain Lake Park, Md.

The Local Option bill, as amended by the Senate, was defeated in the House Monday night, by a vote of 24 for to 29 against.

Legislation for the Cash Down.

The Hagerstown *Mail* is, so far as we have seen, the only Democratic journal in the State that has uttered a word of protest against the active and unscrupulous lobby which has been trading in legislation at Annapolis during the present session of the General Assembly. So bold have these harpies grown, under the kindly tolerance of legislators whose votes they openly bargained away, that they invaded the two chambers while legislation was going on, and an opposition Senator was constrained to ask that body to make a feeble assertion of its dignity by ordering them to leave the floor.

Mr. Henry W. Rogers, one of the best known citizens of Baltimore, in a letter published over his own name, gives to the public two instances of the potent influence of the lobby over the law-making power. Mr. Rogers and other humanitarians were urging the passage of a bill to protect dumb animals from cruelty. The bill's varying fortunes were finally settled in this way: Having been reported favorably it was passed, recousidered and returned to committee, where it was held. The gentlemen who desired the passage of the bill were informed that it could be passed if they "would put up two hundred and fifty dollars." They declined the offer—and the bill was killed.

In the second case given by Mr. Rogers, "the opponents of the bill contributed five hundred dollars, and put it in the hands of a Baltimore lawyer. He went to Annapolis and throttled the measure in the committee."

This sort of thing has come to be a recognized factor in Maryland legislation. And it is a great shame.—*Bel Air Times.*

The Baltimore *Sun*, in speaking of the lobby, says:—The difficulties of a legislative session are greatly heightened by the presence of that organized band known as the "third house," which is composed of shrewd and unscrupulous men, who ply their infamous trade for money, and by means of its corrupting influence are ever ready to entrap the weak and unwary. Never perhaps in the history of one session have they reared a bolder front or resorted to more desperate means than during the ninety eventful days just closed at Annapolis,

How much was paid to the lobby to secure the repeal of our local option law?

Legislative Expenses.

A deficiency bill has passed appropriating $26,000 to pay the additional expenses of the Legislature for this session: this is in addition to the regular appropriation made at the last session for this purpose. This will run up the expenses of this session to near $121,000.

The expense of the notorious and profligate session of 1880 was $120,000. There was such a hue and cry over this that a reformation was begun, Hence the session of 1882 was but $105,846.77—a reduction of nearly $15,000.

The reformation continuing, the session of 1884 was $101,904.91—about $18,000 less; but thence departing and getting into the old loose habits and customs of 1880, the session of of 1886 ran up to $110,698.65. But now the present session of 1888 promises to go back to the worst periods of our political manngement and to surpass the corruptions and waste of 1880.

How does it come that the session 1884 should cost but $101,904 96 and the present one $121,000? There is but one just basis for it—improvidence, waste and extravagance.—*Hagerstown Mail, Democrat.*

We have but to turn to the influential and untrameled part of the Democratic press of this state to see the true standing of the present legislature of our state. There are a number of noble spirits (Democrats) who have acted out their convictions, but it is a deplorable fact that there are just a sufficient number of obstructionists to hinder healthy legislation. These obstructionists may be so for diflerent reasons: Some who believe devotion to the Democratic party should take precedence of all other action, while others are evidently mere creatures of the lobby, of which the Baltimore *Sun* loudly complains. It seems hardly possible that Maryland, situated so favorably geographically should be in the background with regard to advance thought. Are not our present legislators afraid that the Northern counties will speak with telling effect in the near future? That Maryland should be behind any of the far South states in the matter of wise and progressive legislation is one of the unexplained anomalies of the hour.—*Howard County Progress.*

How About Other Bills.

It is rare for rascality to come to the surface in such dramatic fashion as on Saturday in the Maryland Senate. It is unfortunate, indeed, that it does not, as those who really strive to represent the people properly would then have their eyes opened to what is going on under their noses, while the unworthy would be so abashed by exposure as to have their power for evil measurably destroyed. Had not Senator Peter become possessed of a sudden impulse to call up the Gas bill, its theft would not have been discovered until too late for effective action, and the people of this community would still be the helpless victims of the gas companies. This would have been a minor calamity, however, beside the withdrawal of publicity from the action of the lobby. Had it occurred in the closing hours, the matter would have been lightly passed over, as was the theft of the Mining Inspection bill two years ago, and the attention of the public would not have been riveted upon the methods which prevail in the State Legislature.

The *American* has repeatedly warned the people of these pernicious practices, but it has never before been able so graphically to illustrate them by bringing forward witnesses in the august persons of the Senators themselves. The entire body was for the moment paralyzed by the audacity of these legislation-mongers. Perhaps, had there not been such a popular outcry for the passage of this particular bill, the Senate would not even then have been so dumfounded. There was, subsequently, great difficulty in keeping the House up to the mark, and the lobbyists, if we consider their determined efforts to seduce the members, do not appear to have been much set back by the discovery of their infamous plot.

But it would be of more general interest to find out how many worthy measures have been defeated during the present session by parallel or even worse devices, and how many unworthy measures have been rushed through both bodies by underhand means, in defiance of the will of those who by their probity and intelligence ought to lead the sentiment of the legislature. The proceedings have been terribly lax and aimless from the beginning. Bills have been bandied about between the two houses over and over again because the members did not know what they had voted for. In fact, they arose in their seats on many occasions and confessed as much, as though it was a pardonable oversight to vote for an important measure without the slightest knowledge of its contents.

Do the voters of this State propose to submit to such downright insults much longer? This legislature, it must be borne in mind, is the result of a desperate effort of the Democratic party to reform itself. "If they do these things in a green tree," freshly watered with the tears of repentance, "what shall be done in the dry," when the people are again off their guard and in a fit mood to be worked upon by the insiduous intrigues of the managers? The public will watch very closely the closing hours of this legislature for other stolen bills and for the passage of some by tricks just as bad as that exposed on Saturday.—*Baltimore American.*

The Republican Side Presented.

WASHINGTON, April [illegible]. port of the minority of the committee on Ways and Means on the tariff bill was prepared by Mr. McKinley, and is signed by all the Republican members of the committee. The opening paragraps are as follows:

The extraordinary manner in which this bill came to the committee and the total lack o consideration given to so grave a measure by those charged with its investigation, demand notice and comment. It was fashioned outside of the committee and reached it notby the reference of the House, which is the usual channel through which committees obtain jurisdiction of a subject. It was presented readymade by the chairman of the committee; was framed, completed and printed without the knowledge o the minority and without consideration or discussion in the full committee. If any consultation were held the minority were excluded.

The Representatives on the floor of the House were not permitted to to voice the wants of their constituents. Proposing a grave measure which would affect all of the people in their employments, their labor, and their incomes, the majority persistently refused the people the right of hearing and discussing; denied them the simple privilege of presenting reasons and arguments against their proposed action.

But as the bill, as avowed, is a political one, believed to present [illegible] as it does the views of the President and his party associates, a bill which, with the President's free trade message, is to constitute the issue, and be the platform of the party, it may account for, but will not justify this extraordinary course of procedure.

The bill is a radical reversal of the tariff policy of the country. If enacted into a law it will disturb every branch of business, retard manufacturing and agricultural prosperity, and seriously impair our industrial independence. It undertakes to revise our entire revenue system: substantially all of the tariff schedules are affected; both classification and rates are changed. Specific duties are in many cases changed to advalorem, which all the experience has shown is productive of frauds and undervaluations. It does not correct the irregularities of the present tariff; it only aggravates them. It introduces uncertainties in interpretation, which will embarrass its administration, promote contention and litigation, and give to the customs officers a latitude of construction which will produce endless controversy and confusion. It is marked with a sectionalism which every patriotic citizen must deplore.

If the majority desire to insure the handing of our steel rail market to our English rivals, the proposed duty of $11 will accomplish this purpose unless the workingmen who are employed in producing the rail materials are willing to accept still lower wages than they are now receiving and the railroad companies which transport the raw materials are willing to greatly reduce their freight rates. Have the majority any assurance that the working-men and the railroad companies are willing to accept these conditions? Neither were heard before the committee.

The supply of steel rails to the Pacific coast is now in the hands of foreigners, because of the cheap transportation by water from foreign ports, the existing duty of $17 not being sufficient to enable our mannfacturars to compete for that trade.

It should be remembered that our manufacturers of steel rails consume almost one half of all the pig iron that the country produces. If this great market for American iron ores and pig iron is to be destroyed the country need not be told of the distress which will come to labor and the bankruptcy which will come to producers.

Let Down the Curtain.

Baltimore Sunday American.

The legislature of 1888 has about made up its record. And what a record it is! One will look in vain to find its equal. Elected on a platform filled with pledges of reformation, it has achieved a worse reputation than any of its predecessors, whose scandals have given rise to the cry of reform within the party. Called to correct the evils which former legislatures inflicted upon the people, it has outdone them in waste and extravagance, in the hampering of the State's trade, in attempts to create sinecures for party workers, in subserviency to the ring masters, of whose rule the party promised to rid itself last fall, in shameless disregard of the rights of the minority and local self-government, and in a lack of comprehension of the duties and responsibilities of legislators. That the bosses were not powerful enough to carry out all their schemes was not their fault. The city delegation did its best to aid them. The gerrymander scheme, the mayorality extension project, the various inspection laws, the bills for the creation of useless offices, the Emigration bill, had in the city delegation their most ardent advocates. The city delegation's corner was bossism's city of refuge; scorned and rejected by the counties, the bosses knew that in the city delegation they could find succor. Think for a moment what the result would have been had the House in all things been guided by a majority of the city delegates; imagine what sort of legislation we should have had, had the county members been as compliant to the wishes of the managers as the bulk of the city's representatives! The indignation of the people against boss control must be heightened by the reflection that had there been a city delegation in the House equal in independence to one-third of the county members, the legislature might have closed its services at midnight to-morrow with a clean page. The eighteen members of the city delegation in the House, constituting one fifth of the membership of that body, wield a potent influence in legislation as well as in example. An anti-ring delegation might have accomplished an immense deal of good for the state. It is too late now for the Democrats who supported the ring in the last election to cry out against the scandals and disgraceful proceedings of the session. Bossism has never descended to lower depths than this winter; the lobby has never plied its trade as openly; contributions to the Grandmother's Fund have never been levied more boldly. Yet, that was the inevitable result of the last election. The men who voted for the bosses' candidates did it with eyes open, and the responsibility rests with them; they would not listen to the appeals of Independent Democrats, to send the bosses to the rear. Ring organs and ring orators waxed warm in their indignation at the assertions of independent orators who predicted what has just come to pass. The session has proven that many of the ring champions stooped to falsehood and deceit last fall, to elect the ticket of the bosses. Take the Democratic platform, with its multitudinous promises, and then review the results of the session! In less than forty-eight hours the curtain will fall on the wretched farce, which opened with the adoption of the "reform" platform, and ended with the stealing of the Gas bill. One of the amusing performances in the comedy was the reconcilement of George Colton with the old ring combination. The kiss-and-make-up act took place behind the scenes. It is said to have been the most touching sight since the day that Henry IV. knelt barefooted in the deep snow, at the gates of Canossa, humbly beseeching pardon for his transgressions while a kicker, and promising to be a kicker no longer. More tears were shed on the interesting occasion of Mr. Colton's return to the true fold, than on that equally joyful occasion eight years ago, when after the caucus which elected Gorman United States Senator, and George Colton police commissioner, the two insisted upon sleeping in the same bed, hugging and kissing each other, and tears of gratitude running in a deluge down their cheeks. Mr. Colton has since denied that he was responsible for any of the weeping and kissing, and that Mr. Gorman was the sole weeper and kisser; in fact, that there was no necessity of his kissing Gorman, because while he did the work, Gorman reaped the reward. Colton, who a few years ago thought himself powerful enough to be Gorman's rival, and cherished the hope that one day he would dethrone him from the boss-ship of "the party," has lived long enough to become one of Gorman's subordinates; to serve the man he hated and to outdo any of the allies of the bosses in the championship of the schemes of the ring. Another good man gone wrong; another converted "reformer" re-converted to "the party" from whose fold he strayed when the canal presidency was refused him. Why did he go back? Probably because he could not help it. He saw in and about the State House so many of his old friends at their old stands that his heart ached to be once more with his separated brethren. The old love returned, the thought of being once more a boss possessed him, and with the zeal of such persons he was foremost in the projects demanded by the managers. But, some one asks, why did he, at the very moment that there was need of a reformer "within the party," and when he so easily could have used his power and influence as a legislator to show up the corruption of the old ring, go back to those he had so recently hated? Why, indeed! Whenever Mr. Colton publishes his confessions, a chapter on the subject will be interesting reading to his friends, and perhaps also to his enemies. The fact remains that he has made his submission, that he has been admitted into the circle, that on the floor of the House he gloried to be again under the banner of bossism and the rule of the men whom he has not hesitated to accuse of some very reprehensible practices. He is with them now, but his assistance did not avail them to pass the gerrymandering and other darling projects.

RETRENCHING THE WRONG WAY.

What the managers and the champions meant last fall, when they promised the people that this would be an economical legislature, a retrenching body that would see that the people's money was properly expended, etc., may be seen by its expenditures. The last legislature appropriated $95,000 for the ordinary expenses of the legislature of 1888. But this was not enough; hence a few days ago a deficiency bill of $26,000 passed both houses, making the entire expenses of the session $121,000. In 1880, the first session under Governor Hamilton's administration the expenses were $120,000. The Governor, provoked at this waste of public money, fired his famous bombshell, in which he gave a detail of these expenditures, and called upon the people to rise against the men responsible for it. The result of the next election was the defeat of the bosses' candidates in such strong counties as Montgomery and Harford; the snowing under of a favorite senator in Talbot county, and last, but not least, the stampede of the bosses in this city and their nomination of ex-Governor Whyte for mayor. The legislature of 1882, perceiving that the people were aroused, managed to get along with an expenditure of $105,000, a reduction of $15,000. Governor Hamilton continued in his good work, and in 1884, when he left the Executive Mansion, the expenditures were reduced to $101,000, and the legislature was none the worse for it. But as soon as the eye of the ex-Governor was withdrawn, the old era of waste returned, and at the last session, an avowedly profligate one, the expenses amounted to $110,000. But even this is exceeded by the present legislature with its appropriation of $121,000. The number of members is the same as it was in 1884, when the expenditures were only $101,000. This is a sample of the reform and retrenchment promises of the bosses.

Reflect also on the printing scandal of the session. In 1880, when the ring combination was at its worst, when the old ring and the new were welded together, when, as has since been admitted, the printer had to divy with the lobby, and was elected by a caucus as a reward for partisan services, the printing bill was $38,000. Governor Hamilton denounced it as a specimen of boss extravagance, and strong as the bosses then were, succeeded in having it cut down in 1882 to $25,000. But Governor Hamilton insisted that this was too high. He labored incessantly to bring about a reform in this branch, and before he vacated the governor's chair had the satisfaction of seeing the Printing bill cut down to $14,000 for the session of 1884. In 1886, after a short breathing spell, the bosses managed to bring up the Printing bill to a trifle over $15,000. But in this session, the session which the managers predicted would be distinguished for economy and retrenchment, the printer claims that according to contract rates he is entitled to $42,000, and the legislature jumps at his offer to compromise for $25,500! What next?

WHAT THEY TRIED TO DO.

It is unnecessary to go over the record of this body, which, in the management of its own affairs, was so extravagant, to find how its ring contingent tried to burden the people with unnecesssary jobs and office-holders. The Oyster Inspection bill, which tried to make the oyster industry a political machine; the Immigration bill, with its $20,000 office-holders; numerous inspection bills, which would have hampered the commerce of the state, and the only object of which was to create more office-holders, the licensing of stationary engineers, &c., were defeated though the bosses pressed them, on account of the independence of a majority of the county members and a few city men. The Gerrymander and Mayorality Extension bills were the darling schemes of the combined boss power. To pass the first, they cajoled, bulldozed, threatened and cracked the party whip. Knowing the terror that the party name inspires in the breast of the average legislator, they tried to make it a party issue. The chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee demanded its passage on that ground; he declared it must be done; that the national committee had commanded it to be done; that Democrats must stand by the party; that a united Democracy was rising up, calling on Democrats to gerrymander the state. All the other bosses seconded Mr. Archer's missionary work. A caucus was decided upon, but so great was the opposition that it had to be abandoned. Word went out that the bill must be passed, caucus or no caucus. Then was enacted that disgraceful scene which transformed the House of Delegates into a pandemomium, and the ring leaders into raving madmen. The city delegation, with only one exception, stood by the bosses, and several of its members took a leading part in the howling act that followed the roll-call. The bosses rejoiced at the passage of the bill, but respectable members of the House bowed their neads in shame. Even its reputed father was so ashamed of his alleged off-spring that he came very near abandoning it in the hour of its greatest distress. But public opinion was too strong to permit the Senate to yield to the bosses after the House had put it through. Ignoble as was its birth, its death was still more shameful. Its withdrawal was the confession of bossdom that their whip was not strong enough to bend the independent spirit of anti-ring senators.

The pledges to the workingmen by "the party" have been equally disregarded. The semi-monthly pay bill, the arbitration bill, and other bills which they demanded have met the fate of the other promises given in the last campaign.

Newspapers in 1888.

From the edition of Geo. P. Rowell & Co's "American Newspaper Directory," published April 2nd (its twentieth year), it appears that the Newspapers and Periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada, now number 16,310, showing a gain of 890 during the last 12 months and of 7,136 in 10 years.

The publishers of the directory assert that the impression that when the proprietor of a newspaper undertakes to state what has been his exact circulation, he does not generally tell the truth is an erroneous one; and they conspicuously offer a reward of $100 for every instance in their book for this year, where it can be shown that the detailed report received from a publisher was untrue.

Judge Wheeler, of New Jersey, a life long Democrat, has announced that he will hereafter act with the Republican party. He says: "As far as Cleveland is concerned, I would not support him under any circumstances. The Democratic party is placed on record for free trade, and no other construction can be placed on the words and acts of the Democratic leaders in Washington, led on by the administration. All of our national interests are against it, and I think the soldiers, from what I can find from conversation with hundreds of them, will vote almost solid against Cleveland. On this platform New Jersey is a sure Republican State next fall."

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trespassing upon any of our lands, near Oakland, for any purpose whatever. Trespassers will be subjected to the extreme penalties of the law.

3 24 4t MARY D. CROOK.
FANNYD. READE,

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

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NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 4t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—See Offutt's line of silk veilings, open this week.

—An Original Belle, by Edward P. Roe, at Thos. Little's, for 25 cts.

—"Tip Top Bustle," closes like a penknife, at Offutt's.

—Largest line of Ladies' cloth in the county, at Offutt's.

—Buy your wall paper and alabastine at Nydegger's Drug Store.

—Offutt will receive 1,000 bushels Ohio White Seed Oats, this week.

—Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, was in town Sunday and Monday.

—Japanese buckwheat is a great curiosity. Go to Offutt's and see it.

—A full line of heavy and fine men's and boy's shoes at S. P. Specht's.

—Bender's Tonic Elixer Vitae, for sale at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store, Grantsville, Md.

—All kinds of paints, oils, varnishes, alabastine and wall paper, at Nydegger's Drug Store.

—Just received at M. L. Scott's, a complete line of Spring Millinery goods.

—Mr. G. W. Legge has so far recovered as to be able to drive out in favorable weather.

—Mr. Albert Ross is now in the postoffice, Mr. Thad. Hinebaugh having accepted a clerkship in his father's store.

—Dr. H. J. Miller's celebrated family medicines are for sale at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store, Grantsville, Md.

—A new supply of Blair's Keystone Stationery, just received at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store, Grantsville, Md.

—If you want reliable garden seeds use D. M. Ferry & Co's, for sale at L. Muhlenberg's Variety Store, Grantsville, Md.

—The Piedmont *Herald* says the West Virginia Central will put 1,000 men at work on the extension this week if they can be found.

—Notice the call for our town election. Look up good men for the offices. Our streets and sidewalks should be put in better condition.

—Mr. B. C. Washington, of Jefferson county, W. Va., was in Garrett last week attending the funeral of his uncle, Mr. Wm. C. Cunningham.

—Married, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., Sunday, April 1st, 1888, by Rev. Dr. Bolton, Mr. F. P. Arnold and Mrs. Minnie A. Finnell, both of the county.

—Owing to the recent decline in corsets you can now buy the celebrated Coraline Corset at 75 cents, and other brands at proportionately low prices, at Offutt's.

—Hon. J. P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland Tuesday to make arrangements for the starting of the Oakland bank. The bank will be opened as soon as a suitable building can be erected.

—Messrs. W. H. Riley and Austin Brown, of Selbysport, filed their bond Tuesday for the faithful performance of their duty as the contractors for the stone work for the new Selbysport bridge. The entire contract was announced as having been let to the bridge company, but this was a mistake, as the contract for the stone work was let to the above named gentlemen, who are good workmen, and will no doubt do the work in the best possible manner.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Off for Utah.

Three families, Mormon converts, left Oakland Tuesday night for Salt Lake City, Utah. This seems to be the sum total of the result of the labors of the three Mormon missionaries who have been at work in this county for the past two years. The families were from the Meadow Mountain section, and their names were Feigh, Bittinger and Speicher.

Lost, Lost.

On the 16th or 17th of March, in Oakland, a ladie's small gold watch, Hunting case, Swiss works. A suitable reward will be paid, and no questions asked, if same is left at Sturgiss' Drug Store.

Clothing, Clothing.

S. P. Specht has the finest and best assorted line of ready made clothing ever brought to McHenry, which will be sold at rock bottom for cash or good produce.

Our New School Board.

The Governor, under the law passed at the late session of the Legislature, appointed Messrs. G. W. Merrill, Wm. D. Hoye, and S. H. Ryland School Commissioners for this county, to enter upon the duties of their office July 1st, 1888.

Artesian Wells.

Good pure water is a necessity in every household. Drilled wells furnish the best, purest and cheapest. Kemphfer, Jamison & Co. will drill you a well and guarantee it, at the lowest possible figure. Address or call on them at Oakland, Md.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

More Pensions and Bounty.

A gentleman representing the Washington office of Milo B. Stevens & Co. will be at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md., Friday April 13, and at the Virginia House, Keyser, W. Va., Saturday, the 14th, to receive claims for pensions, bounty etc., which interested parties may desire to have prosecuted by said attorneys.

Notice.

To all persons wanting carriage or wagon making done and all kinds of wood work repairs, would do well to call on F. R. Enos, at Richardson's old stand, adjoining A. D. Naylor's Blacksmith shop. Also wood work for blacksmiths put up at short notice. Good lumber taken in exchange for work. All work guaranteed.

F. R. ENOS.

For Sale Cheap.

The white bronze monument and tombstone agency for Garrettt county, Md., and Preston county, W. Va., at a reduced price, on account of bad health. A good chance for an energetic man to make money. Full outfit free. Call on me at once, as I expect to leave the county soon.

MRS. MARY TASKER,
Oakland, Md.

Notice.

Having fitted up the shop recently vacated by G. F. Richardson, I am prepared to do all kinds of carriage, wagon and house painting and paper hanging, on short notice. Prices reasonable and work first-class. Work guaranteed. Asking for a share of the patronage of the public,

I remain, yours truly,
W. F. KING.

Oakland, April 3, 1888.

Removals in Town.

Among the changes of residence in town not mentioned in our last issue we note the following:

H. W. Hessen, to his farm in the southern suburb of Oakland.

Michael Chrystol to the house vacated by Mr. Hessen.

J. W. Calhoun, to the house near Rasche's mill.

Dr. Manown, from Weston, W. Va., to his property on Alder street, known as the Kepner property.

Mrs. R. J. West, to Bell property.

G. H. Pritchard, to the Felty building.

Death of Wm. C. Cunningham.

It is with sincere regret that the REPUBLICAN announces to its readers the death of Mr. William C. Cunningham, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Garrett county. For a long while the deceased had been in declining health and a continual sufferer from an obtuse malady. On the morning of March the 30th, at his residence, "Cheviot Dale," death interposed and he passed peacefully away in the 71st year of his age. Mr. Cunningham was classically educated, and in the realm of letters his knowledge took a wide range. His veins were supplied with blood from two of the most ancient and historic families that have brightened the pages of this country's history—the Washingtons and the Lees.

Examinations.

The regular term examinations were held in study room of "Massey Hall," on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday before Easter, with satisfactory results. Papers were prepared in Latin, natural philosophy, physical geography and higher arithmetic, with descriptive geography and U. S. history for junior pupils. The work of the term evidences care and deep interest on the part of teachers and pupils. It is to be regretted that the school is so limited on account of room. We ought to have at least room enough to warrant the reception of applicants from our own county. As it is the principal is compelled to decline to receive more than a certain number. The benefits of so thorough a school should be extended to all, and must be if its work is to have any lasting influence upon education here. We understand that Garrett county teachers who desire advanced studies can take special courses in any branch desired, either as fitting for State Normal or for more thorough work in the school room. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of the work done at "Massey Hall," and we heartily commend the school to the attention of our people.

Another Opportunity to visit Washington.

Notwithstanding the unusually severe weather that prevailed at the time of the last excursion to Washington, the patronage it received further demonstrated that the opportunities for cheap travel extended by the B. & O. Company are fully appreciated by the general public.

The fourth of the popular series of Washington excursions is therefore announced to be run on Thursday, April 12th,

As this excursion will probably close the series, every one who can spare the time should take advantage of it. The train will leave stations as given below,—the rate of fare annexed:

Leave Terra Alta 7.51, 11.18 A. M., and 11.35 P. M., $6.25; Oakland 8.09, 11 38 A. M. and 11.53 P. M. $6.00; Piedmont 9.05, 12.54 A. M. and 12 34 P. M., $5.50; Keyser 9.20 A. M., 12.50 P. M. and 1.09 A. M. $5.35.

The tickets are valid for return passage until Saturday, April 21st, inclusive, on all regular trains, and good for trip from Washington to Baltimore at any time during the time limit.

Sleeping cars will be attached to all trains and Parlor cars to the 11.18 A. M. train through to Washington and Baltimore.

Mt. Lake Park.

We seem to have emerged from the depths of winter to bright and beautiful spring within the last few days.

The cottages offered for rent here are being taken up pretty rapidly. The outlook for a large gathering this season is very encouraging.

Easter day was a very bright and happy one to us all, but especially to Mr. F. P. Arnold, who took to himself on that day a bright and cheery wife. Our best wishes attend them through life.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland Garrett county, Md., for the month ending March 31:

Allen, Geo. R.	Mosser, J. W.
Bubb, H. C.	Morland, James
Beckwith, Geo. H.	Ney, J. O.
Casteel, J.	Oberndorf, D.
Curtis, Miss Ethel.	Pendleton, Jo.
Ellis, Werin	Paugh, Hariet
Hutchinson, S. E.	Poy, Thomas J.
Jenkins, Miss Catherine,	White, Miss Jennie White, Mrs. Rhena
Louden, J. B. 2.	Whitesel Eli
McNormel & Lloyd.	Young, G. B.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Be Sure and Consult Optician.

Prof. Sam'l Little, graduate optician, of the firm of S. T. Little & Sons, Jewelers, Cumberland, Md., and Grafton, W. Va., will visit Oakland, Md., April 13th and 14th. Persons suffering from optical defects should not fail to call; have their trouble diagnosed and secure glasses which will give comfort and happiness. Prof. Little can be consulted at the Commercial Hotel. He will visit Newburg April 6th and 7th. Rowlesburg, April 9th and 10th; Terra Alta, April 11th and 12th.

Consultations free.

Respectfully,
S. T. LITTLE & SONS.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Uphold Your Own Town.

An exchange gives the following ten reasons why people should spend their money at home. They are so forcible and well put that we cannot refrain from presenting them to our readers, hoping they will give them the consideration they deserve:

1st. It is your home; you cannot improve it much by taking money away to spend or invest.

2d. There is no way of improving a place so much as by encouraging good merchants, good schools and good people settling among you; this cannot be done unless you spend your money at home.

3d. Spend your money at home because there is where you generally get it. It is your duty.

4th. Spend your money at home, because when it is necessary for you to get credit, it is of your town merchants that you generally get it; and they must wait for the money. Therefore when you have the cash in hand spend it at home.

5th. Spend your money at home. It will make better merchants of your merchants; they can and will keep better assortments, and sell at lower rates than if the only business they can do is what is credited out while the money goes to other places.

6th. Spend your money at home. You may have sons growing up who will some day be the the best merchant in town. Help to lay the foundation of them now. It is a duty. It may be your pride in after years to say: "By my trading at the store I got my son a position as a clerk, and now he's a proprietor." Then you will think it hard if your neighbors spend their money out of town. Set the example now.

7th. Spend your money at home. Set the example now. Buy your dry goods, groceries, meats and everything at home, and you will see a great change in a short time in the business outlook of the place; therefore, deal with your home merchants.

8th. Spend your money at home. What do you gain by going off? Count the costs; see what you could have done at home, by letting your merchant have the cash. Strike a balance and see if you would not have been just as well off, besides helping your merchant.

9th. Spend your money at home. Your merchants are your neighbors, your friends, they stand by you in sickness; are your associates, without your trade they cannot keep your business. No store, then no banks, no one waiting to buy property to settle on and build up your place.

10th. Merchants should do their advertising at home. They should get their bill-heads, circulars, cards, letter heads, envelopes and all other printing at home, of their own newspapers, who aid them in many ways, and advertise them hundreds of times without any pay whatever.

Foot Wear! Foot Wear!



We have just received a line of Ladies', Misse's, and Children's Fine Shoes, direct from the Factory. We handle nothing in the shoe line but what is made by Frst-class Factories.



Every pair warranted as represented. You are cordially invited to inspect our stock, especially "Evitt's Perfect Fitting Hand-made Shoes."

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, M.

HOMOEOPATHY. — Homœopathy, like Gravitation, is a law of Nature: its expression is *Similia Similibus Curantur*—"like cures like"; a handful of snow cures a frosted ear—snow is like frost but is not frost. Similarly with drugs; each one when taken by a person in health, produces certain "symptoms"—nausea, fever, chills, etc., and when similiar symptoms are met in sickness those drugs will cure if it be possible; such, in brief is Homœopathy, the most successful system, or, indeed, the only one, for it is nature's, and all cures, knowingly or not, must work by the same law. It will pay the reader to write for a copy of our little manual, "The Medical Index," and for our book catalogue. Leading druggists sell our medicines, or we will send a 50 dose vial of any desired remedy for 25 cents. Address BOERICKE & TAFEL, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimare, Md. Oldest Homœopathic Pharmacy and Publishing House. Established in 1835. 3 24 3m.

The proportion of genius to the vulgar is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one to ten millions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

476 JOSEPH LASHORN, Mayor.

S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between P. T. Garthright and H. C. Duckworth, under the style of Garthright & Duckworth, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., was mutually dissolved April 3d, 1888. The books will be in the hands of P. T. Garthright until July 1st, 1888, when all accounts not settled by that date will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
H. C. DUCKWORTH.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., April 4, 1888.

The business of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, will be conducted by the undersigned, at the old stand, where boots, shoes, notions and clothing will be sold at cost until the stock is reduced.

I will keep for sale a full supply of the Oliver Chilled plows, best in the market, clover and timothy seed, and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

474 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
8 25 '88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Minnie E. Spiker and others against Henry Fitzwater, the same being No. 8, Judicials to May Term, 1888, on the Docket of said Court, I, the undersigned, Sheriff of Garrett county aforesaid, to whom said writ was directed, did seize, levy upon and take in execution all the right, title, interest and estate, both at law and in Equity of the said Henry Fitzwater of, in and to all those pieces, parcels or tracts of land situated in Garrett county aforesaid, which were conveyed to Martha A. E. Fitzwater by John L. Fitzwater and wife by deed bearing date the 26th day of October, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 548, &c., of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., and which are more particularly described in a deed from Silas Fitzwater and wife to John L. Fitzwater, dated December 20th, 1886, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 25, folio 355, of the Land Records of Allegany county, Md. The said tracts or parcels of land are the same upon which Albert Fitzwater now resides, and upon which the said Martha A. E. Fitzwater resided at the time of her death, being located near the county road, about three and a quarter miles North from Swanton, in said Garrett county, a station upon the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, adjoining the lands of Joseph R. Anderson, Theodore Beckman and others, and containing sixty-five acres of land, more or less. One of said tracts being known and designated by the name of

"HUNTING SEASON,"

granted to the said Silas Fitzwater by the State of Maryland by patent bearing date of March 5th, 1856 and recorded in Liber G. G B. No. 8 folio 450, &c.

The said premises are improved by a dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. And I hereby give notice that on

MONDAY, APRIL 30th, 1888,

at the hour of 11 o'clock A. M., in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, aforesaid, I will offer for sale all the right, title and interest of Henry Fitzwater of, in and to the said land at public auction to the highest *bona fide* bidder for cash, to satisfy said execution and costs.

E. E. SOLLARS,
4 7 4t Sheriff.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

CORPORATION ELECTION NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, To the qualified voters of the town of Oakland, that an election will be held on

Monday, April 16th, 1888,

for the purpose of electing one person for Mayor, to serve for a term of two years; three persons for Councilmen, to serve for a term of two years, and one person for Councilman to serve out the unexpired term of H. A. Rasche.

J. W. HART,
4 7 t e Clerk.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO., 1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

For sale by W. C. L. Sorrell, Oakland, Md

TRUSTEE'S SALE
— OF VALUABLE —
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed in a certain cause wherein Wm. D. Burton, et. al, are plaintiffs and Elizabeth A. White is defendant, being No. 409, Equity on the Docket of said Court, the undersigned, as trustee, will sell, by public auction, to the highest *bona fide* bidder, in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., on

TUESDAY, APRIL 10th, 1888,

at 11 o'clock A. M., all that piece, parcel, or tract of land situated in said county, known as

"CANDAHAR,"

and described as follows: Beginning for the same at the end of 200 perches on the 3d line of a tract of land called "SMALL MEADOWS," it being also at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "BOYLE'S SORROW," and running thence with the 2d line of the last mentioned tract N. 3¾ W. 208 perches to the end of the said 2d line, then leaving the lines of this tract West 11 perches to the 6th line of a tract of land—"CHARLES' DISAPPOINTMENT," and with it S. 3¾ E. 62 perches to the end of the said 6th line, then with the given line of said tract S. 35° W. 232 perches to the beginning thereof, and also to the end of 446 perches on the 3d line of "Small Meadows" aforesaid, and reversing said line N. 59° E. 245 perches to the beginning, containing 133¾ acres, more or less.

It being the same land which was conveyed to Patience Burton, Ann M. Armstrong and Elizabeth A. White by Peter Devecmon, by deed bearing date December 8th, 1857, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 16 folios 468, &c., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Md.

Said land lies about two miles West of Oakland on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, is timber land underlaid with coal, with an opening to a four foot vein.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from date of sale, or all cash on day of sale at the option of the purchaser; the deferred payments to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser, with surety or sureties to be approved by the trustee and to bear interest from date of sale.

W. P. TOWNSHEND,
3 17 4t Trustee.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

8 24 DAVID LITTLE.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

VOICES OF THE FUTURE.

The voices of the past are ever sounding,
And give their impulse to our present life,
In wisdom of the ages deep abounding,
To cheer or warn amid our daily strife.

In times of joy they come to us with blessing,
To breathe their peace when all is bright and fair,
In hours of grief they blend with thoughts depressing,
And bring us aid our burdens' weight to bear.

The voices of the future, too, are calling,
Though few may listen to their faint appeal,
All unobserved their accents gently falling,
Reverberate with coming woe or weal.

Whene'er we strive and conquer, their applauding
Is gently borne as with an angel's breath,
But when we falter, coming time defrauding,
They whisper coldly as with chill of death.

Whatever wrong the present age is bearing,
With prospect dim that it will be redressed,
That very wrong, if borne without despairing,
May through our patience make the future blest.

—*Prof. T. W. Bancroft, in S. S. Times.*

THE BRINK OF A CHASM.

Dr. Allan M'Lane Hamilton on Unsuspected Monomonia.

Symptoms of the Early Stages of Insanity —Effects of the Injudicious Use of Leisure—The Best Medicine.

There is a man in this city who is confined to certain limits on the island. He can not go above Fifty-ninth street, nor can he cross a ferry. Otherwise he walks about freely and transacts his business. He is not a "crook," and the police would let him go to Jericho or Canada if he desired. Neither his friends nor his enemies restrain him, and he has a fortune that would permit him to go where he liked and do as he pleased. He is his own jailer, a monomaniac whose sole delusion relates to the bounds which he thinks are set about him. Not half a dozen of the hundreds of people with whom he daily comes in contact know that he is not perfectly sane.

A reporter heard of this curious case in the course of a conversation with Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, the insanity expert.

"Unsuspected insanity," said Dr. Hamilton. "There is much to be said about it, which the public ought to hear. Many a man stands upon the brink of that chasm which it is worse than death to cross, and though a few words may save them now, all the doctors of the world may not be able to bring them back after they have passed over. What I want to say, in the hope that it may do some good, relates to the early stages of such cases, the symptoms of the malady when it is just beginning to take hold and may be shaken off. If I were speaking in the strictest scientific language I should deny that a person can be wholly sound except upon a single point, but the appearance is there. Such men and women are by no means rare. Their lunacy is of so subtle a nature as to defy detection for years, though they may be hopelessly mad. Take, for instance, the case of a man who can not go above Fifty-ninth street. Three or four years ago he was going uptown and was near that street when suddenly the feeling came over him that he would go no further. He yielded to it and went home. Some fatalistic idea came over him that a penalty would have fallen upon him if he had continued. He brooded upon it till the absurd idea had complete possession of him. Of course there must have been something in his make-up to predispose him to this madness, but by proper care it could have been warded off. After a while he came to me. He can talk as rationally on general subjects as I can; in fact, he talks rationally about his lunacy, admitting that it it is all folly and nonsense. Hoping to break him of it I took him in a carriage, and we drove up to Fifty-ninth street. He begged me not to cross it, and cried like a baby. I ordered the coachman to go on, and the unfortunate monomaniac went into violent hysterics—so violent, in fact, that I gave up the experiment and decided that nothing could be done in that way. Now it is just as bad with a ferryboat; so much so that another physician had a fearful time trying to make the man cross the East river. For all that the man is still sane to all appearances and you might associate with him for a year without finding out that any thing was the matter. The only thing to be done in such a case is to take the man into the country, where there will be no Fifty-ninth street and no ferry. Let him lead a systematic life, with regular occupation and duties. The point is that he should have begun such treatment the moment that his delusion appeared.

"The danger in all cases of monomania," continued Dr. Hamilton, "is that they will develop into dangerous forms. Homicidal tendencies are always to be feared. I recall the case of a girl who had some apparently harmless delusion, but who suddenly developed a desire to smother herself and her room-mate with illuminating gas, and she came very near doing it, too. These people are rightly sent to asylums by physicians, and then they are liberated by a sheriff's jury, because they tell such a straight story on the witness stand. I remember a striking scene that developed from such an examination. The friends of a man confined on Ward's Island brought him before a sheriff's jury. He told his story from youth up with the most painstaking precision. He was as sane as a right-angled triangle all the way through. The jurymen cast significant glances at each other, as much as to say: 'What an injustice has been done to this poor man.' When they were all through with him Dr. Macdonald said: 'I would like you to ask but one question; ask him who he is.' The question was put, and then, lifting his hand to Heaven with a most impressive gesture, he replied: 'I am the Lord Jesus Christ!' and immediately he began to talk in the most irrational manner. Frequently it is not so easy to bring out a man's delusion.

"Here is a peculiar case," said the doctor, referring to his note-book. "This man has what is called the delusion of doubt. He imagines that some awful penalty attends upon a wrong decision of the most trifling question. If a stone lies in his path he conceives that to walk upon one side of it rather than the other will entail a fearful punishment. He believes that he must spit before he turns a corner. He knows that there is nothing whatever in it, but he can not free himself from the ideas. It is a small chance that he does not soon become a raving maniac, though no one would perceive to-day that there is any thing wrong with him. Here is another man similarly afflicted, but with a rather more complex mental state. He fears that some irresistible impulse will make him do something which he doesn't want to do. He doesn't know what it will be, but he constantly fears. The other day he was standing beside a man who was shooting at a target, when the feeling came over him that something would make him swing in front of the pistol just as it was discharged. He was conscious all the time that he didn't want to be shot, but the impulse was very nearly the death of him. Here is another man who used to go on sprees, but was suddenly converted and entered a monastery. He led the life prescribed with the most scrupulous care, and studied hard for the priesthood, but he was not mentally fitted for such a career, and it is likely that it has destroyed his reason. He also believes in mysterious penalties for trivial acts. Doubtless the system of life where there are penances for minor violations of duty was a bad thing for him. At any rate he is unsettled. One day a monk found him measuring off a line on the floor with a rule, and when asked what he was doing he replied that he was measuring the distance to Heaven. But he is sane to all appearances."

"What do you find is the relative danger of insanity to different classes of people? Do brokers and Wall street men generally go off crazy?"

"The stock broker does not become insane while he sticks to his business," replied the Doctor. "When he retires and devotes himself to inglorious ease he is in danger. It is not the active employment but the cessation of it that hurts. Brokers are frequently men who have grown up from office boys and have not any solid foundation of education. They are entirely wrapped up in their business, and when they leave it they have nothing to occupy their minds. It is then that delusions take possession of them. I would like to see men enter business late, after a solid education in schools, and colleges if possible. A man with a mind thus trained knows what to do with himself when he is thrown upon his own resources. It is much the same with ignorant men in trades. They have nothing to think of but their business, and their minds are not occupied. Where there is any hereditary taint such a state of things leads to bad results. Among men and women of leisure the immunity from insanity (aside from inheritance) depends upon the healthful variety of pursuits. The blase creature who thinks of nothing but a poodle is in danger. We frequently hear that the rush of business life in America makes lunatics. My experience shows, on the contrary, that it is injudicious use of leisure."

"In the case of children at school, what should be done when they begin to worry over their studies and dream of them at night? Would you take them away and let them rest?"

"I'll tell you what I do with my boy," replied Dr. Hamilton. "I let him go to school and go through the form of studying without always applying himself. He picks up what he can from the others for awhile till he has recovered from the effects of an unwise direction of his faculties. Perhaps he has worked too hard at some one thing which is not suited to his mind. Some children will do that. Because they are back in mathematics they will grind away at that and nothing else. They need variety, but it is a mistake to take them away from the routine of school life, the regularity of duties, which is generally good for them. Regularity is different from monotony. A child should not be forced into one groove. If he has a special tendency it may be encouraged without injury. Little Josef Hofmann's music is easy for him, while an equal dose might kill another boy who could beat Josef all to pieces at figures."

Returning to the question of monomaniacs Dr. Hamilton deprecated the fact that so many of what are called harmless "cranks" were at large. The records of crime continually reveal such people. Kleptomania develops some close decisions. The mere propensity for theft is not necessarily insanity. The insanity is usually revealed by the taking of useless trifles; and when the propensity is combined with abnormal secretiveness it should be looked at seriously. Dr. Hamilton recalled the case of a rich woman who used to steal children's toys and things of no value. After a while the malady developed further, and she hid her "ill-gotten gains" in queer nooks and corners of her house, wrapping them in odd bits of cloth and paper. An incredible quantity of such trifles were discovered in her house.

The sum and substance of the whole matter is that the friends of any person who shows tendencies to special delusions should recognize their seriousness at once and see that proper means are resorted to for correcting them. A judicious combination of regularity and variety is the best medicine.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

STORIES OF BISMARCK.

The Audacity and Self-Possession of the Iron Chancellor.

A recent number of the Antologia Nuova di Roma contains an interesting article on the political and public career of Prince Bismarck, from which I select a couple of anecdotes, which seem to give one a good exemplification of his independent and at times audacious disposition.

Bismarck had been sent by his master, the King of Prussia, to represent him as a deputy in the restored Diet, which had met at Frankfort in 1857. His sympathies at that period were all in favor of Austria, whose power in the Diet was almost absolute. He considered her a necessary ally of Prussia in combating the spirit of revolution which was then so prevalent and powerful not only in Germany, but in most of the European countries, and up to that period, under the policy and leading of Prince Metternich, in Austria, the representatives of these two Germanic Powers had usually acted in concert.

Soon after his arrival at Frankfort he was one day present at a meeting of the Diet, in his capacity of delegate from Prussia. Count de Thun, the Austrian delegate, was in the chair, and he was smoking. I must be mentioned as a curious illustration of the manners of those days, and as exemplifying the absolute poponderance of Austrian authority, that the Austrian delegate alone had the right to smoke during the sessions of the Diet.

Bismarck, an inveterate smoker from his earliest days, watched the presiding officer with envious eyes. At length, unable any longer to resist the temptation, he approaches the President's desk, and, selecting a cigar from a bunch of fine Havanas which were there, he lights it and begins to smoke.

The scandal was immense; Prussia had dared to smoke.

So seriously was the matter taken up, that the delegates from the other States represented in the Diet communicated the astounding fact to their respective Governments and demanded instructions for their guidance in future. But this took some time, and meanwhile the Austrian and Prussian delegates continued to enjoy their cigars at each session of the Diet.

The other episode took place somewhat later, at the period of the Crimean war. It is well known that Austria and Prussia, with the other German States, preserved a strict neutrality upon that occasion, and the Governments of France and England were quite well aware that the counsels of Bismarck had had much influence in producing a current of public opinion in Germany contrary to the policy of the western powers. Hence efforts emanating from London and Paris, had been made to weaken and undermine his authority in the Diet and at the Prussian court.

The Marquis de Moustier, French Embassador at the court of Berlin, meeting Bismarck one day in society, said to him: "This policy is going to conduct you to Jena." "And why not to Leipsic or Waterloo?" was the spirited reply of Bismarck.

The Marquis de Moustier was so ill-judged as to complain to the King of Prussia of this reply; but he gained nothing by the step, as the King approved and enjoyed the repartee of his delegate.—*Boston Transcript.*

Panther and Locomotive.

A singular tragedy lately occurred in Algeria, on the line of the railway between Bona und Constantine. At a wild spot where the track passes through the gorge of Nador a female panther had installed herself with her young ones right upon the track. The train came up too swiftly to come to a stop, but the panther might easily have leaped from the track. She did not, however, propose to do any thing of the sort. She was playing with her young ones at the time, and did not mean to have her sport disturbed, at least without a protest. She sprang upon the swiftly approaching locomotive with all her force. The blow was instant death to her. Her head and forelegs were cut off, and her lifeless body thrown to the side of the track. The young panthers, who, less presumptuous than their mother, had managed to get off the track in time, ran up and down the line after the train came to a standstill, howling at the tops of their voices. The body of the dead panther was taken to the station at Nador.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Omaha father—"My son, when I was young and my mother asked for enough wood to build a fire I would go out and chop enough to last for a week instead of strolling about and gathering up a few sticks as you do." Son—"Yes, I've heard grandma talk about it." "You have?" "Yes, she said when you were sent for wood you were always gone so long she had to go out and get it herself."—*Omaha World.*

—The American syndicate is said to be again reaching forth to grasp China's pig-tail. Some one has given it the "queue" when to act, no doubt.—*St. Paul Globe.*

—Blocks of ice cut at Memphis contained catfish, some of which were a foot in length.

PULLMAN'S PALACES.

The True Story of the Origin of a Great Public Convenience.

Various accounts of George M. Pullman's invention of the palatial sleeping cars that bear his name are afloat. They do not agree in general or in particulars. In order to get an exact and authentic statement, Assistant Superintendent J. W. Stockton, of the Pullman company, was asked for the facts. Mr. Stockton reflected a moment, and then said that Mr. Pullman told him the whole story some two years ago. His narrative was very interesting, not only in itself, but as an illustration of the possibilities of useful inventions when attention is once fastened upon them.

Mr. Pullman's statement, as Mr. Stockton recalls it, was substantially as follows: After the idea had been conceived and the patents obtained, Mr. Pullman went to Chicago and had his first car built there, putting all his money into the venture. The cost of the work was about $18,000. In all its essential features the car was the model on which the Pullmans of the present day are constructed. The building was, of course, watched with the utmost care and impatience, but, curiously enough, it was found, after the car was done, that it was so wide that it would not clear the platforms of the stations on the line of the road where it was to run. As Mr. Pullman had put all his funds into the coach, and no one else was ready to contribute for constructing a new one on a smaller scale, he naturally lost heart in some measure. The car was stored at Chicago, and the enterprise was given up for the time being. No use was made of the vehicle until the assassination of President Lincoln finally gave the inventor the desired chance to enter on the road to fame and fortune. Mr. Lincoln's body was to be taken from Chicago to Springfield for burial, and the question of its transportation was brought up. Some one suggested that this unused palace drawing-room sleeping car be employed, and Mr. Pullman hurried to get it ready. The Chicago & Alton railroad, under the strain of the great excitement of the time, sent out gangs of men forthwith along the line to narrow up the station platforms and remove other obstructions so that the car might pass. This being done, the car was used as was proposed, and, as all the great newspapers of the world were intent on publishing every item of interest about the burial, Mr. Pullman's invention of course became the subject of universal comment. From that moment its success was assured.

The Pullman Company as it now exists was founded in 1867 with a capital of $1,000,000. Its stock to-day represents nearly $16,000,000, besides $2,000,000 debenture bonds. The Pullman cars are operated on nearly 80,000 miles of railway in the United States, Canada, Mexico and England, and in spite of some grumbling about charges, are universally recognized as the finest railroad equipment in any part of the world.—*Boston Globe.*

SWEET POTATOES.

How to Plant and Cultivate the Tender Young Sprouts.

The sweet potato can not be planted out before what may be called good corn weather, and as this will not occur before June, the middle of April is time enough to start the bed. Eighteen inches of manure, or just enough to give a gentle bottom heat, is sufficient, the sun under the glass doing most of the work. After the bed is made and heat started it is ready to plant. Lay over the manure six inches of sandy soil; if all sand, just as well or better. Halve the potatoes lengthwise and lay flat on the sand—they may nearly cover the ground. Sprinkle over the top just enough sand to barely cover the potatoes. After the young sprouts have started their roots into this sand and the tops are about six inches high, they are slipped off, and each shoot is a plant and ready for the ground. Only a light, friable soil will grow them profitably. This is thrown up by the plow into ridges four feet apart. The plants are dibbled out on these ridges one foot apart—the cut worm often destroys quantities of the sets, and must be watched for, destroyed when found, and other sets put out where needed. At least a couple of crops of sprouts can be taken from one set of tubers, and any time in June will do to plant them, so there is no danger of not having plenty of plants. It takes from 8,000 to 10,000 sets per acre. Stable manure is the best.—*St. Louis Republican.*

White Specks in Butter.

Your correspondent says in substance that white specks are occasioned by dry cream. With all her precautions, if she will place in the churn with her cream a quantity of thickly-soured milk she will find a corresponding quantity of white specks, as sour milk is the one and only cause of white specks. The sour milk forms a substance like cheese curd, which is separated only by the process of washing, while washing with a barrel churn the specks can nearly all be eradicated. She takes great stock in water setting, and here we will agree with her, on the ground that when milk is set in a creamer the cream is taken from the milk while the milk is perfectly sweet and free from any sour milk to form white specks, and from our experience we have become thoroughly convinced that no farmer can profitably conduct a dairy without a good creamery, especially a winter dairy, as the loss of cream in extremely cold weather will more than offset the expense of a good creamery.—*Country Gentleman.*

TERRORS OF THE SEA.

Cyclonic, Volcanic and Other Dangerous Types of Waves.

A wave is a thing of beauty, but it is only a joy to those who watch it marching in splendor and foam from the safe refuge of the shore. It is a very nauseating condition of voyaging. It makes the bones of ships creak as if they were full of rheumatism. It fills the brain with a sense of chaos, and one moment swings the moaning traveler to the stars and the next plunges him into an abyss hideous with gloom and the hissing as of millions of snakes. To measure waves in a severe tempest is even more difficult than to mark effects. When the weather rises to such fury as makes the seas colossal enough to render the determination of their height exceedingly important, there is usually too much anxiety, and even distraction, for observation. The weight of the wind is so violent that it is almost impossible to show one's face to it.

For the true Andean sea one must go down to Cape Horn—perhaps to as far as sixty degrees south. There are sailors who, standing at the wheel of a ship running before these seas, will never willingly look behind them, lest the sight of the oncoming rampant of green water, arching toward the taffrail, should unnerve them. Standing on a deck twenty feet above the water line, you yet look up at the crest of these seas as at the top of a mountain. The gigantic grace, the huge majesty of these liquid Titans can not be described. It is necessary to be hove-to to appreciate their height, volume and power; to watch from the low broadside the swelling approach of the mighty mass, with its freckled front and foamless head flickering in bottle green to the dull light of the gray sky; to feel the sweep of the ship up the enormous acclivity, and then, while for the space of a breath only, she hangs poised with upright masts and shrieking rigging on the headlong brow, to look down and behold the valley beneath, into which the vessel an instant after slides like a comet.

It is difficult to write of the seas which run in heavy weather off the southern-most point of South America without risk of being charged with exaggeration; they must be seen, and a little spell of custom will render admiration easy. It is impossible to be tossed by them in such vessels as now make the passage of the Horn without wondering by what miracle of luck or phenomenal merit of seamanship the old navigators were enabled to beat against them in their small, half-decked boats, some no bigger than a Deal lugger, without a touch of the weatherly qualities of such craft.

But let it not be supposed that the high wave is the dangerous one. The regular running surges may all be as tall as the biggest hotel in London with a ninth fellow among them as high as the monument, and yet none prove nearly so dangerous as the pyramidal seas of the cyclone. Of all forms of vexed water the cyclonic agitation is the worst. Here is a whirlwind of astonishing fury so many miles in diameter. For a little while it runs a steady sea, but presently its gyrations brings up a surge from another quarter, then comes the lull, followed by a frightful outfly of storm from a direction opposite to the point from which the wind last blew. The seas, coming into collision, fight like wolves. They snap and howl, leaping high in conified shapes in the very similitude of sentient passion. The staggering of the ship is indescribable. There is no rythmic swing to give her motions something of the vibrations of the pendulum. Her decks are filled with water, while her bows dive into a chasm that has opened under her forefoot, a valley yawns under her stern and a hill of water flashes up on either side. It has not been suggested that the altitude of the cyclonic wave should be determined. Probably there is no eye afloat equal to such an undertaking.

Another very uncomfortable sea is the volcanic wave. It is not very long ago that a vessel, steaming through quiet waters on a dark night, was suddenly hurled up by an invisible billow that was reckoned to be between thirty and forty feet high. Three such waves passed under her, the last being the least in volume, and then all was dead flatness of ocean again. The stoutest heart might well thump to such an encounter as this.—*London Telegraph.*

Character Training at Home.

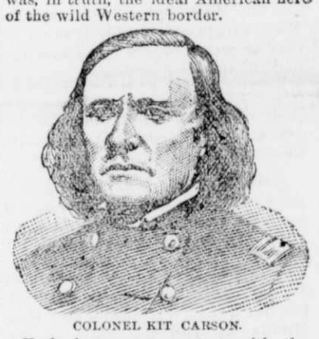
It is well for our moral reformers, who are just now so hard upon the common school for its deficiencies in moral training, to remember that the fair contrast is not between a great school in the lower wards of a metropolitan city and an ideal family in the most secluded, social, suburban preserve; but between that school and the homes of its children, and the swarming streets where they are "tempted of the devil" at every corner, and crowded like droves of cattle on the way to and from the school-house. If the critic would follow the children from their school hours through the rest of the week, he would see that a majority, even in the best community, are never under moral, sanitary, social and refining influences so elevated as in the school-house. Nothing is gained by such overstrained and one-sided pictures of the defects of the character-training side of the public schools as we are often called to witness in our educational gatherings. They do great injustice to the teachers and schools, and play into the hands of those malignant ecclesiastics, who forget that even a burning zeal for religion does not excuse from telling lies about the people's common school.—*Education.*

Food and Morality.

Prof. F. T. Miles, of the faculty of the University of Maryland, delivered a lecture to a large audience of young men recently, on "Food and Digestion." In the course of his lecture Prof. Miles, in speaking of the effects of an insufficient quantity of food, said: "The fat disappears first, then the muscles waste away, and finally the bones come through the skin. The brain, the spinal cord and the nerves are nourished to the last. Like a king in a beleaguered city to whom his loyal subjects give up their food, the nobler organs are longest nourished. In starvation there is not simple hunger of the stomach, but hunger of the whole body. It is not strange that when hunger presses on people they will do strange things. It produces insanity, and they have been driven to eating what has been called 'strange flesh;' that is to cannibalism. There are millions of people who have not enough to eat. It is at the bottom of anarchy. The police may give them a loaf of bread, but the whole body is ill-nourished, and a restless feeling results. Not much can be done with the grown-up people of the criminal classes, but the child criminal comes first. The criminal classes are called dirty, lazy and ugly. Of course they are. They are dirty because they have no spare heat to let go; lazy, because the muscles are weak and nature tells them to keep still when hungry. You would be astonished to know how much of the beauty of the fairest women is made up of fat. The criminal classes are ugly because they have no fat. How could a child whose muscles and nervous system have been partly starved be expected to have all the sympathies and instincts of a higher class of society? An every-day Sabbath-school with a breakfast before the lesson would be a capital thing for poor children. Some say the poor themselves are to blame for their condition by living too luxuriously. One of the most intense cravings of the Greely Arctic party was for sweetmeats. Tea and coffee do more good than harm. They stimulate not only the brain, but the activities of the whole body. There will be a great mission to the poor some day to see that they get enough good food.—*Baltimore Sun.*

A Famous Indian, and a Still More Famous Indian Fighter.

We give below a picture of KIT CARSON, the famous scout and Indian fighter, whose thrilling exploits surpassed in interest and adventure those of all other frontier heroes. KIT'S portrait shows that he was a very lion in courage and stern determination, and also a man of fine intellect. He was, in truth, the ideal American hero of the wild Western border.



COLONEL KIT CARSON.

KIT'S last great contest with the Indians occurred in 1867, the year before his death, when RED KNIFE, a perfect Indian fiend, suddenly attacked the defenseless settlers of the remote frontiers. A most graphic, spirited and thrilling account of that most desperate struggle is now being published in the New York *Ledger*, under the title of "RED KNIFE; OR KIT CARSON'S LAST TRAIL." RED KNIFE, as will be seen by the picture of him which we give below,



RED KNIFE

was a typical Indian warr or and cut-throat. The history of his raid, and of KIT CARSON'S skill and heroism in meeting the perils of the occasion, is begun in No. 7 of the New York *Ledger*. ROBERT BONNER'S SONS have issued millions of sample copies of this number of the *Ledger*, but there are, probably, persons who have not yet had a copy, and we are informed that any one who has not had one of these sample copies can get one free of expense by simply sending his name and address to the *Ledger* office, at the corner of William and Spruce streets, New York. This is certainly an easy and cheap way to get a specimen number of the greatest Indian story ever published.

"Can I sell you six bushels of peach stones to-day?" he boldly inquired as he entered a Cleveland confectionery house. "No, sir!" was the prompt reply from the senior partner. The man went out, but he had not gone one hundred feet when he was overtaken by a gentleman who said: "I'm junior partner of the house. I do the peachstone business, while the senior attends to straight almonds and the church. I'll take your lot, and the next time you come inquire for me."—*Wall-Street News.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A REGULAR LIVE BOY

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness-room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters, so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

—*George Cooper, in St. Nicholas.*

A GOOD IDEA.

A Common Kind of a Little Household Fairy and a Household Angel.

"How is your mother to-day, Ruthie?" Ruthie raised rather a discontented face to meet the very cheery one of their next-door neighbor.

"Oh, she's a great deal better, thank you, Mrs. Bright. She's been helping 'round a good deal this morning, for we've sent Nora away. She's gone to lie down, but she'll be glad to see you, I known."

"Don't disturb her, dear. I'm sorry she had to give up Nora so soon, but glad she got such a good little daughter to help her."

"Well, I don't know," said Ruthie, rather dolefully. "If I was bigger I suppose I might be some good, but I'm so little."

"A willing mind helps out small hands wonderfully, little girlie."

"May be so, but I've been wishing I could have lived in fairy times, Mrs. Bright."

"Why, dearest?"

"Oh! just think how nice it would be to have one come in all smiling and with a shining dress and long curling hair, and give one wave of her golden wand and have this kitchen all cleaned up before you had time to turn 'round."

Ruthie laughed as she spoke, and Mrs. Bright laughed with her.

"But it seems to me," said Mrs. Bright, "that the people in those times must have been rather a lazy set. Don't you think yourself, now, that it is a great deal better to stir around with a bright face and a light heart and quick little hand and set things right in just the way God meant us to do—hey, dearie?"

"Well, I suppose you are right, Mrs. Bright," said Ruthie, with an answering smile. "But it's day after day, and I do get so tired of plodding over the same things. It's dishes and kettles and pans, and pans and kettles and dishes."

"It's the spirit you put into the doing that will make it pleasant, dear. Try to look upon the kettles and pans as so many humble stepping-stones to raise you into the atmosphere of loving service. It is in the little things of life that the Master has given most of us the power to do for Him. So go on, dear. You can do far better than have a fairy to come and do for you. You can be a fairy yourself—a real household fairy, and work wonders if you try. Good-bye."

The cheery face disappeared, leaving its reflection on Ruthie's as she looked about her. The little conceit exactly suited her fancy.

"I believe that's a good idea," she said to herself. I am going to try how many wonders I can work before dinner time. It will surely be a wonder to get this kitchen clean. I've a good mind to go at it thoroughly, not to do it just half way. It always feels miserable to do things by halves, I think. But where shall I begin?"

She soon found a place to begin, and was striving with all her might to work a real transformation in the disorderly room. Nora had done the scrubbing and other heavy work before going away, but there was plenty still to be done in the large room which served for both sitting-room and kitchen. Ruthie paused in dismay as last of all she opened a corner cupboard.

"It hasn't been touched for weeks," she said, "and father and Ned have tucked away every thing into it."

For a moment she felt tempted to give it a hasty touch or two and leave it for a more leisurely day.

"No, I won't," she said, firmly. "Fairies never slighted their work, at least any that I have ever read of. I'm going to get to the farthest corner. But, there's baby!"

She softly stole into her mother's room and brought out the curly-haired darling, who seemed a little inclined to be fretful after his sleep. But she petted and coaxed him until with a crust in his hand he was quite content to be tied into his chair and watch her as she went into the farthest corner.

"Oh! here's your jumping-jack, baby." And he crowed with delight as she brought out the long buried treasure. "And here is Ned's skate-key that he's been moaning about for weeks and always had to borrow of the other boys. And oh, oh, if here isn't my story book that I only half read through. How did it get in here, I wonder! Well—there's nothing like giving things a good going over once in awhile. How long I've been hunting for that!

"Now, baby, if you'll only be good a little while longer, I'll try to make some biscuits for dinner, I know exactly how mother does them."

Whether it was the jumping-jack or the brightness in Ruthie's face, no one knows, for he never told, but baby behaved like a jewel, as Ruthie made her first venture on the biscuits.

"I might have done it long ago," she said, as a little more than half an hour later she took from the oven a pan of biscuits, light and nicely-browned, such as any cook might be proud of. "But there are plenty of things I might have done long ago, if I had only thought so. But I wasn't a fairy then."

"O mamma, here you are!" Ruthie looked proudly about the room as mamma's quick eye took in every detail of the thorough cleaning, even to the corner cupboard, which had been purposely left open.

"I heard Mrs. Bright's voice some time ago, but I felt like resting, so I did not come in. She has been helping you, hasn't she? I heard her talking about fairies—she's a good fairy herself, I'm sure."

"Indeed, mamma," said Ruthie, laughing merrily, "Mrs. Bright hasn't done a thing. I was telling her I wished a fairy would come and wave her magic wand for me and have every thing done in a flash, and then she said I'd better be a fairy myself. I think it would be a pretty nice thing to be a real fairy," the little girl chatted on, as she set the table, "for then I'd have a splendid carriage for you to ride in, mamma, and you should never do a bit of work again, and baby should have a clean white dress every day. But as I can't be that kind of a fairy, Mrs. Bright thinks I'd better be a common kind of a little household fairy. So I've been trying that."

"You are the dearest little fairy in the world," said mamma; "and see, you have two little wands instead of one."

Mamma kissed the dear little hands as she spoke, but added:

"There's one thing better even than a household fairy, and I think that is what you are to me."

"What, mamma?" asked Ruthie.

"A little household angel, dear."—*Sydney Dayre in Chicago Advance.*

THREE YOUNG SCAMPS.

The Prank They Played, and How They Were Caught in Their Own Trap.

It was a very hot day, and rainy, too. "Regular dog-day weather," old Mr. Spriggins said, "if it is the month of June."

It was too rainy for the boys to play out-doors at noon-time, so you may know it rained hard. The smaller children played "Tea-kettle's boiling over!" in the entry; but that was too small game for our three rogues.

"How hot it is!" said Tommy Trow, mopping up his face with a very dirty handkerchief.

"Have to make up a fire to cool off by," said Billy Coe, who was always saying queer things.

"Let's do it," cried Titus Rowe, the harum-scarum boy of the school. "Let's make a fire and roast 'em out this afternoon."

So the three young scamps went to work to get together wood and kindlings, and made up a fire in the big, rusty stove. By the time one o'clock and Miss True came the school-room was "just as hot as a pepper-pot."

The scholars, as they came in one after another, looked disgusted, and fanned themselves with their books.

Miss True quietly shut up the stove, and opened all the windows and the door. Then, by a few direct questions, she found out who made the fire.

Moving up a chair each side of the stove, and one behind it, she called on Tommy, Billy and Titus to come with their books, and occupy the three chairs. Then she gave all the others seats near the open windows, and commenced recitations.

How those boys did sweat and swelter! "Please, Miss True, mayn't I go to my seat?" asked Tommy, after a while.

"No," said Miss True, so decidedly that the others did not dare to ask.

How they did long for recess time, that they might go out in the rain and cool off! But when recess came they were kept in instead, and very much ashamed they looked.

"If you are sure you are warm enough now, boys," said Miss True, when recess was over, "you may take your seats for the rest of the day." And very glad they were to do it.

"I tell you," said Billy, on the way home, "you won't catch me making another fire on a hot day."

"Nor me," said Titus. "I like to have roasted to death!"

"Yes, 'twas awful," sighed Tommy; "but I couldn't help thinking she served us just right."

And nobody denied it.—*Our Little Ones.*

—The more wheat a man owns the more firmly he is convinced that war in Europe can not long be delayed. Take us all in all, we are a selfish lot of mortals. Most any American would see Europe at war if he could make five hundred dollars by it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Yes," said the young lady summer boarder, "a camp-meeting must be very interesting. I have always wanted to go to one." "So have I," said the landlady, "but it always comes the same week as the fall races."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Coverly Shorts—It's a daisy, old man. I get them of a Cuban who smuggles them. Kirby Stone (breathing cautiously)—Say, Cov., why don't you get the same Cuban to follow you 'round and smuggle the smoke.—*Puck.*

—In the agricultural districts of Russia the women do two-thirds of the field work. The men don't wait there for the girls to propose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—If a man publishes a paper which is of no interest to its readers he had better offer some contemptible premium to induce people to take it.

—There is a New York man who frequently gets into difficuly through a habit which he has, when hard up, of pawning his wife's cork leg for money to buy drink.

—Texas is excusable for feeling big. The State contains 274,356 square miles, which is more than double the area of England, Scotland and Ireland combined.

—Some of the shepherds in the mountains of Bulgaria live for ten and fifteen years attending their flocks, and never knowing what it is to sleep in a house or to enjoy any of the comforts of civilization.

—An Indiana judge did not know what a cartoon was. A lawyer sketched the body of a jackass with his, the judge's head and face attached as a specimen, and was promptly fined $25 for contempt of court.

—A very curious toast, the apparent irreverence of which disappears upon reflection, used to be common thirty years ago at commercial tables on Sundays. It was, "Rusty swords and dirty Bibles."

—An old log-cabin that was built by George Washington and occupied by him while surveying a part of the Shenandoah Valley, is still standing in a fair state of preservation a few miles from Winchester, Va.

—Miss Gushington—"Do you not find Dr. Smalltalk entertaining? He is such a mimic. Mr. Sneerington (who detests the doctor)—"I have often noticed that the doctor takes people off cleverly."—*Town Topics.*

—Smith—"I see you are keeping company with Miss Jones yet?" Brown—"Yes." "Does it mean business?" "Can't tell. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if I received a proposal soon."—*Binghamton Republican.*

—The *Graphic* tells of a wealthy Western man who was about to visit New York City for the first time, and, wishing somebody to show him around, telegraphed in advance to secure the services of "an experienced bunko-steerer."

—Farmer Bascom—"I do wish the threshing machine would come around this way." Johnny Bascom—"O, pa, that reminds me. Teacher wanted me to tell you he was comin' to our house to board next week."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—In the office of the Recorder of Deeds, Philadelphia, is preserved a justice's docket over 100 years old. One of the entries in the volume is as follows: "Commonwealth agt. Stephen Blunt, July 24, 1778. Charged of drinking Damnation to General Washington and all his Army. Defendant held in £200."

—A woman in Newton, Kan., who is so poor as to have become an object of charity, kicked because a can of baking powder which she received was not accompanied by a prize, and another female beneficiary of the benevolent society sent back to the grocer a quantity of bacon and beans with which she had been supplied, stating that she wanted a turkey and some cranberries.

—The failure of the potato crop of 1887 was the worst that has befallen the country since 1881, when the average yield per acre was only 53.5 bushels. The disaster is attributable to two causes, opposite in operation but uniform in their ultimate result. The crop in the Western States was stunted for want of sufficient rain, and that in the Eastern States was rotted by a surplus of it.

—Illicit "cider brandy" distilling, it is claimed, is indulged in by some of the farmers in Litchfield County, Conn. The cider is boiled in a copper kettle with a tight cover, and a pipe conveys the steam outside which condenses into brandy in the winter air. If a spotter arrives the pipe is disconnected and the cover removed; the spy only finds the farmer boiling cider, which is perfectly legitimate.

THE POISONED KEY.

How Padua's Tyrant Disposed of Disagreeable Companions.

Another delightful relic of the life and times of the Tyrant of Padua is a simple key—about the size of an ordinary door key. It was the key of the Duke's library in his private room. When he wanted to get rid of any of his suite or any person in his household that he had a bitter feeling against, he used to ring his bell and ask for Mr. John to be sent to him (fancy name of course.) When John entered the Duke would say: "O, John, I wish you would go to the book-case in my private room and bring me the 'Dagonet Ballads.'" "Certainly, your Grace," Mr. John would say, and away he would trot with the key in his hand. When he got to the library he would put the key in the lock of the book-case and turn it. But directly he turned it, out of the handle of the key shot a long poisoned needle, which stabbed the hand of the holder and instantly shot back again. John would let go of the key and say: "What the deuce was that." He would look at his hand and see only a small, dark blue spot. He would think nothing of it but all of a sudden he would begin to feel queer in his head. Presently some one would come in and find him in a fit on the floor and the household would be alarmed. "Mr. John has had a stroke of a fit," the people would say. A doctor would be sent for, but his services would be of no avail. In twenty-four hours Mr. John would be dead and everybody would think he had died through a fit. There were no bothering coroners' inquests to upset the plans of clever fellows like the Duke Francis in those days.—*George A. Linds, in Referee.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The picking and drying of blackberries forms an important industry in North Carolina.

—The average daily wages paid to New York sewing women is fifty cents for fifteen hours work.

—The curious fact that the usual heat produced by friction is absent when the articles are magnetized is just now being discussed by scientists, who are seeking an explanation.

—A physician recommends that all the wood used in the interior construction of houses, and all the plain surfaces of plaster, should be thoroughly oiled or varnished, so that the power of absorption of foul air and gases should be destroyed.

—It is estimated that about 50,000,000 gounds of cotton-seed oil were used in the United States during last year in the adulteration of lard, and that it was mixed with about twice as much of other material, most of which was pure lard with the leaf left out.

—Recent researches by Prof. Brown-Sequard demonstrate that a liquid obtained from the vapor of air from the lungs is so poisonous that a dose of twenty centigrammes (less than four grains) sufficed to kill a dog in about seven hours.

A writer in *Science* comes to the conclusion that as a result of his investigation "it seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall."

—Berlin has gradually become the headquarters of the carved-wood industry, supplanting Switzerland. Six hundred artists in wood-carving, the same number of turners, and seven hundred carpenters are engaged in the production of such articles as cigar-cases, newspaper and picture frames, napkin-rings, etc. The value of the annual export of these trifles is put at $1,250,000.

—It is found that living creatures brought up from sea depths of four miles or more, suffer greatly from the changed conditions of pressure and temperature. At those vast depths the pressure is tremendous, and the temperature is comparatively low. On being brought to the surface, the deep-sea creatures are sometimes torn in pieces by the powerful expansion of their organisms occasioned by decrease in pressure, and "sometimes they absolutely melt away before the eyes of the beholder."

—The secondary nature of the gravel deposits in which placer mines occur implies that they are found at an average lower altitude than the quartz veins, from which they are derived by erosion. The average height of placer mines is about 3,000 feet, the highest being 10,000 feet above the sea level. Owing to their mode of formation, placer mines are usually more accessible than the quartz, and do not require so great an amount of material for their workings.

—M. P. Ledeboer said before the Academy of Sciences in Paris that although it had long been known that a magnet raised to a red heat loses its magnetic properties, it had only lately been determined by direct measurement at what actual degree of temperature iron ceases to be a magnetic body. By his experiments he showed that iron remains magnetic up to 650 degrees C., after which a rapid variation is noticed in its magnetic condition. At 750 degrees the magnetic properties are scarcely perceptible, while at 770 degrees they disappear altogether.

ONE DAY'S GRACE.

An Ultimatum Whose Liberality is Simply Astonishing.

"I'd like to report, sah, dat my wife ar' missin'," said an old colored man who came to the Gratriot Avenue Station the other day.

"Well, since how long?"

"'Bout nine days, sah."

"Under what circumstances?"

"Went right off an' didn't come back."

"What's her description?"

"Black, sah. She's black all ober, an' got a wart under de left eye. Dat's as fur as I remember."

"Have you any idea of her whereabouts?"

"Not 'zactly, sah. She might hev gone to Canada, an' she might be in de ribber. She was a very onsartin woman."

"Well, if any thing turns up we'll let you know."

"Thanks, sah; but to-morrer is de last day, you know. If she doan' come back by dat time, I'ze free of her."

"Bosh! Who told you that?"

"Lots o' folks. Hain't 'er true?"

"Of course not."

"Hu! but I guess it is. Mus' be so or dey wouldn't er tole me. Howeber, to make sartin 'bout it, I'll wait 'leben days 'fore I marry agin, and den she can't jump on me fur alimony. Much obleeged, sah. It's de fust time any of my wives ebber run'd off dis way."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Cleansing Ladies' Hair.

We object to the use of carbonate of potash by hairdressers for cleansing the hair of their customers. The cleansing action of this powerfully alkaline substance is very effective, but it is prejudicial to the hair at the same time. A teaspoonful of pulverized borax in a cup of boiling water, or cleansing the hair with the yelk of a fresh egg, and following this with a warm solution of borax or salt and water, especially sea-water, is much preferable, and has the effect of cleansing and softening the skin of the scalp. Eastern ladies, remarkable for beauty of their hair, adopt the latter mode of cleaning it.—*Herald of Health.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

"THE BEST OF MOTHERS."

[The Mother of Dr. Benjamin Rush.]

"The best of mothers," so the inscription read
On an old tombstone gray
With lichens, standing o'er the lowly bed
Where a dear mother lay.

Above it, half effaced by hand of time,
Was carved her humble name;
With date of birth and death, no other line
Told aught of earthly fame;

Or mention made of virtues great and rare,
Or of heroic deeds,
Wrought by her hands along the pathway where
Were deepest human needs.

But on that crumbling stone I read between
The blurred and moss-grown lines
The record of a life whose work unseen
Shall with new luster shine,

When proudest monuments in dust are laid;
When earthly pomp and power,
With all their boasted splendors, shrink and fade,
The glory of an hour.

Unknown, unnoticed by the busy world,
She sought with patient care
To train the child which Heaven has lent to her,
A noble part to bear

In the unceasing conflict carried on
On life's great battle-field;
And that he might, with steady hand and true,
A ready weapon wield.

Armed with that mother's prayers and counsels true,
Forth to the strife he went,
And bravely fought, while in each steady stroke
Courage and love were blent.

And dire disease beneath his skilful hand
Released its hateful hold;
And want and woe, with their attendant band
Of miseries untold,

Fled from before him, while the demon, rum,
Received the fatal blow,
Which it has sought in vain to overcome;
Presaging overthrow.

Wisely and well that mother's work was done;
And when, God called her home,
"The best of mothers" were the loving words
Inscribed upon her tomb.

—*Mrs. E. K. Cheadle, in Woman's Magazine.*

FEARFULLY DEBASING.

The Moral Degradation Following the Use of Rum—The Brain Seared, the Intellect Confused, the Stomach Diseased and the Will-Power Destroyed.

It is not alone in a business or spiritual way that the rum habit is terrible. Among the most frightful evils connected with it are its effects upon its victim's social habits and moral nature. He who has become the slave of the rum devil can no longer find relaxation in quiet and pleasant social intercourse, because it is too tame for him. The fire that is burning within him requires a fiercer fuel. There is something brutalizing in rum, which requires quite different surroundings from the pleasant home fireside and the smooth, even enjoyments of the family circle around the evening lamp. No confirmed drunkard can be satisfied with the pure society of his wife and family; the gleeful prattle of his children has no music for him. He wants a coarse, impure crowd of boon companions, and if it contains a female element, she is taken from the shameless sisterhood who sell their bodies, and their souls at the same time, for gold.

Such men weary of their homes. There is no home for them but the rum-hole, gambling hell, or the resorts of vice—and if they can combine all three, they like it better. The earthly paradise of such a man is a gambling game in the society of similar men and lost women, with a sideboard, loaded with rum in various forms, at his right hand. He then has his entire hell within reach. The hours are spent in vulgar jest and ribald song, in vice and drunkenness, until exhausted Nature will bear no more, and the worn-out physical system finds a sort of feverish relief, which is of use only because it is a cessation of a still more feverish wakefulness.

Not only does rum debase its victim's morals, but it deadens the intellectual taste and destroys the purer pleasures of the mind. Such a man finds no enjoyment in literature. It is impossible for him, with a rum-soaked brain, to sit down quietly and read pure literary works. What, to the confirmed drunkard, even though he be an educated man are the pages of Thackeray, or the wizard work of Sir Walter Scott? Can such a man revel in the literary beauties of Milton's "Paradise Lost," the placid numbers of Thomson's "Seasons," or the cheerful pages of Young's "Night Thoughts?" Can he find any solace in the perusal of religious books or any instruction from a volume of natural science? His taste is fearfully depraved, and only the licentious volumes of such high-priests of literary nastiness as Zola for instance, can tempt him to an attentive perusal. For pure literature he has lost all taste. You shall find no red noses in a public library, any more than at a prayer-meeting. Rum and good taste are incongruous. They can no more mix than oil and water.

This utter deterioration of the moral and intellectual qualities, due to the rum habit, is paralleled, too, by the utter destruction of the will-power. Rum sears the brain, confuses the intellect, and destroys all purity of taste, all strength of will. From the time that the drinking of rum is a pleasure, till the bloated and diseased body loses its hold on life, this fearful weakening of the will goes on. The beginnings of the drunkard's career are pleasant. The introduction of this demon into the physical system produces a pleasurable exhilaration. The experiment is repeated again and again, until the pleasure which at first attended the swallowing of the poison disappears. Then the claws come through the velvet, and the victim finds himself in the clutches of a merciless tyrant instead of in the hands of a laughing friend.

The stomach, inflamed and diseased which was before soothed and titillated by rum, now inexorably demands a supply. It is no longer a question of pleasure at all. No matter how much the system may loathe the taste of rum, it must have it. If the craving is not supplied, there is a depression following the excess (and the drinking of *any* alcoholic liquor is an excess), and the poor drinker, sick from the reaction, knows of but one way to raise himself from the pit of his own digging into which he has fallen. The depression is so great, the craving so strong, that he flies to rum again, and is temporarily raised from out the earthly hell caused by his own excess.

Under the renewed stimulus, life puts on a new face, and the world is again full of joy. The depression is thus followed by a new elation, just in proportion to the amount swallowed. To illustrate: If the man is in debt, he is sure to worry over it when in the depressed stage. One drink makes payment possible to his imagination; two makes it probable, three assure it, four give him the feeling of having a surplus in bank, five the ownership of wealth, and so on in the ascending scale. Of course, when the intoxicating effect of the rum dies out of his brain, the stage of depression follows again, only slightly deeper than its predecessor. The temporary cure is the same—more rum; and each time it requires a somewhat greater quantity. On and on he goes, until health fails, the will power is gone, resistance to the subtle demon is impossible, and lastly death comes in to finish the tragedy.

Even when the stomach has first become so inflamed as to have this wild craving for rum established, if the man had will-power enough to simply *stop*, and refuse, no matter at what cost of temporary physical suffering, to touch the infernal poison, he could be saved. But here is the awful evil of the rum habit. So swiftly does this devil's decoction do its debasing work, that by the time the taste for it has become a habit, the will is so paralyzed, the strength of mind so sapped, that resistance to the craving is almost impossible. Were the victim but firm, the stomach would rally, the system recover its tone and the power of rum over him be broken. But it has sapped the foundations of mental strength, and the will is weak as water under the horrible thirst and craving of the disordered system.

The great trouble with men who being dalliance with this devil of rum is that they have the hallucination that they can stop drinking whenever they choose. Such a man boasts, and with apparent sincerity, that he can "quit when he pleases." Nothing is so dangerous as this belief, because it is founded upon complete ignorance and misapprehension of the nature of man's physical system. At the very beginning it is true; and because it is true, they do *not* quit. They keep on, because they can do so safely. And they still continue, until what at the beginning was an indulgence that could be relinquished at will becomes a merciless master, because the *will* to resist is gone.

Rum destroys the will-power exactly in proportion to the amount of the indulgence. The man who to-day is not so far gone but that he can quit at any time, but does not, becomes in another year a man who would quit, but can not. He says he will, but when the awful depression comes over him, he wavers, thinks he will "brace up" just once, and quit then; but he finds his mistake again. The first "bracer" must be supplemented by another, and that by yet another. Social drinking comes in after dinner, and the man who determined in the morning to quit, goes to bed drunk at night. And so he goes on the road to ruin, till finally, all power of resistence gone, he abandons himself to rum, and dies the death of a drunkard.

Hell is full of drunkards who once declared they "could quit when they pleased." The trouble is, they never "pleased," but kept on under this fatal delusion till they found themselves powerless in the clutches of an appetite that could never be satisfied, and whose inevitable end is death.

There is no way to stop a man whose will power is weakened but by rendering it impossible for him to obtain rum in any form. There is no way to prevent the vast mass of men who are not yet familiar with rum, but who were born with weak wills, from succumbing to its temptations, save by rendering such temptation impossible.—*Toledo Blade.*

Has It?

Has the liquor traffic ever built a church, asylum, or endowed a college?

Has it ever set a standard of business character which is recognized in banks and counting-rooms?

Has it ever given society a single great-brained and great-hearted man?

Has it ever made a wife happier than she would be with a sober husband?

Has it ever led a youth up into noble manhood?

Has it ever paid its own way as a revenue returner?

Has it ever lessened crime and criminals?

No, no! Then, has it not been weighed and found wanting, and been condemned as a malefactor?

Dare you sustain such an agency and claim to be a good citizen?—*The Issue.*

THE first W. C. T. U. in Mexico has been formed in the City of Mexico, with Mrs. E. G. Taber as president. The Spanish language will be used in conducting the work.

THE drunkard and the snake's rattle are alike warnings for those who would not be bit.

Stray Shots for Protection.

A half way tariff is the worst sort of a tariff.

England and Canada are shaking hands over the prospect of free trade with this country.

This country never yet lagged in the march of progress, and doesn't propose to do so now.

Mem. for Chairman Mills: The American people will be heard upon your motion to sell them out.

Every pound of foreign wool imported displaces an equal amount of home prouduct. Remember that.

Wool and salt are chosen for the free list this time. Coal and iron ore will go next, if this first step succeeds.

No workingman need apply to the Ways and Means Committee—the voice of labor is lost in the yell for free trade.

Life is too short for mistakes, too serious for experiments in theories. We know where we stand under Protection.

A million wage-earners have nearly six millions in the savings banks of this State. Oh! the blight of Protection!

Wool, potatoes, peas, beans, tomatoes—all vegetables in fact—put on the free list. Does the farmer like the prospect?

Anglo-maniacs may wear all the foreign wool hats they want, but they ought to pay for them. An American wool hat is good enough for sensible people.

Hundreds of thousands are pouring into our country to escape a pauper life abroad. What can be offered them if we get down to the foreign wages level?

The Mills of Texas would grind fast if permitted, and crush out our most prosperous industries. The wheels won't turn, though, while Uncle Sam is at the crank.

In the Argentine Republic there are 100,000,000 sheep and the herders are paid $3 per month, while in Montana they get $40 per month. The tariff maintains this difference in wages.

If wool goes on the free list, every farmer who shears his sheep this spring might just as well kill the animals at the same time. If he doesn't, the free trade policy will soon do it for him.

If there are any two materials in the tariff list which, on Mr. Mill's principles, ought to be free, they are iron ore and coal. But the free traders have not put these articles on the free list, because they are mined in free trade States. Is this an honest revision?

There are along the Hudson nearly one hundred brick yards, the aggregate output of which for the past season was about 800,000,000 of brick of all grades. And the new tariff bill puts brick on the free list, so as to destroy this great industry, or reduce the wages of the brick makers to the foreign level!

A new generation of revenue reformers is urging us to adopt the same theories by which their fathers led us into disaster. Shall we listen to and be misled by their doctrines, or shall we not rather be guided by the solid facts of experience, which prove to us that the American policy of protection and encouragement to labor and industries is better than theories or maxims of the sham science of political economy?

The Mills bill as published begins with "Be it enacted." It has no preamble stating its purpose. It is not described as "A Bill to Reduce American Wages and Diminish Employment," or "A Bill to Enable the United States to Take the Frst Firm Step toward Free Trade." or "A Bill to Enact so much of President Cleveland's Proposals as the American People will Stomach," or "A Bill to Make the American People Prosperous by Making them Idle," or "A Bill to Elevate the United States to the Level of Irish Prosperity."—*Irish World.*

That excellent and conservative journal, the *United Presbyterian*, expresses itself very earnestly, and we think forcibly, upon the signing of petitions for liquor licenses by professing Christians. "To the thoughtful and conscientious (it says) there can be but one answer as to the propriety of Christians giving their names for such a use. The saloon and the church have nothing in common. In its character, in its workings, and in its results, the saloon stands as the monster iniquity of our day. It has no virtue, and it does not spare virtue. It is relentless in working ruin. No appeal can reach its heart; no argument can change its purpose. It has not any thing in common with the religion of Jesus. He came to seek and to save the lost; it seeks the upright and the good that it may drag them down to hell. In all the outgoings of its influence, the church blesses men. Goodness, truthfulness integrity, purity and happiness grow up around it. The saloon blights all that comes under its influence; its poisonous breath is death. There can be nothing in common between earnest and spiritually-minded church members and the saloon.

"No, it is not for Christians to give their names for such uses. They should have no fellowship with the works of darkness, but rather reprove them. A Christian's name there! Can one imagine his Master's name to such a petition?"

Divorces in Various Countries.

Australians.—Divorces have never been sanctioned in Australia.

Jews.—In olden times the Jews had a discretionary power of divorce their wives.

Javans.—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum.

Thibetans.—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties, neither of whom can afterward re-marry.

Moors.—If the wife does not become the mother of a boy she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again.

Abyssinians.—No form of marriage is necessary. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper.

Siberians.—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears her cap or veil from her head, and this constitutes a divorce.

Corean.—The husband can divorce his wife and treasure, and leave her the charge of maintaining the children. If she proves unfaithful he can put her to death.

Siamese.—The first wife may be divorced, not sold as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband.

Arctic region.—When a man desires a divorce he leaves the house in anger and does not return in several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves.

Druse and Turkoman.—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out and he says "go," without adding "but come back again," she is divorced. Though both parties desire it they cannot live together again without being remarried.

Cochin China—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chopping sticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property belonging to her prior to her marriage.

American Indians.—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given the witness of the marriage are broken as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

Tartary.—The husband may put away his partner and seek another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a formal divorce.

Chinese.—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislike, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, and too much incapacity on the part of the wife. The husband cannot sell the wife until she leaves him, and becomes a slave to him by action of law for desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displease his parents.

Grecians.—A settlement was usually given to a wife at marriage for support in case of a divorce. The wife's portion was then restored to her, and the husband required to pay monthly interest for its use during the time he detained it from her. Usually the men could put their wives away on slight occasions. Even the fear of having too large a family sufficed. Divorces now scarcely ever occur in modern Greece.

Hindoos.—Either party for a slight cause may leave the other and marry. When both desire it there is not the least trouble. If a man calls his wife "mother," it is considered indelicate to live with her again.

"Yes, Flossie," said her mother, "poor Willie Waffles never saw his father. He died before Wille was born."

This seemed to affect Flossie very much.

"Well, mamma," she said, drawing a long breath, "I'm glad you didn't die before I was born."

The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands of the moral world. They diversify its monotony; they furnish the water shed of its history.

Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed

The File-Grinder's Story.

I met an old "nle-grinder" a few years since, who told me that in the room where he had worked nearly twenty years were twelve massive grindstones. Each stone had its boss, who daily "dressed" it, and, mounted on a wooden seat above it, and ground files. Occasionally a stone, while going at full speed, would burst flying in all directions with tremendous velocity; and as two men had been killed in that room, and a stone might burst at any time, it made the men quiet and cautious; yet among them all there was no Christian.

It was just after the noon hour, and the operatives had come in from a half-hour discussion about the genuineness of recent conversions among some of the "furnacemen." The general opinion was that it was a matter of imagination; and that if there was a God no man had ever heard from Him—that he never did call or warn any one.

The "speed" had started, the grinders were in their places, and work was progressing rapidly, when one of the men got down from his seat, pale and agitated, and staggered to the other side of the room. He was hardly able to speak for an instant, but when pressed, said:

"Boys, something or somebody said to me, 'Get down from your seat; the stone will burst.'"

"He had hardly said his, when the heavy stone over which he had been working burst in pieces, crushing his seat to a shapeless mass, and breaking the heavy "gia ds" as if they were glass.

There was no more scoffing that day.

"Sir," added the old file-cutter, "we all felt that it was God who spoke; and it made us pretty thoughtful. The man to whom it happened died last year a happy Christian, and there are five of us in that room that are trying to serve God. It is hard work to keep straight there, but it pays. A man can do his work better; and he feels that if a stone should burst and kill him, it would be all right with him."

"So you think that God really spoke to that man, do you?" said I.

"Certainly I do, sir," he said earnestly. "He saw that we were all asleep; that it would take a loud, strong voice to awaken us, and so he spoke as he did, loud and strong, and we could not help hearing."

Friend, look back over your life. Has not God spoken to you many times! Have your ears become so deafened by the clatter of the world's machinery that you can no longer hear his voice? You are in danger.

Pearls of Thought.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Never think you can make yourself great by making another less.

Genius without ambition is as useless as a cannon ball without powder.

A great many trials of life would cease to trouble us if we only thought how little they will matter a thousand years hence.

This mystery of sleep! If we could fathom them, we should have fathomed ourselves and life and death!

Let every man take care how he speaks or writes of honest people, and not set down at a venture the first thing that comes uppermost.

I have always looked upon it as the worst condition of man's destiny that persons are so often torn asunder just as they become happy in each other's society.

We find it hard to get and to keep any private property in thought. Other people are all the time saying the same thing we are hording to say when we get ready.

Inexhaustable good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind smooth and equable during the worst weather.

A man without reproach, from whom the breath of scandal passes like common breath from any other polished surface, could afford to do what common could not.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Ronowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaument and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.37 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 9th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISE MENTS.

1888

THE MORNING HERALD

$3.00 A Year.

$1.65 Six Months.

30 Cts. Per Month.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE SUNDAY HERALD

$1.50 A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

THE WEEKLY HERALD

50 Cents A Year.

POSTAGE PAID.

EIGHT PAGES.

THE rapid advance made by *The Morning Herald* during the past year, has been a marvel to all familiar with the subject. Not only has the volume of advertising been immensely large, but the increase in circulation is without a precedent in the history of Baltimore Journalism. The cause of this is apparent. *The Morning Herald* was a better paper in 1887 than in the preceding year. It will be a better paper in 1888 than in 1887. It will continue to be the cheapest of dailies—one cent being the price. It publishes all the Associated Press News. It has a complete corps of correspondents throughout Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Southern Pennsylvania and other states, thus being able to promptly furnish the news for a widely extended region. Its LOCAL NEWS is preeminently the fullest and most accurate of any Baltimore daily. Its Washington Correspondence is bright, and covers the vast field of National Politics which center at the National Capital. It proposes to publish the most exhaustive and comprehensive reports of legislative doings at Annapolis. It is absolutely independent in politics. Its utterances upon public topics are impartial and fearless. It is clean, able, brief. These are the reasons for the constantly increasing popularity of *The Morning Herald.*

THERE is no Sunday paper in any city of the Union, the pages of which are more replete with news, with bright contributions, with able articles especially prepared by writers of national distinction, and with letters on engrossing topics from the leading *literateurs* of the day, *The Sunday Herald* is acknowledged to be the gem of Baltimore journalism. Its special cable reports are more complete than those of any paper south of New York. It is the only Baltimore paper that publishes a regular letter from Richmond, the only one that publishes full reports of Society events throughout Maryland and Virginia. Its sporting news is noticeably superior to that of all rivals, and it excels in all the elements that go to make up an attractive, able and readable Sunday journal.

THE Weekly Herald is indisputably the cheapest weekly published in the United States. It consists of eight pages almost entirely devoted to reading matter. Each issue contains a whole page of Maryland news, a full synopsis of the debates in Congress, the laws passed, Senate and House proceedings, and the cream of the news from the National Capital. It will, as usual, publish each week the Talmage sermon, together with a long list of contributions from leading writers. Its market reports are unexcelled for completeness and reliability. Its literary department is bright: It is the paper for the home and the shop, the farmer, the merchant, the lawyer, the artisan, and for all who want the best paper for the price ever published.

☞ At great expense, a complete ART DEPARTMENT has been added to the equipments of the HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, and, beginning the fourth week in January, the pages of each edition of the paper will be replete with illustrated articles and sketches. The illustration of the important news of the day has grown to be a necessity which has been promptly recognized by *The Morning Herald* without regard to outlay.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITS.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888. NUMBER 7.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Heibig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,

12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED by *always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ONLY GENUINE☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in tnousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

An Exensive Luxury.

The people of Maryland are paying a heap of money of late years for their laws. They are paying too much money and are getting very poor laws; most of them, in fact, are worse than no laws at all. The general assembly adjourned last night at midnight after consuming at least two thirds its most valuable time in the discussion of measures which were of no value to the public and if passed would have forever branded the assembly at Annapolis with the brand of disgrace. The redistricting gerrymander was a sample of this. It was beyond doubt the intention of the bosses up to the very last moment that the bill should pass. The only difficulty that stood in the way of its passage was the inability of the chief of the bosses to understand just what their scheming masters wanted done. This inability to train their tools in the way that they should vote lost the bosses a number of chances which they fought for desperately.

Though the history of these ring machinations, as they are daily exposed by their own open faced rascality, the people of Maryland can plainly see what fabulous and unjust prices they are paying for laws that are of no value whatever in a general sense and for the making of laws that would be decided evil to the people if it was not for some few who are keen enough to notice the Legislative proceedings in the interest of the people and keep them informed on the character of certain measures. The whole cost to the people of the Legislature of 888 will be somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-one thousand dollars, which is twenty-six thousand dollars more than the original appropriation, a deficiency bill to the latter amount having passed both House and Senate. In return for the expenditure of this enormous sum the State of Maryland receives a few provisions concerning her tax law which may and may not prove of value, she receives the benefit of a new election law that may or may not prevent the tricks of the ring from being accomplished in the future, and beyond that she receives nothing. A few local bills of doubtful importance constitute the entire residue.

If this is not a disgraceful state of affairs then it is not in the scope of an independent local newspaper to recognize a disgraceful state of affairs when it runs up against it in the open daylight. For years the Democratic legislature of this State has been endeavoring to cut down expenses. It has been pointed out where from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars a session can be readily saved, but the idea of making an effort to save it never seems to materialize. Governor Hamilton in 1882 cut the expenses of the Legislature down to one hundred and five thousand dollars and endeavored to continue the good work. It did not continue. It got the reverse motion again and the expense bill has been growing larger at every subsequent session. The people of the State do not expect to get their laws for nothing. They are willing to pay for them. They want to pay for them. But they do not want to pay three times as much as they are worth and they do not want to pay for some of them are not worth anything. The Legislature of 1888 came to an end in time to save the people of the State considerable more expense and chagrin than they have already experienced. Nobody regretted to see it adjourn, because it is just as likely to do something after adjournment as it was before. It was not a do-something session. It was an expensive luxury to the people and one which they should determine not to entertain again. The State is rich but not too rich.—*Frederick Daily News.*

A grand jury in New York city made a presentment the other day in which it was stated that "ample evidence had been brought before them to prove open and extensive bribery, corruption, maladministration and violation of law" at the election last November, and that one of the election districts in the city was on that occasion "practically controlled by professional criminals." When one takes these startling statements in connection with the fact that the metropolis gives 40,000 to 50,000 Democratic majority, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that it is a case of cause and effect. It is a fact, too, that all organized efforts in this country at corruption and fraud in elections have been in the interest of the Democratic party.

The Red-Haired Boy.

A New York mercnant, who is a Sunday School teacher, was called upon for a speech at a great Sunday School meeting out in the West.

He said: I'll tell you a story of a beggar boy. I started out one fine Sunday morning to get some recruits for my class. At the corner of the street I met a barefooted boy, without hat or coat, His head was fiery red and looked as if it had never been combed. I asked the boy if he would come to school.

"No, sir," was his sharp reply.

"You ought to go to Sunday School," I said kindly."

"What for?" he asked.

"We teach boys to be good," I said.

"But I don't want to be good."

Why do you not want to be good?" I asked.

"Because I'm hungry," was the quick reply.

"It is now nine o'clock," I said, looking at my watch, "Haven't you had any breakfast yet?"

"No, sir."

"Where do you live?"

"Up the alley there with aunty, she's sick."

"Will you eat some gingerbread and crackers if I go and get some?"

"Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get 'em."

I got some and set them before him. He ate them in a way which showed how keenly hungry he was. I asked him if he would like some more.

"A little more, if you please, sir," said the boy.

I got a fresh supply and set them before him. I waited until he had done eating, then I said:

"My boy, will you go to school with me now?"

"You've been so kind to me, sir," said he, "I'll go anywhere with you. Please wait till I take what's left of the gingerbread round to aunty, and then I'll go with you."

He returned directly to the sidewalk where I was waiting for him, and went with me to school. He had never been to school before. He thought of school as a place where boys had to hold out their hands to be slapped with a ruler, and have their hair pulled and their ears pinched. But when he found himself in the hands of a pleasant looking young lady, who treated him kindly, and said nothing about his shabby clothes, he was greatly surprised.

He became a regular attendant. He told all the boys of his acquaintance about school, and persuaded many of them to attend. About two years after this some boys from New York were sent out west and distributed among the farmers. My red-haired boy was sent among them. I used to hear of him for awhile, that he was getting on and doing well, I have lost sight of him for some years now, but I have no doubt he is doing good, wherever he is.

In a moment a tall, good-looking gentleman with red hair stood up in the meeting and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am that red-haired beggar boy of New York, who ate that gentleman's gingerbread. I have lived in the west for years, and have prospered. I am now a rich man, I own 500 acres of as good land as the sun shines on. My horses and carriage are at the door; and, when the meeting is over, I shall be happy to take my old friend to my home, where he will be welcome to stay as long as he pleases. I am a member of a Church, and a superintendent of a Sunday School, and I owe all that I have in this world, and all that I hope for in the next, to what was taught me about Jesus in the Sunday school."

Why Religious News is Not Reported.

How comes it that base ball and horse racing news is reported with great care and fullness, while the leading religious events are either ignored altogether or indifferently reported? Is it not because newspaper editors have learned that persons who belong to the theatrical or the sporting or the mercantile public buy their papers according as they find in them full, prompt and sympathetic treatment of theatrical, sporting and market news; whereas religious people, as such, do not discriminate in their patronage of newspapers with a corresponding exactness? In other words, do religious people feel as keen an interest in religious news as the base ball public feels in base ball news or as the horse racing public feels in the news of a horse race? Do religious people, to any considerable degree, choose one paper rather than another because one paper gives more prominence to religious news than another, or treats it with a more sympathetic apprehension? You can go up one bench and down another at a base ball game and every man in the crowd will tell you what papers of the next morning will have a glowing account of the match then in progress and which will dismiss it in a few cold lines, and very many of them will make their purchase of a paper on the following morning on that basis of choice. Now apply that mode of reasoning to religious people. Out of an audience assembled in a city for some notable religious occasion, how many will be able to predict the relative prominence that will be given to that meeting by the newspapers? And how many will go to the newspaper stand the following day and buy a paper confident, without looking it through, that it gives a good account of the event? In short, is it not, after all, a question of supply and demand?—*Forum.*

One Hundred Years Ago.

An observer who looks on life through a pair of glasses somewhat colored with humor, thus alludes to certain differences of social habit, conveniences and comfort between 1788 and 1888:

One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable.

One hundred years ago the gin best known was not the cotton gin.

One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines.

One hundred years ago there was no fast mail train between New York and Chicago.

One hundred years ago there were no disputes about the impoliteness of horse car drivers.

One hundred years ago people did not enjoy the inestimable pleasure of growling over gas bills.

One hundred years ago kerosene lamps did not explode and assist the kitchen girl in shuffling off her mortal coil.

One hundred years ago time and tide waited for nobody; now nobody waits for either time or tide.

One hundred years ago men did not commit suicide by going up in balloons and coming down without them.

One hundred years ago there was no steam on the canals—even the driver on the tow path didn't steam up in those days.

One hundred years ago a young woman did not lose caste by wetting her hands in dish water or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on the wash board.

One hundred years ago the physician who could not draw every disease from the system by tapping a large vein in the arm, was not much of a doctor.

One hundred years ago the producer could carry his surplus products to market on his horse,

One hundred years ago our fathers did not light their pipes with matches, but carried a fire in their pockets in the shape of a piece of punk, a pice of steel and a flint.

One hundred years ago a public officer or other citizen could not steal enough to make the act respectable, and insure the actor a prominent position in the "first circles."

Wanted Him Bad.

An unpretentious man entered the office of the proprietor of a great daily newspaper.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

"I have come, sir, to ask you for a position as editorial writer on your paper."

"I don't think there is room for another man; still, using a homely phrase, we are ever on the lookout for good timber. Have you done much newspaper work?"

"None, sir,"

"But you think that you can shape the public sentiment, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Then why do you ask for a place?"

"On account of my fitness."

"Of your fitness? But what does your fitness consist of?"

"My absolute ignorance."

"You are surely a peculiar man. Want a position as editorial writer because you are absolutely ignorant?"

"Yes, sir."

"But of what use is an absolutely ignorant man? What would you propose to do?"

"Write articles on the tariff."

The proprietor caught a quick breath, placed one hand on the table to steady himself, and said: "Of course I want you, but I am surprised to see that you have resigned your seat in Congress."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY PAGE.

Long years ago I held within my grasp
An open page—a fair, white, goodly page—
Whereon to write a life. I filled it full
With love and love's sweet ministries, with home,
And the dear homely cares that make most full
A woman's life—my husband's sheltering love
And the soft prattle of a baby's voice.
And then, in very peace and restfulness,
I closed my eyes and said: "I thank Thee, Lord,
For life."

A moment only, then I heard:
"A happy, sheltered life—but 'tis not thine."
I reached my hand to grasp my treasured page;
It closed upon a bare, blank sheet—no more!
And still the voice said: "Write."

Through failing tears,
That blurred the page and well-nigh hid the lines,
With fainting heart and falt'ring hand I took
The pen. It seemed that there was nothing more
To write. I could not fill the page. One bare,
Bald word came to me as I wrote. That word
Was "duty," and I wrote it o'er and o'er.
And then—so tender is our God! so kind!—
The words grew luminous beneath my pen,
And as I wrote, were changed to "Peace" and "Joy."

"And was it then the same fair page?" Ah, no!
This had a margin, wide, and deep, and bare,
With many a name erased and line left out;
But 'twas my own—my very own—and all
I had; and, clutching it with death-like grip,
I held it to me as I wrote once more.

A whirlwind came—a tempest, fierce and wild,
Beat on my helpless head and bore me down;
It wrenched my page away, and beat it in
The ground; and then it passed and left me there,
A broken, prostrate thing. And ere the surge
And roar had ceased, there fell upon my ear
The same word, "Write."

"Why, Lord," I cried, "how can
I write? My page is gone; the fragments torn,
And soiled, and beaten to the earth. One scrap
Alone I hold of all that once was mine!"
The voice said, tenderly: "Take that thou hast
And write." Awe-struck, I listened and obeyed.

I took the scrap, so pitifully small,
Smoothed out the crumpled edges and began;
And as I wrote—oh, marvel unforeseen!—
A hand invisible, divine, joined on
Another scrap, and smoothed the seam, and made
It ready for my pen.

And thus, as days
Go on, the page still grows. 'Tis not the one
I fain would have; 'tis seamed and tempest-stained,
And blurred with many tears. 'Tis not the one
I planned; but, as I look at it, I know
It is the one my Father meant for me,
And so, because He bids me, still I write.

—*Mary Rebecca Hart, in Good Housekeeping.*

THE FRENCH COUNT.

Story of the "Man With the Diamonds."

Dudley Amerling was one of those peculiar beings called in the newspapers "men about town." He lived in excellent style with an unmarried aunt of uncertain years, dressed in fashion's most ridiculous extremes, always had plenty of money in his pocket, and as a consequence plenty of friends, and endeavored somewhat fruitlessly to amuse himself.

It was his custom every evening to lounge about the lobby of the Windsor Hotel, in the hope that something might occur that would interest him; I shall account for his presence in that house on the night when this story opens, without having bored my readers with irrelevant details.

Mr. Amerling had failed to meet anybody he knew, and was feeling the full force of an irresistible *ennui*. He threw himself listlessly upon one of the green velvet seats in the lobby, and in a few moments, the heat producing a comfortable lethargy, he dozed. Had he only known that his attitude was simply death to the wonderfully glossy expanse of shirt front which adorned his evening dress, he might have been less drowsily inclined.

Dudley Amerling awoke with a start. He had probably slept for an hour. The lobby was nearly deserted, but on the seat opposite to that on which he sat was a gentleman, the contemplation of whom soon aroused Mr. Amerling to utter wakefulness. His vis-a-vis astonished him. He saw a tall, slightly built young man, undeniably foreign and presumably French. Diamonds of purest ray serene glittered on his shirt front, a magnificent stone shone on his finger, his dress suit was exquisitely made, and he was enveloped in a fur overcoat, which must have cost many hundred dollars. Withal, there was no appearance of vulgarity in this display. The diamonds that on another man would have looked horsey and horrible, on this young elegant seemed entirely in place and almost necessary.

"Who the deuce can he be?" was the question Mr Amerling put first to himself and then to the hotel clerk, who answered rather abruptly that he didn't know. The clerk evidently resented the presence of any one wearing so many diamonds. They eclipsed his own. Hotel clerks love to be unique in their magnificence. They generally are.

Mr. Amerling was at the Windsor Hotel the following night. He went early and stayed late. He saw "the man with the diamonds," as he mentally christened the stranger, enter the hotel, and again occupy one of the cushioned seats, with a French newspaper. Young Amerling passed and repassed him, a prey to curiosity, but the man with the diamonds was apparently unconscious of this delicate attention.

For five nights this state of things lasted. Mr. Amerling went to the Windsor to unravel the mystery of the man with the diamonds. The gentleman declined to be unraveled until the sixth night. Every seat in the Windsor lobby was taken except part of that on which the man with the diamonds was seated. So Dudley Amerling found himself suddenly by the side of the stranger, who looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Good evening, sir," he said, with a French accent.

Mr. Amerling promptly returned the salutation, and then said by way of breaking the ice, which a salutation, by the by, only slightly chips: "You are a very diligent reader of the French papers. Do you not care for ours?"

The man with the diamonds dropped his eyes and said in a low tone: "I like to be reminded of my country. Ah, I am so miserable, here. I do not amuse myself. I have no friends. I am alone. But I return to France in a leetle time. Mon Dieu! how glad I shall be."

"I am sorry you don't like it here," said Dudley Amerling, gently. Then with Uncle Sam's instincts: "Most foreigners do."

"They have friends," was the tenderly sad reply.

"Did you bring no introductions?" asked Mr. Amerling.

"*Ma foi, non!*" was the answer. "My name, is it not an introduction in itself? Ah, monsieur, I see you do not know me. Pardon the conceit that makes me think you should." The man with the diamonds drew a dainty little card-case from his pocket, unfastened it, and presented to Mr. Amerling a card, inscribed with the name: "Le Comte de la Mauviere."

The young American started. No, he couldn't help regarding the man with the diamonds with wonderful respect, as soon as he heard he was titled. He looked at the Frenchman so long, that he suddenly remembered he had not returned his confidence.

"You have not told me your name?" said the count at last.

"Ah, pardon me." Dudley was now wide awake, and handed his card to the foreigner, who looked at it eagerly, and then smiled pleasantly. "It's a good name," he said, "a very good name."

"My family is one of the oldest in New York," began Mr. Amerling proudly. He loved to talk of his ancestors, and thought he could do so safely, as he personally remembered his grandfather. "I am quite sure you must have heard of us."

"I have heard of a Miss Anastasia Amerling, a maiden lady."

"She is my aunt," very promptly.

The count's eyes flashed. The look of eagerness in them became intensified. He seemed to lose control of himself. "She is very rich, is she not?" He was trembling with excitement.

"Yes, extremely comfortable, as far as the material wealth of the world is concerned," said Mr. Amerling, smiling. "We live very nicely, indeed."

"*You* live!" exclaimed the count in agitation.

"Yes," said Dudley. "She and I live together. I have no parents; lost them years ago."

The count closed his eyes. He was evidently in deep meditation. His breath came in gasps. He tried hard to control himself, but without much success. Mr. Amerling, however, who was decidedly obtuse, noticed nothing of this agitation. The count opened his eyes in a few seconds, and looked at Mr. Amerling. He was apparently waiting for something.

"We should like to see you, count!" (Ah! that was what the man with the diamonds was waiting for. He heaved a sigh of satisfaction.) "My aunt is at home a great deal, and," laughing, "she is extremely fond of foreigners."

"Ah! the kind Mlle. Amerling."

"You will come!"

"O, how kind of you, monsieur.'

"You'll surely come?"

"Surely, surely. Good night."

"Good night." They separated. Dudley Amerling walked briskly home, filled with satisfaction at his discovery. The count chuckled and rubbed his hands softly together. Anastasia Amerling, the rich maiden lady, only waiting to meet him. *Ah! quelle chance!*

Miss Anastasia Amerling had never been noted for her beauty, and certainly at this particular period in her life was far from attractive. She had not given up all hopes of matrimony. She still had an eye to business.

"Bring the Count to see me, by all means, Dudley," she said to her nephew when that young man had related his experiences at the Windsor Hotel.

It was a proud moment in Miss Amerling's life when, a few evenings after the events narrated above, "Le Comte de la Mauviere" appeared in delicate script on a dainty card that Miss Amerling held in her hand. The man with the diamonds was shown into the drawing room where Miss Amerling sat in state with her nephew. The Count's attire was faultless as usual. His diamonds, Dudley remarked, were entirely different to those he wore previously, but their value was, if any thing, greater, and their beauty undeniable.

Ah! ce cher comte," exclaimed the delighted Anastasia, breaking into French and simpering coquettishly. "*Commong vous-portay-voo! Voo parly Ongly?*" (This was, in reality, about the extent of Miss Amerling's conversational French, and she always made the most of it.)

"*Un petit peu, mademoiselle,*" replied the man with the diamonds, bowing low. "I see," with a very strong accent, "that you spik my natif language vairy well. Ah! mademoiselle has been in France. She spiks like a French voman. Are you, indeed, not French?"

The artless Anastasia was enchanted. She cast a look of intense approval at the lucky count. Dudley Amerling bit his lip, and tried to control his laughter. The foreigner had evidently remembered his advice.

"I have been in Paris very often," said Anastasia, "and, of course, I picked up the language. But," shaking her head in a juvenile manner, "I am afraid I don't speak as well as I might, Count. I have a sad memory."

The man with the diamonds was undoubtedly anxious to find grace in the eyes of the fair Anastasia, and no better beginning could have been made.

"Count," said Anastasia, "you know that I am at home every Tuesday afternoon, and though" (with a simper) "I don't always allow gentlemen to come to my receptions, you may come. Can I expect you Tuesday afternoon? There will be a number of ladies here, *tres gentilles*, I assure you. *Volly-vous veneer, mossieu?*"

The man with the diamonds seemed to be taken aback. Dudley Amerling—that artless young man about town—thought the distinguished foreigner might not care to be the only man present. "I shall be there, count," said Dudley. "Do come. Aunt and I respect your modesty, but please come."

"I—I—don't think I sh—shall be able to," stammered the man with the diamonds. "I—I—rarely go out in the afternoons."

"Make this an exception, count," persisted the fair Anastasia. "Gentlemen of leisure can afford to make concessions to ladies."

But the count was really unable to come, he said. How much he should like to be able to do so, Mademoiselle Amerling would never know. He felt he was so lucky to have found such charmingly congenial friends. Ah! it was indeed a blessing.

"I congratulate you on your acquaintance, Dudley," said Aunt Anastasia, after the count had taken his departure. "He really is an extremely agreeable man. So *commyfo*, if you understand, and so wonderful *d stangy*. There are no people on the face of the earth so delightful to me as the French, Dudley. Did you hear what the ridiculous man said about my French accent? He thought I was a French woman. Well, Dudley, tell him to come as often as he likes. I am sure we need new blood in our set."

The man with the diamonds apparently found Miss Anastasia Amerling equally worth cultivating. He came frequently, always in the evening, and the names of the couple were linked together very often.

One evening, Miss Amerling was in a most kittenish mood, and the count was radiant.

"Next time you come," she said, "you will see me in a magnificent dress, which has been suggested to me, and I shall buy it, because I know you will like it. *Voo Compreng*, count! I am going to take a day off and do my own shopping for once."

"Do your own shopping!" You would have thought Miss Amerling had declared that she intended committing suicide from the terror-stricken tones in which the man with the diamonds spoke. "Do your own shopping, Mademoiselle Anastasia? I thought your maid always did it for you." The count was so excited that his accent had disappeared; but people do strange things when unduly aroused.

"Who told you that?" asked Miss Amerling, rather sharply.

"W—w—well, I—I—thought so," he stammered.

Miss Amerling looked at the man with the diamonds rather severely. "It is true," she said, "that for several years I have allowed my maid Melanie to do my shopping. She is a treasure of a girl, and I hate the *magasangs*, you know. But I can't permit myself to be so lazy always."

"Why not?" asked the count, uneasily. Miss Amerling put up her glasses and eyed him sternly. What did he mean? Was she to account to him for her doings, her comings and her goings?

"Because I don't choose to do so." But her good humor soon overcame her little vexation. "Ah, count, I forgot that you Frenchmen are what we call domestic busybodies—*vou me pardonny, n'est ce pas.* Well, let me admit you to another of my secrets, as I see you like to talk *chiffony*. (Count, I am really picking up my French again, thanks to you.) I am going, personally, to buy myself some new furs, very shortly."

Miss Amerling had not finished her sentence before the man with the diamonds had started to his feet. His face was as pale as a sheet. His lips trembled. He was horribly agitated. Anastasia was alarmed.

"Really, my dear count, I trust you are not ill?"

He did his best to recover his emotion, and he succeeded very soon. "It was nothing," he said with a sickly smile. "It was the—heat of the room." (O, blessed heat of rooms, how useful you are!) The man with the diamonds could not, however, recover his equanimity; something had occurred to disturb him; of that Miss Amerling was certain. What it was, however, she did not even suspect. He rose to take his leave very shortly. There was a question trembling on his lips, but he held it back until the last moment, very much in that spirit which prompts a woman to put her most important request in the postscript of her letter.

"When—do—y—you buy ours, furs, mademoiselle?" he asked.

Anastasia glanced at him coy. "You do not forget my furs," she said archly. "I'd tell you, if I knew, count, but I don't."

"W—w—where do you buy them?"

Miss Amerling again felt resentment at the question. It was not asked in an offhand manner, as the dear count certainly intended it should have been. There was a real anxiety for an answer in it.

"Where did you buy your fur coat, count?" she asked, rather imprudently.

The man with the diamonds positively jumped. It was not a start it was a jump he gave. His face was livid: he gasped for breath. Hastily wringing Miss Amerling's hand, he bade her good-night.

What did it mean? Miss Amerling asked herself.

Miss Amerling's forebodings disappeared with the clear sunshine of the following morning. After all, she reflected, the Comte de la Mauviere ought to be permitted the luxury of a few peculiarities. He was certainly a charming man; he was undeniably under her influence, and—well, there is no use mincing matters—Miss Amerling suddenly remembered that she was "getting on in years." Besides, she had gone rather too far to retract. Hippolyte—yes, that was his *nom de bapteme*—certainly knew that she was not averse to him—as they say in the love stories. Ah! she was too ingenious to be able to conceal her sentiments on any subject.

With what fervor and loving enthusiasm had he thanked her, when, after listening to his statement that money had not been forthcoming from France, she had handed him $500. What a ridiculous man he was to be so grateful for the loan of a few dollars! Ah! it was because he loved her. Could he doubt it? No, indeed.

In a short time Miss Amerling's brougham was at the door, and the lady herself ready for the shopping expedition. In the crowded part of Broadway, she could not help looking to see if by chance she might espy the count. She was not rewarded by the sight of that blue-blooded gentleman, however, and somehow—why, she could not tell—she felt vexed, and sighed as she reached Webster, Underhill & Nickerson's establishment, that colossal store where every thing could be bought, from a diamond to an elephant.

"To the fur department," said Miss Amerling to the polite shop walker, who, with tender solicitude, had watched her alight from her brougham.

It was quite a long walk through the endless avenues of the big establishment to the fur department. Miss Amerling was out of breath when she at last reached it. She sank in a cushioned arm chair.

"I will send Mr. Jones to you. He is an artist in fur, I assure you, madam," said the shop walker.

"It's well he's an artist in something, with such a disgustingly plebeian name," thought Miss Amerling.

One minute, two minutes, three minutes passed. Miss Amerling was thoroughly rested. Ah! she heard footsteps. The artistic Jones was arriving; the footsteps came nearer. She rose and advanced toward a young man. He was in front of her now. She looked carelessly at him. Suddenly, she paled, her eyes dilated, her mouth opened, and, with a piercing shriek, she fell to the ground in a swoon.

Instantly all was commotion in Webster, Underhill & Nickerson's establishment. The three members of the firm, who knew Miss Amerling as an excellent customer, were greatly concerned. Mr. Jones, however, who, with his book and pencil in hand, and a well-worn business suit on his back, looked really too ordinary a person to have been the cause of Miss Amerling's sudden indisposition, seemed anxious to leave the scene; while every one's attention was attracted to the fainting lady, he slipped away.

Miss Amerling soon recovered. She cast one glance at the place where Jones had stood and burst into tears. "O, Mr. Webster," she sobbed, "take me to my carriage. I shall die, I shall die. O, I have been deceived, duped, victimized—O, I dare not think of it. Oh! oh! oh! oh!"

She was rapidly becoming hysterical. "A word with you, Mr. Webster," she managed to say. The polite partner was immediately in an attitude of attention.

"Is—is that y—y—young m—m—man's n—n—name really Jo—Jones?" she asked in almost unintelligible tones.

"It is, Miss Amerling. He has been with us for six months."

"He—he—he—is a v—v—villain," she sobbed. "No d—d—don't ask me why. He is a v—v—villain, and y—y—yet even n—now I can hardly understand it all. O, take me to my carriage quickly. Oh! oh! what shall I do? How shall I face Dudley? O, my poor heart! O, Mr. Webster. I'm wretched. No, I won't cry. I won't. Why should I! I haven't done any thing wrong. Oh! oh! oh! Good morning, Mr. Webster. Oh! oh!"

And she was gone. Mr. Webster was not surprised. In an instant he had put two and two together. Astute man that he was, Miss Amerling's emotion and the cause of it were as clear as a pikestaff to him.

Dudley Amerling was visiting some friends in Boston, when the following story in one of the New York papers, which he had just received, caught his eye:

This personal in a morning paper attracted considerable attention: "All who have had business with a person calling himself Comte de la Mauviere, beware. He is an imposter. Webster, Underhill & Nickerson." A reporter called at the establishment conducted by this firm, and Mr. Webster had a strange story to tell.

"For some time past," said Mr. Webster, "I have been working nights, as we were stock-taking. A curious thing happened. One night I missed a handsome fur overcoat from the fur department, and diamond studs, rings and sleeve links from the jewelry department. I went to my home much annoyed. The goods were very valuable. When I returned to the store in the morning, you may judge how surprised I was when I saw the overcoat and the jewelry in their places. I really supposed I must have been suffering from some sort of delusion. The following night, however, I missed another fur coat, and other jewelry, and the next morning they were in their places again. For several weeks this went on, and I was wearing myself out with perplexity; at last, in dismay, I spoke to my partners, and they agreed that we had better put a detective on the case. This we did and we found out two days ago that Arthur Jones, the young man in charge of the fur department, was in the habit of frequenting fashionable hotels each night, dressed in our furs and diamonds, which he returned in the morning. This he told us Thursday, when we arrived at the store. We determined to watch Jones carefully and surprise him that night with our goods. That afternoon, however, a lady called to buy a sealskin cloak; at the sight of Jones she fainted; she was taken home in a very weak state, and told me that she had been grossly deceived.

"The lady was averse to discussing the matter, but from what she said I should imagine that she had lent him money. He left while she was at the store and has not been seen since. He is tall, slightly built and foreign looking. I don't know that I would do any thing to him, even if he were found. He took nothing from the store; but I feel it my duty to expose him, and for that reason inserted the personal notice that you saw."

Poor Miss Amerling recovered in due time, but she has never been the same woman since he rsad experience with the French nobility. She no longer uses French expressions, or reads French novels, and, indeed, it is said that fair Melanie is now known as Matilda Jane.—*Epoch.*

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Ordinary Precautions Which Everybody Should Observe.

Brush your teeth, and teach your children to brush their teeth after every meal with tepid water, and *always just before retiring at night* with a good dentifrice. If you could brush your teeth but once a day, you should do it the last thing before going to bed, for the constant movement of the tongue and saliva against the teeth during the day keep them partly cleansed, but at night the muscles and tongue are at rest, and the small particles of food that are floating about in the mouth or lodged between the teeth unite with the stagnant saliva, producing an acid that attacks the tooth either at the neck or in one of the irregular convolutions of the crown. While too vigorous brushing is to be deprecated, yet it is better to err in overdoing than not brushing thoroughly enough. Every accessible surface of the teeth should be thoroughly brushed to remove any food that may be lodged there. Do not rest content to brush only the fronts of the teeth, but also the inner surface and crowns; the upper teeth should be brushed downward and the lower teeth upward in order that the bristles may pass between the teeth and force out any particles of food there; it also presses the gums against the necks of the teeth. Always use a soft wooden toothpick after meals, never a pin or any metal one.

Never use any advertised or recommended powders that you do not know their entire constituents. Avoid all powders that contain soap, charcoal, cuttle-fish bone or any oily or insoluble substance for constant use. Do not use any wash that is recommended for whitening the teeth; it either does not accomplish the result, or does it at the expense of the enamel of the teeth. Any dentifrice that has precipitated chalk for its base is good, provided it contains no acid. When you or your children take any of the solutions of iron, or other strong medicines, whether through a quill, as they should be, or in any other manner, see that the teeth are brushed immediately afterward.

By observing these precautions and a visit to some good dentist every six months, so that any disease or other imperfection may be seen and corrected before it gets any headway, you and your children ought under ordinary circumstances preserve your teeth till old age.—*Home Knowledge.*

FAITH REWARDED.

Story of a Man Who Had Confidence In His Mother-in-Law.

One of the ladies who have been for some time prominent in Washington society has a husband who works in one of the departments. How they manage to scratch along on his little salary and make the show the lady does is explained by the fact that she has a wealthy mother, who sends her an occasional remittance. Recently she received a package containing ribbons, pocket-handkerchiefs, bonbons, etc., nothing of much value. The daughter felt hurt that her mother's present was so insignificant as compared with former ones, and she began to shed tears as the box was emptied of its trifles. The servant was ordered to take the debris and throw it away.

The husband has confidence in his mother-in-law—a rare thing to have, to be sure. He said, soothingly, to his wife: "My dear, I will look carefully through the paper and straw which came in the box, perhaps we have overlooked something." He did look carefully and was rewarded by finding an envelope with a neatly folded check for $1,000 in it, together with an endearing note to her children. The husband was so overcome with joy at the find that he could only say, "God bless our mother." Most sons-in-law vary that expression.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Never let the sun rays strike a mirror. It acts upon the mercury and makes the glass cloudy, which all the rubbing in the world will not remove.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The consumption of rubber in this country is steadily on the increase, the imports last year having been 27,000,000 pounds, the greatest amount ever known.

—Dr. Schliemann has discovered the location of the temple of Aphrodite Urania in Cythera. Rain-storms and an inundation of the river compelled him, however, to return to Athens via Sparta.

—A large steel company in Chicago has decided to substitute crude petroleum for coal. This oil will be used as fuel for thirty-six large boilers, and if every thing goes well an attempt will be made to use the oil in the heating of ingots and blooms. The oil will be forced into tanks and supplied to the boilers by the force of gravity.

—In a carefully compiled table of labor statistics in the United States, France, England and Germany, it appears that labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled, is paid over one hundred per cent. more in the United States than in any of the other countries named. In some cases—notably in the wages of women—the difference is over three hundred per cent. in favor of the United States.

—Typewriting and stenographic offices are multiplying with unusual rapidity in New York. It is said that not less than seventy-five to one hundred young girls and men "graduate" every week and start out to earn a living in this trade. It has been recently shown by statistics that the difference between the wages of men and women in that city who do the same work is from one dollar to twelve dollars a week in favor of the men.

—Palladium, a metal of the platinum group, but of far lower density than the latter, may be substituted for steel in the manufacture of watches. Palladium is absolutely non-polarizable, and it is unaffected to any noticeable extent by the presence of a magnetic field. Besides this, it has the incidental advantage of being rust-proof. The discovery is due to C. A. Pallard of Geneva, Switzerland, and watches are now being constructed with this metal.

—Sir John Herschel's opinion that the full moon has a tendency to clear the sky of clouds is supported by recent observations. In reference to the common belief that a ring around the moon is indicative of the approach of a storm, it is stated that, out of sixty-one lunar halos observed near London, thirty-four were followed by rain within twenty-four hours, and nineteen within four days. Meteorologists generally agree that the moon exerts some influence on the weather; but as to the extent of that influence they differ greatly.

—The calculations of a recent writer on the subject show that an enormous amount of vegetable matter is required to form a layer of coal, it being estimated that it would take not less than 1,000,000 years to form a bed of coal 100 feet thick. The area of the coal fields of the United States is between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles, which is a quantity sufficient to supply the entire world for a period of 2,000 years. One million tons of coal are taken from these beds every year.

—Artists always seem at a loss to deal with the color of the sea, and few are those who please the public. Prof. Tyndall has come to their aid. He recognizes three principal hues in sea waves—blue, green and yellow. Solid particles held in the water act as minute mirrors, reflecting the light which penetrates the liquid. The rays which are sent out, after having traversed only a thin stratum of water, preserve their yellow parts; but if the reflections are attenuated the water appears green, and if they do not exist at all, the sea being clear and free from muddy matters, the color is deep blue. In an indigo sea the crest of the waves will appear green on account of their lack of thickness. Seaweed, animalcules, and other local or accidental causes may have much influence on the color of the water.

STORMY WEATHER.

Dozens of Signs Said to Indicate the Approach of Storms.

Red clouds at sunrise indicate storm.

Foxes barking at night indicate storm.

The weather usually moderates before a storm.

Soot burning on back of chimney indicates storm.

The aurora, when very bright, indicates storm.

Sounds traveling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.
North and south the sign of a drought,
East and west the sign of a blast.

Peafowl utter low cries before a storm and select a low perch.

Domestic animals stand with their heads from the coming storm.

Distant sounds heard with distinctness during the day indicate rain.

Coals becoming alternately bright and dim indicate approaching storms.

Wild geese flying over in great numbers indicate approaching storm.

It is said that blacksmiths select a stormy day in which to perform work that requires extra heat.

When a heavy cloud comes up in the southwest and seems to settle back again look out for a storm.

When oxen or sheep collect together as if they were seeking shelter, a storm may be expected.

Fire always burns brighter and throws out more heat just before a storm, and is hotter during a storm.

A long strip of clouds, called a salmon or Noah's ark, east and west, is a sign of stormy weather, but when it extends north and south it is a sign of dry weather.

If the clouds be of different heights, the sky being grayish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, or sometimes to southeast, without perceptibly increasing in force, expect storm.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Tin Horn—"Hello, Drum, I hear that you've been beaten?" Drum—"O, you be blowed!"—*Life.*

—There is more difference between cheap talk and free speech than some people seem to suppose.—*Tid-Bits.*

—You can't insult a man when your feet are under his mahogany. He has the dead wood of hospitality on you.—*Puck.*

—At the employment bureau: "And now, what is your position in society, sir?" "Ahem! I am one of those who only stand and wait."

—In Paris there are said to be people who make a living by waking people up in the morning. They must do a a rousing business.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—A writer insists that American girls are "too giddy." He must have met some of our girls who have been going round a good deal.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Marion Harland says the coming woman will have her own bank account. She needs to have it if she expects to support the coming man who will be her husband.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—There is no use in a man trying to be more stubborn than a joint of stovepipe, or a gate that won't latch. He can not compete successfully in that line.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

—Shakespeare's immortal sentence, "He who steals my purse steals trash," would indicate that in his day, as in modern times, the poetry business didn't pay.—*Washington Critic.*

—"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper. "What kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," was the reply. And the wife resumed her reading.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—There is a great deal of talk just now about the declining power of the pulpit. The fact is, it isn't the pulpit which is declining; but a great many people are declining to listen to it. The pulpit, probably, was never stronger than it is to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Collector for the heathen—"Is Mr. Jones at home?" Mrs. Jones—"He is down in the cellar trying to fix the furnace. It won't draw. Shall I call him up?" Collector (hurriedly)—"O, no, I'll call some other time."—*Boston Courier.*

—"Poor fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't any thing," exclaimed a seedy bystander, "Dying in poverty is no hardship; it's living in poverty that puts the thumb-screws on a fellow."—*Texas Siftings.*

—He was feverishly awaiting her answer. "I have spoken to your father, Miss Clara," he added, by way of a clincher, "and he will gladly welcome me as a son-in-law." In a low, sweet tone the answer came: "If you had spoken to me first, Mr. Sampson," she said, "it would have saved you the trouble of speaking to my father." And then she said something about the weather, which Mr. Sampson found cold and bleak a few moments later.

SOCIAL VAMPIRES.

Detective Agencies That Are Nothing More Than Blackmailing Concerns.

"Something ought to be done to control these private detective agencies," said a police officer of rank to a reporter. "They are a nuisance, and work more harm than any one imagines. I don't refer to the straight agencies, but these concerns that do all the dirty work are the ones I refer to. Anybody can start a detective agency, and some of the men who work for many of these in Chicago ought to be in the penitentiary. Many private detectives make their living by blackmail, and it is easy to see that they have a fine field to work in. Take, for instance, a case of a woman, or even a man, who has some standing. Some one—it may be a husband or wife, or even an outsider—puts a detective on the track of the one he wants to find out about, and the victim is followed everywhere. Suppose something is found out—and there's nobody but has a little dark spot that shouldn't be exposed—and here's where the chance for blackmail comes in. The detective makes his report and receives his pay, but doesn't let the matter rest there. He has a hold on the one he'd been shadowing, and when the proper time comes he works the racket for what it's worth. He wants a loan after letting the victim know, of course, what knowledge he possesses, and nine to one he gets it. The one affected knows that he can't afford exposure and he is willing to pay for secrecy. Mind you, all private detectives don't work this snap, but many of them do.

"I know of a young man who robbed his employer. The latter knew something was wrong, so he hired a shadower. Proof against the young man was complete, and when he was confronted with it he confessed every thing. He begged not to be exposed, and the employer consented to his remaining, provided he made up the shortage. This he did and afterwards regained his employer's confidence. Then he married a fine girl and was happy. The world smiled on him and he was getting along as nicely as any one could wish when one day he was called on by a strange man, who soon let him know that he was the detective who had done the shadowing. He didn't say that he would expose the young man, but the latter knew what the matter was and readily consented to make a small loan. Instead of telling his wife and employer about it he struggled on, meeting demands made on him, and finally took to drinking. His employer discharged him, he went lower and lower, and when he got clear into the gutter his wife left him because he couldn't support her. The other day, I see by the papers, she sued for a divorce, and she'll get it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A good, milk-fed barn cat is worth more than her weight in poisons and all the traps she could carry.

—A peck of fresh lime will absorb three quarts of water, hence the advantage of putting this amount of calcareous matter in a damp cellar.

—Cold water is decidedly the best to use for the face, as it is nearest to the temperature of atmospheric air, to which the face is continually exposed.

—A field of grass where I sowed salt three years ago remained green throughout the dry weather when the grass on other fields was dry and brown, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*.

—Mules are less subject to disease than horses, and their term of work averages twice as long. For cultivating crops mules are superior to horses, as they walk Indian fashion, one foot directly in front of the other.

—A man can be a farmer and not "get there." Why? Because he doesn't know how. He doesn't manage well. The life of a farmer must be practical or the farm can not pay. He must know how to handle the plow himself or he can't make farming go.—*Col. Mower.*

—Vienna Yeast: One yeast cake, one pint warm water, two tablespoons flour; stir together and let rise one hour. Add twelve large potatoes boiled and mashed fine, two-thirds cup sugar, one-third cup of salt, and water enough to make one gallon. Mix and keep in a cold place. Stir well before using.

—French Loaf: Three heaping teacupfuls of light bread, two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, three eggs, one nutmeg, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, fruit to your liking. Rub butter, sugar and eggs together, then bread and fruit; mix thoroughly with your hands; let rise a little and bake one hour. It is good with or without fruit.

—The practical benefit to be derived from raising good stock depends, among other things, upon the treatment received at the owner's hands. Blood and breeding and rare natural capacity are powerless to contribute to successful stock raising, unless accompanied by the co-operation of human thoughtfulness, intelligent management and regular care.

—Any soil upon which water does not remain during winter, says a writer in *Vick's Magazine*, can be made to grow small fruits; in fact, any soil which will produce weeds will grow them; but as there are few soils which can produce two crops at the same time, it is better not to try to grow a crop of weeds and a crop of strawberries on the same soil together.

HOW TO RAISE STOCK.

Rules That Will Work with All Kinds of Cattle and Horses.

There is a great difference in the kinds and manner of keeping stock to make stock farming profitable. One farmer tells you there is no profit in raising horses, and it is better to buy your horses than to raise them. If you will look at his horse stock you will find he is about right, for he has no mare that he or any other man can name the blood of, and he breeds her to a horse of the same kind to save a few dollars in the start. When the colt comes it runs its chance for living, often getting the milk when the mare is all heated up with work. After a time the colt is thought old enough to wean and is taken away from the mare at once, but has not learned to eat and will take no nourishment until starved to it. Of course it will become poor and is not much of a colt when spring comes; will take all summer to get in reasonable condition, and runs the gauntlet another winter between grown horses and cattle. If it escapes accident or death from horns, when four years old and about the size of a fair three-year-old, all hands are called in to break the colt. If he don't break his neck when first haltered he is harnessed and a blind bridle put on him, and he is hitched to the wagon; he is afraid of every one and every thing, and is very apt to kick, and finally is a poor horse, not reliable anywhere, and of course an unprofitable horse to raise. Such farmers are not the ones to make horse-raising profitable. Such men are always buying horses, and seldom get such as they want.

Another farmer will tell you he can make more money raising horses than any other stock. This is the way he does it. He can tell you the blood of every animal he has on the farm. His brood mares are so well bred that he will have a good colt from each. He has no use for poor sires; the horse he breeds to must show a clear pedigree and no blemish that can be transmitted. He cares well for the mares; works them reasonably, and when the colts come they are taught to lead when only a few days old, and handled often and taught not to be afraid of those who care for them. They are taught to eat as soon as possible, and when ready to wean are fed better, and gradually taken from their mother, so that by the change from milk to grain, grass and hay, they will not be badly affected. They are fed particularly well the first winter and handled often until old enough to work, and then a little careful training makes them good reliable horses, worth two or three of the first described and cost, if any difference, less feed and time; not so much, if you consider accidental deaths and other bad results in breeding. The first kind of horse-raising will pay never, the last kind will pay every time. The same rule will work, in the same way, with all other kinds of farm stock.—*Western Agriculturist.*

BETROTHAL TOKENS.

What It Costs to Announce an Engagement in Precious Stones.

Cupid is notoriously a favorite with jewelers, and no wonder. From the days when the heart's affection feels the need of an outward symbol, to the time for wedding gifts, lovers pay constant tribute to the dealers in gold and silver and precious stones. It is in the early days of accepted love, however, that fashion dictates most absolutely, and for once at least chimes with sentiment. Rings are essential to an engagement, and only she who has ugly hands or a strong love with a basis of economy will be content with none. Moreover, in the purchase of engagement rings every consideration is shown to bank accounts, but it is hardly allowable for a young man to run into debt or pawn his overcoat for the sake of his dear girl. Fortunately the latitude in respect to the choice of rings has been constantly increasing lately, and such unfortunate expedients are quite unnecessary. One condition is well-nigh indispensable, however. The stone of the ring must be a solitaire. Occasionally one sees a set of two or three or even a cluster of diamonds, rubies or emeralds, but while the effect is often pretty, it lacks brilliancy, fire, and the centered beauty that marks the solitaire. An exception should be made in favor of the opal, surrounded by small diamonds, a combination that enhances, if possible, the beauty of both stones. A diamond is often married to a ruby or an emerald, but neither stone gains by the contrast. In fact, almost the only merit of such sets or clusters is their low price, compared with that of single stones.

Among the solitaires, the diamond reigns supreme and is properly regarded by love-sick swains as the most precious gift to a very precious object. Its preciousness lies not merely in its great cost, but also in its unrivaled brilliancy, that has made it a perennial object of admiration. In respect to price, diamonds will satisfy the economical man who does not insist on having a large stone, or will diminish the size of the wealthy man's pocket. A ring containing a first-class diamond weighing one-quarter of a karat will cost about $20. From this prices increase rapidly, a doubling of the weight of the stone involving an addition of about 125 per cent. to the price. A diamond weighing half a karat will cost about $50, one weighing a karat about $125, and so on up to $1,000, which is practically the limit. They are cut with a broad crown on the upper part and taper to a point below. The horizontal diameter of a stone of a quarter-karat weight is about one-eighth of an inch. The setting for these as well as for most solitaires is of a plain description, while the ring is nothing but a slender hoop of gold.

Next after diamonds in the scale of popularity come the gleaming white pearls. They are lower priced than diamonds, one of a grain weight costing $10 or $15. A grain is equivalent to about one-quarter of a karat. Larger ones can be obtained at any price, but $50 is about the limit for engagement rings. Many persons prefer, therefore, to get a moderate-sized pearl rather than a small diamond at the same price. Contrary to general opinion, moreover, genuine oriental pearls are not easily injured or broken, but will bear as hard usage as diamonds. The darting, fiery opal is readily growing in favor as a suitable stone for an engagement ring. For a long time it has borne the reputation of bringing ill-luck, but the superstition has lost its force. The poet sings:

> October's child is born to woe,
> And life's vicissitudes must know;
> But lay an opal on his breast,
> And hope will lull those woes to rest.

Opals are cut in carbuncle shape and may be used as solitaires or in combination with smaller diamonds. In price they are even lower than pearls, but vary greatly in quality. One of a karat weight will cost from $10 to $75. Looked at from different sides, an opal reflects all the colors of the rainbow and justifies the admiration it excites. Rubies, emeralds and sapphires are used in engagement rings, but have no special popularity. Both rubies and emeralds are as high priced as diamonds, but sapphires cost comparatively little. One of the latest freaks of fashion in tokens of engagement is a flexible bracelet made up of gold blocks enameled with forget-me-nots. Its cost is about $18. Plain rings without stones are sold occasionally for this purpose, but only to the poorer classes. To those who have passed the period of discussing engagement rings, it may be well to suggest that the regulation wedding ring is a 20-karat gold ring, costing from $4 to $10.—*Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.*

How to Treat Heaves.

I traded for a mare that had the heaves, although I did not know it then. I fed her at night and she cleaned her manger and ate all the bedding she could get at. When I went out to her stable in the morning her sides went like a blacksmith's bellows. I determined that I would either kill or cure her. I cleaned every spear of hay out of the stable and covered the floor with dry sand. I did not give her any thing to eat eat that day or the day after, and then I began to feed her on three quarts of potatoes, moistened, for breakfast; four quarts of oats and three quarts of potatoes for dinner, and one pound of loose hay wet, and three quarts of meal mixed with it for supper. In six weeks' time she was free from the heaves, gained flesh, and was more handsome in shape. I kept her a year and I saw nothing of the heaves. I sold her to go on to a stage, and she run there two or three years, but I did not hear any thing about any heaves. She cost me $40 and I sold her for $100. —*N. E. Homestead.*

BULGARIAN WOMEN.

They Take an Almost Equal Share With Men in the Bread-Winning.

Bulgarian peasant women are extremely robust and hardy, though they are, as a rule, short of stature. They are thickly set, their chests well developed and their limbs muscular from constant exercise and toil in the open air. Their Tartar origin shows itself in their high projecting cheek-bones, short snub noses and little twinkling eyes.

Social life among this class of the population differs from that of the Greek chiefly in the position of the women. A Bulgarian *butka*, or good wife, takes an almost equal share with her husband in the bread-winning, and consequently her word has considerable weight in the family council. Like all women in the East, she is sober and thrifty, keeps at least the inside of her house clean and tidy, cooks palatable food, spins, weaves, knits and sews all the clothes for the family. Her wardrobe consists of two suits, one the gala costume in which she was married, and which will last her lifetime for Sundays and *prasnik*, or feastdays; and one of the same pattern, but more homely material, for working days. The former consists chiefly of a long linen garment worked round the seams, a cloth coat richly embroidered, a large apron neatly covered with the same ornamentation, but no petticoats; and on the head a bordered white kerchief artistically arranged and fastened with silver pins and strings of coins.

These dresses, with some carpets, rugs, towels and sheets, form a Hungarian girl's trousseau. Among the peasants, a proposal of marriage is made to the father, who accepts the suitor on his promising to pay a sum varying, I am told, from £50 to £100, according to his means. This is the purchase money for the labor of the hardy maiden, which will on her marriage belong to the husband.—*Woman's World.*

"Didn't Know it Was Loaded."

The young man fell dead!
A friend had pointed a revolver at him.
"He didn't know it was loaded!"

We often hear it stated that a man is not responsible for what he does not know. The law presupposes knowledge and therefore convicts the man who excuses crime by ignorance!

"If I had only known" has often been an unfortunate man's apology for some evil unknowingly wrought, but in a matter of general interest—as for instance that laudanum is a poison, that naphtha is a deadly explosive, that blood heavily charged with a winter's accumulations of the waste of the system—it is one's duty to know the fact and the consequences thereof. Our good old grandmothers knew for instance, that the opening of spring was the most perilous period of the year.

Why?

Because then the blood stream is sluggish and chilled by the cold weather, and if not thinned a good deal and made to flow quickly and healthfully through the arteries and veins, it is impossible to have good vigor the rest of the year. Hence, without exception, what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, was plentifully made and religiously given to every member of the family regularly through March, April, May and June. It is a matter of record that this prudential, preventive and restorative custom saved many a fit of sickness, prolonged life and happiness to a vigorous old age, and did away with heavy medical expenditures.

Mrs. Maggie Kerchwal, Lexington, Ky., used Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla "for nervous sick headache of which I had been a sufferer for years. It has been a great benefit to me." Capt. Hugh Harkins, 1114 S. 15th St., Philadelphia, Pa., says "it purified my blood and removed the blotches from my skin." Mrs. Aarea Smith, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., says she "was entirely cured of a skin disease of the worst kind," by Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Bad skin indicates a very bad condition of the blood.

If you would live and be well, go to your druggist to-day and get Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and take no other—there's nothing like it or as good—and completely renovate your impaired system with this simple, old-fashioned preparation of roots and herbs.

Warner, who makes the famous Safe Cure, puts it up, and that is a guarantee of excellence all over the known world. Take it yourself and give it to the other members of the family, including the children. You will be astonished at its health-giving and life-prolonging powers. We say this editorially with perfect confidence, because we have heard good things of it everywhere, and its name is a guarantee that it is first-class in every particular.—*Cleveland Press.*

AN egg ought to be as good as it can be. Yet you don't want to get the kind that can't be beat.—*Puck.*

HAND-ORGANS are forbidden in the streets of a town in Texas by the law—probably the organ-ic law.

A WAIF is a child waif from home.

THE old notion that blood will tell is a vein conceit.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THEY have a society journal in Bengal that is much read by the Ben-gals.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WILDCAT insurance company is not properly named. In an emergency it does not come to the scratch.—*Boston Transcript*

BEES, it is said, always fly in a straight line. This is undoubtedly the reason why a drunken man never gets stung.—*Burlington Free Press.*

SOLED again—a mended shoe.

EVERY body has some vein of poetry in him; but, in nine cases out of ten, it would be money in his pocket if that vein were filled with blood.—*Puck.*

DEAD issues—the morgue's output.

AN old-fashioned trust—"trust to luck."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A SPRUCE young fellow is very often pop'lar with the ladies.

WHEN is an actor not an actor? Nine times out of ten.—*Dunlop's Stage News.*

AS A rule the observation of a hotel waiter-girl is soup-or-fishal.—*Merchant Traveler.*

CARELESSNESS with parlor matches causes many fires and more divorces.—*Inter Ocean.*

SHOPPING is too much of a sweet buy and buy for the frugal husband. It cloys on the taste.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

ALWAYS worn out—an overcoat.

Misery by the Wholesale.

Is what chronic inactivity of the liver gives rise to. Bile gets into the blood and imparts a yellow tint, the tongue fouls, and so does the breath, sick headaches, pain beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade are felt, the bowels become constipated and the stomach disordered. The proven remedy for this catalogue of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended, and sovereign also for chills and fever, nervousness and rheumatism.

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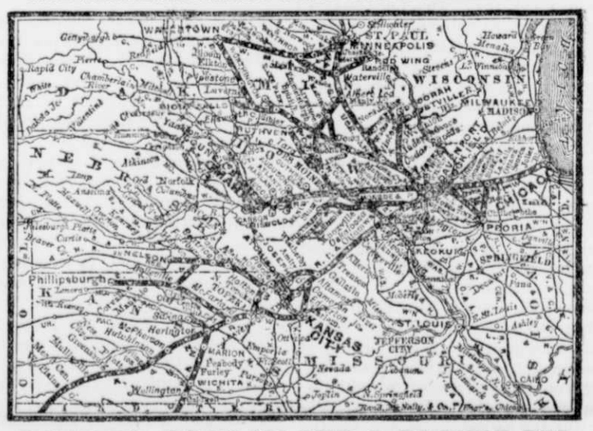
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SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

The Senate Committee on Territories have reported a resolution against the admission of Utah to the Union until polygamy is abolished and all civil authority is taken from the priesthood of the Mormon Church.

The Baltimore *American*, in commenting on the misdoings of the present legislature, says: "It has been a session of dishonor for the State, disgrace for the legislature and ill-gotten wealth for the lobby." Judging from the recent utterances of the *Sun* that paper agrees with the *American*.

Make it Hot for the Mormon Traitors and Outlaws.

Lately many hypocritical pleas have been put forward by the agents of the Mormon lobby in Washington on the theory of alleged "change of heart," on the part of the Mormons in Utah, as the vital ideas and convictions of these traitorous pests and nuisances. If they could but succeed by wholesale lying and discreetly disturbed corruption funds, in getting the Mormon heirarchy and polygamy entrenched within the secure defences of Statehood, they would achieve all they want and renew their operations for disseminating the virus of their vile doctrines through the surrounding mountain States and Territories.

But the Mormons in Utah cannot be altogether suppressed or kept quiet. They are as talkative as they are vicious and disloyal. This is shown by a Salt Lake dispatch dated yesterday, which describes the second day's proceedings of the Mormon Conference, at which a particularly vicious Mormon, Roger Clawson, convicted of polygamy and pardoned by President, after three years of just imprisonment, showed the blasphemous and other disgusting traits of these blatant traitors and law defiers, when he said that he was convicted for obeying the law of God, and saw 300 of his brethren come there for the same offense and 200 go from prison. "But I feel first rate now, said he; 'I am not one whit discouraged, and have just as as much faith, yea, even greater, than four years ago. The Saints exhibited wonderful endurance in being cast into prison amid the vile association of thieves and murderers, rather than go before the court and make the simple promise to obey the law. The Lord has revealed to us the principle of celestial marriage, and by His help we will honor it and not make a promise to abandon this any more than any other principle of our faith."

These ostentatious enemies of the laws and Christian civilization of the United States have the unprecedented impudence to demand Statehood, within which to shelter themselves against the laws that underlie our civilization. What they really need is more stringent and effectual laws against polygamy and the other Mormon infamies; United State officials who will execute these laws, and two regiments of soldiers as a reserve, until Gentile settlers shall be made secure and enabled to facilitate the legal and other processes of eliminating the foulest social and political cancer that ever afflicted any of our Western committees.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Legislature of 1888.

(Hagerstown Mail, Democrat.)

The Balto. *Sun* covers over the late Legislature with a good coat of varnish. The failure of the "Legal Notice Bill" with it was the sum of all good and condoned all faults and failings. It seems to think that the passage of the Registration and Election bills were acts of merit, and assigns for principal cause that the boards are to have a minority representation. This is not what was promised alone—it was the Tilden law as near as could be, that was promised, and it provided for more than minority representation. Minority representation, unless accompanied with the other fortifications against fraud, may be entirely delusive; dummy Republicans—ignorant or corrupt ones—can easily be appointed who can, when fraud is contemplated, assist in its perpetration, through inefficiency on the one hand, or in the case of corrupt ones bought outright.

There is no certain security here, but this, combined with the other safeguards of the Tilden law, made fraud almost impossible so far as the reception and counting of the ballots were concerned. We observe in the Legislature of New York in the effort now being made to prevent the purchase of votes as far as practicable, not a single complaint was made as to any defect in the election law itself; everything is so secured by that law that even when the judges are bad or corrupt they cannot commit frauds. It is now that the effort there to get the voter into the polling room without any ballot and when he approached the glass urn on the voting table the ticket or tickets are to be presented to him printed by the state, with the names of all the candidates on them and where he can select his own votes, out of the presence of the buyer of votes.

It is said that the open purchase of votes in New York is now the great scandal of the elections, and it is to prevent or restrain this that all kinds of projects are under consideration.

One of the virtues ascribed by the *Sun* to the merit of the Legislature was the reduction in the State tax of 1½ cents. The *Sun* knows that this tax was imposed to pay the interest and the principle of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and Maryland Hospital loans, as required by the Constitution and the acts creating the debts, and that when paid these taxes should, as a matter of course, cease. These debts are now paid and no tax therefore could be levied for any such purpose.

What possible virtue is there in the act that would stop the collection of a tax from the tax-payer levied specifically for the payment of a certain debt and the interest, when that debt and interest are paid? It was a public duty to stop this tax that even the most hardened Legislator could not well refuse to discharge.

In fact, by the payment of these two debts the tax of 1¾ cts. levied to pay them ought to have dropped. If dropped, the State tax for the present year would then be 17 cts. on the $100 instead of 18¾, as that of last year. But the Legislature, in dropping this tax of 1¾ cents imposed an additional tax of ¼ cent for Public Schools, so that the School tax is increased from 10 to 10½ cents, and the whole State tax fixed at 17¼ cts.

We may take occasion perhaps to notice in detail the conduct of this Legislature in doing what should not have been done and in omitting to do what should have been done. It has become self-evident that pre-election promises avail nothing; that it is only upon men of undoubted probity that the people can rely for anything like a performance of public duty. Platforms are nothing; they are but specious words, gotten up for the emergency and intended to deceive and delude. They are only to answer the purpose of getting creatures in power and then do whatever they please, trusting to like tricks for a future success.

There is a great relief in the public mind that the Legislature has adjourned, and may the people of the State never see the like again.

It must be a matter of profound regret to every good thinking man in the State that Gov. Jackson found it proper to pardon the election judges and clerks confined in Baltimore city jail for committing frauds at elections.

This is one of the most serious offenses against public law and order that can be committed, and no punishment inflicted could hardly be too severe.

President Cleveland, in exercising the pardoning power in many cases always carefully distinguished this class from other cases. He peremptorily declined to pardon a person guilty of this offense, and thought it sufficiently important to give his reasons for it.

One of the reasons given for the Governor's action was that there was no protest against it. It is said that the Reform League did not even protest.

This was an offense against the people of the State, and the Governor as an individual, had as much right to protest as any other one; but specially as Governor was it his duty to see to it that so grave an offense against the body of the whole State should not go unpunished, nor receive any kind of clemency or encouragement at the hands of the authorities of this State.

Another reason indicated was that the men had been sufficiently punished.

Entirely the contrary; in committing the offenses of stuffing the ballot box and other offenses for which they were convicted, they must have been guilty of absolute perjury. Instead of being indicted for the minor offense they should have been indicted and convicted for perjury and sent to the Penitentiary.

We regret exceedingly the clemency of the Governor in this case and we hope that no bad results may follow, but that his expectations of a cessation of like practices under the late law may be realized.

Gen. Geo. Crook's Promotion.

The President has nominated Brigadier General George Crook to be Major General, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Gen. Terry.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 9.—Maj. Gen. Crook is in this city, having arrived from Omaha at a late hour Saturday night. He will be here several days. He first heard of his promotion at Cheyenne on his way here. Yesterday he visited Fort Douglas and the Mormon Tabernacle. Every Western man acquainted with military matters is jubilant over Gen. Crook's promotion. He is here for rest and recreation, having many old army friends in this region.

The Gentleman thus promoted has little over five years to serve before reaching the age of retirement, and he was at the head of the list of brigadier generals. His reputation among the Indians is signified by the "Gray Fox," which they have given him.

George Crook is a native of Ohio, and is about sixty years of age. After he was graduated at West Point he was appointed to a Lieutenancy in the Fourth Infantry. Th was in the year 1852. During the civil war he rose from the rank of Colonel to Brigadier General in 1862 and Major General in 1864. He commanded the army of West Virginia in the Valley of the Shenandoh.

When the War ende Crook was serving as a Major in he Third Infantry, and was a brevt Major General of the United States army. He had risen to be a full brigadier General in the regular army by the year 1873. His promotion is appreciated by army officers generally, as that of a capable and active soldier who has earned his rank.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 9th, 1888.—A deadlock in the House! Reader, do you know what that means? I'll tell you: It means that for five days already, and only Heaven can tell for how many days to come the House has done nothing; the committees of the House have done nothing, and all this at a cost to the tax payers of this country of from $5,00 to $7,000 a day.

The deadlock was brought about over the bill providing for the repay to the several States of the amounts paid by each of them to the United States on account of an act passed by Congress August 5th, 1861, laying an annual tax of $20,000,000 upon the people of the United States, and apportioning the same among the several States, the Territories and the District of Columbia according to population as shown by the census of 1860.

The books of the Treasury show that the Government received from this tax in 1861, the only year in which it was enforced, the sum of $17,533,678,32. The object of the bill is to return this money to the States that paid it in to the general government to aid in suppressing the rebellion.

Mr. Oates, of Alabama, and a few other Southern Democratic Representatives resolved that this bill should not pass the House although more than two-thirds of that body are in favor of it. By filibustering, that killing time by all sorts of dilatory motions and insisting on having a yea and nay vote taken on each of them, This sort of maneuvering has been kept up for five days and the filibusterers threaten that they will keep it up until March 4th next when the fiftieth Congress expires, if the bill is not withdrawn. Under the absurd code of rules which govern the House of Representatives, this is entirely possible.

There is only one man who can break the deadlock, without one or the other sides making a complete surrender, and that man is believed to be in sympathy with the filibusters. His name is Carlisle, and he occupies the responsible position of Speaker of the House.

He can break the deadlock if he has the necessary will and nerve to do so. It has been done by other Speakers in time past. Mr. Randall, at 4 o'clock on the morning of March 2nd, 1877, broke the deadlock by which the Democrats of the House attempted to defeat the counting in of President Hayes, by absolutely declining to entertain any more dilatory motions, and within an hour the count was complete.

Mr. Keifer during the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress broke another deadlock by similar tactics. Mr. Carlisle can break this one in the same way. If he refuses, he ought to be impeached for treason, for the idea of a handful of men stopping the wheels of legislation just because they cannot have what they want done, is as much treason as for one-fifth of the members of the electoral college to demand that the other four-fifths should drop their candidates and support those of the minority. The fundamental principle of our government is the rule of the majority, and he who violates that principle is guilty of treason, call it what he will.

The report of the Republican minority on the Mills tariff bill is considered one of the ablest tariff documents ever laid before the house. It has United the Republicans on that question thoroughly.

The celebrated "driven well" cases may now be considered ended. The Supreme Court has refused the rehearing that was asked for.

There is a movement on foot here to raise a fund for the widow of the late Chief Justice Waite, not because she is needy, but simply as a testimonial to her lamented husband. It has been proposed but not fully decided upon, to confine the contributors to the members of the Supreme Court Bar and to limit the amount of each contributor to $100.

Mr. Cleveland has signed the bills giving the widows of Gens. Logan and E. P. Blair pensions of $2,000 a year.

Army circles here have been considerably exercised over the retirement of Major General Alfred Terry and its consequent promotions. Among the six Brigadier Generals, one would get the promotion to Major-General and among the Colonels, would be a Brigadier General. The fortunate ones were General George Crook and Colonel John R. Brooke, of the 3d infantry.

The Senate has passed a bill giving Dr. Mary Walker a pension of $25 a month as "late assistant surgeon, United States Army." It passed another giving a pension of $604 a year to the widow of General Stone. It also voted pensions to the widows of Rear Admiral Nicholson, Gen. Kilpatrick, Gen. Anderson, Gen. Taylor, Commander Gibson, Medical Inspector Denby of the navy, and to increase the pension of Nancy Raines, ninety-six years of age, the oldest revolutionary pensioner on the rolls.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between P. T. Garthright and H. C. Duckworth, under the style of Garthright & Duckworth, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., was mutually dissolved April 3d, 1888. The books will be in the hands of P. T. Garthright until July 1st, 1888, when all accounts not settled by that date will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
H. C. DUCKWORTH.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., April 4, 1888.

The business of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, will be conducted by the undersigned, at the old stand, where boots, shoes, notions and clothing will be sold at cost until the stock is reduced.

I will keep for sale a full supply of the Oliver Chilled plows, best in the market, clover and timothy seed, and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

4 7 4 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 515.

AN ACT

To repeal section thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one fifty-two, sixty-six, sixty-seven, and eighty-one of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the act of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, Chapter four hundred and eighty three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county; and sections seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett County, and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Sections thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two sixty-six, sixty-seven, eighty-one, of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy - four, Chapter four hundred and eighty-three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county, and sections seventy-one, seventy two, seventy-three, seventy-four and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled an act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett County, be and the same are hereby repealed, and the following sections enacted in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer:

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county, on the third Tuesday in April of every second year, or as soon as may be thereafter, shall appoint from among the residents of said county, a competent person County Treasurer for said county, who shall give bond and qualify as hereinafter directed, and shall hold his office two years, or until his successor is appointed and qualified, except as hereinafter provided, and shall be re-eligible thereto, and shall be subject to removal from his said office at any time by the County Commissioners for any wilfull neglect of duty or misbehavior in office. The said Treasurer shall be the collector of all State taxes and of all County taxes, for whatsoever purpose levied or to be levied for or within said county during the term of his office, or that may be placed in his hands for collection, and he shall have full power and it shall be his duty to receive and collect all State and County taxes levied as aforesaid after the passage of this act, and so put in his hands for collection, and all monies which may be due said county, with full power to enforce the payment of the same by sale or otherwise, as hereafter prescribed, and to convey title to any real or personal estate sold by him, for the payment of State or County taxes in the manner as prescribed by the succeeding sections, and all taxes levied in said county after the first day of January, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, for State and County purposes, shall be collected by the County Treasurer.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the person so appointed, before he enters upon the duties of his said office, shall take an oath before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, in form similar to that now taken by collectors of taxes, except as to the title of his office and to be similarly certified; he shall execute to the State of Maryland, such bond as is now or may hereafter be required by law, as the collector of State taxes, which bond shall be approved and filed in like manner as other bonds of collectors of State taxes, and he shall execute to the State of Maryland, a separate bond in the penal sum of thirty thousand dollars, with at least three sureties to be approved by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, with the condition that if the above bounden Treasurer shall well and faithfully execute his office of Treasurer, of Garrett county, and shall account for and pay to the County Commissioners of said county, or their order, the several sums which he shall receive for said county, or be answerable for by law, at such time and in such manner as the law shall direct, then the said obligation to be void, otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue in law; and the said bond, when approved, shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county. In case of the default of the person so appointed to qualify and execute the bonds hereinbefore required within thirty days after his appointment, or in the event of the Treasurer's removal from said county or his death or resignation during his term of office, the County Commissioners shall at once proceed to fill such vacancy by the appointment of a competent person for the remainder of the term, who shall within twenty days from the date of his appointment, qualify and bond as hereinbefore directed, and the County Commissioners shall continue after twenty days to make such appointment until a Treasurer shall qualify and bond as aforesaid; provided that such new Treasurer, so taking the place made vacant by removal, death or resignation, shall not collect nor take charge of any of the taxes that may be in the hands of such late Treasurer uncollected, and for which the bond of such late Treasurer is responsible, except as herein otherwise provided, but such taxes shall be collected under existing laws applicable to collector of State and County taxes when there is a death or resignation. The surities on any Treasurer's bonds shall, when so required by said Commissioners, make oath in due form of law respectively, that they are the owners in their own right of real estate situated in said county, equal at least over and above their debts and liabilities in value to the amount of the bond. The said Commissioners may at any time demand of any Treasurer such other or further bond with such other or further security as in their judgment the interests of the State may require.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners shall provide and furnish the Treasurer an office in the Court House building, or in some other building as near to the same as possible, in the town of Oakland, which office shall be plainly designated by external sign as the office of the County Treasurer, and it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep his said office open from nine o'clock in the forenoon, until three o'clock in the afternoon, and to attend there in for the transaction of business in person or by deputy, on every day in the week, except Sunday and legal holidays, and except when he is absent from the town of Oakland for the purpose of collecting taxes as hereinafter provided for. It shall be his duty to attend in person or by deputy in each election district of said county, two days between the first day of July and the first day of September, in each year, to collect and receive taxes, and he shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of such visits to the respective districts.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of said county shall make their annual levy for State and County taxes on or before the third Tuesday in April, in each and every year, and the same shall be due and payable on the first day of August next, succeeding the date of the levy thereof; from all tax bills for county purposes which shall be paid prior to the first day of September, in the year of the levy thereof, a discount of five per centum shall be deducted from the amount thereof, from all such bills paid during the month of September, succeeding the levy thereof, a discount of four per centum shall be allowed, and all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on the third first day of December, in the year of the levy thereof, shall be in arrear and interest shall be charged and collected thereon, from the date when the same shall have been due and payable, to wit: on the first day of August next succeeding the levy thereof, and the Treasurer shall make deductions from and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes, regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the deductions allowed on county taxes by this section, shall not be made to any person, persons or corporate institution, unless the whole amount of State and County taxes due by such person, persons or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is due.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Clerk of said County Commissioners, within ten days after the annual tax levy shall have been made, to deliver to the Treasurer a fair copy of the assessments lists of said county, showing the aggregate assessment of every person, corporate institution, or set of persons, as the same then appears on the assessment books of said county, with the names of said owners arranged according to election districts and alphabetically for each district; and also to deliver to said Treasurer a certified copy of the order or resolution of Commissioners making such tax levy.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep certain books to be supplied by said Commissioners, in which shall be entered a full account of all receipts and disbursements of said Treasurer. He shall also keep a full and fair cash account showing all sums of money received by him so as to indicate the source whence the same were received respectively, and showing all sums of money disbursed by him, so as to indicate the purpose to which the same were applied respectively. The said Treasurer shall report and exhibit to the said Commissioners at each of their regular meetings, a full and particular statement and account of his receipts and disbursements from the time of his appointment, or from the time of his last report, as the case may be, and shall exhibit his vouchers for his disbursements, which vouchers after cancellation, shall be retained by said Treasurer; all books, documents and papers belonging to the Treasurer's office, shall be the property and records of Garrett county, and at all times shall be subject to the examination of County Commissioners thereof. All books, documents and papers, goods and chattels, accounts and credits, money and deposits belonging to the Treasurer's office, or in his custody as Treasurer, shall deliver up and transferred by him to his successor in office when such successor is duly appointed and qualified; provided that the tax levy or levies placed in his hands for his collection, or so much thereof as may be uncollected or unaccounted for by him, and for which his bond is responsible, shall not be delivered or assigned over to his successor in office by such Treasurer, except as hereinafter provided, but his rights, powers and duties, as to collecting and reporting the same shall continue, and he shall collect and pay over the same as collected, to his successor in the manner and within the period hereinafter prescribed.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall at the close of each week deposit in a bank to be designated by the Comptroller of the Treasury, of Maryland, all State taxes and money due the State, which may have come into his hands during the week, to the credit of the Comptroller of the State Treasury, and shall receive there or from said bank a certificate of deposit, which he shall immediately forward to the Comptroller, showing the amount placed to his credit; and said Treasurer shall in like manner deposit all money in his hands at the end of each week receved for county taxes and dues in such bank as he may see fit, to the credit of "The County Treasurer of Garrett County," which money shall be drawn only by the Treasurer making such deposit, and only for claims which may have been levied or ordered paid by the County Commissioners.

SEC. 9. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer as soon as the annual tax levy shall have been made to give notice thereof in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in each district of said county, and to prepare the tax bills of each tax payer, and on application he shall forward the bill by mail or otherwise, or deliver the same to the person, persons, or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bill is assessed.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall, the first week in December of each and every year, publish in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in three of the most public places in each election district, in said county, a list of all delinquent tax payers for the current year, which list shall contain the names of said delinquents, the amount of assessment of each, and the taxes due by each, with a notice appended thereto that the payment of said taxes will be enforced by advertisement and sale, unless the same are paid by the first day of January then next following.

SEC. 11. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to enforce the payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the first day of January, in the year succeeding that in which the same shall have been levied provided the notice required by the preceeding sections shall have been given. If the taxes be due and owing upon real property, or upon real and personal property, the Treasurer shall be authorized to enforce payment in the manner hereinafter prescribed, by a sale of either realty or personalty, whenever real estate is susceptible of division so that a part thereof will sell for enough to pay the taxes due and all costs, the Treasurer may in his discretion employ a surveyor to divide the same, and tax, as a part of the costs in such proceeding such compensation for the services of such surveyor as he may consider just, not exceeding the sum of three dollars per day, or the treasurer may sell the whole of any tract of land at his election.

SEC. 12. And be it enacted, That whenever it becomes necessary for said Treasurer to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of realty, he shall advertise such real estate once a week for three successive weeks in one newspaper published in Garrett county, and by hand bills set up near said property and at the Court House door, and any advertised notice of a sale under the provisions of this act shall be deemed sufficient if it contains the time, terms and place of such sale, the year or years for which the taxes are due, to whom the property is assessed, the district where located, and the description of such land which is contained in the assessment books of the County Commissioners. In no case shall a description by metes and bounds be necessary.

SEC. 13. And be it enacted, That whenever it shall be necessary to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of personal property, the said Treasurer shall make out a bill of such taxes, in the usual form, with an order at the bottom of said bill, directing the Sheriff of said county to levy upon the personal property of the delinquent, and sell the same to satisfy and pay the taxes so due. And it shall the duty of said Sheriff upon receiving such tax bill and order to levy upon and sell the personal property of such delinquent in the same manner and upon the same notice, and he shall be entitled to the same fees as if he were proceeding under an execution from a Justice of the Peace, and he shall immediately after such sale pay over to said Treasurer the amount due on said tax bill, and any surplus which may remain after the payment of taxes, interests, and costs shall be paid by said Sheriff to such delinquent tax payer. And the said Sheriff's bond shall be liable for all such tax bills placed in his hands by such Treasurer to the same extent and in the same manner that it is liable for execution claims issued to him.

SEC. 14. And be it enacted, That when any real estate shall be sold under the provision of this act for taxes, the same shall be reported to the Circuit Court for said county by the Treasurer, upon which report if the Court shall find that the provisions of this act in relation thereto have been complied with, there shall be a brief order nisi passed and a copy thereof published, as in case of judicial sales by trustees, and if no objections to the ratification of such sale be filed within the time limited by said order nisi, or if objections be filed and the objector is unable to show that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, the sale shall be ratified by said Court, and for the purpose of hearing objections or passing orders under this act, said Courts shall be deemed to be always open as in chancery proceedings. If the objector to such sale show to the satisfaction of the judge or judges that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, said sale shall be set aside, in which case the Treasurer shall forthwith proceed to a new sale of the property; upon the ratification of such sale the Treasurer shall convey to the purchaser the property purchased by him, upon payment of the costs of such deed by the purchaser, and the bond of the Treasurer shall be liable for the money paid by the purchaser, in the event of the sale not being so ratified with interest, and for all costs and expenses accruing from such sale. The Treasurer shall retain out of the proceeds of the sale when ratified, the amount of taxes and interest thereon, and all costs incurred in advertising, making, reporting and ratifying such sale, and shall pay over any excess to the owner or owners of the property thus sold. No such sale shall be set aside if the provisions of this act shall appear to have been substantially complied with and the burden of proof shall be on the exceptant thereto.

SEC. 15. And be it enacted, That if the said Treasurer shall for himself or any other person discount or buy or receive for less than its face and real value, any claim against said county, the person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction, shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars for each and every offence.

SEC. 16. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of said Treasurer to inform himself by all lawful means of all property, stocks, or investments in said county liable to taxation, and not included in the last revised list of assessment, and of all buildings and improvements, and of all property created or acquired since said revised assessment; and he shall value the same at the full cash value thereof, and shall make return thereof to the said County Commissioners; and for the purposes of this section, the said Treasurer shall be clothed with the powers of general assessor, and his valuation of such property shall be subject to revision and correction by said Commissioners

SEC. 17. And be it enacted, That the Treasurer shall pay over according to law or to the order of the said County Commissioners, in the manner hereinbefore prescribed by this act, all County taxes and all monies due said County, and collected by him, and he shall also pay over to the Treasurer of the State of Maryland, according to law, all the State taxes levied in said county, and collected by him, and he shall be allowed two years from the date of each levy placed in his hands for collection, to complete the collection thereof, and to make his final settlement with said County Commissioners and with the Treasurer of Maryland, respectively; all claims for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable tax bills for which he shall claim a credit, shall be presented before or at the time specified for said final settlement, and in no case shall said Commissioners allow credit for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable taxes, unless satisfactory proof be produced under oath, that the same cannot be collected. The said Commissioners, in their discretion, at any time after the expiration of the term of any such Treasurer, or at the final settlement aforesaid, may direct and require him to deliver over to his successor in office, all balances of collected taxes due upon the levies with which he was charged, and also so to deliver over the notices, levies and other proceedings, had for the enforcement of the payment of said taxes, and in said case the said successor or newly appointed and qualified Treasurer upon the delivery to him of the bills for such taxes, shall be empowered and required to enforce the payment of said taxes in the same manner as his predecessor could have done, and he shall have all the powers and authority in law with which his predecessor was clothed for that purpose; in such case the bonds or bonds of the newly elected or succeeding Treasurer shall become responsible for the proper collection and disbursement of such taxes, and the bond or bonds of the retiring or retired Treasurer, shall be released from responsibility therefor; provided that no Treasurer's bond shall be considered as released or be cancelled, until in one mode or the other he has fully settled his accounts secured thereby, and fulfilled the duties of his said office.

SEC. 18. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall receive as compensation for all the services required of him under this act four per cent. on all the taxes actually collected by him, and should said Treasurer find it necessary for his convenience at any time to appoint a deputy, he shall pay said deputy out of his commissions, and he shall be answerable for the acts of such deputy. And the County Commissioners shall, at the time of making the annual levy, levy a sufficient sum, by estimate, to cover the discount to tax payers, and compensation to the Treasurer, provided for in the preceeding sections.

SEC. 19. And be it enacted, That where land is in the hands of a trustee for sale or otherwise, whether by virtue of a decree of Court or under a deed of trust, and the taxes thereon are in arrears, under the provisions of this act, the said Treasurer may enforce the payment of such taxes in the same manner as if such land were not in the hands of a trustee.

SEC. 20. And be it enacted, That whenever land shall be sold by the Treasurer the owner thereof, prior to the sale, may redeem the same by paying into Court, to be paid to the purchaser thereof, within the period of six Calendar months, from the date of such sale the amount of the purchase money, with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum from the date of sale.

SEC. 21. And be it enacted, That the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland now in force, or hereafter enacted applicable to collectors of State and County taxes, except where the same are repealed by this act or are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, shall be held to apply to the Treasurer of said county, who as to his powers, rights, duties and liabilities, both Civil and Criminal, and those of his bond or bondsmen, shall be in all respects on a footing with State and County collectors, except as herein provided.

SEC. 22. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed, so far as they apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 23. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, Elihue E. Jackson, Governor.

George M. Upsheer, Speaker House of Delegates.

George Peter, President of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

CARLTON SHAFER,
4 14 2 Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—NOTICE.—I will be in my office in Accident April 21st 1888.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

—Rev. S. W. Davis acceptably filled the M. E. pulpit Sunday night.

—Rev. H. P. Hamill and wife, of Keyser, W. Va., were visiting in Oakland this week.

—Mrs. Dr. J. Lee McComas' mother died in Baltimore county, Md., last week.

—Just received at M. L. Scott's, a complete line of Spring Millinery goods.

—Mr. George Kildow started for McKeesport, Pa., Monday to work at the carpenter trade.

—Mrs. H. A. Rasche gave her young friends a leap year party Monday night.

—Dr. J. Lee McComas returned Wednesday night, after an absence of about a week in Washington and Baltimore.

—Mr. A. Loewenstein is having a new tailor shop built on his lot between the old postoffice stand and the M. E. Church.

—The new boiler and other machinery for the woolen factory arrived Tuesday, and will be at once placed in position.

—Mr. John Shartzer and family arrived safely in California. His address is 2225 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco, California.

—Messrs. Rosser and Judson Cropp, sons of Mr. James Cropp, left Oakland Tuesday night, bound for Oakalnd, California. We wish them success.

—In answer to an inquiry we will state that a marriage license issued in this State is valid anywhere in the State, but of course is not valid outside the State.

—Dr. E. H. Glotfelty requests us to state that he has resigned the office of School Commissioner. A great many people suppose that he is still a member of the Board, and write to him concerning new schools, the building of school houses, appointments of trustees, &c.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

The Oakland Bank.

At a meeting of the incorporators of the Oakland bank held in Offutt's Hall Wednesday afternoon, over $36,000 of the stock was taken. A meeting of the stock holders will soon be held for the election of directors.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Ritter will visit Accident, Md., Monday, April 23d, 1888, and remain several days. Will visit Johnstown, Md., Friday, April 27th, and remain two days. All persons wishing to have work done will please call early in the week and make engagements, as my time is limited. 4 14 2

Notice.

Having fitted up the shop recently vacated by G. F. Richardson, I am prepared to do all kinds of carriage, wagon and house painting and paper hanging, on short notice. Prices reasonable and work first-class. Work guaranteed. Asking for a share of the patronage of the public,

I remain, yours truly,

W. F. KING.

Oakland, April 3, 1888.

S. L. Townshend & Son

Are now located in their new store room, on Alder street, opposite Sturgiss' drug store, where they are enabled to wait upon the public, to whom they will sell as low as the lowest, the same quality of goods. Will take all kinds of produce they can handle, at the market price, in exchange for goods. They keep a full line of the celebrated Milwaukee Oil Grain Shoes, for men, women and children; also the Crusader Boots and Shoes.

Local Laws.

We give in this issue a number of local laws, passed at the late session of the legislature, the most important being Chapter 515, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer. This law should be read carefully by every tax-payer in the county. It provides for the appointment of a treasurer on the third Tuesday in April, who is to be furnished an office in or near the court house, and the tax-payers are required to pay their taxes there. The treasurer is required to sit one day in each district, where payment of taxes may be made. Taxes become due on the 1st day of August, and during that month 5 per cent., and during the month of September 4 per cent. discount will be allowed. If the taxes are not paid before the 1st day of January, interest will be charged from the 1st day of August. On the 1st day of January the treasurer is required to prepare a list of all persons in arrears, giving the names of the delinquents, their assessment and the amount of their taxes, which shall be published in a newspaper, and also in handbills to be posted throughou the county. The treasurer will then proceed to advertise and sell property to make the taxes. We predict that the law will be very unpopular in our county.

The County Levy.

The passage by the late legislature of the bill for the appointment of a County Treasurer, makes it necessary to make the annual county levy this week. The provisions of this bill were not known to the commissioners until Friday of last week. In order to meet the requirements of the bill it was necessary to hire additional clerks, and the services of Messrs. G. W. Merrill, John C. Dunham and James W. White was secured, who, together with Mr. Hagans, by working almost day and night, have been able to so shape the work that the levy will be completed as required. A knowledge of the provisions of the bill was received too late to give notices through the papers last week, and notices announcing that the levy would be made this week were printed in hand-bill form and sent out over the county Saturday last, but no doubt a number of our citizens having bills against the county will be unable to get them in in time for the levy. The suggestion has been made that a large contingent fund be provided to meet such cases. The indications are that the tax rate will be about the same as last year.

Accidently Killed.

A young man about twenty-one years, named James Woods, was accidently shot in the head by Joseph Murphy, watchman at the Oakland Hotel, on Tuesday night, between 8 and 9 o'clock. Woods was a cousin to Murphy and had been stopping with him for about a week, and intended to go to his home in District No. 10, this county, on Wednesday morning. Tuesday evening at the time named above they were examining a pistol which Woods handed to Murphy, when it was by some means discharged, the ball entering the frontal bone about two inches above the left eye, from the effect of which he died about 5 o'clock A. M. Wednesday morning. A jury of inquest was empaneled by E-quire Gonder, with Dr. E. H. Bartlett as foreman, who met at 11 A. M., Wednesday and after hearing the facts in the case rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

Be Sure and Consult Optician.

Prof. Sam'l Little, graduate optician, of the firm of S. T. Little & Sons, Jewelers, Cumberland, Md., and Grafton, W. Va., will visit Oakland, Md., April 13th and 14th. Persons suffering from optical defects should not fail to call; have their trouble diagnosed and secure glasses which will give comfort and happiness. Prof. Little can be consulted at the Commercial Hotel. He will visit Newburg April 6th and 7th. Rowlesburg, April 9th and 10th; Terra Alta, April 11th and 12th.

Consultations free.

Respectfully,

S. T. LITTLE & SONS.

Artesian Wells.

Good pure water is a necessity in every household. Drilled wells furnish the best, purest and cheapest. Kemphfer, Jamison & Co. will drill you a well and guarantee it, at the lowest possible figure. Address or call on them at Oakland, Md.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

List of Jurors for May Court.

The following is the list of jurors for May term of Court, as drawn by Judge Hoffman Saturday last:

Peter P. Royer, William M. Lohr, Simeon Green, John L. Reichter, Joseph H. Smithman, Isaac Kuykendall, George H. Gaur, Robert L. Somerville, Gustavus A. Shirer, Jacob D. Llewellen, Patrick Dorsey, Gregory E. Bevans, William A. Coddington, Thomas Sollars, Henry Eggers, Samuel Ferguson, Meshack Mattingly, John F. Ashby, Adam Garringer, G. C. Keller, D. F. Graham, George F. Loughridge, David J. Collins, Charles W. Bolden, William Hinebaugh, William H. Barnard, William E. Porter, Singleton M. Deffinbaugh, Christian Livengood, Thomas W. Frost, Peter J. Stephens, Andrew Pysell, William H. Spiker, John E. Gnagey, Archibald C. Dewitt, Henry Spoerline, Phillip T. Garthright, Richard B. White, Isaiah Boucher, Jonas Feigh, Thomas B. Wiley, Columbus L. Warnick, Martin S. Rush, Thompson Gilpin, Nelson Erwin, Perry Weimer, Thomas H. Cuppett, William F. Deakins.

Pay Your Taxes.

Mr. Jonas E. Gnagy was in Oakland last week to make arrangements to enforce the payment of delinquent taxes. We understand that he proposes to close up his business at once by proceeding legally against every one who is in arrears for taxes for 1886 and 1887. Mr. Gnagey has been all over the county two or three times each year to fill appointments announced in both of the county papers and by hand bills, and feels that he has given tax-payers every opportunity for the payment of taxes. Some tax payers have the impression that they cannot be compelled to pay their taxes until the collector has personally called upon them. He is not required under the law to call upon any one. Mr. Gnagey does not wish to add costs to the already high taxes, but he is compelled, in self-defense, to preceed in the manner indicated above against all who do not settle at once.

Killed by Lightning.

Early Thursday morning of last week, during the prevalence of a violent rain and thunder storm, the dwelling house of Mr. Solomon Calhoun, at Painters Mills, Preston county, W. Va. six miles from Terra Alta, was struck by lightning, instantly killing Marshall J. Calhoun, aged about 25 years. Several persons were in the same room, but no others were injured. The young man was to have been married next month. Deceased was a brother of Mr. J. W. Calhoun, of the firm of Sincell & Calhoun, blacksmiths, of Oakland.

Seriously Injured.

A telegram was received here Wednesday announcing that Mr. Charles Casteel had been seriously injured at the Browning saw mill, at Albrights, W. Va. The extent of the injury is not known, but the fact that his wife was telegraphed for would indicate that his injuries were serious. Dr. J. Lee McComas was telegraphed for but was in Baltimore. We hope his injuries may not prove fatal. His wife and children passed through Oakland about 3 P. M. Wednesday.

Owner Wanted.

A large dark bay stallion, with black mane and tail and black legs from knees down, and a few white hairs on forehead, small bit of white on hind legs, mostly on left, was left at Richard Liston's in Selbysport, Garrett county, about the 1st of April, inst. The horse is supposed to have been stolen from somewhere in the South Branch region of West Virginia. When in full flesh he would weigh about 1,400. For information call on or address S. P. Friend, Friendsville, Garrett county, Md.

Grantsville.

Died, April 7th, Mrs. Barbara Yomer, wife of John Yomer, of lung fever, aged 40 years and six months. But two weeks ago her little child, one year old, had died of brain fever, and 4 remaining children are down with the measles.

Mr. C. A. Snyder has secured a position with Charles Duvall, of Baltimore, as a traveling salesman, and started on his first trip some ten days ago.

The sugar-making season just closed was a very short one, and the crop will be less than an average one. Buyers are paying seven cents per pound. Taking the whole crop this is an advance of one cent, as last year it only brought six.

Miss Lizzie Loewenstein left this place for Michigan Monday last.

The house known as the Layman house, recently purchased by J. E. Gnagey, and which was occupied for several years by T. H. Bittinger as a store room, has been torn down and in its stead will be erected a large store house and furniture room. Just across the street Mr. Noah Broadwater is tearing down the blacksmith shop and rebuilding on the back end of the lot, and in the front he will erect a fine store house. B.

Elkins.

We will have a telegraph office here shortly. The West Va. Central R. R. has been using the telephone heretofore, but it seems that something more accurate is necessary. Mr. J. Beckman says he don't want the office. Therefore another operator will be required. Mr. B. has been a faithful agent for the company and we might add, a successful merchant.

The W. Va. Central has a new schedule for running trains. A new train was put on Sunday, and was badly wrecked the same day near Thomas, fortunately no one was seriously injured, but it may be a suggestion for less Sabbath desecration. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Messrs. E. H. Barrett & Co. are [illegible] a new vein of coal almost in sight of Elkins. We understand it is 8 feet. We understand the company intends mining extensively this summer. They have erected a store house one hundred by thirty feet, and will have on a large stock of goods shortly.

We have had beautiful weather. People are beginning to till the soil, make gardens, &c.

The little girl of Mr. J. M. White, who has been so seriously ill has nearly recovered.

Mr. Woodworth will preach for us on Sunday night. And Mr. Welch the folowing Sunday at 10.30 A. M.

Saturday night two weeks hence, Rev. G. M. Kelly will lecture at Oak Grove on the history of the Methodist Church.

Flatwoods.

Farmers plowing and weather favorable, but snow clad peaks may still be seen.

Mr. R. M. Alexander expects to leave Flatwoods soon and turn his attention to sawmilling.

Mrs. M. J. Miller received a broken arm by an enraged cow a few days ago.

Mr. Wm. A. says he thinks that the grass crop in this part of the county will be somewhat damaged by the grub worm.

Mr. R. Durst left a few days ago for the railroad, where he expects to be employed.

W. E. K.

HOMOEOPATHY.—32,655 cases in European hospitals receiving Homoeopathic treatment showed a death rate of 4.4 per cent., while 119,630 cases under old treatment had a death rate of 10.5. (See *Sharps' Tracts.*)

Official figures in Bavaria give Homoepathy a death rate in Cholera of 6.75 against 48.50 of old treatments. (Dr. Rath)

These figures, whose accuracy has never been refuted, should make every one give the matter a more than passing thought, and it would be well to write for a copy of our Book Catalogue, and "Medical Index," also, if interested in live stock, of our "Veterinary Index." We mail them free. Many druggists keep our medicines or they may be ordered direct.

BOERICKE & TAFEL,

Homoeopathic Pharmacists and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., 938 F. St. N. W., Washton, D. C.; also, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Established in 1835.

Foot Wear! Foot Wear!



We have just received a line of Ladies', Misse's, and Children's Fine Shoes, direct from the Factory. We handle nothing in the shoe line but what is made by Frst-class Factories.



Every pair warranted as represented. You are cordially invited to inspect our stock, especially "Evitt's Perfect Fitting Hand-made Shoes."

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store,
Oakland, M.

For Sale Cheap.

The white bronze monument and tombstone agency for Garrettt county, Md., and Preston county, W. Va., at a reduced price, on account of bad health. A good chance for an energetic man to make money. Full outfit free. Call on me at once, as I expect to leave the county soon.

MRS. MARY TASKER,
Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR THE ELECTION OF DIRECTORS —OF THE— GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of a majority of the Commissioners named in the Act to Incorporate the Garrett County Bank, notice is hereby given, that there will be a meeting of the Stockholders of said Corporation to be held on

Tuesday, the 15th Day of May,

1888, at 2 o'clock P. M., at Offutt's Hall, in the town of Oakland, for the purpose of Electing Seven Directors, to manage the affairs of said Corporation for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting; and notice is further given that the books of subscription to the Stock of said Corporation, are now open and in the custody of D. E. Offutt.

D. E. OFFUTT,
4 14 2 President *pro tem.*

Estate of Abraham J. Beachy, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ABRHAM J. BEACHY,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of April, 1888.

JACOB GNAGEY, Executor.
4 14 3t Grantsville, Md.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Feity, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road,

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by J. D. Ashenfelter, R. M. Fairall and others, beginning at or near the Northwestern corner of John C. Beckman's land, on the Swanton road, and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright to the spring branes near the Hogan place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
NATHAN CASTEEL,
THOS. R. MCROBIE,
4 14 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by W. Taylor Sines, T. B. Digman and others, leading from Sang Run road, near Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through lands of Israel Spiker, Riley Montgomery, Dennis Ryan and the B. & O. R. R. Co., to intersect the Cranesville and Oakland road near Isaac Layton's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FREEMAN W. LEWIS,
JOHN SINES,
4 14 5 Examiners.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 23d, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge across the Youghlogheny river at Selbysport is in an unsafe condition, and all persons are warned not to pass over it until it has been repaired and pronounced safe.

BRYSON WELCH,
President.

Attest:
1 28 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
2 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

George Matthews and others plaintiffs, vs. Jane Francis Fike and others defendants.

No. 415 Equity. *In* the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

IT IS ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, this 9th day of April, 1888, that the sales as made and reported by Jonas Frazee, trustee, the one to Lucien Frazee for the "Ross Augustine Farm," and the other at private sale to Jane Frances Fike, for the "Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, and both sold subject to the widow's dower, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 4th day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $3,960.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
4 14 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
1 26 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md

CORPORATION

ELECTION NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, To the qualified voters of the town of Oakland, that an election will be held on

Monday, April 16th, 1888,

for the purpose of electing one person for Mayor, to serve for a term of two years; three persons for Councilmen, to serve for a term of two years, and one person for Councilman to serve out the unexpired term of H. A Rasche.

J. W. HART,
4 7 t e Clerk.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, **R. G. CHASE & CO.,**
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

4 7 6 JOSEPH LASHORN,
Mayor.

S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are hereby warned against trespassing upon any of our lands, near Oakland, for any purpose whatever. Trespassers will be subjected to the extreme penalties of the law.

3 24 4t MARY D. CROOK.
FANNYD. READE.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pise

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for felontously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE ROCK-RECORD.

A cloud, upon a summer's day,
Flung down cool rain-drops on its way;
Ten thousand ages since have sped,
Yea, countless æons since have fled,

Empires of man—create since then
Have risen, and have sunk again,
A ceaseless tide, whose ebb and flow
Have filled our world with weal or woe.

And yet those tiny drops of rain
Impressions made that still remain
As deep and full, sharp-cut and clear,
As if enstamped this very year.

O, ye who've smit with sword and flame,
To make yourselves a lasting name,
Already most are quite forgot,
And all in fame, as flesh, shall rot.

But of the cloud that cooled the day,
Such countless cycles far away,
The record, though but writ in sand,
Shall yet be read while earth shall stand.

So deeds of love, however small,
That seem forgotten as they fall,
Shall live when earth has passed away,
Nor be forgot through God's own day.
—*Rev. James Upham, D. D., in Watchman.*

CHELSEA, March, 1888.

LOST IN A CAVERN.

A Rash Expedition Into the Bowels of the Earth.

A Plunge Into Total Darkness—Wandering About in Mortal Terror for Thirty-Six Hours Before Making an Escape.

Along the Rio Grande, in the southwestern portion of Texas, the country presents a series of hills, mountains, ravines and canyons. Huge masses of rocks, mammoth in their proportions, jut out over dizzy precipices, as if thrown up by some mighty convulsion of nature. It has a vast territorial area of unfenced, sparsely populated country, owing to its unproductive soil. It is to-day what it will be a half century hence—nothing but a vast and indifferent pasture land, for its impoverished soil scarcely supports the scanty tufts of grass that have a consumptive hue, and seem to gather subsistence by stretching from cranny to cranny. One will find here narrow fissures penetrating deeply into the earth, and tunneled caves connected with one another by a series of passages varying in extent. Riding over a plateau one will come suddenly upon vast holes twenty or thirty feet in circumference—one which I measured being more than 150 feet deep and having a subterranean cavern at the bottom which has never been explored.

While riding along one of those deep canyons characteristic of the country I was attracted by a massive cluster of bowlders that seemed to be literally covered with a fungus growth of pendent vines, bearing blossoms with petals of aromatic odor. Chapota bushes and the never-failing soto plant stood beside this mass of rock, while a Spanish dagger-plant, like a lone and solitary sentinel, seemed to guard the entrance of what I discovered to be the mouth of a cave. It was one of those sultry days in spring, and the silence of death seemed to brood over hill and canyon. The semi-tropical region is blessed through the sultry days with delightful breezes, but occasionally there comes a day so quiet that the silence is oppressive. Such was the eventful day when I staked my horse in that lonely canyon. Taking from the side of my saddle a small lantern, I started to the cave. Through crags and tangle I made my way, my route being necessarily circuitous, owing to the precipitous nature of the canyon.

The mouth of the cavern I reckoned to be fully forty feet in circumference. It was a veritable Delphos, quaint and ghost-like with its caverns, seemingly fit for the seven sleepers of legendary lore, or the great Boabdil and his sleeping host, who will some day awake to restore the glory of the Moors. With lantern in hand I entered this vaulted chamber. I had no desire to go far, but I was lured by some strange infatuation. My course at first led me down a rather steep incline; my direction was then changed to an almost right angle. New beauties met me at every point, which I stopped to admire with hearty appreciation. Masses of beautifully hanging stalactites like icicles hung in pendant masses, sparkling like myriads of stars through the faint gleam of my lantern. Stalagmites of pyramidal shape in many places touched the sparkling mass above, forming one solid pillar that glistened like gems of the Orient. I reached one chamber of remarkable beauty which had several passages leading in different directions. I looked around me to mark familiar objects, for the awful solitude and loneliness of the place startled me. I had been walking steadily for fully half an hour. To make assurance doubly sure, I took from my pocket an old letter, and tearing it in pieces, strewed it along the passage that would give me exit. I then chose one of the passages, and moved slowly on with my lantern slightly raised, and my hand on my revolver, peering cautiously around at every object darkly outlined by the flickering light.

The atmosphere was oppressive, and the passage rugged and laborious. I stopped to consider whether or not to proceed. What had I to gain? Truly I had found a wonderful cavern, but why not wait for a more opportune time to explore it? I was alone, and if I should lose my way! But such thoughts were idle. How could I lose my way? I would go but a short distance and then retrace my steps and seek the bright sunshine again. I started once more, my route leading deeper into the bowels of the earth. I glanced around me, now at the glistening walls that seemed to dance and sparkle like precious gems, now overhead at twinkling gleams of blue and gold. Over my head was a mass of stalactites in in which was embedded an almost human hand of exquisite symmetrical beauty. I reached for a stone that I might sever it from its rocky mass, but I could find none large enough for my purpose. I started in quest of one, and in my precipitous flight lost my footing and was hurled into a yawning pit some twenty feet deep. The fall shattered the glass in my lantern and extinguished the blaze. Temporarily stunned by the fall, my clothes rent, and my limbs bleeding, I reached for my lantern, and in doing so cut my hands on the shattered glass.

The terrible reality broke upon my mind. I was alone in Plutonian darkness, the victim of a silly infatuation. I ran my hands hurriedly through my pockets in search of my match-case, but to my horror I had left it in my vest, which I had taken off and placed with my camp equipment. What a fatal mistake! Once more I hurriedly searched my pockets, and this time was rewarded by finding the stump of a match. I gloated over it as a miser does his treasure. It was gold to me; ah, it was even more, it was life! I felt for the oil-can of my lantern, and was gratified to find it within easy reach of me. I placed my finger over the smooty wick and shook well the can. I was heartily pleased to find it full of oil. I cautiously ignited my match and the sulphurous flame threw out a blue, unsteady light. By its faint gleam I saw the three passages, and one that would lead me to daylight and freedom. With great precaution I touched the wick of my oil-can. It flamed up, sputtered, and jumping from the wick seemed to slowly fade away into eternal darkness. There was no time for idle repinings. I must grope my way to the passage and hurry from the dismal place.

I reached the passage and scrambled over the very bowlder I had passed before entering my unlucky chamber. On, on I sped as fast as the nature of the passage would permit, sometimes over soft sandstone and again over flinty rocks that rolled and rustled beneath my impatient tread. Sometimes my passage would widen so that I could walk with ease, and at others I was forced to partially crawl. At last my way was completely blockaded. Imagine the terrible suspense that overwhelmed me. I had taken the wrong course. Great beads of perspiration stood upon my brow, and my breath came spasmodically. I could hear the palpitation of my heart, and my throat seemed to be devoured with a consuming thirst. I retraced my steps and in counterfeited glee tried to shake off the awful gloom that surrounded me. I laughed aloud and was answered by a hollow mockery. For hours and hours I vainly sought to find an exit, but my efforts proved of no avail. In a hoarse, changed voice I screamed for help, and in the frenzy of the moment invoked malediction on the heads of those who knew nothing of my fate. Physical exertion and suspense began to tell on my powerful frame. Every moment found me weaker as I pictured to myself the horrors of starvation, insanity and a thousand contending evils.

This stimulated me to increased effort, and I bounded forth like a frightened deer, but had gone but a short distance when my head came in contact with a pendent mass that laid me prostrate and unconscious. How long I remained in a comatose state I can not say. When I recovered consciousness, I glared fiercely around me and bounded to my feet. I had received a cruel blow in my headlong rush, and my woolen shirt and shoulders were covered with clotted blood. My head ached with a dull, uneasy pain, and I felt delirious. I thought of home and all the tender memories that cluster around it, and in that awful moment shed tears, the first since childhood.

I thought of the only human creature that loved me, and wished that I might see her face once more, and then lay me down and die. I appealed to Heaven, and in the pathetic language of a child begged for mercy and deliverance, ever struggling onward in my endless search and endeavor, for the instinct of self-preservation is ever strong in the human breast. Following a tortuous and intricate passage, I suddenly turned a sharp angle and saw faintly in the distance a gleam of light. I summoned my last remaining strength and reached the entrance of a circular hole, where I fell, overcome by nervous prostration. I found myself seven miles from my original entrance, after having been in that dismal place for thirty-six hours.—*J. T. Aubrey, in Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Baked Monkey and Lizard.

In Spanish Honduras the dish of honor is baked monkey, and sweeter meat you could not imagine. These monkeys live up in the branches of trees and on the vines; their feet never touch the earth beneath them, and they live on the choicest nuts and fruits. No chicken was ever so sweet and tender as baked monkey. I do confess, though, that on one of the last occasions of my dining in Honduras I did not feel that all was well, when at the end of the meal I found I had stuffed myself with baked lizard. Of course, there is nothing wrong with the lizard, except our petty prejudice. It tasted splendidly, but when at last I saw the big, scaly leg and the claw of the lizard, I don't think I liked it.—*Washington Post.*

LUXURIOUS BATHS.

Cleanliness, Neatness and Chiropody for the Nation's Law-Makers.

The bath accommodations of the House are a luxury that brings to the mind of back county constituents fairy visions of Oriental grandeur. Away down in the depths of the capitol, down still yet below the basement, the marble tanks of tempered water into which the members plunge are located. When the elevator bumps against the bottom and can go down no further, there are three steps with a brass rail on each side, and then you are in a little square room almost as warm as a steam bakery. A door leads into a short passage between the heavy foundations. Here the air is warmer than in the room. Suddenly it turns at right angles into another short passage, where the thermometer registers still higher. Another turn and another thermometric jump, and there are the bath-rooms. The plural applies to the big walnut cabinets with blind doors which stand in a row along the wall. There are nine of these, and in each is a large tank or bath-tub which can be filled with hot or cold or tepid water in a very few minutes. These are all in a narrow "L"-shaped room, which is presided over by a big colored man and his assistant. The cabinets, or baths, are about the size of an ordinary hotel bed room, and the tubs are big enough for the largest sized statesmen to wallow about in with ease and comfort. Tom Reed, and Barnes, of Georgia, test their capacity more than any other members, but they even can roll over and flounder about in one of the marble tanks with as much ease as they could perform the same evolutions anywhere.

Some of the tubs are simply iron, nicely painted, but the new ones are made of marble and each looks like a great sarcophagus. Three ordinary men might get in one of them without much crowding. The marble sides are as slippery as glass and as warm as the flesh that touches them. Thermometers are hung in each bath and on the walls in the passage. The temperature is kept always the same, and the member might promenade for three hours in nothing but his epidermis without danger of cold. It was here that Mr. Reagan struggled with a tight undershirt on the occasion of his famous bath while the vote on the Morrison bill was being taken.

The temperature is just at a point where the least exertion would bring on a profuse perspiration, and but little rubbing in the bath is sufficient to bring a ruddy glow. Members come up in the elevator from these regions with the hair curling about their temples and their cheeks as pink as a baby's.

Some of the older members take a bath as the last step in their preparation for making a speech. They write the speech, commit it to memory, take a bath and then deliver it. If a member has the rheumatism or a cold, or for any other reason feels the necessity of being parboiled, there is a Russian steam bath at the end of the bath-room to which he resorts. It is a little close room furnished with a wooden bench and a coil of steam pipes that cover the walls of the compartment. When the door shuts there can't much heat get out, and the thermometer naturally runs up into the big combinations. A member lies on the bench, the door is shut and the steam is turned on. He is then in about as hot a place as he is likely to enter in this life. He gets enough of this in a little while, and he has to be cooled off gradually by being plunged first into a tub of hot water, next into cooler water, then cooler and cooler, until he gets back to the temperature of ordinary mortals. It takes about an hour or an hour and a half's cooling before he ventures out into the colder atmosphere of the House; and it is best for him to walk rapidly on his way home.

Members of Congress can bathe here any day, provided not more than a hundred select the same day; but on Saturday none but members can enter. On other days employes of the House, or men who have been given tickets by members, may bathe. On Friday business is most brisk, and the swashing of the water may be heard from early morning until the place is closed in the evening. It is hard to tell how many people are bathed on this day, but ordinarily a hundred is as many as can be handled "in hours." After an all-night session the capacity of the rooms is strained. Members have all their toilet made here except their barbering. The air smells moist with steam, and is fragrant with perfume and scented soaps. The very finest toilet furnishings are used. The "black man of the bath" will rub you down and perform all the services of the bath.

Besides this he has proper instruments for the purpose, and he will trim off the corns and keep the feet in order. When a new member is elected from a country district it generally takes "a right smart while" to get his feet in condition. They require much care and attention. But this man keeps all the Congressional feet in order without regard to size or previous condition.—*Washington Star.*

—The infertility of many soils is due more to their mechanical condition, their texture, and relations to heat and moisture, than to lack of plant food. Such soils want amendments first and manures afterwards. Some soils will give good returns for manuring; others, without irrigation or amendment by drainage, tillage, use of lime, marl or muck, or otherwise, will not.

—Barley is largely used in California as food for horses. It is also used largely in Egypt, and among the Arabs, and it is said is one secret of the excellence of their horses.

FAILURE IN LIFE.

It Is Due in Most Instances to the Absence of Application.

Well now, the failure of many young men in life is distinctly due to the absence of application. I could easily give you not a few instances that have come under my notice here; lads, not deficient in ability, not addicted to vice, but so destitute of the power of application, that, no matter what line of business they enter on, they could not stick to it. A young fellow enters a merchant's office; good opening; excellent prospects; but before a twelve month is out, he finds he has made a mistake. He now determines to be a doctor; starts a course of medical study; but in a few months gets heartily wearied of that, and is persuaded that he is cut out for the law. So he sets forth on a fresh line of rails, only to discover that a professional life will not suit him at all; his ambition now is to be on the Stock Exchange. But the work there soon proves equally distasteful, and he throws it up in disgust; and unless he marries a rich wife (which such a man often contrives to do), he hangs about a penniless good-for-nothing to the end of his days. It is an excellent thing for a youth, almost as soon as school-days are over, to have to depend to a great extent upon his own exertions. If he is saved from the efforts of making his own way in the world, and the necessity of establishing a position for himself, he is denied a powerful stimulus to toil and perseverance. The late President Garfield, who rose by his own exertions from the humblest to the highest station in his own country, once observed: "In nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to drown who was worth saving."

There is now an honored and respected member of the House of Commons who was once a working stonemason, and he says: "In my opinion, truthfulness, sobriety, absolute punctuality and self-reliance are indispensable factors to success. A young man should never be afraid of work, however hard or common it may seem to be." The men who in my trade or occupation have risen to the top of the tree, have generally been men who, to use President Lincoln's favorite expression, "kept pegging away," and were never in the habit of shelving their own work upon other persons. There is a proverb I used to meet with in Turkey, which advises you never to do to-day what can be left off till to-morrow, and never to do yourself what you can get another to do for you. I hope you will go as much as possible in the teeth of such degrading counsel. The advice General Gordon gave is incomparably more worthy your acceptance. The occasion I allude to was the first day on which fire was opened at Sebastopol from the twenty-one gun battery, and when the sand-bags forming one of the embrasures caught fire. A corporal and a sapper of the Engineers were told off to repair the damage. The corporal ordered his companion to mount the embrasure, undertaking himself to hand up the fresh bags to him. The firing was heavy at the time, and the sapper demurred to this arrangement, suggesting that the corporal should get up, and that he would do the handing-up business. There was a bit of wrangling over it. General Gordon, hearing the dispute, came to the spot, mounted the pile of bags himself, and whilst a storm of bullets swept around him coolly performed the task. Thereupon he quietly descended, and looking sternly at the corporal, said: "Never order a man to do a thing you are afraid to do yourself."—*J. Thain Davidson.*

Switzerland's President.

William Frederick Hertenstein, recently elected President of Switzerland, was Vice President last year. He belongs to the canton of Zurich, the second in importance in the Confederation, Bern being the first. President Hertenstein is about sixty-three years old. He was born at Kyburg, canton Zurich. After receiving a good academic education, he entered the service of his native canton as forest officer, whence he was promoted, after some years, to be inspector of the forests of Zurich. During the nine years from 1870 to 1879 he was a member of the government of that canton. Since the second of those dates he has been a member of the National Assembly and of the Council of States, also Vice President, as previously stated. Since 1872 Mr. Hertenstein has been a Colonel of artillery. He has been head of the Military Department in the Swiss Council.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Tact in Leap-Year Matters.

It is seldom necessary for a bright girl to take advantage of the prerogative leap year gives her, for there are so many more ingenious and satisfactory means at her disposal. For several weeks a group of young people in Albany been devoting themselves to amateur theatricals, paying particular attention to the presentation of a drama which has its culmination in a proposal and acceptance by the leading actors. In this case the heroine was even more deeply interested in the hero than the exigencies of the play required, and in accepting the offer of his affections was so ardent that it set the young man thinking, until he decided that he would like to make the stage scene real. This he effected just after the last rehearsal a few evenings ago, and his prospective bride will take care that he never learns how artfully she set his mind moving in the direction she desired.—*Albany (N. Y.) Journal.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

YOUNG MEN, TAKE HEED!

The Sad Career of One Who Migrated from Temperancetown to Rumville.

A fine young man was Frank Dale and his prospects for a good and useful career were very promising.

His parents lived in Temperancetown and here Frank was brought up, amidst good influences, and at the age of twenty-one he was as fine a specimen of manhood as one often meets. But, alas! he became dissatisfied with his quiet home life. He began to consider the good people of Temperancetown too strict and absurd in their notions, and his opinions were strengthened by the pompous talk of his friend Charley Jonely. This same Charley Jonely had once been a resident of Temperancetown, but the gay life of the neighboring town known as Social Glass had attracted him away. Now Charley was trying to induce Frank Dale to take up his residence in Social Glass. For a time Frank persistently declined the oft-repeated invitations of his friend to at least pay him a visit, knowing the bad reputation of Social Glass. But in an evil hour he yielded and left the pure and peaceful atmosphere of Temperancetown for the gaities of Social Glass.

For a time he was content to remain here with his friend Charley Jonely. But by and by he began to consider Social Glass a trifle dull and unsatisfactory. So he resolved to go elsewhere in search of the pleasure which he now considered essential to his existence. So he one day started for Brandywine. On his way to this large and fashionable city he came to a lovely little village composed principally of dainty whitewashed cottages nestling among green trees. Here he beheld quaint arbors covered with lovely flowering vines, sparkling waters leaping and laughing down a rocky bed, flowers blooming in profusion and tiny song birds flitting gaily from tree to tree. The name of this village was Loveland, and the place was noted for the number of lovely young ladies who dwelt there.

Being weary from his long journey, Frank approached one of the white, vine-covered cottages to procure some refreshments. In answer to his knock on the half-open door a lovely young girl appeared and graciously bade him enter.

He obeyed, and having made known his wishes food and clear, cold, sparkling water for drink was soon placed before him. While he ate the maiden sat near and entertained him with pleasant conversation.

Her modest, graceful manners charmed him and he found excuse for tarrying in the little village and frequently dropped in to spend an hour or two with the maiden. Finally he concluded that he would give up his intended trip to Brandywine and take the gentle maiden to his parents' home in Temperancetown as his wife. To his joy, she offered no objections. They were married and at once started on the road to Temperancetown.

When they reached Social Glass Frank could not refrain from tarrying a short time to renew old acquaintances. In vain, his lovely bride tried to influence him to pass by Social Glass without stopping.

Frank had not been in Social Glass long before he abandoned all thought of returning to Temperancetown to live and soon took his wife and went to Brandywine.

When Frank left Temperancetown he had both wealth and influential friends. He had not lived long in Brandywine, however, before he began to be in want. Still he managed for a while to keep up a respectable appearance. But at length he realized that for want of sufficient funds he must seek a more modest place of residence.

Correspondence with his friend Charley Jonely, who had moved to Rumville, revealed the fact that living was cheaper there, so thither he went. But his mode of life had sadly impaired both his health and his influence, and he could find no way to add to his funds, which were daily growing less. Then, too, there was now the burden of supporting not only his wife but two children as well, and his friends had almost deserted him. Under these awful weights his spirits sank.

Had he remained in Temperancetown no such dire misfortune would have overtaken him. True health might be temporarily impaired and "riches take to themselves wings and fly away" even there, but he would still have had what is better than health or riches—the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens and a clear conscience. But this fact remains—he left Temperancetown and thus sank lower and lower in the scale of humanity till he was but little better than the brutes. You might see him reeling through the narrow, dirty streets of Rumville, with bloated face and ragged clothing.

In his miserable home, with its scant and rickety furniture, cowers his poor wife, her youthful grace and beauty gone. His scantily-clothed children shiver and cry for bread, but both wife and children dread the coming of him who has been the cause of all their misery. Frank Dale, who could have made his life so noble, so useful, so honorable had he shunned the first step in the downward road to ruin, is now a miserable drunkard nearing the brink of eternal destruction.

Oh, it is terrible to thing of, and yet is it not true that there are thousands of young men ready to follow in his footsteps? Will they not take warning from the fate of so many who have gone before them and never leave Temperance-town?—*Kate M. Farlow, in Toledo Blade.*

LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

What He Said Before His Election, and Afterwards While President of the United States.

Rev. Dr. James B. Dunn, in his history of the Temperance movement in the "Centennial Temperance Volume," says:

When the committee of the nominating convention came to him at Springfield, Ill., to inform him of his nomination, some of his neighbors, acquainted with his temperate habits and consequently unprepared to give a political committee the usual treats, sent to his house some bottles of champagne, but he said: "It won't do here," and ordered it back where the committee might be assembled. When offered wine at Cincinnati on his way to take the reins of government, he said: "For thirty years I have been a Temperance man, and I am too old to change;" again, when asked by a friend, after his inauguration, "if he was not overawed in addressing that immense audience of intellectual men?" "Not half so much," he replied, "as he had been in addressing a Temperance meeting."

At the celebration of the twenty-first anniversary of the order of the Sons of Temperance, in Washington, the Grand Division, under the chief-marshalship of F. M. Beadley, marched with music and banners in large numbers to the White House and presented an address to President Lincoln, in which they asked that drunken officers might be discharged from the service; and that facilities might be extended to organize in divisions and hold Temperance meetings in the departments and hospitals about the city. The following is Mr. Lincoln's reply in full:

"As a matter of course, it will not be possible for me to make a response co-extensive with the address which you have presented to me. If I were better known than I am, you would not need to be told that in the advocacy of the cause of Temperance you have a friend and sympathizer in me.

"When I was a young man—long ago—before the Sons of Temperance, as an organization, had an existence, I, in an humble way, made Temperance speeches, and I think I may say that to this day I have never, by my example, belied what I then said.

"In regard to the suggestions which you make for the purpose of the advancement of the cause of Temperance in the army, I can not make particular response to them at this time. To prevent intemperance in the army is even a part of the articles of war. It is a part of the law of the land, and was so, I presume, long ago, to dismiss officers for drunkenness. I am not sure that, consistent with the public service, more can be done than has been done. All, therefore, that I can promise you is (if you will be pleased to furnish me with a copy of your address), to have it submitted to the proper department, and have it considered whether it contains any suggestions which will improve the cause of Temperance and repress the cause of drunkenness in the army any better than it is already done. I can promise no more than that.

"I think that the reasonable men of the world have long since agreed that intemperance is one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of all evils amongst mankind. That is not a matter of dispute, I believe. That the disease exists, and that it is a very great one, is agreed upon by all.

"The mode of cure is one about which there may be differences of opinion. You have suggested that in an army—our army—drunkenness is a great evil, and one which, while it exists to a very great extent, we can not expect to overcome so entirely as to have such successes in our arms as we might have without it. This, undoubtedly, is true, and while it is, perhaps, rather a bad source to derive comfort from, nevertheless, in a hard struggle, I don't know but that it is some consolation to be aware that there is some intemperance on the other side, too; and that they have no right to beat us in physical combat on that ground.

"But I have already said more than I expected to be able to say when I began, and if you please to hand me a copy of your address, it shall be considered. I thank you very heartily, gentlemen, for this call, and for bringing with you these very many pretty ladies."

A NOTABLE lesson in Temperance was given the other day at Honolulu by the Consul-General of Japan, Mr. Ando, who is a native Japanese. He had received as a present from some friends two casks of liquor; but for the purpose of warning his fellow-countrymen in Hawaii against drinking habits, and to show them that he meant what he said on the subject of Temperance, he took the casks into his yard, had holes bored into them, and poured out the contents upon the ground. Would that all consuls were like this Japanese official at the Sandwich Islands!—*Union Signal.*

THE Floating Church Temperance Society of New York City recently celebrated their seventeenth anniversary. During the last year 257 seamen have signed their pledge, making a total of 7,542 names upon their books.

THE Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Philadelphia has passed a resolution that it is inconsistent with the pledge of a member to sign a liquor dealer's petition for license or go on his bond.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The consumption of coal at Pittsburgh, Pa., has diminished 4,500,000 tons a year since the introduction of natural gas.

—In the palace of Catherine the Great, near St. Petersburg, there is a room which is lined, walls and ceiling, with the finest amber.

—A novelty in church organs is being exhibited at Milan, Italy. It is constructed entirely of paper. The inventor is a priest.

—In Ovid, Mich., after Sunday morning service, the prominent citizens may usually be seen racing horses up and down the main street of the town.

—All the street railways in Dover, N. H., are under the presidency of a woman. The treasurer is her husband, and the company feels safe that he will never get into Canada.

—In a graveyard in America stands a tombstone with the following inscription: "Here will lie Mr. James Jones; at present he still lives and carries on his shoe store at 150 Franklin street."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

—A Montreal newspaper says that a citizen who had agreed to lease a certain house on University street was considerably surprised when he came to sign the lease to find that a clause had been inserted forbidding him to play the piano, play cards, or open the windows on Sunday. He didn't sign.

—A traveling manager of a theater company, who intended playing "Paradise" in the south of France and feared to shock fastidious matrons, to remove prejudices added to his playbill that no anxiety need be felt by the most refined and moral, as Adam and Eve would appear in costumes.

—The Merced Canal, thought to be the largest irrigation work ever constructed in this country, representing an expenditure of five years of time and $1,500,000 of money, has just been opened. It is expected to irrigate about one-quarter of the county of Merced, Cal., which lies in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley.

—An Eastern man took his underwear to a Chinese laundry in Stockton, Cal., forgetting that he had $115 in greenbacks sewed in his undershirt. He hastened to the wash-house, but found his clothes already in hot water. The Chinamen all denied having seen the money, but he looked around for himself and found the greenbacks behind the stove, where they had been placed to dry.

—A Philadelphia servant has distinguished herself by an original sort of private theatricals. While her mistress was away she attired herself in the best dress of the lady of the house, made calls upon strange ladies and invited them to return her courtesy. When they called she entertained them appropriately, showed them over the house and felt provoked because her girl had gone out. The farce continued for some time.

A POPULAR INDUSTRY.

A Manicure Talks Unreservedly About His Peculiar Trade.

A professional manicure, who has made a small fortune in the practice of his peculiar profession in this city for the past ten years, delivered himself thus pointedly in relation to his peculiar art.

"Less than fifteen years ago manicuring was an unheard of industry in this country, and it was impossible to procure the implements necessary to its practice anywhere but in Paris. Now there are few towns so small that they have not at least one manicure, and no druggist's stock is complete without a supply of the requisites to the care of the finger-nails. Doubtless the present practice is preferable to the old style pen-knife butchery, but it is questionable whether our women and dudes have not let the customary American excess creep into this as into most other vices and virtues that we import from abroad.

"Civilization eliminates from the uses for the hands certain things which would make the growth of nails none too great for the natural wear and tear on them, and, therefore, cutting or filing them as they grow too long is an actual necessity. To produce an agreeable result from this process is desirable from an æsthetic point of view. That the sharply-pointed and highly-polished nail prescribed by the professional manicure as the professional thing is either agreeable to the eye or in good taste is doubtful. Of course it is to the interest of the professional manicure to foster the art.

"Taken by itself the finger-nail is not altogether a lovely object. There is in it a suggestion of our animal nature and origin. As an unobtrusive portion of a shapely hand, it is not objectionable, but the present object of manicuring seems to me to bring the nails into the utmost conspicuousness. Nature has provided the nail with a soft, dead luster, which the manicure surplants with patent-leather polish. To this is added a point, suggestive of the beast of prey, and a barbarous snipping of the skin surrounding the nail.

"Good taste would suggest that instead of a point the object aimed at should be a graceful curve, and common sense teaches that the skin-snapping process be avoided altogether. The peculiarity of American fashions seems to be that it imports from other countries only the more senseless of their fashionable customs, and we are more likely to follow the Chinese, of letting the nails grow so long that they have to be worn in ornamented cases than to imitate the Chinese or any other foreigners in the sensible things which tend to make life simpler and easier."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

STYLES IN UMBRELLAS.

Elaborate Designs for Handles Originated by Americans.

It may often puzzle a person where all those new styles in umbrellas and parasols come from which are constantly thrown on the market here. They flourish, more or less, for a few brief months, and then they disappear forever. The representative of the biggest umbrella house in the country—the latter located in Indianapolis—said on that point to the Stroller: "American manufacturers have freed themselves completely from the thralldom of foreign styles in the matter of umbrellas. As to parasols, no. Two Philadelphia houses keep some agents constantly employed in Europe picking up the newest 'kinks' in style in advance. They have to exercise great judgment and discretion, however, and must understand the bent of the American ladies' taste to perfection, otherwise they are said to make mistakes which would cost their employers thousands of dollars and them their good jobs. Many styles in parasols which become the rage in Europe will not sell here at all. You see, in the matter of parasols such weighty questions as complexion, climate, prevailing style of dresses, etc., have to be considered, and an error as to one of these points will make a parasol unsalable. Women of means want a parasol to match each dress, you know. Then the question comes up whether they will have silver tips or gold ones, black ribs or white and big or little handles. As to umbrellas now, our native manufacturers show both more taste and ingenuity in inventing styles. No such elaborate designs for handles, nor such original conceptions, are to be seen in London or Berlin shops as you may find in any first-class store in New York or Chicago. And our American men seem to be willing to spend more money on a costly fanciful article in umbrellas, than do the foreign gentlemen of means. Why, it's nothing unusual for an American clubman to lay out from $20 to $50 for a really fine and costly-handled umbrella.—*Chicago Journal.*

DIDN'T GO DRY.

When a Spring Becomes Simply a Hole in the Ground.

A man who had gone to Tennessee to buy a stock farm, after looking at a place which seemed to suit him, asked:

"Does this spring go dry?"

"No, sir," said the owner of the place. "I have been living in this neighborhood for thirty years and have never known that spring to go dry."

The prospector bought the farm. Six months afterwards he sought the man who had sold it to him, and asked:

"I want to tell you that you are an old liar."

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"I bought a stock farm from you about six months ago."

"Yes, sir, that's a fact."

"I asked you if a certain spring ever went dry?"

"Yes, I believe you did."

"And you told me that it did not?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But, sir, it is as dry as a powder horn."

"Wait a minute. I told you that the spring didn't go dry?"

"Yes, you did."

"And you say there's no water there?"

"Not a drop."

"Well, then, it's not a spring. When any thing goes dry it is not a spring, but simply a hole in the ground. Webster tells us that a spring is a stream of water flowing out of the ground, and if there is not water flowing out of the ground at the place which you designated, why, it is not a spring. If you had asked me if the water gave out I might have told you yes, but as it was I was compelled to yield to an impulse of truth and say that the spring did not go dry. Sorry you are dissatisfied with the farm. You ought to be a little more explicit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

She Wouldn't Be Conquered.

An old-fashioned Yankee of Quaker stock, who ran a shoe factory in New England, indulged in a theory that a moral wrong was somehow perpetrated upon the community if a woman were allowed to earn above the stipulated sum each week. As the help was paid by the piece, and he had to keep tally in the main with current prices, he found this rather hard to manage at times. The swiftness of one young woman especially troubled him. She would persist in running financially ahead of the others. At last he made a special cut-down in her prices, and told her why he did it. She gave him a baleful glance, tightened her lips, and went on working. By Saturday night next, despite the cut-down, she made ten cents above the week before. Another week went by, when he cut her down still more. The damsel still proved game and rose to the occasion. After a week or more the Quaker conscience grew "scared" and asked her what she meant. "It means," said the girl, "that you may keep on and I'll keep on till you have a corpse on your hands in this workroom, for I'm grit and you can't conquer me!" The race ended there, and the girl was allowed normal pay.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Fine Piece of Goods.

"Did I understand you to say, Mr. Kendricks, inquired Dumley, who was trying to carve the duck, "that this is a canvas-back?"

"Yes," returned the landlady, "Why?"

"I was only going to remark that there is nothing of the shoddy about the material."—*N. Y. Sun.*

LIFE IN NORTH CHINA.

The Crooked Per Ho River and Its Heavily Armed Mud Forts.

Nearly two months have passed since our arrival at this place—a city of many hundred thousand inhabitants on the Per Ho river, fifty miles from its mouth. This stream is one of the crookedest in the world, many of its turns being so abrupt that it requires skill to navigate it. At the entrance of the river is an immense mud bank, which can only be crossed at high tide by vessels of light draft, so when a steamer arrives she must anchor and be lightered to about ten feet, when it it is possible to cross the bar, which is three or four miles wide. The Chinese Government will not allow this natural barrier to be cut away, as it most effectually prevents foreign gunboats from entering the river, while on both sides are mud forts called the Takee forts, heavily mounted with artillery. About half-way up the Tientsin is another of these forts, which is the largest of its kind in the world and the best. So say engineerin gexperts. At Tientsin there are two forts, an arsenal and two powder mills. English army officers are employed by the Government to drill native soldiers in the arts of modern war.

I have not as yet explored the country about here very much.

It is a vast plain, scarcely above sea level. Just west of us is a vast graveyard flooded with water. The plats of ground are walled around with mud. The coffins are made of heavy plank, and rest on the top of the ground. The head of the family occupies the most prominent part of the plats, and whenever a new occupant is added an additional pile of earth is heaped upon this grave till the family lot looks something like a small haystack. Some build these mounds above the water line, and they are carefully kept, but in some cases the coffins are exposed to view, and others covered with water and mud.

Tientsin is the home of the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, one of the most liberal and progressive of Chinese officials. He is having his sons taught English by an American, and is interested in the building of a military college at this place.

His edicts are characteristic of this sort of government. When about to start for his winter home he issues an order that for six days no one can travel over any part of the road connecting his summer and winter palaces. His retinue consists of his official staff, a company of soldiers, his family servants, a caravan of 160 carts to carry his baggage and his private equipage. The passenger vehicles are drawn by horses or mules. These carriages are cloth-covered and have some appearance of comfort. The freight or baggage carts are a primitive sort of affair with shafts, and are drawn by one ox, a cow, or a mule, three of them abreast, with an unending variety in the combination, with generally a horse leading the whole, make up the unique procession.—*Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

RUNNING A LOCOMOTIVE.

An Old Fireman's Experience with an Incompetent Engine-Man.

The danger of running on an engine handled by an incompetent engineer or a man who has remained at some other business long enough to get rusty is not fully understood by the traveling world. I had an experience of that kind that drove me off the road and into more pleasant lines of labor. The Iowa Legislature passed a law in 1877, holding all railroads responsible in heavy amounts for loss of life or injuries incurred in their service, and to offset the liability the railroad addressed a circular to all employes asking them to relinquish their claims. One morning I had fired up as usual and run the engine around to await the freight which we were to take west from Burlington. Before the hour an agent stepped up and asked the engineer to sign the agreement. He refused and was discharged on the spot. A new man was put in the cab. He had an engineer's license, and every thing looked straight, so far as papers went. During the talk my fires had run down, so I filled in coal until steam was hissing out of the safety valve, and then I opened the furnace door. Having taken our train, an hour later we were spinning along nicely when I turned to feed the fire. Throwing open the door I observed the crown-sheet and rivets showing through the fire-box, and looked up at the gauge only to find that we were running with a dry boiler. I yelled to my partner, and he started out on the running board with a hammer in one hand. The pump had stopped working. The new man struck the metal gently to loosen the plunger. That's all I saw. I started over the coal in the tender, and, climbing up on the side of the first car, was not long in putting twelve or fifteen cars between me and that engine. Reaching the caboose and sitting on the cupola, I waited for the explosion. If that fool with his hammer had succeeded in starting that pump he would have gone into eternity the next second, for the boiler was at white heat. I wasn't in a suicidal frame of mind, and that's why I lit out. But the old adage about fools and children proved true, for that engineer had to stop, draw the fire and wait for a relief engine. We had only run fifteen miles, but the damage in half an hour took three months to repair.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—New York retail merchants find the dogs which are led by chains by fashionable women such a nuisance in their stores that many have put up a gilt sign reading: "Dogs are not admitted here unless in arms."

THE VILLAGE SOLOMON.

A Life-Like Picture of a Highly Useful Individual.

Every town in the United States of Boston possesses a man who seems so much a part of the town that one would fancy he was made out of what was left over when the town itself was constructed.

He is generally a man who has just about enough to live on without working, so that his leisure may be spent in gathering all sorts of odds and ends of information, and, in short, imbuing himself with the town. Not imbuing himself with the spirit of the town, but imbuing himself with the town itself—the trees, the sidewalks, the pump and the malaria.

He is looked upon as the guardian spirit of the place, and "sad historian of the pensive plain." He is busier doing nothing than is a plumber working by the day. He is a cyclopædia of nothing. His nothingness makes him the most pre-eminently nothingy man in the place. His knowledge extends only to the limits of the town. Six feet over the township line, he would fancy himself lost in a wilderness. He has not been out of the town for thirty years.

He thinks that Barnum's Museum is still on the corner of Ann street and Broadway, and that the brown-stone seat of A. Hamilton still stands in the City Hall Park, as a rebuke to people who come from Brooklyn by some other ferry than the Hamilton. He still thinks the same park is surrounded by an iron fence, decorated with a long line of tinny songs, and canary birds in small wooden cages, and that the ancient fountain is still there, full of the old time languid lillies that always looked as though suffering from torpidity of the liver. He also thinks that the post-office is down on Nassau street, full of pie-stands, and that No. 444 Broadway is still a popular place of amusement.

Yet, the nothing man is usually regarded as a very important personage. He decides questions, and settles wagers on village topics, and no one thinks of appealing to a higher authority; because there is no higher authority. When he renders a decision, the man in whose favor it is given is looked upon as a pretty level-headed person, for knowing a thing just as the rural Solomon knows it. And the man against whom the decision is given tells the buckwheat Solomon how he came to think as he did, that his reasons may be considered sufficiently sound to save him from the mortification of being chaffed and laughed at by the others.

He is generally at the post-office an hour before the letters are distributed. He chats with the various people who congregate there, and gets the latest news that's of no importance to any one but himself.

Then he drifts into the barber-shop, and learns all the news of the week three days before the barber gives it to the editor of the local paper for publication. After leaving the barber's he drops into the real estate office and finds out all about the taxes and fluctuations in land. Then he calls on the grocer and druggist, and chats with them on this and that and the other thing.

Putting together the various scraps he has gathered, he knows all the people who don't pay their bills; he knows a man is going away for a change of air before the man has quite made up his mind to do so; he can tell you how many bricks there are in the schoolhouse, and the aggregation of the dog taxes for 1873, or any other year, for that matter.

He can remember perfectly well when there used to be a big sunfish pond where the Dutch church stands; and tells with great gusto, of the time when he used to dive off a rock located where the pulpit is built.

Of course he remembers when the railroad did not run through the place, as well as he remembers the period when there was but one store, that sold every thing from unbleached muslin to basaltic codash.

The mail at that time, used to be brought over from the nearest railway station ten miles off. He remembers the color of the calico bag in which the letters were brought, and the fact that the horse that the messenger rode had a blazed face and was spavined in both hind legs.

He knows the salaries of the clergymen and whether they get them or not. He is a chairman at each and every meeting of political or town meeting, and on the subject of a local nomination, the opening of a new road, or the draining of a stagnant pond, his advice and counsel are ever sought. His indorsement of a scheme is a signal to go ahead. But when he shakes his head in Sphynx-like silence as to the ultimate success of a scheme, no matter whether it be an electric-light plant, or a system of drainage, the tax-payers lose faith in its feasibility, and refuse to countenance it with their gold.

The Village Solomon is, in short, the life of the town when he is well enough to be about; but when he is prostrated by sickness the town is simply dead—so dead that when he is out again he has nothing new to learn; because the town has stood still with his sickness, and is now ready to go ahead with him once more.—*Puck.*

—A mound that was opened near Paris, Ky., recently, contained three skeletons. The remains lay with their feet lapping together around a small circle. Pieces of mica and a large war club were also found. There was a large oak tree growing from the center of the mound, showing that the place must have been used as a burial ground hundreds of years ago.

A MANDAN'S CAVE.

The Retreat Made by a Scalpless and Disgraced Warrior.

I was riding leisurely along over the prairie one day, about three miles southwest of Fort Berthold, when I saw, standing ahead of me about two hundred yards, four Indians. I thought nothing of it, and turned my head to look at a deer that was bounding in fright over a distant hill. When I looked in the direction in which I had seen the Indians there was a blank. Where could they have gone? There was no butte behind which they could possibly have hidden, and not a gully was to be seen in which they could have crept. I looked in every direction, and suddenly as they had disappeared they appeared again, though for the life of me I could not have told where they emerged from. They arose as if they had sprung out of the ground, as did soldiers that grew from the dragon's teeth which Jason sowed.

I went up to the band. They happened to be a tribe with whom I could converse without difficulty, and I asked them where they had been while I was looking. They pointed in reply to a flat stone that looked as much as any thing like the side or end of a massive piece of sandstone. There was a crack in the stone, it was true, but it was of such a nature as to excite no suspicion. One of the party pressed against the stone, and it fell inward. It afforded an opening large enough for a man to creep through without any trouble. I was invited to follow the leader of the gang. I dismounted, and, handing the pony I was riding to one of the Indians, entered the strange retreat. It was a queer cave cut out of the hill. There was a bench on which a man could get a good night's rest if he were sleepy, a number of holes cut in the wall overhead looking like pigeonholes, and, although there was a grimy look to the walls, it was not an uncomfortable abode. There was a heap of bones in one corner, which I afterward learned were the remains of many a feast of the owner of the hole in the ground.

A Mandan Indian, who, unfortunately for his peace of mind and social standing, lost his scalp in battle several decades ago, constructed this home here. He was disgraced by the loss of his scalp, and never more could live with his tribe, or abide with his squaw or little ones. Determined to make as much as possible of what of life he had remaining to him, he hewed a place out of the earth where he was free from molestation. Here he lived alone and in comparative comfort, secure against blizzards, and equally protected against the heat of summer.

This unique specimen of a fast-dying race was something of an artist. Around on the rock of his lonely abode he had carved a number of the most primitive-appearing designs. I could not learn from my guide whether or not it was probable that the artist was accustomed to drinking the peculiar brand of whisky that years ago the white man traded to the red-skins for pelts, but it was a strange fact that the artistic skill displayed appeared to run to snakes. Representations of snakes in all attitudes adorned the walls. In some cases they were represented as swallowing a man, and now a huge crawling monster would have an expiring buffalo within his coils. There were a dozen well-preserved impressions of snakes, all of which represented monsters, and not the small, harmless reptiles that are found in this region.

My guide informed me that the scalpless man depended for his artistic ideas upon a legend of a huge serpent that existed in this region, and which legend has fed upon a peculiar underground passage tortuous and sinuous in the extreme, which is pointed to by the natives as being the home of a bad spirit in serpent form.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

PRESERVING LIVE FISH.

A Discovery of Great Use to Shippers and Sportsmen.

A new method of preserving live fish, which seems to depend upon some phenomenon that it is at present difficult to explain, has been patented in America. The discoverer is Mr. W. G. Murphy, of New York City, who found, from numerous experiments, that fish can be kept alive for a long time without either change of air or water, by placing them in a vessel partly filled with water, but hermetically sealed. Fish so placed in a closed jar were found alive and apparently in good health at the end of three weeks' confinement; while fish placed at the same time in an open jar of water all died within forty-eight hours. It was also found that when the air in the jar containing the fish and water was compressed, their life was still further prolonged. It has been suggested that the reason for these strange results lies in the fact that the water in the jar which is hermetically sealed does not undergo such rapid changes as water left in an open vessel. But the discovery is one which will be of very great use in the carriage and transportation of fish. Sportsmen, too, will appreciate a method which will permit them to carry live bait for an indefinite period.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—He—"What do you think about this white horse and red-haired girl nonsense, Miss Redtop?" She (with fire)—"I think it has got to be a horse chestnut."

—"Hello, deacon! You layin' your plans to go to camp-meetin' next summer?" "Dunno. Feared I ain't goin' to have a hoss fit to swap."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The more sandy and dryer poultry yards are the less liable are the fowls to disease.

COTTON-SEED'S ROMANCE.

The Story of Its Rise in Importance Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

Was ever there a history, this side of Cinderella, of the uprising of humility, like that of the cotton-seed? See!

For seventy years despised as a nuisance and burned or dumped as garbage.

Then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering, and reluctantly admitted to the rank of ugly utilities.

Shortly afterwards found to be nutritious food for beasts as well as soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect.

Once admitted to the circle of farm husbandries, found to hold thirty-five gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in its crude state $14 to the ton, or $40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed.

But then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a value of $1 a gallon and the frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root of every olive tree and then defied the Borean breath of the Alps.

And then experience showed that the ton of cotton-seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its thirty-five gallons of oil than before.

And the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine!

And that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's drift had the highest commercial value as potash!

And that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap-stock to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate!

About this time we began to spell cotton-seed with capital letters.

And how it traveled abroad in its various dresses! As meal cakes it whitened the meadows of England with wooly fleeces and flattened the British cattle under the oaks; it spurted on the stoves of the Dutch in lieu of lard; it glistened in the cafes of Paris as olive oils under seals and signatures it couldn't even pronounce to save its life, and from under the dykes in Holland it went forth to parade in all the bravery of butter and butterine.

In our own country it removed the wasting strength of Southern fields and clad them with whiteness that would shame the fleeces of England land, or yellow that would pale the fleeces of Argonauts. It knocked the Western hog into spots and poured the Western lard out of the frying-pan into the fire. It furnished the Armours and Fairbankses with a pure substitute for the rancid fat they had been shipping us, and suggested the possibility of a clean and cheap lard.

And now comes a gentleman of this city with a process by which he extracts thirty gallons of fine oil from every ton of cotton-seed meal after the oil mills have done with it. In the "tailings" of the oil mills he finds this unexpected and ample store, which he deftly extracts with naptha, leaving the meal more nutritious as food for beast or field than before he took $10 per ton from it.

This process he has proved repeatedly in his laboratory and will approve in wider practice in a mill erected for the purpose near Atlanta. This invention will add 40 per cent. to the quantity of oil taken by the old process from a given quantity of seed.

More than this, it suggests the splendid possibilities yet undeveloped for this rural Cinderella that has risen all so swiftly from the ashes and the waste heap.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

NAPOLEON'S ARMY.

The Forces With Which He Fought the Battle of Waterloo.

The army of Napoleon was composed entirely of veteran troops. It was also in excellent order and condition. It was a homogeneous army; all the men were Frenchmen. The troops were eager to fight, to retrieve the reputation of the French arms, to recover their lost renown. It was prepared for a desperate struggle. The Emperor, in his address to the army dated at Avesnes on the 14th of June, had roused the spirits and determination of the soldiers to their highest pitch. He had reminded them that this was the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland; he had pointed out that they were about to encounter superior numbers; he had told them to conquer or die. Nevertheless it is a mistake to call this army, as many writers have done, the finest which Napoleon ever took into the field. In two points, especially, this army was not the equal of that, for example, which he commanded at Austerlitz. In the first place, it had not the inestimable advantage of being led by those brilliant officers, then in the early prime of manhood, who had been brought to the front in the turmoil of the revolutionary struggle. Of the two who were at Waterloo, Ney and Soult, one, Soult, was performing the functions of chief of staff. Ney was the only one of the Marshals who commanded troops on that fatal field. Not that the corps commanders lacked experience or devotion. They were unquestionably excellent officers, who had seen many years of faithful service. But Napoleon's earlier exploits had been to a large extent rendered practicable only by the exceptionally able men who were his own contemporaries—Massena, Lannes, Davout, Murat and the rest. Secondly, there was in this army of 1815, and there could not but be, a certain amount of distrust, of lack of entire confidence, on the part of the soldiers towards their superiors, the result of the so recent overthrow of the Empire in 1814, which had been associated in their minds with suspicions of treasonable conduct on the part of certain officers of high rank.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Panic and Death.

CELAYA, MEXICO, April 4.—Eighteen persons were killed and over one hundred injured at a bull fight here on Sunday afternoon. The bull ring was crowded with spectators and the bull fighters were still playing with the first bull when a fire suddenly broke out on the sunny side of the plaza. A panic seized upon the assemblage. The plaza was constructed of wooden masts, reeds and the like, and it was due to this fact that the majority of the people escaped without injury, being able to force an opening for exit at different points, but many women and children jumped from the top, a distance of 200 to 300 feet.

The sides of the plaza being lined with matting as dry as tinder, and there being a slight wind blowing, the amphitheatre was in a blaze in a few seconds. Nine dead bodies, in some cases so charred as to be unrecognizable, have so far been taken from the ruins. Nine persons were so badly burned that they died yesterday. Sixty-eight persons were very badly burned, and, though they still live, at least ten of them will die this week. Fifty persons, in escaping, were knocked down and trampled upon by the panic-stricken throng and are very seriously but not fatally injured.

The bulls, maddened by the roaring of the flames, broke loose from their stalls and rushed wildly through the surging mass of humanity, tossing aloft and knocking over all who stood in their way. Among the eighteen dead were two women, who were first gored to death by the bulls and their bodies afterward burned. The scenes in the neighborhood of the bull ring were sickening. Nude women and children, crazed with suffering from their burns, ran aimlessly through the streets, and could scarcely be overtaken or collected by their friends. Several persons lost their reason.

The fire was incendiary. In the Celaya jail were a number of prisoners, army deserters and petty criminals who had obtained permission from the authorities to attend the bull fight. They were accompanied by a strong guard of soldiers to prevent escape, but one of the deserters surreptitiously struck a match and lighted one of the dry petates (mats) and in an instant the side of the ring was ablaze. In the confusion and excitement the prisoners escaped

Sold Himself into Servitude.

For three or four years past John S. Hughes, of Atlanta, Ga., has borrowed money from Augustus Kaglemacher, and never made any payment on it. Recently Kaglemacher insisted on having his money. Hughes, half in fun, made a proposition to deed himself to Kaglemacher in liquidation of all the debts.

"I'll take you," was the answer and lawyer Charles F. Baker drew up a bill of sale, in which Hughes sold "Himself and his body after death to Gus Kaglemacher, the said Kaglemacher to have control of the said Hughes as long as he might live, and to barter, sell or convey him to others, if he so chose to do." The sale was signed and witnessed, and a copy given to each party.

Later in the day Hughes asked a lawyer if such a contract was legal. He was told it was, and then he went off and got drunk. He was arrested, and shortly after his owner came down, gave him a lecture and accompanied him into the Recorder's court. Hudges entered a plea of guilty, and was fined $5.75. Kaglemacher paid the fine, put Hughes in his wagon and drove off with him to his farm, three miles from Atlanta. Hughes said he was drunk when he made the contract; that it was done in fun, and he was going to the farm to sober up. Kaglemacher says he owns Hughes till he dies, and that he will make him work as long as he lives.

Bringing Up Children Rationally.

It is as natural to a child to be happy, says a writer in *Woman*, as it is to a fish to swim. But for this they need a certain amount of "letting alone." It is a great mistake for parents to hamper children with foolish restrictions. We pity the little B.'s, our next door neighbor's children, from the bottom of our heart. There is a picket fence in front of the house and they are scarcely allowed to go near it lest they should climb and hurt themselves. They cannot climb a tree for the same reason. They may not skate or swim, or have a gun. The consequence of this training is that their parents have made cowards of them all, with the exception of little Bessie, who is the most daring little mischief that ever wore a sunbonnet, and she learned to be deceitful and plays all her mad pranks well out of sight of her parent's eyes. We caught her the other day walking the railing of a bridge that crossed the track of a railroad a hundred feet below. The railing was not a foot wide, and she triumphantly told us that she had walked it while the train was passing under. It was enough to make one shudder.

Don't fancy your boy is made of glass. Grant a reasonable request, and let him feel that when you refuse it is for his own good. Between the Jellybys and the Gradgrinds of life children have a hard time of it. The youngest child needs some sort of agreeable occupation and a certain amount of physical freedom. There is nothing more painful to young people than to feel that life is a dull routine and that "nothing never happens," as we once heard a disconsolate lad remark.

The Miller and his Son.

A miller and his son once drove an ass to the town, in order to sell it at the market. There met them a man on horseback, who laughed and said, "You are dull fellows to let the ass go idle, and neither of you on it!" So the father immediately called his son to mount.

After awhile a wagon met them. The driver called out to the son, "Are you not ashamed, young fellow to ride, while your old father has to go along by your side on foot?"

As soon as he heard these words he immediately jumped off the ass, and let his father get up.

After they had gone some distance farther along a sandy road, a peasant woman met them, who carried a basket full of vegetables on her head. She said to the father, "You are a merciless father to make yourself so comfortable upon the ass, and to let your poor son there toil through the deep sand!"

The father therefore took his son also up on the ass. But when a shepherd, who was keeping sheep on the road, saw them both riding along on the ass, he called out loudly, "Ah, the poor beast! he will surely fall to the ground under such a double load. You are unmerciful tormentors of the animal!"

They then both got down, and the son said to his father, "What shall we now do with the ass, in order to satisfy the people? We must at last tie his feet together, and carry him on a pole on our shoulders to the market."

But his father said, "You observe now, my son, that it is impossible to please everybody; and that the advice is very wise:

"Seek to perform your task as best you may,
And little heed what others think or say."

Democratic Failure.

New York Sun (Dem.).

The six definite enterprises which constitute the whole book of Mr. Cleveland's policy, so far as his administration has had a distinctive policy, are these:

The reform of the civil service on the so-called non-partisan or Mugwump plan;

The suspension of silver coinage in order to avert the predicted financial panic;

The negotiation of an extradition treaty with Great Britain;

The settlement of the fishery troubles by the negotiation of a treaty with Great Britain;

The reduction of the surplus by means of an extensive reduction of customs duties, retaining the internal revenue taxes;

The Pan-electric suit to annul the Bell telephone patents;

In every one of these six cases the result of the undertaking can be recorded in a single word:

The administration's civil service reform policy.—Abandonment.

The administration's demand for the suspension of silver coinage.—Relinquishment.

The administration's extradition treaty.—Collapse.

The administration's fishery negotiations.—Surrender.

The administration's surplus reduction plan.—Repudiation.

The administration's Pan-Electric suit.—Disgrace.

Very Stubborn Facts.

President Cleveland said in his free trade message to Crogress, and Democratic newspapers have been industriously saying ever since, that "the amount of duty means the tax paid by those who purchase for use the imported articles." It is an easy matter to explode this fallacy, as is shown by Mr. Charles H. Clark, an accepted authority upon matters of finance and public economy, in a few plain illustrations which we give below:

"The President," says Mr. Clark, "gives no specific examples to prove that his statement is true." We shall give something, however, to prove that it is positively incorrect. Such examples are abundant. Here are two that are both familiar and striking:

"The present price of steel rails in this country is $33 per ton. The duty is $17 and freight is $2.50, together making $19.50, the tax on imported rails. This deduction from the $33 leaves $13 50 which would be the British price for steel rails, if the President's theory is correct. But the British price is in fact $20 instead of $13 50.

"Further, the steel rail industry of this country was built up under a duty of $28 a ton. In 1885 steel rails were sold for $27, just $1 less than the original duty.

"Take another illustration. The price of cut nails in Philadelphia is $2 per keg of 100 pounds. The duty on cut nails is $1.25. If the President's propositions be correct, cut nails should be bought in Europe for 75 cents a keg. In fact they cannot be bought anywhere on this earth for less than $1.50 a keg.

"Again cut nails have been sold in this country as low as $1.85 a keg, of 100 pounds, while the duty was $1 50 a keg. Thus, according to the President, cut nails must have been purchased in Europe for 35 cents a keg.

"An example even more remarkable is found in the fact that while chloroform is subject to a duty of 50 cents per pound the domestic article is selling in this country for 35 cents a pound, or actually for 15 cents a pound less than the duty."

These facts are beyond controversy.—*Ex.*

There is much talk in New York of Mr. Depew as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination. He is an excellent man, of splendid executive ability, but his nomination can not be looked for. Whatever his personal merit may be, the fact that he is at the head of one of the great railway lines of the country would render him an extremely weak candidate in the West, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. The Eastern people do not understand the strong feeling existing among Western people, the farmers especially, against the railways, on account of what are considered oppressively high freight rates. No man affiliated with railway monopoly can make headway against this feeling, and all talk of Mr. Depew is idle. He could stand no chance in the convention.

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No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

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While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2'87, ly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," and to enact the following Sections in lieu thereof, requiring security for costs.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty six, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, and the following Sections be enacted in lieu thereof:

2. In any suit or action before a Justice of the Peace in Garrett county, where the plaintiff is not a resident of the State of Maryland the Justice of the Peace shall upon motion of the defendant, require the plaintiff to give security for the payment of the costs and charges which may be recovered against him in such action. When such security is required in any case the plaintiff shall be entitled to a continuance for not less than six nor more than fourteen days, and if the security required be not then given he shall be non-suited.

3. In all cases of appeal from Justices of the Peace in said county to the Circuit Court the plaintiff, if he be a non-resident of the State of Maryland, may be required to give security for costs in the same manner and to the same extent in all respects as if the case had originated in the Circuit Court for said county

SEC. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

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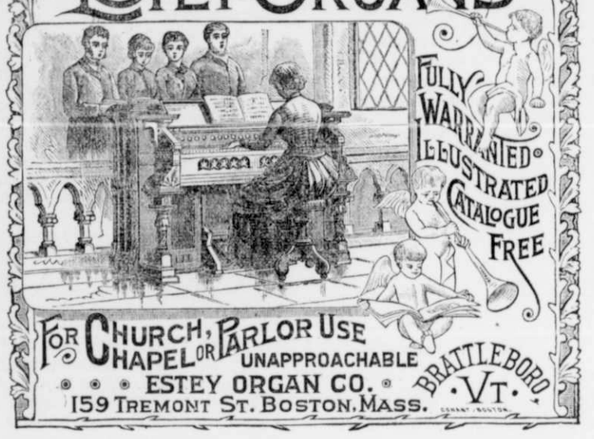
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are doing a large business with the World Renowned E-stey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
Cumberland, Md.
9 17 '87—1y

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		1.37 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.30 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, read it, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 272 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1881, entitled An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county," and to enact a section in lieu thereof fixing the compensation of the Sheriff of said county for conveying persons from said county to State Institutions.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter two hundred and seventy-two of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county" be and the same is hereby repealed; and that the following section be enacted in lieu thereof.

The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be allowed for conveying persons under sentence from said county to any State Institution the actual and necessary travelling expenses of said persons, and the actual and necessary travelling expenses of himself to and from such institution, and also ten dollars a day as compensation for such service, but said Sheriff shall not be allowed more than two days compensation for any one trip to such institution; said expenses and compensation shall be levied and paid as other county charges are usually paid.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

473

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 473 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section 34 of Chapter 108 of the Act of January Session, 1878, entitled An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of Sheriff; and also to repeal Chapter 378 of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1874, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county," and also to repeal section 61of Chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter four hundred and seventy-three of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county" providing for the fees of Sheriff; and Chapter three hundred and seventy-eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy four, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county" and Section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff" be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

473

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 16 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1876, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and also to repeal Chapter 191 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal Section 22 of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled 'An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county;'" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the Crier of the Circuit Court; and also to repeal Sections 21 and twenty-two of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," subtitle "County Surveyor" and "Crier," respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter Sixteen of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy six, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and Chapter one hundred and one of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal Section twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled 'An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county;'" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the "Crier of the Circuit Court;" and Sections twenty one and twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county;" sub-title "County Surveyor" and "Crier" respectively, be and they are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

473

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 208 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter two hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve," be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

473

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888. NUMBER 8.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

IS THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.
THAYER & SINCELL,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States, Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.
Apply to or address
HENRY WAGNER,
2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.
These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.
For further information apply to.
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.
☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.
For terms and particulars apply to or address,
GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.
CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED.
Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.
2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for reht. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,
Apply to
MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.
J. T. MITCHELL,
21 24 3m Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in the mouth; tongue coated, sometimes covered with a brownish substance; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach, loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and watery brash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
(PURELY VEGETABLE)
Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the
LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic,
Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Battles, and
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE
for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.
ONLY GENUINE
has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.
J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, P.
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,
OAKLAND, MD.
Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
COFFINS, CASKETS
—AND—
BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!
—Also a full line of—
FURNITURE,
Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,
And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment
Furniture Rented on easy Terms
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
REPAIR WORK,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.
☞ Also make Furniture to order.
D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.
Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

J. F. LEWIS,
—MANUFACTURER OF—
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!
SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.
Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.
J. F. LEWIS.
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOHN DALE'S FAILURE.

John Dale was one of the richest men in Bondburg. He was still on the sunnyside of 40, but gray haired business men and financiers consulted hem on the most important matters, and whenever it was known that John Dale was connected with any enterprise the success of the project was assured.

Dale was lavish in his expenditures, and his beautiful wife did not try to restrain him. Mrs. Dale outshone the younger beauties and belles of the place, and her husband was proud of her.

In Bondburg the main staple of the talk was the Dales, their movements, their extravagance, and their good fortune. Sometimes old men shook their heads, but everything that Dale touched seemed to turn into gold. The young speculator established a bank and built a railroad, and took hold of a dozen other big enterprises. The entertainments at the Dale mansion were on a scale of magnificence never seen before in that part of the country. Among the invited guests were millionaires who travelled in special cars. It was a common thing for people to rush across the continent to see the Dales.

The financial crash in 18— was a terrible disaster. It was felt not only in the great cities but in the smaller towns as well. In Bondburg the oldest business houses went to the wall.

When a man is in trouble he finds out his real friends and enemies. The panic struck John Dale at a bad time. At first he was confident that he would come out all right. He borrowed right and left and made a brave effort to push his way through. He even called on Steele, but the old usurer told him that a loan was out of the question.

One day it was whispered that Dale would have to go under, and that he would be left seven hundred thousand dollars in debt. That night there was a reception at his house, and many of the guests went simply out of curiosity. They wanted to see how the great speculator would look on the eve of his failure. If these people expected to see a crushed man they were disappointed. The entertainment was the most delightful of the season, Dale's bright and handsome face showed not the slightest trace of care, and his wife was in her most charming mood.

"They are frivolous people," said one of the guests to old Steele early the next morning. "I gave Dale credit for being a thoughtful man, but he and his wife seem to be too light-minded to appreciate the gravity of the situation."

"They will appreciate it to-day," said Steele, grimly. "I've got a lot of Dale's paper, and I'm going to close down. You will see my lord and my lady come to grief."

The news of Dale's failure created quite a sensation, but business men remarked that they were not at all surprised and that they had been looking for it all along.

"And he will have nothing left," said a merchant to Mr. Steele, "not a cent, will he?"

"No," replied Steele, "he will be worse off than a beggar, because he will be heels over head in debt. There will be a meeting of the principal creditors to-morrow, and the result may land Dale in the penitentiary."

"It will be a terrible blow to Mrs. Dale," said a leading society lady, "and may kill her."

This was the general run of the talk about the failure. Very little sympathy was expressed. In hard times sympathy is a very scarce commodity.

On the same morning John Dale took his wife into the library after breakfast and told her all. Mrs. Dale was silent for a moment. Then she put her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him.

"At least we love each other," she said.

"But," exclaimed Dale, in some amazement, "you do not understand. We must give up our house. There will be nothing left. My creditors may pursue me all my life, and there is nothing but poverty before me."

Mrs. Dale gave him another kiss. "Do you think I care? she said

"My dear," said Dale, and his voice trembled. "I must tell you the worst. My success made me reckless, and if some of my creditors push me to the last extreme they will be able to send me to prison, although I had no criminal intention in my transactions with them.

"No matter what befalls you," said the beautiful woman by his side, "I will stand by you, and suffer with you, and you will wait for better days."

Then, for the first time John Dale shed tears. Later in the day he went to his office and devoted his attention to his business affairs.

"You will see him beg for mercy," said old Steele to the meeting of creditors. "I know these extravagant spendthrifts. Dale will come here and cry and plead. You must be firm with him."

Just then the object of his talk entered the room.

"Hello, Steele," he said, with his customary carelessness. "Well, gentlemen, here we are. Now let us see what can be done about this little matter."

Old Steele glared at Dale, and the others looked at him in astonishment. Dale did not look like a man who had been crushed by some great misfortune. He looked younger, brighter and handsomer than ever, and there was a ring of triumph in his tones.

"Curse that fellow," said old Steele, "I wonder what is up now."

"Gentlemen" said Dale, "before proceeding to business I desire to say a few words."

Instantly there was a dead silence in the room. Dale then made a calm straightforward statement concerning his various enterprises, and wound up with the admission that his liabilities greatly exceeded his assets. Then he told them of the interview with his wife.

"You will now understand," he concluded, "that this is no great misfortune, after all. If my wife is satisfied to share my poverty, I am the happiest man on earth."

Dale looked around upon the group in such a frank and manly way that all were favorably impressed.

When the creditors consulted together in private Steele was the only man who held out against a compromise. Then the others withdrew, and in a short time returned.

"It is all right," said the leader to Steele. "We will settle your claims and give Dale another chance. He is a good fellow and shan't be sacrificed.

"Well, if you will be fools," snarled Steele, "I have no objection.

John Dale did not have to give up his house, and there was no talk of a criminal prosecution. His manly way of meeting his difficulties and the devotion of his wife rallied a band of strong friends around him, and in the course of a few days he was on his feet again.

Perhaps the Dales profited by their experience during the panic. At all events they did not rush headlong into a career of extravagance. They modified their style of living, and in the course of a few years they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were out of debt and again on the high road to fortune.

And yet it might have been very different. John Dale said one day to his wife:

"When I told you of my failure if you had broken down under the news it was my intention to go to my room and blow my brains out."

"Why, John!" exclaimed the little woman, "how could I have given you any other answer?"

And then Dale hugged and kissed her.

Dunkard Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of German Paptists (Dunkards) of the United States will be held at North Manchester, Indiana, May 20th to 25th, of the present year. The meeting will be held in a large canvass tent 100x140 feet, with a seating capacity of 4,500. Two smaller tents will be used as a dining hall and restaurant and lunch room, It may not be uninteresting reading to state that to provide for the feeding of the large number who attend these annual gatherings it will take 25 beeves that will average 1,200 pounds; 14,000 pounds of bread, besides pies, cakes and buns; 175 gallons of apple butter; 1,200 pounds of butter; 100 bushels of potatoes; 400 pounds of ham for luncheon; 270 dozen eggs; 5 barrels pickles; 10 barrels sugar; 6 barrels of salt; 600 pounds of coffee, tea and other sundry articles. This meeting promises to be one of the largest ever held by this denomination.

Two little girls were playing church. One said, "Now we are going to have prayer, you kneel down and be a *real Christian*; I'll just sit down and put my hand up to my face, I'm going to be one of the *stylish* Christians."

The Only Female Mayor.

"Female Mayors are no good," said the ex-City Marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there and was City Marshal, but I couldn't stand it, so I just scooted, and I expect I'm to blame for her election, too.

"You know she wasn't nominated in any of the conventions. About 9 o'clock on 'lection day all us boys were feeling gay and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker—he is the toughest man in the place and the undertaker—got up in the meetin' and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for Mayor, and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whisky and enthusiasm, and at 4 o'clock every one was votin' for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted.

"I sent up to Kansas City for some crab apple cider just to please the boys. She heard of it and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman and she the Mayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than anything else. Chips were only 10 cents. She heard of it and came to me and I had to stop. Then the druggist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye and extract of malt, and a few other things like that. He don't do it now. The Mayor heard of it. Then two billiard rooms were running. They're closed up now. The Mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivories. That's the way it is with everything. I just couldn't stand the town and so I came up here."

"She's the only woman Mayor on earth, is she not?

"That's just what she is. You ought to see the letters she gets, foreign letters and the like, askin' for her autograph, and askin' her if it is true that she is the Mayor, and all questions like that. When I was Marshal I used to act under her, and many's the letter she has shown me from abroad.

Romance and Reality.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a hod of coal from the celler?" said a busy house wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a black frown, as he put down his book and rose up from the lounge.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself, you have some chore or another for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody, your mother, especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading and when he went down the cellar grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story and the passage he had been so absobed in was as follows: "My darling, when you are my wife, I will shield and protect you from every care, the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly; those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks; your happiness——"

Just then he reappeared, and, dumping the hod on the floor, said: "There's your darned coal. Give me my book."

Is life worth living?

"Have you joined the church?"

"No; the dying thief didn't join the church, and he went to Heaven."

"Have you been baptized?"

"No; the dying thief was saved and he never was baptized,"

"You take the sacrament of the Lord's supper, of course."

"No; the dying thief was all right, and he never took any sacrament."

"How much do you give to missions?"

"O, I'm just like the dying thief; he never gave anything to missions."

"Just like the dying thief, are you? But there's one difference at least; he was a *dying* thief, and you are a *living* thief!"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life,
With its care and worry and doubt;
Of the shabby genteel of his seedy clothes,
Of his diamond pins, and his calm repose.
His happiness, money, and gout.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife?
Of that silent copartner, who,
With a blending of sentiment, beauty and skill,
With temperate knowledge, with tact, and will,
The whole of his labor can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn
By the editor's hard old chair,
Now dressed with cushions, soft and neat,
And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet,
Which once was so poor and so bare.

If the editor's sick, or away, or behind,
In need of more hands and more haste,
She directs his wrappers so they can be read,
And writes the leaders right out of her head,
And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazines, papers, and books,
As the cradle she softly rocks;
While the editor sits in his easy chair,
With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair,
She quietly mends his socks.

Then she reads the ads. with the editor,
Just to find what each has paid.
"But the column ad. of the jeweler, there,"
So he says, "and the harness and human hair
Must be taken out in trade."

She wears the corsets he gets for ads.,
And ruffles his sewing machine;
She uses the butter, and eggs, and things,
The country subscriber so faithfully brings,
With a cheerfulness seldom seen.

But her life so full of merry delight,
Has one dark cloud, alas!
Though she shares his ticket to circus and play,
To lecture, and negro minstrels gay,
She can't use his railroad pass!

When time hangs heavy on his hands,
She beguiles the hours away
With joke and laughter, music and song
And pleasant talk, and thus ripples along
The whole of each leisure day.

O, who would exchange this sweet content,
This simple and trusting life,
For that of a queen of royal birth?
For the happiest woman on all this earth,
Is the country editor's wife.

—*Margaret Oldham, in N. Y. Sun.*

O'SHERRY'S TRICK.

How Captain Dallimore Lost His Whiskers.

How many men enter the army solely on account of the uniform? How many of those who are supposed to be enamored of the adventures and perils of a soldier's life are enamored only of the tinsel and trappings of a soldier's coat? It would be interesting to know, but, owing to the unaccountable reticence on the part of those so influenced, it is impossible to discover.

Still, occasionally there occur cases where, though no confession is made, a shrewd guess may be hazarded that æsthetic considerations had much to do in inducing the gallant warrior to choose a military career. Captain Dallimore's was one of these. Captain Dalton Dallimore was not a very adventurous, nor a very courageous, nor a very ambitious man, but he was unquestionably a very conceited one. His conceit, however, referred only to his appearance. He never imagined that he was cleverer, braver, or more high-minded than his fellows; in fact, his private opinion was that in these qualities he was rather below than above them. But when it came to good looks—well, every time he glanced in his glass, and that was pretty often, he felt, with a thrill of pleasure that there he had the advantage of most people.

And he was not a bad-looking fellow. He had a rather long face, passably good features, and fairish hair, and he wore a mustache, large mutton-chop whiskers, and a pompadour. He was very tall and very slight; and his clothes—which is not always the case even with military men—were obviously made for himself.

His appearance was better than his manner; that was affected and insipid to a degree. He could be induced to manifest nothing but the most languid interest in anybody or any thing about him. No matter what was the subject which was occupying the attention of the rest of the company, his attention was concentrated on himself. While the others were jesting, chaffing, or disputing he was engaged examining the fit of his jacket or the cut of his overalls, or else stroking his mustache and passing his fingers affectionately through his whiskers.

These latter hirsute appendages were the cause of much mockery and heartburning in the regiment. His brother officers strongly disapproved of them. They could understand and sympathize with his devotion to his mustache—they all wore mustaches themselves, which they carefully nurtured and tenderly cherished—but he was the only man in the regiment who sported whiskers, and the others regarded his indulgence in them as an unwarrantable license, not to say breach of discipline.

"Dolly, my boy," one would say, "why don't you shave and look like a Christian?"

"Prefers to look like a goat," another would growl.

"You see," a third would put in, "he's not very energetic, and the whiskers save him a good deal of work; with them he has only to wash half of his face."

"If I were the Colonel," a fourth would declare, "he should either shave or leave the regiment."

But Captain Dallimore would only laugh languidly at all such coaxing, bullying and remonstrance. He loved his whiskers, and was determined not to lose them. Besides, he suspected that envy had something to do with his fellow-officers' disapproval.

Captain Dalton Dallimore never regretted his choice of a profession. The Lancer uniform exactly suited his taste and figure. His duties he found light, and, on the whole, agreeable; while the effect of his lace, spurs and charger upon the ladies was all that could be desired. The only drawback he ever found was the fact that his regiment was so frequently stationed in remote villages, where he had little company and little opportunity of receiving what he felt was his due of feminine admiration and attention.

His delight, therefore, can be imagined when his regiment received orders to leave the obscurity of Braxby for the publicity and gayety of the Irish metropolis. He had been in Dublin before, and knew what he had to expect there—not an occasional dinner at Lord Broadacre's or Squire Cherry's, or a dance every six months at the town hall, but a succession of banquets, receptions and balls, and the admiration and devotion of scores of the prettiest women in Europe.

The gallant Captain was not doomed to disappointment. Dublin proved every thing that he expected. All that was wealthy, beautiful and fashionable in the city received the Lancers with open arms. Cards of invitation from the castle, Merrion square, and Old Trinity came in scores to every officer's quarters. From Colonel to Lieutenant they were all in demand everywhere, but none of them seemed to be quite in so great demand as Captain Dalton Dallimore.

It was about a month after the regiment's arrival in Dublin that Captain Dallimore was, alone of all the Lancers, present at a dinner given by Mr. Justice McMurther in his fine house in Fitzwilliam square. Judge McMurther was famous for his dinners, and though Captain Dalton Dallimore knew that there would be no ladies there—the host was a bachelor—and that he would be acquainted with few of the guests, he gladly accepted the invitation. And he did not regret it. A better dinner he had never eaten, and the wines were simply incomparable. The only thing, besides his appearance, in which Captain Dallimore took an absorbing interest, was his stomach.

The company, like dinner, was the best Dublin could supply. It consisted of some members of the vicereyal household, two peers resident in the neighborhood of the capital, three judges and several of the most distinguished lawyers, doctors and capitalists in Ireland. Captain Dalton Dallimore, however, knew very few of them, and the two between whom he sat at dinner did not seem to take much interest in him or his conversation. When, then, Judge McMurther led the way into the drawingroom, the gallant Captain sat down in a corner, there to digest his dinner in silence.

He had been sitting by himself some time when suddenly it occurred to him that one of the guests was a gentleman he had met before, a distinguished lawyer, Sergeant O'Sherry. The learned sergeant had dined on the previous night at the mess, and his conversation had been most clever and entertaining. Captain Dallimore resolved to renew the acquaintance.

He made his way over to the sergeant, and, holding out his hand, affably said: "I think we have met before, Sergeant O'Sherry."

The sergeant rose quickly to his feet, and, bowing very low, said: "I have that honor, sir."

Captain Dallimore was surprised and pleased at the lawyer's very deferential manner.

After a slight pause Sergeant O'Sherry spoke again:

"I was not aware, sir," he said, "that you were of the company or I should have paid my respects sooner."

"O, I suppose," answered Captain Dallimore, more surprised than ever, "you were like myself. I did not at first recognize you."

"Ah! that," replied the sergeant smiling, "is not strange. That you should forget so humble a person as myself is not wonderful, but that I should forget you is."

"Really, I don't see it," said the Lancer. "We only met once before."

"Yes; but one in my position rarely forgets meeting one in yours."

"In mine?" repeated Captain Dallimore, "I really don't understand you. My position is in no way remarkable."

"Well, really, Mr. Kilpatrick——"

"Kilpatrick!" repeated Captain Dallimore.

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant, looking very much surprised. "I understood I was speaking to Mr. Kilpatrick, the Scotch gentleman who is chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant."

"Well, really," said Captain Dallimore, laughing, "I assure you I'm no such exalted person. I'm plain Captain Dallimore, of the 87th Lancers."

"You don't mean it!" cried his lawyer, amazed. "It's wonderful—marvelous! I never saw such a striking resemblance! As like as two peas! Same eyes, nose, chin, complexion, mustache, whiskers—especially whiskers! Marvelous! amazing!

"Did you take me for Mr. Kilpatrick?" asked Captain Dallimore, greatly amused.

"Take you for him," said Sergeant O'Sherry vehemently. "Why, his own mother would take you for him! I never saw any thing like it before! I remember meeting you, now. It was last night, at mess. Strange that the resemblance didn't strike me then! Perhaps it was the uniform made the difference."

"Upon my word, you make me laugh," said Captain Dallimore.

"Well, let me tell you Captain," said the sergeant, lowering his voice in an impressive way, "it's no laughing matter. I wouldn't be in your shoes for something."

"Why!" asked Captain Dallimore, opening his eyes in amazement.

"Why! Don't you know?"

"Not I! I'm rather pleased than otherwise to find I'm like so distinguished a man."

"Are you? Well, I suppose you're a soldier and don't care, but I'm only a civilian, and for my part I wouldn't take ten thousand a year and run the risk you do."

"Run the risk I do! Really, sergeant, I do not comprehend."

"Don't comprehend! Why, don't you know that there are dozens of men about Dublin looking out for a chance of putting a bullet into Kilpatrick! Now, what would happen if they made the same mistake as I did, and took you for him?"

"By George," exclaimed Captain Dallimore, thoroughly startled. "I never thought of that."

"Perhaps you will soon have reason to do so," said the sergeant, gravely. "It's all right for Kilpatrick himself; he never goes out unguarded—he takes good care of that; but with you it's different. You might get a bullet through you any day."

"Upon my word," said Captain Dallimore, seriously, "that's quite true. Am I really very like him?"

"Very like him! It's no name for it. You're just himself over again. Of course you're a soldier and a brave man, and so laugh at danger; but if I were in your shoes I'd pretty soon make a change in my appearance."

"How could I do that?"

"How! Why, as easily as possible. Shave off your mustache."

Captain Dallimore thought a moment, and then shook his head. The sacrifice was too great.

"Well, yes," said the sergeant, in reply to the motion, "I forgot you're a military man, and so wouldn't like to part with your mustache. Well, let us see. Why not shave off your whiskers? That would be nearly as good."

Captain Dallimore writhed under the suggestion, but nevertheless he considered it.

"That wouldn't be quite so bad," he said at length. "But do you think it would be enough?"

"Well, it's hard to say," answered the lawyer; "but I'm inclined to think it would. You see, you wear your whiskers exactly as Kilpatrick does. They no doubt do much to produce so striking a resemblance. If you took them off I dare say it would be scarcely noticeable."

Captain Dallimore and Sergeant O'Sherry continued talking earnestly until the time for departure arrived. They left together, when the lawyer showed how deep and sincere his concern was for the risk Captain Dallimore ran by insisting on accompanying the officer home the whole way to the royal barracks.

"Even my presence," he said, "will add something to your safety, and so I feel it my duty to go with you."

All night long Captain Dallimore tossed about, unable to sleep. He was tortured by the prospect of a dreadful alternative. It seemed as though he must either shave off his beloved whiskers or go about for the rest of the regiment's stay in Ireland with his life in his hands. He thought the matter over and over again, in hopes of discovering some third course, but none appeared. The position seemed to be: Your whiskers or your life!

One small hope did, indeed, still remain. He might not be so very like Mr. Kilpatrick as Sergeant O'Sherry thought. He, himself, had never seen Mr. Kilpatrick, but he had often seen his photograph—it was in every shop-window—and it never had struck him that there was any very wonderful resemblance between that distinguished gentleman and himself. Now, however, when his attention was called to it, he could not deny that there was a considerable likeness. As Sergeant O'Sherry said, it was partly to be accounted for by the similar way in which both wore their mustaches and whiskers. But, besides that, their features, build, and he believed height were much the same. There was, undoubtedly, a marked resemblance between them.

That resemblance, however, might not be so great as to lead an ordinary person to mistake them. He hoped such might prove to be the case. He resolved to test it the next morning, and to abide by the result of the trial.

Immediately after breakfast he made his way to his chum's—Hon. Frank Terrington—quarters. Lieutenant Terrington had just finished breakfast. After the usual greetings Captain Dallimore said, in a careless sort of way: "Do you know, Frank, a funny thing happened last night? I was actually mistaken for a leading public man here."

"Leading public men here," said Frank, "must look doosed stupid."

"But seriously, Frank, I was, and I'm anxious—curious, I mean—to know if there really any likeness. Now, would mind taking a good look at me, and me whom you think I'm like?"

Hon. Frank looked at Captain Dallimore as he was requested, but in a very puzzled sort of way. Suddenly he opened his eyes as if a little startled.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "you are like one of them though. It never struck me before."

"Who is it Frank?" asked Captain Dallimore, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Why, Kilpatrick, to be sure," answered Hon. Frank, unhesitatingly. "It's those blessed whiskers, I think. You've got 'em docked exactly as he has."

With a sad heart Captain Dallimore left his friend's quarters and went to his own. He bitterly felt that his last faint hope was gone and his much-loved and much-admired whiskers must also go. He went to his dressing-room and gazed gloomily into the mirror and caressed again and again the dear bristles, as he used to do in happier times. Alas, they were doomed! If he had been a braver man he might have clung to them, but he was timid and would rather part even with them than with his life.

He took up his razor to remove them, but his heart failed him, and he put off the dreaded moment for a little while. He had laid down the fatal instrument and walked about the room depressed and miserable, hour after hour. The shades of evening were beginning to fall, when a desperate resolve entered his mind. He determined, as a last hope, to go out to the barracks to walk about the streets until mess hour, and see if any one noticed him, or by any word or sign showed that he was taken for Mr. Kilpatrick.

With a trembling heart he left the barracks and hurried along the river quay. He was approaching the western wing of the Four Courts, when a ruffianly fellow who was standing at the end of one of the lanes which ran up north from the Liffey, cried out at him: "Bad luck to ye for a murtherin' villain!

With a wild start Captain Dallimore turned round and faced the rough.

"Hi!" yelled the scoundrel up the lane. "Hi, come down wid ye. Shure, here's Kilpatrick, the coercionist! Come on, we'll bate him."

Captain Dallimore did not stay to explain nor stop to be "bate." With lightning speed he turned in his course, and, darting off toward the royal barracks, soon reached the friendly shelter of their walls.

Flushed, breathless and panic-stricken, he hurried up to his dressing-room, and, seeing his razor, cleared his face of his whiskers before it had regained its color. Then he paused and gazed at himself in the glass. He was no longer the same man; much of his glory had departed; but, under the circumstances, he did not regret it. He felt sorry, but satisfied.

As he gazed sadly at his image in the glass, it occurred to him that he would have to give his brother officers some explanation of his accession to their wishes. It would not do to tell them the real story; for a soldier to shave through fear would, he felt, be disgraceful. What, then, should he say? He set about inventing a plausible tale, and only settled upon it when the dinner hour arrived.

Hurriedly finishing his toilet he went to the mess-room. He was a little late in arriving, and when, blushing and hesitating, he entered, all the other officers were there. The moment his face was seen a roar of laughter went up from the table. Roar after roar followed, while Captain Dallimore stood speechless, crimson to the hair. At last it became sufficiently quiet to permit of his speaking.

"I'm glad," he said, with a sickly smile, "that my act has met with your approval."

Another burst of merriment was the answer. When it calmed down Captain Dallimore heard Major Berkeley's voice.

"Colonel," he said, as he wiped the tears out of his eyes, "O'Sherry has won."

"Yes, yes, and gloriously," replied the Colonel, still laughing; "he has done in three days what the whole regiment failed to do in twice as many years."

A horrible thought flashed upon Captain Dallimore's brain. Hurrying up to Lieutenant Terrington he whispered to him:

"Tell me, Frank, what does all this mean?"

"Why, man," answered the Hon. Frank, still shaking with laughter, "why, don't you see? You're no more like Kilpatrick than you are like the Prince of Wales. It's all a trick of O'Sherry's. He bet the Colonel a pony that if we'd assist him he'd make you shave inside a week, and that's the way he did it."

Luck in a Bat's Liver.

Of all the queer superstitions of which I ever heard, there is one possessed by a man on 'Change that caps the superstitious climax. I won't tell you his name, but he is one of the most prominent grain and pork dealers in the city. One night last summer he was visiting at the Fifth District police station. We were bothered a good deal just then by bats which were flying up and down through the stable attached to the station. Our visitor and the stable boy killed several of the bats, and the liver was taken from each of them and carried away in the merchant's pocket. He wanted them, he said, to give him luck in his business transactions, for he declared there was more good luck in a bat's liver than there was in half a hundred rabbits' feet, which were well known to possess luck in no mean proportions.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest cotton mill is said to be located at Kranholm, Russia. The establishment contains 340,000 spindles and 2,200 looms, disposes of a force of 6,300 horse-power, and gives employment to 7,000 hands.

—Pillsbury mill "A" grinds 7,000 barrels of flour daily, which is enough for New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. It is eight stories high, and work is never stopped. It keeps two hundred railway cars busy. An electrical apparatus enables a watchman to locate a heated box and where in the mill.

—A "cable anchor" for stopping has been successfully tried on the Seine. The apparatus consist of a cable having on it a series of canvas cones, which open by the action of the water, and close when drawn the usual way. A steamer running thirteen knots was stopped in thirteen seconds, and in a space of from twenty to thirty feet, by this arrangement.

—While considering it doubtful whether ants and bees can hear, Sir John Lubbock believes it to be quite possible that they may hear sounds so shrill as to make no impression on the human ear. A like fact may be true of their perception of colors. To insects the world may be full of music we can not hear, colors we can not see, and sensations we can not feel.

—During the past two seasons E. B. Poulton has made observations which prove that the silk of at least three species of English moths is greatly affected in color by environment at the time of spinning. The cocoons were dark brown when the larvæ had been placed in a bag of green leaves, and white when they had been freely exposed to light in the neighborhood of white surfaces.

—It having been demonstrated that the most solid ice may contain elements which, when taken into the human system, cause disease and death, it becomes very important for one to know where the ice he uses was obtained, as the contamination of ponds, lakes and rivers by sewage is getting to be alarmingly prevalent. Some scientists think that the artificial production of ice from purified water, in quantities sufficient to supply the demand for it, will eventually be the only way of guarding against the dangers to which people are exposed by the use of impure ice.

—The efficiency of oil, when dropped upon the water, to calm boisterous waves may now be regarded as established. It is astonishing how small a quantity of oil will answer the purpose. Admiral Clone gives the amount as from two to three quarts an hour dropped from perforated bags hanging over the sides of the ship in positions varying with the wind. The oil, then, by its own outspreading, extending over the waves, forms a film of less than a two and a half millionith part of an inch in thickness; and this is enough to reduce breaking waves and dangerous "rollers" to unbroken undulations that are practically harmless.

—The four feet of an ordinary ox will make a pint of neats-foot oil. Many cattle shin-bones are shipped to England for the making of knife-handles, where they bring $40 a ton. The thighbones are the most valuable, being worth $80 a ton for cutting into toothbrush handles. The foreleg bones are worth $30 a ton, and are made into collar-buttons, parasol handles and jewelry, though sheep legs are the staple parasol handles. The water in which the bones are boiled is reduced to glue, and the dust which comes from sawing them is fed to cattle and poultry.

CONCERNING MONEY.

Why It Should Always Be Regarded With a Certain Seriousness.

There are those who think it a fine thing for a young man to spend his money with a careless, dashing freedom; and all over the world the spendthrift is a character less odious than the miser. We think, on the contrary, that the miser and the spendthrift are essentially the same character. The weak vanity which prompts the inexperienced youth to scatter his money in profligate profusion, easily changes into that weak cowardice which induces the miser to devote his later years to hoarding. Carelessness of expenditure is one of the surest signs a young man can give that his life is destined to be unprosperous and unhappy.

Some of the greatest crimes, and many of the most poignant miseries, have been due to carelessness in the spending of money. There is reason to think that one of the leading causes of Arnold's treason was the pecuniary embarrassment caused by his extravagance. The same cause had much to do with precipitating Burr from the height of honor into the depths of infamy. Swartwout, the great defaulter, was not what is commonly called a dishonest man, but only a criminally careless one; one of those "fine fellows"—hearty, jovial and "whole-souled"—whom everybody likes, from whom everybody borrows, whom nobody is compelled to pay. Than such a man there is no more fatal character under the sun. Ruin lies in wait for him, and is sure to devour him at last.

Money should always be regarded with a certain seriousness, for it is the quintessence or representative of the gifts of Providence and the toil of man. It is hard to get, and easy to spend. There is peril in it, and blessedness in it. To the wise and good it is the best of all servants; to the weak and foolish it is the most terrible of all tyrants. Carelessness is always perilous and wrong, but habitual carelessness in the spending of money is, of all its forms, the surest to lead to misery and shame.—*N. Y. Ledger*

POLICE COURT RECIPES.

A Harmless Youth's First Attempt At Practical Newspaper Work.

In order to afford that variety which is the spice of life and papers, we concluded to have a man attend the sittings of a New York police court. It happened, however, that the only member of our large and talented staff who was at leisure Monday morning was the young gentleman who edits Household Recipes. He is an enthusiast upon the subject of recipes for the construction of soft gingerbread, cream pies, dried apple jelly and the like, and his mind seems to run on such matters continually. He will go further to learn some new way for getting up a salad than the most enthusiastic naturalist would to secure a new species of snapping turtles.

The following in his first attempt at police court reporting:

The first prisoner brought up—and he must have been badly brought up, by his looks—stood charged with having been intoxicated on the streets. He wasn't entirely sober when arraigned, looking as though he had about two cupsful of whisky to six cupsful of beer too much, mixed with four to five pounds of a policeman's club put on to warm. The court allowed him to stew about five minutes, and then sent him to the Island for sixty days to cool.

A tramp was hauled up, who looked as though he had had not more than two cups of sour milk, one teaspoonful of saleratus, ditto of cream of tartar, some ginger (pop), and a little caraway with stale bread crumbs for six weeks. He was mixed to a smooth batter and set before the fire to rise.

A thief was arraigned, charged with breaking into a bakery. He was in his cups—about three and a half cups, I should say, mixed with sugar. He said he mistook the bake shop for a paint store, on account of the chrome yellow on the buns. When he resisted arrest the policeman gave him a recipe for pound cake that he will remember for some time. It raised puff balls on his head without the aid of yeast, and made his nose into a batter. He was laid away in the station-house oven to brown.

John Smith, being drunk, attempted to beat his wife, but found himself in hot water, with a flavoring of lemon and whisky. His wife added three dessert-spoonfuls of stove leg for every loaf, the loafer. A lump of sugar was added, together with a lump over the eye for top dressing. French mustard and a Mansard roof completed the structure. Court ordered a dressing of vinegar and prison apparel.

"Got the ear-ache, have you?" remarked the court to the prisoner with his head tied up. Court recommended as a recipe for the cure of ear-ache, two parts water, one part his hair in the middle, and one part from his family and friends for thirty days *Texas Siftings.*

THE HAUNTED CLOCK.

Queer and Uncanny Habits of an Ancient Family Time-Piece.

In a farm-house near Devon, Pa., there is a haunted clock, with a weird legend of revolutionary times connected with it. A cold-blooded murder of a drummer is in the legend, and once a year "the clock acts strangely" and can not be made to go. This is a true bill, you understand, and I believe the story. I know that "haunted clock." I have met it in a Pennsylvania tavern more than once. Only the legend doesn't do the haunted clock full justice. Not only once a year, on the anniversary of the drummer's death, does it "act strangely." It acts strangely all the time. It chokes and gurgles in ghastly gutterals for about five minutes before it strikes, and heard, in the dead of night, these awful sounds petrify the terrified guest with horror, for he firmly believes that the man in the next room is hanging himself with his suspenders. When the haunted clock strikes eleven, it starts off with ponderous solemnity and strikes six. Then it stops, groans twice, gurgles, makes a muffled noise with something that needs oiling, strikes one, wheezes and goes to sleep. About 11:30, however, it wakes up, grunts, sneezes twice, strikes the other four, and, with a hollow groan goes on its limping with tick tocks, of alternating loudness and softness, sometimes falling asleep and missing two or three ticks altogether, always waking with a start and tick tocking very loudly for the next minute. And then, along in the afternoon, when you are anxious to go to the station to catch the five o'clock train, the hour hand points to three and the minute hand is at five and the clock strikes nine, you know it is a quarter past six and your train has gone more than an hour ago. There is also a calendar on this clock, showing the days of the week and the months, but it is stuck fast between Monday and Tuesday at the 31st of February, and there is a hole in the dial where a moon shows itself in the full dark all the year round. O, it is a sure 'nough haunted clock. I've seen it, many a time, and have missed more trains by it than there are spooks in Virginia or "thengs" in Indiana. Every body about the hotel "sets" that clock. The landlord looks at it about once or twice a week and sets it by a silver watch that looks like a slung-shot. Then by and by the oldest boy comes along and sets it by the school bell, which rings about nine o'clock. Then the porter-hostler comes along and sets it "by the sun." And, finally, the landlady comes in and sets it "by guess." And the old clock, remarking, "None of these things move me," haunts on in the same distracted, time-killing old way as of old. —*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

—A French workman has succeeded in producing artificial silk.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is the dry-goods clerk who most frequently sales under false colors.—*New Haven News.*

—An enterprising pork packer of Cincinnati, who tried the faith cure on a lot of hams, says it's no good.

—Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They all used to be painted by hand.

—A report of a recent picture auction says: "'A Jockey' was knocked down for $100." It would have been a happy hit if it had been "A Pugilist."—*Puck.*

—Trumpley—"They say that Miss de Romer's hands are too small to strike an octave." Browne—"That's the kind of girl that I want to marry!"

—"Wife—"That man has been staring at me for five minutes." Husband—"Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept your eyes on him."

—The man who steals from an individual alone is a rogue; if he steals from a great many people he's a sharp fellow.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—"A—"My people, Miss Devereux, came into England with Strongbow, you know." "Are you quite sure it wasn't Longbow, Mr. Snooksoon?"—*Punch.*

—"I am tired of your complaining," said the landlady to the Chronic Grumbler; "even a worm will turn——" "Yes'm; but this grub doesn't."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Said a very old man: "Some folks are always complaining about the weather; but I am very thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."

—Never bet, my boy, never bet; but if you ever should be enticed into dark and sinuous ways, always bet your bottom dollar first and save the rest.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

—"I hear you are engaged, Mamie?" "It is true." "Then mother was right." "What about?" "She said you would be engaged before leap year was over."—*Boston Courier.*

—The Patent Office is stuffed full of inventions, but no one has yet invented a plan by which the originator of a great invention may be sure of reaping the reward of his genius. Some other man generally secures that.—*Texas Siftings.*

—A "diamond trust" is among the latest of those recent combinations, but those wishing the brilliant gems will have to pay cash for them just the same, notwithstanding the hint of credit which the name conveys.—*Budget.*

—"Where was the African race one hundred years ago?" asked Frederick Douglass. Nursing George Washington and attending on him, Frederick, every last, solitary, lingering man, woman and pickaninny of 'em, sah, the whole endurin' crowd, kit, cluster an' fillin' of 'em.—*Burdette.*

—Police Judge—"Prisoner, you are charged with beating your wife in a most shameful manner. What have you to say?" Prisoner—"I admit it, your Honor. But I was driven to it by her terrible tongue, which has made home a horror for twenty years." What is your vocation?"—"I am editor of the *Christian Home.*"—*Lincoln Journal.*

SPAIN'S QUEEN REGENT.

Daily Life of an Interesting Member of Europe's Royalty.

Queen Regent Christina is an early riser, and, after her bath, she takes a simple morning breakfast with tea. Then she sees to her children and often is present at their breakfast. The rest of the morning is given up to public business and listening to what her Ministers may have to say in their daily audience. At one she lunches, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Infanta Isabel, who lives in the palace. After lunch, if she is not hindered by audiences, the Regent goes out for a couple of hours of recreation. When she returns, the little King and Princesses join their mother in her own room, and she reads and writes whilst they play around her. Then her Majesty dresses for dinner, which takes place at eight o'clock in the large dining-room, hung with rare tapestries. The royal table is very large, even when there are no guests, for, besides the Infanta Isabel, Queen Isabella, when in Madrid, dines with her daughter-in-law, as also the ladies and lords in waiting, the aides-de-camp, the chaplain, the commander of the halberdiers, and several palace officials and dignitaries.

At table, the Queen likes everybody to converse freely, and she joins in the conversation, taking care to address all her guests in turn. After dinner all assemble in Her Majesty's drawing room and whist tables or chess are set out for those that care to play. The Infanta often withdraws early in order to go to the opera, but the Queen remains with her guests until eleven o'clock.

There is often music on these occasions. Great singers are invited to the palace, and they say that nothing can be more pleasant and homelike than the Queen's drawing room.

At 11:30 every thing is quiet in the Royal Alcazar, as Spaniards call the Queen's home. The massive gates are closed and barred, guards are doubled, and nobody can go in without giving the countersign. This watchword is chosen every day by Her Majesty herself when, in conformity with the ancient usage of the Spanish court and capital, she receives the visit of the Captain General of Castile. This, the highest military official in the capital, is just now the King-maker himself, Marshal Martinez Campo, who proclaimed Alfonso XII., in 1874, in the old Roman city of Sagontum. Every morning at twelve he calls on Dona Christina to say that all is well and to receive from her royal lips the password for the twenty-four hours to come.—*Madrid Letter.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A farmer can not afford to plant poor seed. A mongrel crop of any kind of vegetable is a poor class of goods to thrust upon a market expecting to receive remunerative prices.

—Spinach: Pick and wash, put in a sauce-pan without water; sprinkle with salt. Let cook half an hour; add butter and pepper; dish, pour over boiling cream, and place slices of hard boiled egg over the top.

—The farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The sharper says: "O, we'll keep the note," and he writes across the face "not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party, with an "e" added to the "not" which makes it read "note transferable."

—Recipes—To make a lemon drop: Let it fall off the table. To make a stomach cake: Use plenty of unripe fruit. To make a (n)ice (s)cream: Stick a pin in the baby. To make pastry neatly: Have every thing in apple-pie order. To make cats-sup: Give them milk. To make a nice pickle: Hunt in a drawer for something in the dark.

—Honey-comb pudding: Half a cup of flour, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk; beat these together well. Then add four eggs well beaten. Into half a pint of molasses stir one teaspoonful of soda until it foams, and add this last. Bake in a slow oven. Serve with cream sauce or beaten cream.

—An Illinois horticultural society decides that the deterioration of orchards noticeable everywhere, is due principally to double cropping the land and starving the trees; and that the secret of their restoration lies in plowing under green crops, or sowing clover to remain uncut for the double purpose of mulch and manure.

—A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, who speaks from long and actual experience, says that the best of all remedies for one who has been poisoned by poison-ivy is hot water, as hot as it can be borne, applied every hour or two, or as often as the itching returns. He says that this will effect a cure in two days, and that poisoned sumac yields to the same remedy.

—It certainly does not pay to keep a low grade of sheep and then let them take care of themselves. The small amount of wool secured, as well as the poor quality, is such that no margin of profit will be left to the farmer over and above the cost. Even with poor sheep a much better growth of wool can be secured if they be reasonably well cared for than if they be left to themselves.

—In regard to getting the best yield of choice honey, try and have all your colonies very strong when the honey flow comes. This is best accomplished by feeding a thin sirup or honey each evening, commencing about six weeks before the expected yield. Give room in the sections as soon as needed to delay swarming as long as possible. You can not expect to extract much honey from weak colonies. Honey should not be extracted before it is sealed up by the bees, or it may sour on your hands.

—A simple, homely remedy for many tree ailments and enemies is wood ashes, or, if not to be had, coal ashes with a sprinkling of lime—but ashes; ashes to be used freely before mulching (against frost or drought); after mulching, that no tree enemies may harbor therein, the mulching itself, when gathered up, to be burned and returned to the trees. Young trees should have plenty of iron filings or cinders around the roots when planted. If the iron is not needed it will not be absorbed, therefore there can be no harm in its use.

FIRST-CLASS SEEDS.

Why Farmers Should Under No Circumstances Use Others.

Few farmers give enough attention to the proper selection of seed. The price is of little importance provided one gets just what he wants, pure, true to name and of good germinating force. Take cabbage seed for instance. Every year there are acres of cabbage stumps set and the seed put on the market which is comparatively worthless. The seed should be grown from cabbage heads carefully selected in the fall; those which least resemble the true type of the variety should be cast aside and sold, only the true stock being kept for resetting for seed.

No farmer who proposes to grow onions for market should buy seed that he knows nothing about. Price is no object. If onion seed is selling at one dollar per pound, and some grower has by careful selection, hand shelling, etc., produced seed that is really worth twice as much by the labor and care bestowed on it, ought he not to ask two dollars per pound? Some buyers will refuse to pay it, thinking the cheapest will be good enough. But suppose the seed fails, proves to be of some inferior variety, full of scullions and with a tendency to "stiff-neck," the labor and seed are both lost. I have grown 1,030 bushels per acre of white globe onions from selected seed for which I paid $8 per pound, while an adjoining planting immediately beside the first on same land and under same conditions, did not produce bushels enough to be profitable; the seed cost only $2 per pound. I have grown 880 bushels red globe per acre, and 778 Wethersfield large red, and I have seen over 1,200 bushels of the latter on a single acre. Many seeds that go through dealers' hands are mixed with old or a cheaper seed, the germinating power of which has been destroyed by heat, so that they will not come up and expose the fraud. The farmer wonders why his seed did not come up well, but does not think it was tampered with. Buy your seeds of some expert grower or seedsman who has a reputation, or grow them yourself.—*N. E. Farmer.*

METHODS OF FARMING.

The Difference Between Good and Indifferent Management.

There are many ways of managing a farm. Every man is of course expected to have ways of his own. His individuality may show itself in the construction of his house and barns, in the breed of stock which he raises, in his personal appearance, style of dress, etc. Those things, unless indulged to extremes, do not effect his material prosperity. There are other matters, however, which concern his getting along in the world which will admit of little latitude.

A good farmer will take care of his property. His buildings are kept in good repair. There are no barn doors off the hinges, no shingles off the roof. His gates are in good condition with proper fastenings. He does not climb over the fence because it is easier than to open a gate. His plows, mowers, reapers, rakes and harrows are put under a shelter when he is through with them. His wagons are under cover. His buggy, if he has one, is in a carriage-house, clean and ready for a trip. The harness is hung upon a peg, also brushed clean. The carriage robe is put away from the dust.

The straw of his last threshing is nicely stacked to carry his stock through in case of a hard winter. His fences are all in good condition, and do not encourage a hungry animal to try to break them. His orchard is well dressed out. The prunings from his orchard and vineyard are piled out of the way. His woodpile is under cover. His animals have comfortable quarters. When Sunday comes he can take his wife or children to church or to see his neighboring farmers. There is an air of respectability about his neatly-dressed children, his tidy wife, his contented-looking horses. All things point to his being a good farmer, a respectable, substantial man.

The poor farmer shows his want of method quite as decidedly as does the good farmer his thrift and take-care-of things. The poor farmer has boards off his barn and sheds; shingles off the roof, and doors off the hinges. His fences being out of repair, his cattle are tempted to reach over to "get a bite," breaking them down still worse. He has no gates, or if he has any they are nailed up, because it is easier to climb a fence than to fix up a gate every time he goes through. When he moves from field to field he must take down and put up the fence; he has no time to make a gate. His wagons are left under an oak tree for the cattle to rub against, and for the chickens to roost on. He has no place to store any thing. His plows and other agricultural tools are either left in the field where he used them last, or they are set against the barn to be out of the way. He has no woodpile but occasionally throws a chunk or two into his wagon as he returns from town. His wife and daughters often have to hack off wood enough to get supper "against he comes home." He is always behind about his work and always in a hurry. He sows his grain after other people's is several inches high. His plows are dull; his horses thin and his grain getting badly put in, he only has half a crop which he is obliged to sell as soon as it is threshed, to pay bills. He did not get time to prune his orchard or thin out his fruit, so he could get nothing for it. His hogs are of the razorback-breed and will crawl through a crack of the fence and between the pickets. He don't have good luck raising cattle or horses. "Pears like luck was agin him." He is tired of the farm. His sons want to go to the city. His daughters want to learn a trade, dressmaking or tailoring. His wife looks dragged out as though she would welcome death as a day of rest. Nothing about him looks respectable. The cattle, horses and hogs all have an inhospitable, unsatisfied look. Even the large yellow dog that at other places fiercely barks awhile and then joins in the general welcome, here only growls, and as for showing signs of joy, he forgot how to wag his tail years ago. All looks dilapidated and discouraged, all because their master never learned to take care of things.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How to Start a Creamery.

To organize a co-operative cheese factory or creamery, you should first write to the manufacturers of dairy supplies, and get all the information they can furnish in their printed matter or letters. Then call a meeting of your farmers and tell them all you know. This meeting should appoint a committee to further investigate, and if possible the committee should visit several such factories. If their report is not sufficiently complete, get some experienced creamery manager to address a meeting later. After you have adopted a constitution and by-laws (in the preparation of which a lawyer should be employed to make sure that your State laws are complied with and that you start right,) you can then decide whether to use the cream-gathering or the whole milk system, what apparatus to employ, etc. Whether butter-making will pay better than cheese depends largely upon the market, but as a rule, the creameries can return a larger price for milk than cheese factories. You can equip a factory to make either butter or cheese, as the market warrants, although we prefer to have it confined to one thing. —*Farm and Home.*

—The Jambue seed, or "Eugenia Jambolana," is now recognized to have the property of arresting the transformation of starch into sugar, and hence its great value as a medicine. Specimens of this medicinal plant are now being cultivated in England

CURSED BY WEALTH.

Increase in Suicides Among the Young Sons of Rich Fathers.

But the poor devil who, in the midst of a great city, without money, home or friends, decides that the best road for him leads through potter's field may derive some small consolation from the fact that riches, too, sometimes lead to a voluntary funeral and a hole in the ground. The political economist and the Anarchist may extract a double kernel from this nut of city life and mammoth fortunes, for suicide among the young sons of wealthy fathers is reaching a point which calls for reflection. To be sure, the coroners' inquests in these cases are "doctored" by an adequate outlay of cash, and they go upon the official records generally as accidental death. Nevertheless, they are cases of self-murder, and the public know it, while wondering at the causes which should lead a youth, the heir apparent to a million or more and untold luxury, to take his own life.

The very wealth is at the root of it all. The boy is indulged in money and the disposition of his time. He plays billiards and cards all night, smokes cigarettes immoderately, drinks whisky in proportion, indulges in other pastimes and vices, and bribes the servants to lie about his comings and goings at home. The father, engrossed in large affairs, frequently has a young drunkard sitting opposite him at dinner without being aware of the fact, and the mother's love is too blind to observe. The boy's health is damaged, his morals strangled, and his pocket mortgaged. He gets into all sorts of scrapes that he is ashamed of, until finally one more outrageous than usual, and perhaps with a female attachment, drives him, with a mind weakened by debauchery, to despair. Then he shoots himself; and he's usually drunk when he does it.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Vaccination Statistics.

The following extract from the *Santtarian* would seem to indicate that a compulsory vaccination law has its advantages: "The success of the anti-vaccinationists is aptly shown by the results in Zurich, Switzerland, where for a number of years, until 1883, a compulsory vaccinnation law obtained, and smallpox was wholly prevented (not a single case occurred in 1882.) This result was seized upon in the following year by the anti-vaccinationists, and used against the necessity for any such law, and it seems they had sufficient influence to cause its repeal. The death returns for that year (1883) showed that for every thousand deaths two were caused by smallpox; in 1884, there were three; in 1885, seventeen; and in the first quarter of 1886, eighty-five."

Dr. Talmage Writes as Follows:

"The *Christian Herald* has for many years had full permission to publish my sermons. I shall continue to revise them for this paper, which is growing with miraculous rapidity in circulation, influence and moral power." The same paper is also authorized to publish Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, which are sent direct from London every week by special arrangement. Every issue contains the portrait of one or two eminent persons with pictures and biography; a summary of the week's news from all parts of the world; part of a thrilling serial story; Sunday-school lesson; short illustrated stories and missionary scenes, anecdotes, etc., etc. In short, it is a complete and excellent family illustrated paper of 16 pages, and is rapidly increasing in popularity. Subscription price is $1.50. Special terms to clubs of two or more. Send postal card for free sample copy to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York City. We would strongly advise our readers to send 25 cts in stamps or currency for a two months trial subscription.

POLITENESS is popularity's net.

THE aspirant for poetic honors whose effusions are flung into the waste-basket is apt to feel that his lines have not fallen into pleasant places.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DOGS are excluded from good society in warm weather because they insist in wearing such loud pants.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"BLESSED are the piece-makers," said the small boy, when he dropped a costly porcelain ornament.—*Golden Days.*

AN old attraction—gravitation.

IT is a lamentable fact that when thieves fall out they do not fall from an open seventh story window.

BENT on disturbing—a crooked pin.

"ACTORS are artists," insists Henry Irving. True; even ballet-dancers are limners.—*Puck.*

A FAIR lone hand—a pretty wife.

THE apothecary's wares are always a drug on the market.

OUT on a strike—a defective lucifer match.—*Merchant Traveler.*

CURIOSITY is costly, especially in poker.

A GOOD many dough-heads are still found among the upper crust.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A CIRCUS rider who discards a bridle is apt to keep his eye on the mane chance.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE man who is "wedded to art" generally lets his relatives support the family.—*Burlington Free Press.*

AN ancient relic—a knolled bell.

WHAT a pity it is that coquettes are not liable to indictment for tampering with the mails.

St. JACOBS OIL

RHEUMATISM.

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.

Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.

Gentlemen:—Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work at manual labor; the case certainly proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.

DR. GEO. C. GEGGOD, M. D.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

SOME men are accused of being tight, when, in fact, it is their pocket-books that are "full."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Look the Ground Over.

To enable all parties interested to visit the rich country reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway system, and familiarize themselves with the magnificent opportunities offered for settlement and investment, that company will at frequent intervals during April, May and June, sell land excursion tickets from all principal points to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, at one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage any time within thirty days from date of sale. For full particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address E. P. WILSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.

IT is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.—*New Haven News.*

A Tender Kidney Is Not Nice

When it happens to be your own. Not only will the kidneys become tender, but seriously diseased, if their inactivity is not remedied. No finer and safer means to this end exists than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, in addition to its tonic properties, possesses those of a diuretic in no common degree. Remember, it stimulates, never excites. Incomparable is it also for constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervous debility.

THE Indian's peculiar sin—moccasin.—*Siftings.*

It Never Fails.

Dunng's Rheumatic Remedy will cure any case of rheumatism on earth. It is taken internally. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. HELPHENSTINE, Druggist, Washington, D. C., or ask your druggist for it.

Dr. Owen's brief consists of half a hundred yards of reiteration.

IN 1878 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

GENTLE actions are suggestive of buoyant spirits.

A PROMPT Way of Easing Asthma. Use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE rooster is a very positive bird, but the hen is an captive one.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

FREE! A Cut French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel & Cherry Cigar Case. MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago.

THE greatest drawback to tobogganing is the draw back.

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE popular music for missionaries is selections from Pagan-ini.

READ THIS!

NERVOUS SUFFERER.

Do Not Fail to Heed the Warning.

Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver disease? Every hour you neglect them may take years from your life.

Have you nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness and exhaustion? Every beat of your heart is but a funeral march towards your grave.

Have you neuralgia, rheumatism, epilepsy, palpitation, tobacco or morphine habit? Any one of these is but a moment to take your heart in its deadly grasp.

Have you headache, loss of memory, numbness, trembling, prickly sensation, cold feet or weariness of the limbs? The sword of Damocles is suspended above you, for just as sure as you neglect these symptoms, just so sure will paralysis, insanity, prostration or death follow.

Save yourselves from these alarming results while there is yet time by the use of that most wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is a perfect and complete cure for all the above diseases. It is purely vegetable, and pronounced the greatest medical discovery of the century.

It will take away your nervousness and make your nerves strong and steady. If you are weak, tired and exhausted, it will make you strong and vigorous. It will cure your indigestion and dyspepsia, give you an appetite, regulate your bowels, kidneys and liver. It will give you natural and refreshing sleep, stop all palpitation of the heart, trembling, numbness, headache and neuralgic pains. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility and exhausted nervous vitality. It is the best spring tonic, invigorator and restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, nerves the weary brain, and restores health, strength and vitality.

IF DO NOT FAIL TO USE THIS WONDERFUL REMEDY, AND YOU ARE SURE OF A CURE. For sale by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Insist upon having DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC, for nothing in the world can take its place. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th Street, New York, who can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE, personally or by letter.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

COCKLES ANTI BILIOUS PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury, contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents—CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, NEW YORK.



Ely's Cream Balm

Gives relief at once and cures

COLD in HEAD, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Not a Liquid or Snuff.

Apply Balm into each nostril.

ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.

CURES CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES, and all SCROFULOUS HUMORS.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates the whole system.

FLESH, BLOOD, NERVE, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod-Liver Oil. It has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by DR. ALEX. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Send for illustrated circular, which will be mailed free. *Mention this paper.*

USE **WRIGLEY'S SOAP** Established 18 Years.

TO CLEAN, SCRUB, SCOUR AND POLISH.

SAVE THE WRAPPERS.

FOR 9	FOR 12	FOR 20
A Silver Plated Tea Spoon.	A Silver Plated Sugar Shell.	A Silver Plated Butter Knife.

Grocers sell it. If your grocer does not keep it he will get it for you. When mailing WRAPPERS, place your address on outside of package and send to THE WRIGLEY MANF'G CO., PHILADELPHIA.

PATENTS A pamphlet with valuable information to mechanics and inventors will be mailed free. J. B. Chamberlain, 500 9th St., Washington, D. C.

NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Now vs. Then

Our oldest inhabitant delights to refer to the good old times, but when you pin him down he reluctantly yet honestly admits that he can not name an item or an industry that is not greatly improved in these later days.

Take for instance the article Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why, it would have been almost an impossibility to have produced it in the olden time.

In the preparation of this medicine the articles which investigation has proven to be inert are discarded, those which have proven their merit are retained and a combination formed of the most effective medical agents of the vegetable kingdom peculiar to this medicine alone. Their active properties are secured by a process so modern and original that an eminent professor in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, while being shown through C. I. Hood & Co.'s mammoth establishment, stopped and looking Mr. Hood in the eye exclaimed, "This is the present, that is the past,"—referring to competing houses.

Another point worthy of mention right here: Hood's Sarsaparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It was originated by men thoroughly educated in the manipulation of medicines and is made to-day under their personal supervision. If the public could see the care exercised in the selection and purchase of every article that enters into Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the cleanliness and neatness with which its whole preparation is conducted, they would not wonder at its great curative power or at the hold it has on public confidence. Its success is the natural result of real merit and giving every purchaser a fair equivalent for his money—One hundred doses one dollar.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well-fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

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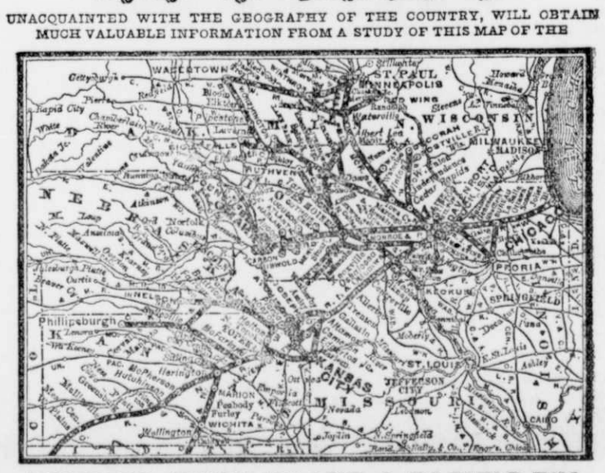
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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A farmer can not afford to plant poor seed. A mongrel crop of any kind of vegetable is a poor class of goods to thrust upon a market expecting to receive remunerative prices.

—Spinach: Pick and wash, put in a sauce-pan without water; sprinkle with salt. Let cook half an hour; add butter and pepper; dish, pour over boiling cream, and place slices of hard boiled egg over the top.

—The farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. The sharper says: "O, we'll keep the note," and he writes across the face "not transferable." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party, with an "e" added to the "not" which makes it read "note transferable."

—Recipes—To make a lemon drop: Let it fall off the table. To make a stomach cake: Use plenty of unripe fruit. To make a (n)ice (s)cream: Stick a pin in the baby. To make pastry neatly: Have every thing in apple-pie order. To make cats-sup: Give them milk. To make a nice pickle: Hunt in a drawer for something in the dark.

—Honey-comb pudding: Half a cup of flour, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk; beat these together well. Then add four eggs well beaten. Into half a pint of molasses stir one teaspoonful of soda until it foams, and add this last. Bake in a slow oven. Serve with cream sauce or beaten cream.

—An Illinois horticultural society decides that the deterioration of orchards noticeable everywhere, is due principally to double cropping the land and starving the trees; and that the secret of their restoration lies in plowing under green crops, or sowing clover to remain uncut for the double purpose of mulch and manure.

—A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, who speaks from long and actual experience, says that the best of all remedies for one who has been poisoned by poison-ivy is hot water, as hot as it can be borne, applied every hour or two, or as often as the itching returns. He says that this will effect a cure in two days, and that poisoned sumac yields to the same remedy.

—It certainly does not pay to keep a low grade of sheep and then let them take care of themselves. The small amount of wool secured, as well as the poor quality, is such that no margin of profit will be left to the farmer over and above the cost. Even with poor sheep a much better growth of wool can be secured if they be reasonably well cared for than if they be left to themselves.

—In regard to getting the best yield of choice honey, try and have all your colonies very strong when the honey flow comes. This is best accomplished by feeding a thin sirup or honey each evening, commencing about six weeks before the expected yield. Give room in the sections as soon as needed to delay swarming as long as possible. You can not expect to extract much honey from weak colonies. Honey should not be extracted before it is sealed up by the bees, or it may sour on your hands.

—A simple, homely remedy for many tree ailments and enemies is wood ashes, or, if not to be had, coal ashes with a sprinkling of lime—but ashes; ashes to be used freely before mulching (against frost or drought); after mulching, that no tree enemies may harbor therein, the mulching itself, when gathered up, to be burned and returned to the trees. Young trees should have plenty of iron filings or cinders around the roots when planted. If the iron is not needed it will not be absorbed, therefore there can be no harm in its use.

FIRST-CLASS SEEDS.

Why Farmers Should Under No Circumstances Use Others.

Few farmers give enough attention to the proper selection of seed. The price is of little importance provided one gets just what he wants, pure, true to name and of good germinating force. Take cabbage seed for instance. Every year there are acres of cabbage stumps set and the seed put on the market which is comparatively worthless. The seed should be grown from cabbage heads carefully selected in the fall; those which least resemble the true type of the variety should be cast aside and sold, only the true stock being kept for resetting for seed.

No farmer who proposes to grow onions for market should buy seed that he knows nothing about. Price is no object. If onion seed is selling at one dollar per pound, and some grower has by careful selection, hand shelling, etc., produced seed that is really worth twice as much by the labor and care bestowed on it, ought he not to ask two dollars per pound? Some buyers will refuse to pay it, thinking the cheapest will be good enough. But suppose the seed fails, proves to be of some inferior variety, full of scullions and with a tendency to "stiff-neck," the labor and seed are both lost. I have grown 1,030 bushels per acre of white globe onions from selected seed for which I paid $8 per pound, while an adjoining planting immediately beside the first on same land and under same conditions, did not produce bushels enough to be profitable; the seed cost only $2 per pound. I have grown 880 bushels red globe per acre, and 778 Wethersfield large red, and I have seen over 1,200 bushels of the latter on a single acre. Many seeds that go through dealers' hands are mixed with old or a cheaper seed, the germinating power of which has been destroyed by heat, so that they will not come up and expose the fraud. The farmer wonders why his seed did not come up well, but does not think it was tampered with. Buy your seeds of some expert grower or seedsman who has a reputation, or grow them yourself.—*N. E. Farmer.*

METHODS OF FARMING.

The Difference Between Good and Indifferent Management.

There are many ways of managing a farm. Every man is of course expected to have ways of his own. His individuality may show itself in the construction of his house and barns, in the breed of stock which he raises, in his personal appearance, style of dress, etc. Those things, unless indulged to extremes, do not effect his material prosperity. There are other matters, however, which concern his getting along in the world which will admit of little latitude.

A good farmer will take care of his property. His buildings are kept in good repair. There are no barn doors off the hinges, no shingles off the roof. His gates are in good condition with proper fastenings. He does not climb over the fence because it is easier than to open a gate. His plows, mowers, reapers, rakes and harrows are put under a shelter when he is through with them. His wagons are under cover. His buggy, if he has one, is in a carriage-house, clean and ready for a trip. The harness is hung upon a peg, also brushed clean. The carriage robe is put away from the dust.

The straw of his last threshing is nicely stacked to carry his stock through in case of a hard winter. His fences are all in good condition, and do not encourage a hungry animal to try to break them. His orchard is well dressed out. The prunings from his orchard and vineyard are piled out of the way. His woodpile is under cover. His animals have comfortable quarters. When Sunday comes he can take his wife or children to church or to see his neighboring farmers. There is an air of respectability about his neatly-dressed children, his tidy wife, his contented-looking horses. All things point to his being a good farmer, a respectable, substantial man.

The poor farmer shows his want of method quite as decidedly as does the good farmer his thrift and take-care-of things. The poor farmer has boards off his barn and sheds; shingles off the roof, and doors off the hinges. His fences being out of repair, his cattle are tempted to reach over to "get a bite," breaking them down still worse. He has no gates, or if he has any they are nailed up, because it is easier to climb a fence than to fix up a gate every time he goes through. When he moves from field to field he must take down and put up the fence; he has no time to make a gate. His wagons are left under an oak tree for the cattle to rub against, and for the chickens to roost on. He has no place to store any thing. His plows and other agricultural tools are either left in the field where he used them last, or they are set against the barn to be out of the way. He has no woodpile but occasionally throws a chunk or two into his wagon as he returns from town. His wife and daughters often have to hack off wood enough to get supper "against he comes home." He is always behind about his work and always in a hurry. He sows his grain after other people's is several inches high. His plows are dull; his horses thin and his grain getting badly put in, he only has half a crop which he is obliged to sell as soon as it is threshed, to pay bills. He did not get time to prune his orchard or thin out his fruit, so he could get nothing for it. His hogs are of the razorback-breed and will crawl through a crack of the fence and between the pickets. He don't have good luck raising cattle or horses. "'Pears like luck was agin him." He is tired of the farm. His sons want to go to the city. His daughters want to learn a trade, dressmaking or tailoring. His wife looks dragged out as though she would welcome death as a day of rest. Nothing about him looks respectable. The cattle, horses and hogs all have an inhospitable, unsatisfied look. Even the large yellow dog that at other places fiercely barks awhile and then joins in the general welcome, here only growls, and as for showing signs of joy, he forgot how to wag his tail years ago. All looks dilapidated and discouraged, all because their master never learned to take care of things.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

How to Start a Creamery.

To organize a co-operative cheese factory or creamery, you should first write to the manufacturers of dairy supplies, and get all the information they can furnish in their printed matter or letters. Then call a meeting of your farmers and tell them all you know. This meeting should appoint a committee to further investigate, and if possible the committee should visit several such factories. If their report is not sufficiently complete, get some experienced creamery manager to address a meeting later. After you have adopted a constitution and by-laws (in the preparation of which a lawyer should be employed to make sure that your State laws are complied with and that you start right,) you can then decide whether to use the cream-gathering or the whole milk system, what apparatus to employ, etc. Whether butter-making will pay better than cheese depends largely upon the market, but as a rule, the creameries can return a larger price for milk than cheese factories. You can equip a factory to make either butter or cheese, as the market warrants, although we prefer to have it contined to one thing. —*Farm and Home.*

—The Jambue seed, or "Eugenia Jambolana," is now recognized to have the property of arresting the transformation of starch into sugar, and hence its great value as a medicine. Specimens of this medicinal plant are now being cultivated in England

CURSED BY WEALTH.

Increase in Suicides Among the Young Sons of Rich Fathers.

But the poor devil who, in the midst of a great city, without money, home or friends, decides that the best road for him leads through potter's field may derive some small consolation from the fact that riches, too, sometimes lead to a voluntary funeral and a hole in the ground. The political economist and the Anarchist may extract a double kernel from this nut of city life and mammoth fortunes, for suicide among the young sons of wealthy fathers is reaching a point which calls for reflection. To be sure, the coroners' inquests in these cases are "doctored" by an adequate outlay of cash, and they go upon the official records generally as accidental death. Nevertheless, they are cases of self-murder, and the public know it, while wondering at the causes which should lead a youth, the heir apparent to a million or more and untold luxury, to take his own life.

The very wealth is at the root of it all. The boy is indulged in money and the disposition of his time. He plays billiards and cards all night, smokes cigarettes immoderately, drinks whisky in proportion, indulges in other pastimes and vices, and bribes the servants to lie about his comings and goings at home. The father, engrossed in large affairs, frequently has a young drunkard sitting opposite him at dinner without being aware of the fact, and the mother's love is too blind to observe. The boy's health is damaged, his morals strangled, and his pocket mortgaged. He gets into all sorts of scrapes that he is ashamed of, until finally one more outrageous than usual, and perhaps with a female attachment, drives him, with a mind weakened by debauchery, to despair. Then he shoots himself; and he's usually drunk when he does it.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Vaccination Statistics.

The following extract from the *Sanitarian* would seem to indicate that a compulsory vaccination law has its advantages: "The success of the anti-vaccinationists is aptly shown by the results in Zurich, Switzerland, where for a number of years, until 1883, a compulsory vaccinnation law obtained, and smallpox was wholly prevented (not a single case occurred in 1882.) This result was seized upon in the following year by the anti-vaccinationists, and used against the necessity for any such law, and it seems they had sufficient influence to cause its repeal. The death returns for that year (1883) showed that for every thousand deaths two were caused by smallpox; in 1884, there were three; in 1885, seventeen; and in the first quarter of 1886, eighty-five."

Dr. Talmage Writes as Follows:

"The *Christian Herald* has for many years had full permission to publish my sermons. I shall continue to revise them for this paper, which is growing with miraculous rapidity in circulation, influence and moral power." The same paper is also authorized to publish Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, which are sent direct from London every week by special arrangement. Every issue contains the portrait of one or two eminent persons with pictures and biography; a summary of the week's news from all parts of the world; part of a thrilling serial story; Sunday-school lesson; short illustrated stories and missionary scenes, anecdotes, etc., etc. In short, it is a complete and excellent family illustrated paper of 16 pages, and is rapidly increasing in popularity. Subscription price is $1.50. Special terms to clubs of two or more. Send postal card for free sample copy to the Manager, 63 Bible House, New York City. We would strongly advise our readers to send 25 cts in stamps or currency for a two months trial subscription.

Politeness is popularity's net.

The aspirant for poetic honors whose effusions are flung into the waste-basket is apt to feel that his lines have not fallen into pleasant places.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dogs are excluded from good society in warm weather because they insist in wearing such loud pants.—*Merchant Traveler.*

"Blessed are the piece-makers," said the small boy, when he dropped a costly porcelain ornament.—*Golden Days.*

An old attraction—gravitation.

It is a lamentable fact that when thieves fall out they do not fall from an open seventh story window.

Bent on disturbing—a crooked pin.

"Actors are artists," insists Henry Irving. True; even ballet-dancers are limners.—*Puck.*

A fair lone hand—a pretty wife.

The apothecary's wares are always a drug on the market.

Out on a strike—a defective lucifer match.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Curiosity is costly, especially in poker.

A good many dough-heads are still found among the upper crust.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A circus rider who discards a bridle is apt to keep his eye on the mane chance.—*Texas Siftings.*

The man who is "wedded to art" generally lets his relatives support the family.—*Burlington Free Press.*

An ancient relic—a knolled bell.

What a pity it is that coquettes are not liable to indictment for tampering with the mails.

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RHEUMATISM.

Corroborative and Conclusive Testimony.

Lowell, Mass., July 9, 1887.

Gentlemen:—Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me, and informs me that the boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches, and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent. The young man has been and is now at work at manual labor; the case certainly proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil.

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Some men are accused of being light, when, in fact, it is their pocket-books that are "full."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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To enable all parties interested to visit the rich country reached by the Chicago & North-Western Railway system, and familiarize themselves with the magnificent opportunities offered for settlement and investment, that company will at frequent intervals during April, May and June, sell land excursion tickets from all principal points to various points in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, at one fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage any time within thirty days from date of sale For full particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent, or address E. P. Wilson, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.

It is not impossible to meet with a plump refusal from a slender girl.—*New Haven News.*

A Tender Kidney Is Not Nice

When it happens to be your own. Not only will the kidneys become tender, but seriously diseased, if their inactivity is not remedied. No finer and safer means to this end exists than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, in addition to its tonic properties, possesses those of a diuretic in no common degree. Remember, it stimulates, never excites. Incomparable is it also for constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervous debility.

The Indian's peculiar sin—moccasin.—*Siftings.*

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Dunng's Rheumatic Remedy will cure any case of rheumatism on earth. It is taken internally. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. Helfrenstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C., or ask your druggist for it.

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In 1870 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Genuflections are suggestive of buoyant spirits.

A Prompt Way of Easing Asthma. Use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The rooster is a very positive bird, but the hen is an egotive one.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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NERVOUS SUFFERER.

Do Not Fail to Heed the Warning.

Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver disease? Every hour you neglect them may take years from your life.

Have you nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness and exhaustion? Every beat of your heart is a funeral march towards your grave.

Have you neuralgia, rheumatism, epilepsy, palpitation, tobacco or morphine habit? Any one of these is any moment to take your heart in its deadly grip.

Do you headache, loss of memory, numbness, trembling, prickly sensation, cold feet or weariness of the limbs? The sword of Damocles is suspended above you, for just so sure as you neglect these symptoms, just so sure will paralysis, insanity, prostration or death follow.

Save yourselves from these alarming results while there is yet time by the use of that most wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is a perfect and complete cure for all the above diseases. It is purely vegetable, and pronounced the greatest medical discovery of the century.

It will take away your nervousness and make your nerves strong and steady. If you are weak, tired and exhausted, it will make you strong and vigorous. It will cure your indigestion and dyspepsia, give you an appetite, regulate your bowels, kidneys and liver. It will give you natural and refreshing sleep, stop all palpitation of the heart, trembling, numbness, headache and neuralgic pains. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility and exhausted nervous vitality. It is the best spring tonic, invigorator and restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, nerves the weary limbs, and restores health, strength and vitality.

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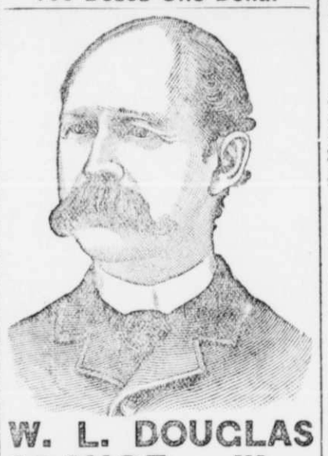
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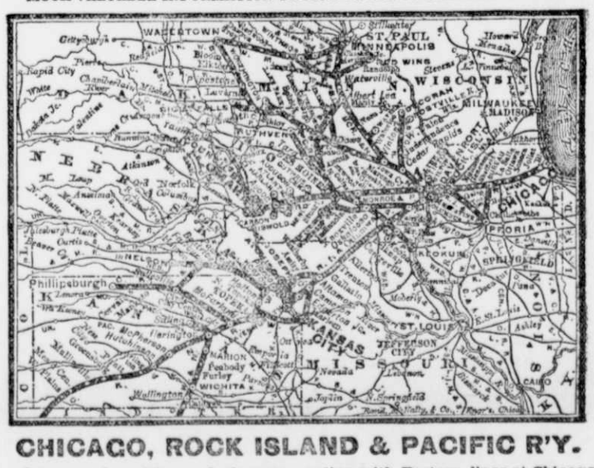
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
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SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

The Republican State Central Committee which met in Dushane Post Hall, Baltimore, Wednesday of last week, decided that the Congressional conventions to nominate delegates to the national convention and electors shall be held on May 9th, and the State convention on May 17th, in Easton, Talbot county. The convention of this district, the Sixth, will be at Cumberland. The county primaries will be held at such time and places as may be designated by the members of the State Central committee of the respective counties. All the counties were represented except Alleghony, Calvert, Garrett, Somerset, St. Mary's and Wicomico. The general feeling of the convention was for Blaine and the balance about equally divided on Sherman and Allison.

The following is Congressman Rayner's estimate of Hon. L. E. McComas as given in an interview recently: "In the Sixth, I know of no one that can beat Mr, McComas. Though a Republican, he is not an extremist. He is one of the most popular men in Congress; his ability is eqaled by his integrity; he is influenced by the highest principles of honor in his political action, and he never permits his party feeling to lead him from the path of duty. He is esteemed upon both sides of the House, and you cannot help being attracted to him. He has been of the greatest service to his State, and I do not care what his politics are he is an honor to Maryland. It would de a very good thing if Maryland did as other States, and kept her delegation here as long as they were deserving, provided they want to stay. There is no bonanza in it to men who do the work."

Gone.

Woodbury News, Democrat.

The adjournment of the Legislature brought joy to the hearts of the people. This is a sad truth, and we regret that it is so. We wish that our Legislators had gone to their homes honored and respected by those who commissioned them as representatives, but on the other hand, with a few honorable exceptions, they have gone to their habitations bearing with them the maledictions and contempt of all who were in any wise familiar with their methods. We have been informed that a more contemptable body have never assembled in our legislative halls. How true this may be we know not, but we do know the State and the people would have been better off if the Legislature had never been born.

Not a single measure calculated to advance the interest of the State has been passed, but many good and wholesome things have been killed or allowed to die.

The working classes were snubbed on every hand, not a single measure in its interest receiving any attention. They were treated with silent contempt.

It is to be regretted that our State is so cursed with politics that it is impossible to get anything done for the people. Nothing will save us from ruin but a slaughter of the political leaders that are sucking the life-blood of our grand old State.

A Russian Prince Purchases a Historic Virginia Estate.

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.]

RICHMOND, VA., Mch. 21.—Prince Nestorovitsch, of Russia, has purchased "Sabot Island," the farm of the late Hon. James A. Seddon, the Confederate Secretary of War. This estate is in Goochland county and is one of the most historic homes in Virginia. The Prince expects to make his future home on this farm, and with this object in view contemplates making extensive improvements on his purchase. He has been in Richmond for several weeks past.

The stingily abridged news item given in the above paragraph, clipped from a recent issue of the Baltimore *Sun*, is well calculated to provoke amazement in the minds of the sober-thinking citizen of a republic like ours. But those familiar with the exhilarating climate and charming section of Virginia to which this brief news mention invites attention; with the broad acres and fair fields of almost inexhaustable agricultural wealth; with the castle-like residences rising as crowns of beauty along the highlands and commanding enchanting views of the sparkling surface sweep and spread of a great river, and familiar, particularly, with the surpassing attractions, so pleasing to the eye and stimulating to the fancy, about the family seat of the Seddons—those who have looked upon this pretty prospect under the glories of the southern sun, will not share the amazement of the stranger when he hears that a Prince has wandered so far beyond the reach of the sceptre and the dominion of the sovereign to live as a plain citizen, amenable to the mandates of a popular form of government. Leaving to others such deductions as may be drawn from this possible suggestion of governmental preferences or prejudices, it suffices us to believe that while in such a locality the destiny of the man was determined by the plentitude of his surroundings. "Sabot Island" is a part of Goochland county, Virginia, twenty miles above Richmond, on the North side of James river, and in a fertile belt of delightful country, posessed for generations by planters of wealth and culture—among whom was the Hon. James A. Seddon. In the fast drift of events that marked that turbulent period, Mr. Seddon succeeded Gen. George W. Randolph as Secretary of War in the Jefferson Davis Cabinet. In the winter of 1864 the capacious and costly barns and stables on this noted farm, with the valuable flouring mills near, were all burned in the reckless raid of the Federal General Dahlgreen. Pilotted by a negro man, General Dahlgreen, with dash and daring, hurried his jaded troopers over roads running often in close proximity of the winter quarters of Confederate forces, to a point in the vicinity of Mr. Seddon's, on the river, assured by his deluded pilot that the calvary could ford the river below the dam. Crossing this perplexing barrier, the design was to strike and tear up a part of the South-side railroad, which was the chief medium of supply to Richmond and to Lee, and move around Pettersburg on the route back to the Federal lines.

When the anxious General discovered that the depth and breadth of the river precluded every hope of fording, he turned in desperation to the unfortunate pilot as a traitor, had him hung, and left his body swinging from a tree limb over the public road from Sabot Island to Richmond. The foiled purpose, with its consequent delay and counter-marching, proved fatal. Not many hours after the little tragedy under the tree, the ill-fated commander, already maimed by the loss of a leg in earlier battles, met his death and his followers were scattered and most of them captured. It is the writer's impression that to this day the grave of Gen. Dahlgreen is unmarked and unknown. When the heart of the Confederacy was stilled by the fiat at Appomattox, and once more "Grim-visaged war smoothed his wrinkled front," Mr. Seddon, after a short imprisonment, returned to his delightful home, where, to hosts of friends and many distinguished guests, he dispensed a hospitality for which an enriched mind, with copious social amenities, thoroughly equipped him, and the like of which the mutations of time have left but memories among that people. Since his father's death, the youngest son of Mr. Seddon has up to the date of this sale to the noble Russian, resided at the ancestral home and farmed its ample lands.

April 11, 1888. RELLIM.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 16th, 1888.—Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who is the senior member of the United States Senate, celebrated his 78th birthday last Saturday evening by a reception at his residence in this city. The distinguished gentleman is a veteran in legislation, having served nearly thirty-two consecutive years in Congrass, and that he has lost none of the ability for which he has been famous for many years was fully proven by the able speech which he delivered last Wednesday on the tariff. Mr. Merrill has been a member of the Senate continuously for 21 years, one month and ten days, and no member of that distinguished body enjoys the confidence of the people and of his colleagues to a greater extent than he.

The House committee on invalid pensions have amended the Dependent Pension bill entirely out of its original shape. But it matters little what they do with it in committee, as the Democrats of the House have fully decided that it shall not pass that body until next session, and then they depend on Cleveland to veto it. As the election will be over by that time he will probably not disappoint them.

Another Presidential candidate is out of the field. Mr. Chauncy Depew of New York has stated positively that he is not a candidate and that he does not want the nomination. He is for Blaine, who he believes posesses elements of strength not found in any other candidate. That Mr. Depew's belief is shared by the masses of the Republican party is a question that does not admit of a doubt.

The Republican caucus committee of the Senate held a meeting Friday and discussed the condition of legislation before the Senate. No change was made in the present "order of business." But they will hold another meeting on Tuesday.

Senator Hale has received a letter from Mr. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, re-affirming the charges he recently made against Mr. Maynard, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, of interference in the custom House management of that city to accomplish political ends. The letter has been followed up by a dispatch offering to produce the witnesses. Mr. Godkin is one of the distinguished Mugwumps who joined the Democrats in the last Presidential election because he believed Cleveland to be a civil service reformer. He has probably changed his mind on that subject ere this.

Mr. Blaine's family physician in this city states that when Mr. Blaine left here his health was perfect. Senator Hale had a letter from his brother who is travelling abroad now in which the latter said he had just spent four or five days with the Blaine family in Italy, and that Mr. Blaine was looking spendidly and was in the best of spirits. Still these facts will not prevent the publication of sensational stories to the effect that Mr. Blaine is about to die from some dread disease or other. It is the fear of Blaine, although in Europe, which originates these stories. His health is good enough, and unless present appearances are very deceitful he will be nominated for President by the Chicago convention.

The latest demand of the Southern Democrats—he nomination of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia for Vice-President, this year—has created a regular panic among Cleveland's friends. They are moving heaven and earth to convince the Southerners that it will mean sure defeat to grant their demand. So far they persist in the demand, saying that they are expected to furnish 153 of the electoral votes and that they are entitled to name part of the ticket. What the result will be I cannot say but it is probable that the Southerners will compromise and take Irish promises of patronage under the next administration, in lieu of the nomination for Vice-President.

The Mills tariff bill will be taken to-morrow and it is likely to monopolize the attention of the House, with the exception of the time devoted to regular appropriation bills, for the remainder of the session. What its final fate will be no man can tell at this time, but, judging from present appearances, it will be defeated. It will have served a good turn after all however, for the hundred or so speeches that will be made over it, will furnish the voters of the country much valuable information on the tariff question.

The abject surrender made by a majority of the Democratic members of the House to the filibustering minority in the caucus last Wednesday night, has been the source of much amusement among the Republicans. The bill to refund the direct-tax to the several States, which caused the ten-days deadlock, goes over until next December. This is a great victory for the Southern Democrats, although there was nothing strange in that, They have been running the Democratic party for many years, and will continue to do so.

Conkling Dead,

NEW YORK, April, 18, 2:30 A. M.—Mr. Conkling died at 1:50 o'clock. At the bedside of the dying man were Mrs. Conkling, Judge Coxe, Dr. Anderson and Mrs. Oakman. Mr. Conkling passed away without moving a limb. He looked as though peacefully sleeping. There was a number of persons outside on the street waiting to catch the latest report. Within doors there were forty or fifty persons, also waiting to hear the worst. They were composed chiefly of representatives of the press and friends of the dead Senator.

HOMOEOPATHY.—32,655 cases in European hospitals receiving Homoeopathic treatment showed a death rate of 4.4 per cent., while 119,630 cases under old treatment had a death rate of 10.5. (See *Sharps' Tracts.*)

Official figures in Bavaria give Homoepathy a death rate in Cholera of 6.75 against 48.50 of old treatments. (Dr. Rath)

These figures, whose accuracy has never been refuted, should make every one give the matter a more than passing thought, and it would be well to write for a copy of our Book Catalogue, and "Medical Index," also, if interested in live stock, of our "Veterinary Index." We mail them free. Many druggists keep our medicines or they may be ordered direct.

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NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

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ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissione rs of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the land of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B.F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 188, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 3 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinney, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Leverting's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned roadshould be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

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Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 515.

AN ACT

To repeal section thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, sixty six, sixty-seven, and eighty-one of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the act of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, Chapter four hundred and eighty-three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county; and sections seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett County, and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Sections thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two sixty six, sixty-seven, eighty-one, of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, Chapter four hundred and eighty-three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county, and sections seventy-one, seventy two, seventy-three, seventy-four and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled an act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett County, be and the same are hereby repealed, and the following sections enacted in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer:

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county, on the third Tuesday in April of every second year, or as soon as may be thereafter, shall appoint from among the residents of said county, a competent person County Treasurer for said county, who shall give bond and qualify as hereinafter directed, and shall hold his office two years, or until his successor is appointed and qualified, except as hereinafter provided, and shall be re-eligible thereto, and shall be subject to removal from his said office at any time by the County Commissioners for any wilfull neglect of duty or misbehavior in office. The said Treasurer shall be the collector of all State taxes and of all County taxes, for whatsoever purpose levied or to be levied, for or within said county during the term of his office, or that may be placed in his hands for collection, and he shall have full power and it shall be his duty to receive and collect all State and County taxes levied as aforesaid after the passage of this act, and so put in his hands for collection, and all monies which may be due said county, with full power to enforce the payment of the same by sale or otherwise, as hereafter prescribed, and to convey title to any real or personal estate sold by him, for the payment of State or County taxes in the manner as prescribed by the succeeding sections, and all taxes levied in said county after the first day of January, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, for State and County purposes, shall be collected by the County Treasurer.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the person so appointed, before he enters upon the duties of his said office, shall take an oath before the clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, in form similar to that now taken by collectors of taxes, except as to the title of his office and to be similarly certified; he shall execute to the State of Maryland, such bond as is now or may hereafter be required by law, as the collector of State taxes, which bond shall be approved and filed in like manner as other bonds of collectors of state taxes, and he shall execute to the State of Maryland, a separate bond in the penal sum of thirty thousand dollars, with at least three sureties to be approved by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, with the condition that if the above bounden Treasurer shall well and faithfully execute his office of Treasurer, of Garrett county, and shall account for, and pay to the County Commissioners of said county, or their order, the several sums which he shall receive for said county, or be answerable for by law, at such time and in such manner as the law shall direct, then the said obligation to be void, otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue in law; and the said bond, when approved, shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county. In case of the refusal of the person so appointed to qualify and execute the bonds hereinbefore required within thirty days after his appointment, or in the event of the Treasurer's removal from said county or his death or resignation during his term of office, the County Commissioners shall at once proceed to fill such vacancy by the appointment of a competent person for the remainder of the term, who shall within twenty days from the date of his appointment, qualify and bond as hereinbefore directed, and the County Commissioners shall continue after twenty days to make such appointment until a Treasurer shall qualify and bond as aforesaid; provided that such new Treasurer, so taking the place made vacant by removal, death or resignation, shall not collect nor take charge of any of the taxes that may be in the hands of such late Treasurer uncollected, and for which the bond of such late Treasurer is responsible, except as herein otherwise provided, but such taxes shall be collected under existing laws applicable to colle tor of State and County taxes when there is a death or resignation. The sureties on any Treasurer's bonds shall, when so required by said Commissioners, make oath in due form of law respectively, that they are the owners in their own right of real estate situated in said county, equal at least over and above their debts and liabilities in value to the amount of the bond. The said Commissioners may at any time demand of any Treasurer such other or further bond with such other or further security as in their judgment the interests of the State may require.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners shall provide and furnish the Treasurer an office in the Court House building, or in some other building as near to the same as possible, in the town of Oakland, which office shall be plainly designated by external sign as the office of the County Treasurer, and it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep his said office open from nine o'clock in the forenoon, until three o'clock in the afternoon, and to attend there in for the transaction of business in person or by deputy, on every day in the week, except Sunday and legal holidays, and except when he is absent from the town of Oakland for the purpose of collecting taxes as hereinafter provided for. It shall be his duty to attend in person or by deputy in each election district of said county, two days each tween the first day of July and the first day of September, in each year, to collect and receive taxes, and he shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of such visits to the respective districts.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of said county shall make their annual levy for State and County taxes on or before the third Tuesday in April, in each and every year, and the same shall be levied payable on the first day of August next, succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and all tax bills for county purposes which shall be paid prior to the first day of September, in the year of the levy thereof, a discount of five per centum shall be deducted from the amount thereof, from all such bills paid during the month of September succeeding the levy thereof, a discount of four per centum shall be allowed, and all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on the third first day of December, in the year of the levy thereof, shall be in arrear and interest shall be charged and collected thereon, from the date when the same shall have been due and payable, to wit: on the first day of August next succeeding the levy thereof, and the Treasurer shall make deductions from and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes, receivery in the manner aforesaid and shall note the same upon his book and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the deductions allowed on county taxes by this section, shall not be made to any person, persons or corporate institution, unless the whole amount of State and County taxes due by such person, persons or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is due.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Clerk of said County Commissioners, within ten days after the annual tax levy shall have been made, to deliver to the Treasurer a fair copy of the assessments lists of said county, showing the aggregate assessment of every person, corporate institution, or set of persons, as the same then appears on the assessment books of said county, with the names of said owners arranged according to election districts and alphabetically for each district; and also to deliver to said Treasurer a certified copy of the order or resolution of Commissioners making such tax levy.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep certain books to be supplied by said Commissioners, in which shall be entered a full account of all receipts and disbursements of said Treasurer. He shall also keep a full and fair cash account showing all sums of money received by him so as to indicate the source whence the same were received respectively, and showing all sums of money disbursed by him, so as to indicate the purpose to which the same were applied respectively. The said treasurer shall report and exhibit to the said Commissioners at each of their regular meetings, a full and partial statement and account of his receipts and disbursements from the time of his appointment, or from the time of his last report, as the case may be, and shall exhibit his vouchers for his disbursements, which vouchers after cancellation, shall be retained by said Treasurer; all books, documents and papers belonging to the Treasurer's office, shall be the property and records of Garrett county, and at all times shall be subject to the examination of County Commissioners thereof. All books, documents and papers, goods and chattels, accounts and credits, money and deposits belonging to the Treasurer's office, or in his custody as Treasurer, shall deliver up and transferred by him to his successor in office when such successor is duly appointed and qualified; provided that the tax levy or levies placed in his hands for his collection, or so much thereof as may be uncollected or unaccounted for by him, and for which his bond is responsible, shall not be delivered or assigned over to his successor in office by such Treasurer, except as hereinafter provided, but his rights, powers and duties, as to collecting and reporting the same shall continue, and he shall collect and pay over the same as collected, to his successor in the manner and within the period hereinafter prescribed.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall at the close of each week deposit in a bank to be designated by the Comptroller of the Treasury, of Maryland, all State taxes and money due the State, which may have come into his hands during the week, to the credit of the Comptroller of the State Treasury, and shall receive there or from said bank a certificate of deposit, which he shall immediately forward to the Comptroller, showing the amount placed to his credit; and said Treasurer shall in like manner deposit all money in his hands at the end of each week received for county taxes and dues in such bank as he may see fit, to the credit of "The County Treasurer of Garrett County," which money shall be drawn only by the Treasurer making such deposit, and only for claims which may have been levied or ordered paid by the County Commissioners.

SEC. 9. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer as soon as the annual tax levy shall have been made to give notice thereof in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in each district of said county, and to prepare the tax bills of each tax payer, and on application he shall forward the bill by mail or otherwise, or deliver the same to the person, persons, or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bill is assessed.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall, the first week in December of each and every year, publish in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in three of the most public places in each election district, in said county, a list of all delinquent tax payers for the current year, which list shall contain the names of said delinquents, the amount of assessment of each, and the taxes due by each, with a notice appended thereto that the payment of said taxes will be enforced by advertisement and sale, unless the same are paid by the first day of January then next following.

SEC. 11. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to enforce the payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the first day of January, in the year succeeding that in which the same shall have been levied provided the notice required by the preceding sections shall have been given. If the taxes be due and owing upon real property, or upon real and personal property, the Treasurer shall be authorized to enforce payment in the manner hereinafter prescribed, by a sale of either realty or personalty, whenever real estate is susceptible of division so that a part thereof will sell for enough to pay the taxes due and all costs, the Treasurer may in his discretion employ a surveyor to divide the same, and tax, as a part of the costs in such proceeding such compensation for the services of such surveyor as he may consider just, not exceeding the sum of three dollars per day, or the Treasurer may sell the whole of any tract of land at his election.

SEC. 12. And be it enacted, That whenever it becomes necessary for said Treasurer to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of realty, he shall advertise such real estate once a week for three successive weeks in one newspaper published in Garrett county, and by hand-bills set up near said property and at the Court House door, and any advertised notice of a sale under the provisions of this act shall be deemed sufficient if it contains the time, terms and place of such sale, the year or years for which the taxes are due, to whom the property is assessed, the district where located, and the description of such land which is contained in the assessment books of the County Commissioners. In no case shall a discription by metes and bounds be necessary.

SEC. 13. And be it enacted, That whenever it shall be necessary to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of personal property, the said Treasurer shall make out a bill of such taxes, in the usual form, with an order at the bottom of said bill, directing the Sheriff of said county to levy upon the personal property of the delinquent, and sell the same to satisfy and pay the taxes so due. And it shall the duty of said Sheriff upon receiving such tax bill and order to levy upon and sell the personal property of such delinquent in the same manner and upon the same notice, and he shall be entitled to the same fees as if he were proceeding under an execution from a Justice of the Peace, and he shall immediately after such sale pay over to said Treasurer the amount due on said tax bill, and any surplus which may remain after the payment of taxes, interests, and costs shall be paid by said Sheriff to such delinquent tax payer. And the said Sheriff's bond shall be liable for all such tax bills placed in his hands by such Treasurer to the same extent and in the same manner that it is liable for execution claims issued to him.

SEC. 14. And be it enacted, That when any real estate shall be sold under the provision of this act for taxes, the same shall be reported to the Circuit Court for said county by the Treasurer, upon which report if the Court shall find that the provisions of this act in relation thereto have been compiled with, there shall be a brief order nisi passed and a copy thereof published, as in case of judicial sales by trustees, and if no objections to the ratification of such sale be filed within the time limited by said order nisi, or if objections be filed and the objector is unable to show that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, the sale shall be ratified by said Court, and for the purpose of hearing objections or passing orders under this act, said Courts shall be deemed to be always open as in chancery proceedings. If the objector to such sale show to the satisfaction of the judge or judges that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, said sale shall be set aside, in which case the Treasurer shall forthwith proceed to a new sale of the property; upon the ratification of such sale the Treasurer shall convey to the purchaser the property purchased by him, upon payment of the costs of such deed by the purchaser, and the bond of the Treasurer shall be liable for the money paid by the purchaser, in the event of the sale not being so ratified with interest, and for all costs and expenses accruing from such sale. The Treasurer shall retain out of the proceeds of the sale when ratified, the amount of taxes and interest thereon, and all costs incurred in advertising, making, reporting and ratifying such sale, and shall pay over any excess to the owner or owners of the property thus sold. No such sale shall be set aside if the provisions of this act shall appear to have been substantially complied with and the burden of proof shall be on the exceptant thereto.

SEC. 15. And be it enacted, That if the said Treasurer shall for himself or any other person discount or buy or receive for less than its face and real value, any claim against said county, the person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction, shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars for each and every offence.

SEC. 16. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of said Treasurer to inform himself by all lawful means of all property, stocks, or investments in said county liable to taxation, and not included in the last revised list of assessment, and of all buildings and improvements, and of all property created or acquired since said revised assessment; and he shall value the same at the full cash value thereof, and shall make return thereof to the said County Commissioners; and for the purposes of this section, the said Treasurer shall be clothed with the powers of general assessor, and his valuation of such property shall be subject to revision and correction by said Commissioners.

SEC. 17. And be it enacted, That the Treasurer shall pay over according to law or to the order of the said County Commissioners, in the manner hereinbefore prescribed by this act, all County taxes and all monies due said County, and collected by him, and he shall also pay over to the Treasurer of the State of Maryland, according to law, all the State taxes levied in said county, and collected by him and he shall be allowed two years from the date of each levy placed in his hands for collection, to complete the collection thereof, and to make his final settlement with said County Commissioners and with the Treasurer of Maryland, respectively; all claims for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable tax bills for which he shall claim a credit, shall be presented before or at the time specified for said final settlement, and in no case shall said Commissioners allow credit for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable taxes, unless satisfactory proof be produced under oath, that the same cannot be collected. The said Commissioners, in their discretion, at any time after the expiration of the term of any such Treasurer, or at the final settlement aforesaid, may direct and require him to deliver over to his successor in office, all balances of collected taxes due upon the lexies with which he was charged, and also so to deliver over the notices, levies and other proceedings, had for the enforcement of the payment of said taxes, and in said case the said successor or newly appointed and qualified Treasurer upon the delivery to him of the bills for such taxes, shall be empowered and required to enforce the payment of said taxes in the same manner as his predecessor could have done, and he shall have all the powers and authority in law with which his predecessor was clothed for that purpose; in such case the bond or bonds of the newly elected or succeeding Treasurer shall become responsible for the proper collection and disbursement of such taxes, and the bond or bonds of the retiring or retired Treasurer, shall be released from responsibility therefor; provided that no Treasurer's bond shall be considered as released or be cancelled, until in one mode or the other he has fully settled his accounts secured thereby, and fulfilled the duties of his said office.

SEC. 18. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall receive as compensation for all the services required of him under this act four per cent. on all the taxes actually collected by him, and should said Treasurer find it necessary for his convenience at any time to appoint a deputy, he shall pay said deputy out of his commissions, and he shall be answerable for the acts of such deputy. And the County Commissioners shall, at the time of making the annual levy, levy a sufficient sum, by estimate, to cover the discount to tax payers, and compensation to the Treasurer, provided for in the preceeding sections.

SEC. 19. And be it enacted, That where land is in the hands of a trustee for sale or otherwise whether by virtue of a decree of Court or under a deed of trust, and the taxes thereon are in arrears, under the provisions of this act, the said Treasurer may enforce the payment of such taxes in the same manner as if such land were not in the hands of a trustee.

SEC. 20. And be it enacted, That whenever land shall be sold by the Treasurer the owner thereof, prior to the sale, may redeem the same by paying into Court, to be paid to the purchaser thereof, within the period of six Calendar months, from the date of such sale the amount of the purchase money, with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum from the date of sale.

SEC. 21. And be it enacted, That the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland now in force, or hereafter enacted applicable to collectors of State and County taxes, except where the same are repealed by this act or are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, shall be held to apply to the Treasurer of said county, who as to his powers, rights, duties and liabilities, both Civil and Criminal, and those of his bond or bondsmen, shall be in all respects on a footing with State and County collectors, except as herein provided.

SEC. 22. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed, so far as they apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 23. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, Elihue E. Jackson, Governor.
George M. Upsheer, Speaker House of Delegates.

George Peter, President of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

CARLTON SHAFER,
4 14 3 Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Stargiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Clover and timothy seed at Correll's.

—Dr. Ravenscraft has moved into the Dr. Keller house on Main street.

—For Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's fine shoes, go to Correll's.

—Mr. Percey Veitch, who has been in Washington for some time, is again at home.

—Be sure to examine Correll's immense stock of hats and shoes before buying elsewhere.

—Michael Maroney, Jr., of this place, left Tuesday night for Minnesota, to work on the large farm of Mr. Dennis Ryan.

—Dr. Manown, who recently moved to Oakland, is improving and beautefying his valuable property on Alder street.

—Felty Brothers have purchased a lot on Mill street, Oakland, on which they propose to erect a handsome residence this summer.

—A full and well selected line of Men's, Boy's and Children's summer hats at Correll's,

—Dr. S. Townshend is attending the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., in Baltimore. Before returning he will visit relatives in Southern Maryland and Virginia.

—Persons attending Court should remember that the Commercial House is a good place to stop at. It is situated in a quiet part of the town, is well furnished and gives a good bill of fare. Terms to suit our people.

—The work of opening and grading Third street from Alder to the corporation limits north, was commenced Tuesday, under the supervision of Mayor Hart, We understand that it is also the intention of the corporation authorities to open Pennington street from Second to Fourth. These streets belong to the town, and should be thrown open to the public.

—Married in Oakland, Md., April 15th, at the bride's home, by the Rev. John S. Foulk, Mr. Lewis Walters and Miss Ella Little.

"Save the Love we pay
To Heaven, none purer, holier than that
A virtuous woman feels for him she'd cleave
Through life to. Sisters part from sisters, brothers
From brothers, children from their parents but
Such woman from the husband of her choice, Never!"

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Artesian Wells.

Good pure water is a necessity in every household. Drilled wells furnish the best, purest and cheapest. Kemphfer, Jamison & Co. will drill you a well and guarantee it, at the lowest possible figure. Address or call on them at Oakland, Md.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

Dentistry.

Dr. P. P. Bitter will visit Accident, Md., Monday, April 23d, 1888, and remain several days. Will visit Johnstown, Md., Friday, April 27th, and remain two days. All persons wishing to have work done will please call early in the week and make engagements, as my time is limited. 4 14 2

County Treasurer.

Tuesday the County Commissioners elected Mr. Ross Compton Treasurer by a unanimous vote. Mr. Compton had been appointed tax-collector at the January meeting, and it was generally conceded that he should have the appointment of Treasurer. Mr. John C. Dunham will probably act as deputy.

—The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland, Md., at their annual meeting for election of officers, held Thursday evening, April 5th, elected the following officers for this year: President, F. A. Thayer; Vice-President, G. H. Pritchard; Recording Secretary, Geo. Loughridge; Executive Secretary, W. C. L. Correll, Treasurer, Arthur Townshend. A district conference in connection with the anniversary of the Keyser Y. M. C. A. will be held at Keyser Saturday and Sunday, April 21st and 22d, and W. C. L. Correll and others of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. will be in attendance.

The Annual Levy.

The County Commissioners completed the annual levy for this county last Monday. The rate this year is 7 cents less on County tax and 1 cent less on State tax, making a reduction in State and county tax, as compared with last year, of 8 cents on the one hundred dollars, The rate this year is $1.10 for county and 17½ cents for State, making a total of $1.27½ on the one hundred dollars.

A Good Washing Machine.

Mr. E. D. Kepner, of Oakland, has taken the agency for the "Lovell Family Washer," pronounced the best washer in use. Can be attached to any tub. It will wash clean anything that can be washed by hand, with half the labor and in half the time. The springs are of Bessemer steel, and will never wear out. Price only $5.00. Mr. Kepner will have the washer on exhibition during court. 4 21 3t

A New M. D. in Town.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the 81st annual Commendment of the University of Maryland, held at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Tuesday last, when, among others, our young friend and fellow-townsman, H. W. McComas, received the degree of M. D. We understand Henry proposes to locate for the practice of his profession in Oakland, and have no doubt that he will be successful. He has our best wishes.

Death of Charles Casteel.

Charles Casteel, living near Altamont, Md., and who was employed as sawyer on A. C. Browning's steam saw-mill on Roaring creek, northwest of David Morgan's house, met with a fatal accident on Tuesday about 3 o'clock P. M.

The unfortunate man was gumming the saw with an emery wheel which was running at a terrific rate of speed. Just as Mr. Casteel was about to tell the engineer to shut off the steam, the wheel burst into a thousand pieces. Casfeel was struck in the right chest, and his ribs were broken loose from the breast bone, and crushed into small pieces, Dr. W. S. Martin, of Kingwood, was sent for, but found him past all surgery, and could do nothing save ease the poor man's terrible suffering. He was unconscious for 10 or 15 minutes, after which he came to and talked, and suffered much till during the night, when he went into a stupor, and yesterday morning when Doctor Martin left him, his breathing was infrequent and irregular—in fact, he was dying.

Casteel was about 35 or 40 years of age, and married. His wife who lives at Altamont was telegraphed for, They have three children, the eldest of whom is not over seven years of age.

About six years ago Mr. Casteel, lost his left hand by having it accidently sawed off. But Mr. Browning says he is the best sawyer he ever knew, and worth more than any other similar hand he ever had.

LATER.—Casteel died last night about 7 o'clock and was buried at Altbrightsville this morning at 10:30. —*Kingwood Journal, April* 12.

Deceased was well known in this county. He leaves an aged mother, a wife and three small children. His wife is a sister of Mr. Joseph Cogley, of Oakland.

Corporation Election.

The election for Mayor and councilmen for the town of Oakland was held Monday. Besides electing three Councilmen for the regular term of two years, one was elected to fill the unexpired term of Mr. H. A. Rasche. The result of the vote was as follows:

For Mayor—D. M. Mason, D., 100; Dr. S. Townshend, R., 76.

For Council—Regular Term—R. S. Jamison, D., 90; John Compton, D., 90; King Delawder, D., 79; A. G. Sturgiss, R., 94; D. E. Bolden, R., 85; George Fulmer, R., 87. For Short Term—Fred Felty, D., 75; G. A. Shirer, R., 87.

When the fact is taken into consideration that the Democrats have a majority of about 20 in the town, the Republicans secured a decided victory. The council now stands 4 Republicans to 2 Democrats, the two holding over Councilmen being Republicans.

Wilson's Mills, W. Va.

APRIL 15th, 1888.

On the last day of the legislative session I received from Mr. H. H. Van Meter, of Mt. Lake Park Hotel, a special delivery package containing the signatures of something more than one hundred petitioners, protesting against the repeal of the Local Option law now in force in Garrett county. In his letter accompanying the parcel Mr. Van Meter referred me to a package of petitions he had forwarded to me a few days before by registered mail.

It must be borne in mind that ordinary letters are distributed to members of the Legislature from the special office kept in the State House, but registered packages or letters are retained in the Annapolis postoffice until called for by the proper authority.

I was not advised of the arrival of this registered package until the receipt of Mr. Van Meter's letter, when I went at once to the postoffice and took out the package.

It was then too late to present it without suspending the rules for that purpose.

I succeeded, however, in presenting the petitions at the night session and they probably had their influence in determining the fate of the measure in whose behalf they were forwarded.

The bill to repeal the present law failed in its final passage, and, as Mr. Van Meter took an active part securing signatures and appeared to be extremely solicitous concerning the final result, before leaving Annapolis on Tuesday morning I dispatched him a hurried statement of the result of the vote, expecting him, of course, to regard it as strictly condential. But a day or two later my letter was printed and sent broad cast over the county, and in the body of the circular he charged me, by implication, at least, with neglecting the petitions which had been sent me. Since my return home I have been too busy to make what seems to be a necessary explanation, and now avail myself of the opportunity to do so, as the citizens signing the petitions certainly have a right to know what disposition was made of them.

The last package of petitions received by me contained something more than two hundred signatures, but I have not an account of the exact number, making over three hundred in all received by me. If any other petitions were forwarded to me I did not receive them and have no knowledge of them whatever.

Trusting that the above will sufficiently explain any seeming negligence or tardiness on my part in reference to the question of petitions sent to the Legislature,

I remain,
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WILSON.

Swanton.

The following persons have been elected as officers of the United Brethren Sunday School for the ensuing year, beginning with April: Superintendent, A. F. George; Assistant Superintendent, C. T. Sweet; Secretary, Mrs. S. M. Fairall; Treasurer, J. D. Ashenfelter; Librarian, Miss Ada Shank. The school is increasing in interest.

Mrs. M. T. Brady, of Elk Garden, and Mrs. W. Harvey, of Shaw, W. Va., were visiting friends at Swanton and Deer Park last week.

Mr. Wm. E. George has moved from his place in Green Glades to the house lately purchased by him in Deer Park.

Rev. Kincof, the new U. B. preacher for this circuit, will preach at Swanton at 10½ A. M. Sunday, 29th inst.

Rev. Wm. Hipkins, of Oakland, will preach in Anderson Chapel next Sunday evening, 22nd inst., at 8 o'clock.

We hear that Mr. R. J. West has just received a large bill for black and yellow pine which will keep him sawing all summer.

HOOSIER.

A Big Demonstration at Parkersburg.

The Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Parkersburg have made arrangements for an imposing street pageant on Thursday Evening, May 3rd, consisting of moving tableaux and scenic display, illuminated by electric and calcium lights, illustrating the progress and manufactures of the city. Some forty floats have already been secured, and over one thousand men are expected to be in line.

To accommodate those desiring to witness the Demonstration, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Parkersburg and return at one fare for the round trip, from all Ticket stations west of and including Keyser, and intermediate stations between Benwood, Morgantown and Grafton.

The tickets will be sold for all trains on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2d and 3d, and good for return trip until Friday, May 4th, inclusive.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1888.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 16th day of April, 1888, by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, Md.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1	—Swanton	$ 500 00
" " 2	—Selbysport	750 00
" " 3	—Grantsville	700 00
" " 4	—Bloomington	450 00
" " 5	—Accident	650 00
" " 6	—Sang Run	550 00
" " 7	—Oakland	800 00
" " 8	—Ryans Glade	600 00
" " 9	—Johnson's	1300 00
" " 10	—Deer Park	290 00
" " 11	—Elbow	320 00
National Road		400 00
Total		$6,140 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor of Oakland	$200 00
J M Davis, for Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Burgess of Deer Park	50 00
" Grantsville	80 00
Sam'l Harshberger, for Corporation of Bloomington	50 00
Total	$480 00

ELECTION EXPENSES—NOV. 8, 1887.

District No. 1.

William E George return judge	$ 8 00
Thomas R McKeble, judge	4 00
Charles Murphy, judge	4 00
Isaac Lansdale, clerk	4 00
Joseph H. Friend, clerk	4 00
Geo F West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Joseph Mint, return judge	10 56
Lloyd Lawdermilk, judge	4 00
Jackson Kimbel, judge	4 00
Josephus Enlow, clerk	4 00
George Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Suci, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Jacob J Ireneman, return judge	10 56
August Long judge	4 00
Samuel Lirst judge	4 00
Benjamin Fuller, clerk	4 00
Clarence Getty clerk	4 00
Mrs. Figgs house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

William R Richal, return judge	10 24
John L Michael, judge	4 00
George H Siler, judge	4 00
Peter F Michael, clerk	4 00
Floyd Duckworth, clerk	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

William Lohr, return judge	10 08
Phillip M. Miller, judge	4 00
Jeremiah Durst, judge	4 00
S H Ryland, clerk	4 00
M M Shrock, clerk	4 00
Frederick Engelhart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Columbus Paugh, return judge	9 28
Samuel Furgerson, judge	4 00
Richard DeWitt, judge, vice L E Friend	4 00
George E Bishoff, clerk	4 00
Thomas Browning, clerk	4 00
Samuel Specht, house ren	5 00

District No. 7.

David H Loar, return judge	6 00
Rowan White, judge	4 00
Bowie Johnson, judge, use J A Thayer,	4 00
D T E Casteel clerk	4 00
Thos R White, clerk, use C H Whetsell,	4 00

District No. 8.

James W White, return judge	8 80
Isaac I Thompson, judge	4 00
Edwin M Miller, judge	4 00
Benjamin F Kidd, clerk	4 00
Israel O Thompson, clerk	4 00
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Jacob McKenzie, return judge	11 68
B F Stokes, judge, use John Wambaugh	4 00
P C Graham, judge	4 00
Richard M Graham, clerk	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Eg Tillson, return judge	8 48
Omes E Paugh, judge	4 00
Bastian Hinebaugh, judge	4 00
Thrasher, clerk	4 00
Wm J Garrett, clerk	4 00
Isaac A Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Merrill, return judge	11 20
Amos Broadwater, judge	4 00
C B Broadwater, judge	4 00
David F Metts, clerk	4 00
John W Broadwater, clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

John T Harvey, return judge	9 20
Henry Lee, judge	4 00
John L Sharpless, judge	4 00
E J Hamill, clerk	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, clerk, use Chas Cropp	4 00
E G Blackburn, house rent	5 00
Total	$362 04

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, use P Hamill	$ 52 00
R E Friend, use Leslie E Friend	65 00
Isaiah Fuller, use J S Broadwater	61 00
John Collins	61 00
Henry Lininger, use D E Offutt	65 00
N C Browning, use D E Offutt	45 00
Thomas Browning, assistant register, use G S Hamill	20 00
P A Chisholm, use G S Hamill	41 50
E J Fringer, assistant, use E Z Tower	20 00
James W Mason, use D E Offutt	52 00
Samuel Johnson	53 95
Michael Brady, use D E Graham	61 50
John C Chaney, use G S Hamill	60 00
L C Hamill	56 00
Total	$717 95

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

W W Griffith	$ 8 60
Peter Nathan	6 70
J H Davis	3 60
P H Echard	5 25
A B Gonder, use William Casteel	60 75
Total	$84 90

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Austin Brown	$ 4 70
Charles Wegman	7 90
Frederick Kolb	3 75
Levi Echard	3 60
James W Cropp	14 45
E N Casteel	8 30
Total	$42 70

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For Redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on Bonds	240 00
Total	$1,240 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For Redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on Bonds	840 00
Total	$1,840 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Garrett Co. School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools	$9,000 00

HOSPITAL FUND.

Subject to order County Commissioners	$825 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veitch, late States Attorney, 26 Recognizances @ 33⅓	$ 86 66
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 36 misdemeanors @ 33⅓	126 48
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 5 fotonies @ $10	50 00
J W Veitch late States Attorney, trial fees as per order Court	235 00
J W Veitch, late States Attorney, counsel for Registration Officers	50 00
Thayer & Sincell, 3 felonies @ $10	30 00
Thomas J Peddicord, 3 misdemeanors @ 33⅓, use G S Hamill	10 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors @ 33⅓	6 66
Wm P Townshend, States Attorney, 52 Recognizances @ 33⅓	173 33
Total	$828 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges from June, 1888, to April, 1889	$465 00
Samuel Lawton, late Register, fees, use S E Boyer & Co	73 72
Samuel Lawton, late Register, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	33 63
Total	$572 37

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CLERKS' OFFICE.

E Z Tower, clerks' fees	$779 23

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay Jurors, Witnesses, Bailiffs, Messenger and Crier for September term, '88, and May term, 1889	$2,387 00

SHERIFFS' FEES.

John H Riley, late Sheriff	$ 834 95
Edward E Sollars, Sheriff	227 60
Total	$1,062 55

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

J A Hayden, publishing to June, 1889	$ 400 00
J A Hayden, printing to June, 1889	400 00
John S Combs, publishing, use John T Mitchell, attorney for B T Keller	350 00
John S Combs, balance	50 00
Total	$1,200 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

C T West, support M G Harvey's widow to June, 1888	$ 10 00
C T West, support M G Harvey's widow order	12 00
Parker Ashby, Supt. Sarah Loraw order	27 00
D E Offutt, " Simmes Noir, order	20 00
S L Townshend & Son support Coleman Dandridge, order	20 00
Lesile E Friend, support Ezra Savage children, order	15 00
G S Hamill, Supt. Samuel Wolf, order	10 00
" " " Upton Bruce to Jan. 7th, 1888, order	50 00
O Hart & Son, Supt. Rebecca Sager, order	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Thomas Philpot, order	20 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge, order	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Semmes Nair, order	10 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Mrs. Holland, order	15 00
Ira E Friend, support Alice Vansickle, order	12 00
Ira E Friend, support Frederick Vansickle, order	25 00
Otho Speelman, Supt. J M Davis, order	25 00
Andrew Mullen, support George Hay and family, order	25 00
E C Tillson, Supt. Mrs Sanborn, order	20 00
Charles O Thompson, support Upton Bruce to July 7th, 1888	50 00
A L Gnagey, support Wm Hoover	20 00
Sarah A Friend, use J H Wilson & Bro. Supt. Mrs. Brobst, order	15 00
Mrs Holland, support of self, order	10 00
Wm R Porter, " Caroline Cole, order	10 00
Wm A Loraw, " Enoch Loraw to April, 1889	150 00
Howard Frazee, support Etta Shaffer's child from Oct. 1, 1887, to Oct. 1, 1888	30 00
S S Broadwater, Supt. Mrs. Henry Durst	10 00
E Gnagey, " Wm Hoover	20 00
A Mullen, " Hay family	25 00
Caroline Frazee, " Ruth King	75 00
W C Jones, " Geo Wood	15 00
Cornelus Bowser, support Mary Durst	20 00
George O Miller, support Jos Clamyer	15 00
Thomas Martin, support Jos Clamyer,	15 00
A Mullen, support, Lewis Hanft	20 00
Samuel Meese, support Henry Meese	25 00
J E Gnagey, support Martin Hetrich	35 00
S L Townshend support Thos Philpot	30 00
Sarah A Friend, support Mrs. Brobst	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Jacob Spiker	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge	10 00
Total	$976 00

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

S L Townshend & Son	11	fox	$	11 00
W C Jones,	11	" and 1 cat		19 00
William Ryland,	10	2 "		14 00
Edward Fysell,	6	"		6 00
A L Gnagey,	11	"		11 00
J H Beckman,	7	"		7 00
Franklin Bowser,	6	"		6 00
Smith and Callis,	9	1 "		11 00
Thos K Harvey,	5	"		5 00
Milford Drane,	2	"		2 00
S E Boyer & Co.,	5	1 "		5 00
S P Specht,	7	"		7 00
Joshua Tichnell,	3	"		3 00
Wm Hinebaugh,	6	"		6 00
W H Barnard,	1	"		1 00
M L Scott,	2	"		2 00
S S Broadwater,		1 "		2 00
C H Liston,	4	"		4 00
Mathias Bowser,	7	"		7 00
D E Offutt,		2 "		4 00
C T West,	12	5 "		22 00
H C Shaw	1	"		1 00
Eli McMillen,	2	"		2 00
John E Gnagey,	10	"		10 00
A Wass & Son,	1	"		1 00
John F Friend,	2	"		2 00
Henry Letham	8	"		8 00
Lafayette Friend,	1	"		1 00
Taylor Sines,	1	"		1 00
F & C Felty	1	"		1 00
A Mullen,	2	"		6 00
W D Nydegger,		1 "		2 00
P W Connell	1	3 "		7 00
Total				$197 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jacob Mosser	$ 50 00
B F Snyder, use C T West	20 00
A Garlitz, use C T West	65 00
Albert Fitzwater, use C T West	35 00
Abel DeWitt, use D E Offutt	20 00
John M Tichenell	50 00
A E Harvey, use J H Wilson & Bro	100 00
Parker Ashby	20 00
John T Bowers	20 00
Levi Caton	12 00
John F Robeson	30 00
Peter Stark	18 00
Andrew Blocher, National Road	25 00
Jacob Gnagey	40 00
George Lowdermilk	5 00
John Friend, (of N.) balance on bridge,	1 00
Total	$511 00

BRIDGES.

Pittsburg Bridge Co., (for Selbysport bridge) subject to orders of Co. Coms.	$4,275 00
Wm H Riley and Austin Brown, masonry for bridge over river at Selbysport, subject to orders Co. Coms.	1,300 00
John G Knauer, balance on Cherry creek bridge	4 68
Dan'l Wilson, bridge over Wolf Den run	26 78
M M Ashby, use Jones E Gnagey Cherry creek bridge	15 45
J M Conaway, North Branch bridge	67 28
Jesse Glotfelty, Sang Run bridge	10 00
John Wilhelm, 3 bridges	32 00
Isaac W Abernathy, Sand Run bridge	50 00
Total	$5,781 19

WITNESS FEES BEFORE MAGISTRATES.

Edward Crim, use S E Boyer & Co	33
Harry West, use Thomas Little	33
Earnest Townshend use Thomas Little	33
Thomas Little	33
Mrs John Washington, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Mrs Oscar Noles, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Thomas Sarsfield, use D E Offutt	33
Wm Page, use W C Jones	33
Lotta Goff, use W C Jones	33
Ella Sowers, use W C Jones	33
Luke Keasner, use W C Jones	33
Frank Fazenbaker, use W C Jones	33
James Leaper	33
Al red Sisler, use C H Liston	33
Lucretia Borgie, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Total	$4 95

ROAD EXPENSE.

John Harned, Surveyor and examiner 6 days	$30 00
John T Bowers, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Francis Martin, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John H Sanders, chairman, 1½ days	3 00
John Fahey, chairman 1½ days	3 00
John Hughes, axeman, 1½ days	3 00
Total	$47 00

CORONERS' JURY.

INQUEST ON BODY OF JOSH B. BRANT.

John Ault, juror	50
James A Hayden, juror	50
William R Jarboe, "	50
D C Bolden, "	50
G W Delawder, "	50
John Shartzer, "	50
Andrew J Harne, "	50
J T Browning, "	50
Samuel E Boyer, "	50
Wm D Nydegger, "	50
D E Offutt, "	50
F A Thayer, "	50
William Crim, witness	33
James Wiseman, "	33
Montgomery Coddington, witness	33

INQUEST ON BODY OF JAMES WOODS.

Dr. W R Ravenscraft, physician	$ 5 00
Geo F Loughridge, juror	50
George D White, "	50
Charles Davis, "	50
Dr E H Bartlett, "	50
Dr D T E Casteel, "	50
S E Boyer, "	50
William Casteel, "	50
Fred Felty, "	50
Emanuel Custer, "	50
W M Wagner, "	50
W Y Waltz, "	50
Owen Hart, "	50
Joseph Murphy, witness	33
Peter A Chisholm, "	33
James W Cropp, "	33
Total	$18 98

MISCELLANEOUS.

Edward Margroff, insolvencies, approved 1885, order of 1887	$ 64 64
Warren M Coddington, Warden to jail to December 21st, 1887	197 00
Warren M Coddington, Janitor to April 4th, 1888, use G S Hamill	43 75
E N Casteel, Warden to jail to February 3d, 1888	41 00
Charles Bolden, use Jonas E Gnagey, work at court house and Sheriffs house, 1887	12 00
John Shartzer, use D E Offutt, matting for Clerk's office	43 13
J H Mealiry & Co. stationery	200 92
Johnson Watson & Co., stationery	58 50
G A Shirer, sundries for court house and jail	16 45
D E Offutt, sundries for court house and jail	39 50
S L Townshend & Son, sundries for court house and jail	35 73
D T E Casteel, medicine for paupers	10 10
Veitch & Townshend collecting road money	15 00
O Hart & Son, coal for court house and jail	116 25
Lloyd Chambers, digging grave for pauper	3 00
Albert Welch, use J A Hayden, kindling wood	5 00
Charles Bolden, case for Clerk's office, boxes for vault, laying platform &c.	92 00
H P Tasker, for compiling books, abstracts, &c., use Ross R Coddington,	50 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers and prisoners	59 25
J M Davis & Son, sundries for court house	1 95
Dr. H M Kemp, medical attendance to pauper	10 00
Jonas E Gnagey, Col. 98 assessments	34 00
H P Tasker, use 3rd National Bank of Cumberland, for compiling book of abstract, &c	50 00
Dr J Lee McComas, County health officer to June, 1888	100 00
Thayer & Sincell, council to board to April 11th, 1888	15 00
D E Bolden & Co., coffin, &c., for pauper	11 00
Total	$1,322 97

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Bryson Welch, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	$ 99 38
Michael Durst, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	125 00
W P Hansel, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	111 56
W H Hagan, clerk, use D E Offutt	20 00
" " " " J M Davis	9 99
" " " " 1st Nat. Bank Cumberland	158 00
W H Hagans, clerk, use J M Davis	75 44
" " " " balance	139 41
Total	$720 69

TREASURERS' OFFICE.

Treasurer's commission on county tax subject to order of County Coms	$1,782 12
Treasurer's commission on State tax, subject to order of County Coms	208 45
Total	$2,000 57

Contingent fund	$3,571 72

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 6,140 00
Corporations	480 00
Election expenses	362 04
Registration officers	717 95
Magistrates' fees	84 90
Constables' fees	42 70
Court House fund	1,240 00
Garrett County School debt	1,840 00
Public Schools	9,000 00
Hospital fund	825 00
Attorneys' fees	828 13
Orphans' Court	572 37
Clerk's office	779 23
Court fund	2,987 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,062 55
Printing and publishing	1,240 00
Outside Pensioners	976 00
Fox and cat certificates	197 00
Road appropriations	511 00
Bridges	5,781 19
Witness fees	4 95
Road expense	47 00
Coroners' juries	18 98
Miscellaneous	1,322 97
County Commissioners of fice	720 69
Treasurers' commission on Co tax	1,782 12
" " " State tax	208 45
Contingent fund	3,571 72
Total	$43,302 94

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,930,631.00, which at $1.10 on each hundred dollars, the County taxation will make the above amount of $43,302.94; deducting $155,-667.00 for corporations paying the State tax direct to the State Treasurer, leaves the basis for State tax $3,780,964, which is fixed at 17¾c. on each $100.00, making the State tax $6,711.21, which, added to the County, makes for county and State purposes $50,014.15.

W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk County Commissioners.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets.

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

WANTED—AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

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TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET.

3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

CASTLE BUILDING.

"What are you building darling?"
I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care,
And the ruddy glow of the fire light
Danced on her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"
My little maid replied—
"And these are the walls around it,
And head is a gateway wide,
And this is a funny stairway
To climb up by the side."

The busy, flitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle's walls were rising
In the fading winter day—
When a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruin lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet,
May bring full many a vision,
Of castles rare and sweet—
To end like your baby-pastimes
In ruin sad and fleet.

You laugh o'er the toy walls fallen;
So sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward
At ruined shrine and fane—
While the heart hath shattered temples
It may not build again.

—*Lucy R. Fleming, in Christian at Work.*

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

How I Would Teach a Boy to be a True Bayard.

Mamma *never* used to act like that, till Alice was engaged. It makes all the difference in the world when you have a sister who assumes the "going to be married" dignity, and gets private letters that she goes off into a corner to read, and wears a ring with a real diamond in.

And Alice was engaged to a Toptree, and they were such an ancient family that I got very tired of their genealogical tree, besides feeling very small, and of no account, after Fenwick "Treetop," as I often called him, had condescended to come into the family, for Alice looked down on Dorothy and I from that pinnacle.

My name is plain Mary, and nothing else. Mamma often told me that she *nearly* called me "Rose Mary"—and that would have been pleasant, for in the language of flowers it means "remembrance."

When Jack Turpin went off to sea—as ship surgeon—she bowed him out of the front door herself, and didn't give him a chance to say good-bye to me, only she couldn't see, as I did, the pleading look in his eyes that said, "be true to me." *I* knew, though not a word was spoken. But papa shook hands warmly and said, "Give us the light of your countenance again, John," and I thought it perfectly sweet of the white-haired old darling. But then papa isn't a "mother with marriageable girls," so he *can* say things.

It was that set mamma so much against Phil Rowlock, and there comes my grievance. He was talking to the fair Ethel Winman one evening, and when speaking of a mutual acquaintance, chanced to say: "Of course she encourages all the young men to the house, for she has marriageable girls." It wasn't anybody we knew, but I saw mamma freeze up at once and knew he had offended her. For she did not want us to marry, and says it is a libel men and boys start nowadays that if you ask a male creature to your home you are yearning to take him to your heart—and half the time they are not able to support themselves, much less a wife. For *boys*, now-a-days, she says, are talking about the other sex as if they were grandfathers, and had experience. I know they do talk and act foolish, and when brother Will is talking about my extravagant dress, I do a sharp little sum in arithmetic, and find that while I am satisfied with a ten-cent muslin in summer, they wear dollar-a-yard tweed, and more jewelry than is good taste for a girl.

So I was provoked at Phil, for he is a good sort of a boy, only he thinks it sounds big to sneer at girls. I often wonder that boys with sisters can do it. I shouldn't wonder at an orphan, if his mother died before he knew any thing about her, but boys with sisters should *know* better.

And I said something like that to the boys, and that it was a mark of a higher civilization to be able to show proper respect for our sex, and not treat them as an inferior, for that day was past. And then I told them a bit in the papers about a class being asked "Why Moses was a gentleman?" and one little boy said, "Because when the daughters of Jethro went to draw water the shepherds drove them away, but Moses helped them, and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please.'"

And I hope Moses did it in a friendly sort of way, as one chum might to another, and not as if the girls were his inferiors in any way. Whittier knows what I mean, for he wrote:

"O, for a Knight like Bayard,
Without reproach or fear."

And I always thought he was one of that sort himself.

Well, after that, mamma was more severe than ever, and talked severely about ladies who were too free and easy with their girls, and Phil didn't come back, and Jack Turpin was at sea.

And then one day papa's second cousin, Randolph Massey, came to visit us. He was a model young man and polite to torture, always standing till we were seated, if we entered the room just for a moment—and ever ready to pick up a peanut shell if any one happened to drop one. We all thought his manners perfect, and I held him up as a model to the boys, he was really more polite than Jack.

But one night as we sat in the drawing-room singing, there was a sudden cry of fire from the kitchen; we didn't stop for Randolph to hold the door open and bow us out, I assure you. It was in the laundry, and a cold north wind made it dangerous for the house. Will was away, there was only papa, who had rheumatism, and Tom, who was dizzy with a raging headache, to go up on that roof and hold the hose. I went up the icy ladder, and was busily drenching the roof of the laundry, when I felt myself held up by strong arms—and turned resentfully to find "Jack." He took the hose from my hand, but took the hand, too, and held me, saying wildly: "I've got you at last, dear, and I mean to keep you, though it is as breezy up here as the steamer's deck."

And he held me fast and put out the fire at the same time, while mamma, who dare not mount, kept calling: "Who *is* up there with you Mary?"

And all this time Bayard the Knight, who was ever ready to anticipate our slightest wish, sat by the fire in the library and smoked cigars, for it was "too cold to venture out when there was so much help, you know."

And mamma didn't say a word, even when Jack helped me put on my cloak after our toilets were renovated, and boldly took me for a long walk. I suppose she thought fate too much for her, taking the trouble to land him on the roof to find me for once alone.

But Dorothy was angry and so was Alice. "To think of *you*, who always said you had a career, and would never marry, taking up with a boy like Jack," said my eldest sister, who gloried in Fenwick being a dozen years the senior, and then Dorothy began: "Yes, and after all the study you have done, to give yourself away like that," but when I looked into dear Jack's dark eyes I was amply contented.

I did want to study medicine, and had pictured to myself the good I would do in the world when I got through college and put up my shingle. I had studied many books, practiced on many cut fingers, and made bushels of poultices. And when I washed out the clothes after some patient's linseed poultices, I used to think *that* would not fall to my share when I became a doctor, for I noticed they were very fastidious about the actual work. Then I had helped mamma pull all the children through the measles and scarlet fever, taking both diseases myself after they were all better, and helping the doctor set Tom's leg and cure Harry's gunshot wound, when Dick mistook him for a partridge, all made me handier than most girls for hospital work. For I had to be married before Alice, and Jack and I went back to the sea—and all through my brain during a long siege of sea-sickness, ran the refrain:

"Sailing, sailing,
Over the stormy main,"

and then, as a deeper lurch would be given to the vessel, I would mentally repeat:

"Many a stormy wind shall blow,
Ere Jack comes home again."

I was with Jack now, and home was afar off—we were on our way to the British Honduras for a cargo of sugar.

And one day as I lay in my berth sea-sick and home-sick in spite of Jack, he came in looking very pale. I asked languidly what was the matter, as a big green wave dashed against the port-hole.

"Don't be alarmed, dear," he said, "but there is small-pox on board, and and I must leave you and keep you isolated, with the other three first cabin passengers."

And then I arose in my might and asked him what he took me for, to keep myself like a baby when *he* was in danger. And I got out of bed, and dressed, and took down all my medical books, and packing away all unnecessary articles, told him I was ready for any thing. And I put on an old blue silk, for I knew that goods resisted contagion best, and wound up my hair on the top of my head. "Where thou goest I will go, Jack," I said.

It is no use to tell what we did then, for the long days and nights—of death, and loathsome, slow recoveries. And as we reached that summer land, Jack told me he was in for it, and kissed me "good-bye" just before he lost consciousness. Over his handsome face came the fearful scourge, but I painted the sores faithfully, and held his hands when he would fain tear off the terrible scars. And when months after we left home, we were once more purified and on our way back to civilization, he asked me if I ever regretted giving up my career for his sake. "You are a successful failure, dearest," he said, and I acknowledged that I had been instrumental in God's hands of doing good and helping the afflicted. But I knew I should have been a doctor if I hadn't met Jack, for he was my only, only love, and I was willing to give him the first place in my coveted career, as well as in my affections, to help him and those he wished to cure, to be his in sickness and health. But then I did not want to be thought his inferior, and when we reached home and the boys called me a "little brick," and Alice Toptree gave me a warm welcome, and Dorothy told me she was engaged to Phil, I just walked up to mamma and said: "What a relief it must be to your troubled soul, mother dear, that you can not much longer be accused of being 'a mother with marriageable daughters.'"

And when Jack calls me his "blessed successful failure," I often think, though I do not confess it, that if I ever have to teach a boy how to be a true Bayard, I will not begin by teaching him dancing attendance on the *weaker sex*, but will teach him in plain English the meaning of the motto: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—Evil to him who evil thinks.—*Annie J. Jack, in Women's Magazine.*

ECCENTRIC VON BULOW.

The Famous Musician Now Playing the Part of a Lady Killer.

Dr. Hans von Bulow, the famous German musician, is, I suppose, well remembered in America. While unquestionably a very great musician, he has made himself unenviably notorious by his mad outbursts of temper and other eccentricities. Indeed, for years past the public has come to expect, as a matter of course, some sensational scene whenever he appears before them. Latterly he has been playing the part of a lady-killer. Though his head is bald and his face wrinkled with age, he ogles and smirks at every pretty woman in the audience, blows kisses from his finger-tips, and whenever he speaks in public fails not to declare, with his hand on his heart, that all the inspiration of his playing comes from the love-litten eyes of the objects of his adoration. Such conduct does not increase one's admiration of him. But there was an incident of another kind at Berlin the other evening which has won for him great praise, and which makes the public forget every fault of which he has ever been guilty. It was at one of the great Philharmonic concerts. There was an unusually large and brilliant audience, including several royal personages. The most attractive feature of the programme was the solo violin playing of a young lady known as a rarely gifted artist. The early part of the programme was executed, but when it came for the violinist to appear the announcement was made that she had been suddenly taken ill and could not appear. As half the audience had come for the express purpose of hearing her, the disappointment was great. A murmur of regret and almost of anger ran through the house. Then an elderly gentleman, who had been sitting unnoticed in a parquet seat, arose and made his way towards the stage. At first he was not recognized, and every one looked to see what he was about. Then some one exclaimed, "Why, its Von Bulow!" and the entire audience burst into applause, though without knowing why. No one had any idea what he was going to do. Most of them expected that he would make a violent scene of some sort. But he strode on towards the stage, waving one hand above his head and blowing kisses to the ladies from the other. Reaching the stage he looked deprecatingly downward at his clothes. He was not in evening costume, but wore a short roundabout sack coat or jacket. He lifted the short skirts of this with his hands, shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, and then, without a word, sat down at the piano. The audience was quiet. The musicians in the orchestra laid down their instruments. Then he began. The piece chosen was a great concerta of Beethoven. For three-quarters of an hour he played as one inspired. It was remarked that no one ever heard him play so well before. Some declared that neither Liszt nor Rubinstein had ever surpassed it. Certainly, it more than atoned for the absence of the violinist. The great concerta ended, he rose and hurried unceremoniously from the stage back to his seat in the parquet, while the house literally trembled with applause. He sat down, and looked about as though expecting the orchestra to go on with the remainder of the programme. But, no. The conductor rose, looked about, and exclaimed: "After the master has spoken what more is there to be said?" And the concert was ended.—*Paris Letter.*

AESTHETIC DOMESTICS.

Incidents Proving the Existence of Class Prejudices in this Country.

There is on the Back Bay a certain physician, living in rather simple style for that aristocratic section, whose family has been served in a domestic capacity, as the reporters would say, by an excellent Irishwoman of mature years, who had done similar service in the "old country," before she came to this. Not long ago the physician's wife was informed, somewhat timidly, by Margaret, that she, Margaret, had been offered a dollar a week more wages than she was getting, to enter the family of a rich merchant down the street.

"Well, Margaret," said the doctor's wife, "that is more than I can afford to pay."

"Yes, mem."

"Then you will leave us, I suppose?"

"O, not at all, mem!"

"Why not? Why don't you go where you can get the most wages, Margaret?"

"Sure, mem, I niver was rejuced to the nicissity of livin' in a tradesman's family in the ould counthry, and I'll not begin it in this, mem!"

This incident proves that class prejudices really do exist in this country. The listener has in mind another case, where a stalwart native girl, of Irish parentage, having left the very modest household of a poor journalist to take service in the pretentious mansion of a rich harness-maker, returned after a couple of months and requested reemployment at her old wages.

"Why, what makes you want to come back to our poor house, Katy?" she was asked.

"O, they're not 'swell,' like you!" she exclaimed.

The favored people in this transaction thought that Katy's was the queerest definition of the word "swell" that they had ever heard. But evidently the girl's æsthetic sensibilities had missed something at the harness-maker's sumptuous abode.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A new French device for applying perfume is a pencil, which is rubbed on the article to be scented. Violet, heliotrope, opoponax, and all the fashionable odors are now sold in this form in Paris.

WRITING A SERMON.

A Distinguished Chicago Clergyman Tells How He Does It.

You have requested me to tell you how I make my sermons. I hardly know what to answer, as, in my judgment, nearly all preachers prepare substantially in the same way. How do painters mix their colors? How do brickmakers make their bricks? How do wall builders build their walls; or shipwrights their vessels? In all these cases there are accepted principles on which these artisans proceed, and the same is true of sermon manufacturing. If you are anxious to find out Rubens' secret of coloring, or Beecher's art of illuminating an idea, or the charm that hangs over the composition of various men, you will never be gratified; for that is something they themselves can not explain, even if they try. What the public would really like to know of the elaborations of genius can not be imparted, and what remains may be learned in any book on homiletics, with simply the uninteresting addenda as to whether certain mortals write or do not write, or whether they write only notes, or in full. These details are pitiably indifferent. But as you wish them in my case, who have no secret of genius to trouble me or others, I comply with your desire.

Some sermons are born; others, like Topsy, grow. Just as the poet has an inspiration and writes, so at times a thought comes to the preacher, and easily, almost without effort, it shapes itself on paper. But other discourses are painfully elaborated. They have to be carefully planned, sketched, revised and re-revised before the desired result is reached. My custom has been to read the Bible regularly and studiously, and to note any text that impresses me, appending such ideas as it may have given rise to; and in some instances that is all the preparation given to the sermon. The text has taken hold of me, roused my entire spiritual and mental being, has shaped itself, and appropriate words generally are found when the hour comes for delivery. These, however, are exceptional cases. Usually the marked passage in the Bible remains for future use; but, by the daily study of the book, subjects for the pulpit are kept on hand in abundance. Having text and theme, I then, as a rule, pencil a rough outline, jotting down ideas and illustrations. After the plan is drawn up, if there is need for the consultation of authorities, I perform that part of my task.

As I read what I have just put on paper, I am reminded of a story I heard of a celebrated and successful Indian captain. He was asked what plan he adopted when fighting the red-skins. He replied: "I have a very excellent one always, and always mean to follow it, but the red-skins disconcert it, and I have just to let the boys loose on them, with the advice not to miss when they fire." So it is with myself. I have an exalted idea of the way in which a sermon should be prepared, and I intend always to do my best in that line; but circumstances are changing constantly; time can not always be found for close study, and one's battle must be decided on the inspiration of the moment. My rule is to move like the old captain, and if I can only succeed in hitting somebody or something I am happy, even though critics may be shocked, and the old rifle recoil a little more violently than is pleasant.

In conclusion, permit me to add that for effective pulpit work a rested brain is the best of all immediate preparations. Had I to choose between a manuscript with a weary head on my shoulders, and a fresh head—not a new one, of course—and no manuscript, I would select the head. This pre-supposes education, experience and the ability to command one's resources in public. Given these general qualifications, and I contend the speaker will find quiet and repose an excellent library and desk for what is before him. But beginners ought not to presume. They ought to learn from this fact not to neglect needful rest for mind and body; but, at the same time, they must not forego careful discipline of thought, due reflection, and conscientious committing of their ideas to paper.—*Dr. G. C. Lorimer, in Writer.*

MAKING HER SHINE.

A Colored Mammy's Advice to an Inexperienced Daughter.

Negro Woman (to her daughter)—How long 'fo' dat nigger gwine ter mair you?

Daughter—Doan nome. 'Lowed he gwineter mair me putty soon.

Mother—Gwine come ter see yer ter-day, ain' he?

Daughter—Yessum, an' I's settin' yere now waitin' fur him.

Mother—Whut, waitin' fur him, lookin' ez ashy ez you is? Take down dat bacon rin' up dar an' grease dat face o' yo'n. W'y, ain't you got no better sense den ter look dat ashy? Take down dat skin up dar, I tell you, an' grease yo'se'f. It do 'pear dat de young ladies dese days hab dun los' all de knack. W'y, w'en I wuz er gal I'd dun had dat fool man maird an' would er dun furgot it by dis time. Run dat rin' ober yo' face. Harder, ef you wanter make it shine. Rub it up an' down once mo'. Now, dat's sorter like it. Now, you doan look like er black cat dat's been wallerin' in de fire-place. Take dat lump o' meat off'n de side yo' nose. Now, you look sorter 'spectable. Go on, not knowin' how ter fix yo'se'f up, an' you neber will get maird. Better take de 'vice o' yo' ole mammy dat hab went fru de mill, I tell you.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—If the draught through your stable is strong enough to turn a windmill it will turn the cows' food into weather strips.

TEMPERANCE READING.

A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

How these scars came, did you ask?
Tender are your tones and mild—
Can it be you do not know
That I am a drunkard's child?

Long ago one dreadful night,
He who claims a father's place,
Mad with rum's malignant power,
Threw a glass at mother's face.

But it missed its deadly aim—
I was sleeping on her breast.
Seeing these unsightly scars,
Need I tell you all the rest?

Deep within the vale I strayed,
While they watched with bated breath,
Then with lingering steps I came
Back to life far worse than death.

Better far that I had died,
Than this lonely, bitter life,
I can never hope for love,
Never be a cherished wife.

Even little children turn
From my face in fear and dread;
Do you wonder I am sad,
Often longing to be dead?

O, these frightful, hideous scars
Close all doors to love's domain!
Blighted life, and broken heart—
I can never smile again!

Now my story you have heard,
Do you wonder that I hate
E'en the very name of rum
And all that can intoxicate?

—*Toledo Blade.*

FINANCIAL RUIN.

The Most Expensive of All Extravagant Habits—Why the Drinking Man Can Not Succeed Financially—Nine Out of Ten Business Failures Caused by Rum.

Rum costs. The man who pays a dime for a drink thinks lightly of it, but when he takes twenty drinks a day he has paid two dollars for rum alone, which, multiplied by 365, gives the neat sum of $730 per year! Now, while there are many drinkers who as yet do not indulge to the extent of a score of "nips" a day, there are also a large number who exceed that—who go as high as thirty or forty daily. Then, too, it is not necessary that a man shall himself drink the entire twenty, or the whole forty, as the case may be. Your drinking man is generally a "jolly fellow," at least while the fumes of rum are in his brain; and he is constantly "treating" as well as being "treated." He drops into a saloon to get a "sustainer," and finds a half-dozen men with whom he has a drinking acquaintance. "What will you take?" springs to his lips instinctively, and he pays for seven drinks. And this experience may be repeated a half-dozen times each day. The drinking man of convivial habits always pays more for rum than he drinks himself, because there are always a lot of hangers-on about saloons, who are generally out of money, but who will drink with any body who will stand the expense, and never return the compliment.

The actual cash outlay of the rum habit is so great that only a millionaire can stand the financial strain for any length of time. The man of moderate means ruins himself, in a money sense, in the indulgence of the appetite for that which also destroys him physically and mentally. But what is actually expended by him for his own drink is by no means all. The man full of rum is careless with his cash, reckless of his expenditures, and totally unfit to transact business of any kind which requires a clear head and a cool brain. The exhilaration consequent upon his potations makes him feel as though he is made of money, and he pays it out with a recklessness that certainly must bring regret to his sober moments. He does it with the most extravagant things, and it goes, he knows not where. Under the reckless promptings of the rum devil, the man flush of money is pretty sure to do one or two things—either visit a gambling-room and waste his money, or seek the gilded haunts of vice and pour it out in the lap of her whose footsteps, according to Solomon, "take hold on hell."

It may be set down as a fact that the drinking man can never accumulate money, unless he is the fortunate possessor of a bonanza—a business that is, as to its profits, beyond any consideration of expenditure, no matter how reckless. Rum has burned a hole in his pocket which leaks faster than any ordinary business or money-making avocation will replenish it. Bankruptcy and financial ruin are inevitable. The drinking man is at a disadvantage in his business, because the money which should be used to push trade, or tide over dull times, or extend his operations into new lines or new territory, is spent for rum, and in the excesses which follow in the trail of that demon. He becomes more and more involved, and tries retrenchment in all ways but the one which is his ruin. He will lop off all needless expenditure save that for rum and its attendant vices. But they are like the horse-leech's daughters; they cry "Give, give," until the man becomes desperate; he who was reckless incidentally now becomes reckless habitually. The crash of financial ruin comes, and his course from that time is a direct plunge into habitual drunkenness, poverty and finally death.

Reader, did you ever consider the grim fact—for fact it is—that *ninety* per cent. of the men engaged in legitimate lines of trade in this country fail sooner or later? And did you ever trace this back to its cause? The pathway of trade is strewn with wrecks, and nine out of ten of them was caused by rum. It should be plain to all that, in these days of fierce competition in trade, the legitimate profits in any line of business are too small to stand the drain on the pocket imposed by the rum habit. Apparently the cheapest of all dissipations, drinking is the most costly. All other extravagances have a limit; but the thirst for rum is limitless. It is like the ocean, which receives all the rivers of the world, yet is never any fuller. The more you drink the more you must, and there can be but one end to both the drinker's money and his physical endurance. Rum not only costs frightfully in money, but it takes away the power to make money. It is as dangerous to a man's finances as it is to his body, his mind and his soul.

But though it is a fact that ninety per cent. of our business men fail, sooner or later, the influence of rum in causing the failure of at least nine out of every ten is not so clearly seen. We do not mean to say that these all fail because they drink up the money that should be used in business. While many do this, there are many others who do not, and yet whose downfall is just as surely the result of rum as if they had done so. To do a successful business in these rushing days, when every avenue of trade is the arena of keen competition, requires brains. It will not do that a man shall have business sagacity, that he shall be sharp in bargaining and quick-witted to avail himself of every opening for profit. He must not only be all these, but he must remain so; and he must give all his attention to his business. Now he can not do these these things and daily with rum. With many men, a single glass of the infernal stuff benumbs the brain; and the man in this condition, with his mental faculties clouded with the fumes of rum, can never hope to succeed in the struggle with a competitor of equal natural ability who never touches rum, and so keeps his head clear, his wits keen, and has all his faculties on the alert. He who drinks will surely fall behind, through his dulled wits. His trade deserts him, he has lost the ability he once possessed through soaking his brain in rum, and he goes to the wall. The cause is stated as "bad investments," "too great competition," "bad debts," or something similar. But these are the result of drink, and rum is really the cause of his failure.

The business man who begins to drink might just as well close up his establishment at once, if he intends to continue the unequal effort to cope with rum and with his business rivals at the same time. There is no line of safety but in the entire abandonment of rum. He may keep his head above water for a few years, but the inevitable end will as surely come. Viewing these facts, is there not pertinency in the claim that it is the highest duty of man to save his brother man from himself? This insidious devil of rum, when he once gets his claws fastened upon a victim, never loosens his hold till he has him at the mouth of the pit of hell.—*Toledo Blade.*

SOUND LOGIC.

The Growth of Temperance—To Drink Is to Be Weak—The Voice of Public Opinion.

But whatever opinions we may hold as to the best means of promoting sobriety, there is no question that the evil of intemperance in this country was much greater in the early part of the century than at present; and the wave continues to subside. Alison, the historian, has shown that drunkenness is essentially the vice of savages and barbarians; and it is easy to observe in a cultivated people that those who are the least civilized suffer most injury from indulgence in drink. Education, in opening up new sources of pleasure and lending diversity to the interests which rob life of its wearying monotony, helps to liberate us from the sway of appetite, and thus makes the attraction of animal indulgence less irresistible. Then the motives to labor, which are greater here than elsewhere, are, at the same time, reasons for sobriety. In no other society are the weak pushed so pitilessly to the wall, do the strong so uniformly succeed; and drink, unless it be pure, which it rarely is, and unless it be used with moderation, which is not to be hoped for, weakens the body, dulls the mind and deadens the moral sense. Hence, to drink is to be weak, is to have in the race for life an unsteady step, a clouded intellect and an infirm purpose; and in the growing light of this truth men see more and more plainly that indulgence of this kind is not only wrong but foolish. Hence the voice of public opinion, through whatever organ it utters itself, becomes more and more emphatic in denouncing intemperance. The railway president knows that a glass of whisky may wreck a train, the ship-owner that it may sink a ship, the bank director that it may rob his vault, the clergyman perceives that the saloon hurts the church, the statesman that it leads to law-breaking, and the physician that it undermines health, and even those who, feeling most keenly the weight and weariness of modern life, would sacrifice almost any thing to bring back the careless light-heartedness of the early pagan Greeks, are driven to confess that Bacchus can not be a helpful god for us.—*J. L. Spalding, in Forum.*

If all the employes in every brewery and distillery in the country were to go out on a big strike, and stay out until there was no more whisky or beer left in the land, many of the police and work-house and jail officials would have to go out, too, as their services would be no longer required.—*Chicago Journal.*

The W. C. T. U. of the Hawaiian Islands have issued an appeal to the Representatives of the Legislative Assembly, petitioning that body to consider the subject of the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the kingdom.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOPE'S FORT.

The Bounty That Was Laid Up for Her Wedding Dower.

"Be careful, Hope, and don't sing, dear; it is a dangerful road, whereon you might draw evil notice."

"Yes, mother, I'll keep my mouth just so," and the little maid pressed her lips firmly together.

"Give yourself breathing space," said the mother, smiling; and, looking into her darling's bag, to see if her luncheon was all right, she kissed her again, and watched her trip down the road. As Hope turned out of the lane she looked back, kissing her hand in farewell, and Mrs. Raymond went slowly into the house. "I don't know why it is," she murmured, "but my heart misgives me sadly. I am sore tempted to call Hope back. But foolish, sinful woman," she added, resolutely, "you have had better training than to mistrust the Lord's providence."

She set about her work, for in the early colonial days the farmer's wife afforded a very good illustration of perpetual motion. This was especially true of New-London, or Pequett, where the rocky, sterile soil demanded the constant care of husbands and wives.

The farm of Oliver Raymond was four miles from town, but it was not uncommon for the children to come even farther than this to get the benefit of the school which the colonists of Pequett had succeeded in establishing with much expense. For some time Hope Raymond ran along in strict obedience to her mother's injunction, then she paused to listen to a bird's song, or gather a flower. The road, which was newly opened, ran through the heart of the forest, and wound out into a long stretch, bordered on each side by perpendicular cliffs and dense growth of bushes, and half-way between the town and farm was a great mass of granite, fully fifty feet high.

It was a beautiful September morning, the trees, through their thick, green garb, showed here and there a faint dash of golden-scarlet; the chipmunk and squirrel darted up and down the gray trunks, or swung from branch to branch; the sober brown cedars tried to look bright with dingy red touches; the wild grape vines trailed along the ground, weighted with luscious fruit; the stately goldenrod bent its head in the gentle breeze. A wiser head than our eleven-year-old Hope might have yielded to Nature's enticing charm. She paused to pick a ripening grape, or add to her little bouquet. And as she did, her voice rang out in some childish ditty so clear and sweet that the feathered warblers stopped to listen to their new rival. But something else heard the child, and crept cautiously through the undergrowth.

"Just another, and what a pretty nosegay I'll have for the teacher," said Hope, as she bent over a flower. She had gained the curve in the road now, and yielding to a sudden impulse, turned and looked back. For a moment she stood paralyzed with fear; for down the road, gaining upon her with every lope of its long, gaunt body, was one of the terrible gray wolves of Pequett. Hope thought of every tale told of their ferocity, and with a terrified scream darted forward, but there was no tree, no refuge at hand. Oh, if she could only reach the great rock! The little feet barely touched the ground. But the wolf gained at every bound!

Hope was almost at the rock; she gained it, and with trembling fingers, tried to climb up the notches, but, frightened and exhausted, slipped back. For a second she lay motionless; her pursuer was not fifty yards distant, and at every bound gave a sharp cry which was answered by yells from the forest. Again Hope essayed to climb up the ledge. The notches had been made by the hunters of the colony, who often left signals for one another upon the flat surface of the rock, but they had been made for men, and as the child tried to reach them, she slipped again and again, and almost fell to the ground. But at last she gained a foothold; up, up, oh, she was at the very edge—another effort and she was safe on the summit!

Just in time. Four or five wolves were gathered below, and, snarling and snapping, endeavored to leap up. Hope's heart almost stopped beating, and for a moment every thing seemed to go round and round, as she watched with bated breath the infuriated beasts below. But Hope Raymond came of a sturdy Puritan stock, and something of stern courage filled the childish heart. "Now, take that!" she said, exerting all her strength to roll a huge fragment of rock upon them. It struck and stunned one, and without giving it a chance to rise, its famished companions sprang upon it, rending it limb from limb. Hope shrank back, appalled, then resolutely closing her eyes, hurled down every rock that her strength could master, but without avail. The long hours wore on until her head whirled, and the number of wolves was every little while increased. She looked despairingly up and down the road. No one. The farmers were, like her own father, all busy in the fields. Nothing but echo answered her cries. The blistering noon came, and the afternoon shadows were creeping up. Faint with hunger, Hope looked at her besiegers till her terrified fancy invested them with a thousand added terrors, and scream after scream pealed from the parched lips.

"Cheer up, Hope, take heart!" suddenly shouted a voice, and with a thrill of joy, Hope leaped to her feet to see Nehemiah Smith, the Nimrod of the colony, come crashing through the bushes, followed by three sturdy companions. Bang! whiz! down went four wolves. Hope closed her eyes, and dared not open them till Nehemiah's strong voice cried: "Now, Hope, come along down!"

Slowly Hope crept down and into the outstretched hands. "Oh, Miah," she shuddered, "let us go away."

"Not so fast," said the young man, reassuringly. "We are going to take their heads, and I tell you what, Hope, you shall have half the bounty. Sixteen shillings apiece for twenty wolves!"

"Me, Miah? I didn't kill them."

"No, but if it hadn't been for you, they wouldn't be here. You behaved with right smart spunk, Hope."

Great was the astonishment when Hope and her companions marched into Pequett with their booty, and many a bronzed cheek paled, and mothers clasped their babes closer when they heard her story.

"It ought never to be forgotten," said one, "and let the bounty be laid up for her wedding dower."

It was never forgotten, and Hope Raymond's great grandchild used to point out to strangers the rock called Hope Raymond's Fort.—*C. M. Holloway, in N. Y. Examiner.*

MAKING UP.

Why May Blossom Wouldn't Ever Speak to Pink Rose Again, and Why She Did.

"I shan't go over to her house never any more," said May Blossom, solemnly. "May be I shan't speak to her another single time ever."

She meant that she never would go to see Pink Rose again, nor speak to her—though that was "may be."

She had gone over to visit Pink Rose that very afternoon, with her doll Rosalinda; and here she was home again, much sooner than mamma had any reason to expect her, with a frowning, tearful little face and pouting lips, and doll Rosalinda upside-down in her arms.

Mamma was puzzled.

"Why, what is the trouble, dear?" she asked.

May began to wink very fast; but, in spite of all she could do, the tears filled her eyes and ran over, and dropped down on Rosalinda.

"O, mamma, she—she's such a bad, mean, mean girl, mamma! I can't tell!"

But she did tell pretty soon, when she was in mamma's lap, with mamma's arms around her, and mamma's kisses on her flushed face, all stained as it was with tears. And it was a doleful little story she told.

"We were having the best time you could think of, mamma, playing tea, and I took the last piece of cake, and Pink went to get some more; and I heard her tell that I was a pig, mamma, and ate every thing, and that's what I was so fat about. So, of course, I couldn't help crying and feeling just as miser'ble, and I put on my things right that minute, before she got back, and took Rosalinda and came home. O mamma, I know my heart is—cracked anyway, mamma!"

Wasn't it dreadful? Though, to be sure, mamma couldn't help smiling a little; but she thought there must be some mistake.

"Are you sure you heard just right, dear?" she asked May.

"Yes'm," answered May, "I know I did, mamma. And I sha'n't ever—"

Just at that minute the door came open, letting in a rush of cold air and half-a-dozen snow-flakes and a little girl in a white cloak and cap, with very red cheeks and very bright eyes. It was surely Pink Rose, looking frightened and bewildered enough.

May wouldn't speak; she hid her face and began to cry.

Poor little Pink! she did't know what to make of it all. Her lips trembled, and when she tried to say something she choked up; and then she began to cry, too, as hard as she could cry.

"What made her go home without telling me?" she sobbed; "what made her now?"

Then mamma *knew* it was all a mistake, though, of course, she couldn't quite understand how it could be; and she told Pink the story, just as May had told it to her.

"That is why she came home," said she. "Can you explain about it, dear?"

Pink was already laughing through her tears—laughing as hard as she had cried.

May lifted her face. "You needn't laugh," she said, indignantly. "You *did* call me a pig—you bad, bad girl!"

"No, I didn't," cried Pink. "Oh dear me! I didn't. It was my white dove, and Susan was throwing out some crumbs before she'd get me the cake, and Clover was gobbling the crumbs faster 'n all the rest of the doves, and I said she was a pig and that it made her fat eating such a lot. Oh dear! It wasn't you, Mamie; it was Clover."

May slid out of her mother's lap, and put her finger in her mouth.

"I'm orfle sorry," said she, "and I wish I didn't come home."

"Why can't you come back again?" asked Pink.

"I guess I can," said May. "Can't I, mamma?"

"Yes," said mamma, smiling, "you can stay an hour."

So May went back to finish out her visit, with Pink, and Doll Rosalinda, this time right side up.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Young woman (at Central Park menagerie): And what is the name of that odd-looking bird, papa? Papa: That is a stork; my dear. Young woman (surprised): Are you sure? I have always supposed that storks have but one leg.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—All the police stations in New York are to be painted white, so that they may be easily recognized by strangers and others.

—New York is the pivotal State. This truth is undeniably impressed in the New Yorker who has spent half a dozen hours with the boys.

—Miss Oldgirl (giggling)—Would you believe it, Mr. Lighthead, that Washington's birthday and mine are on the same day? "Impossible!" replied Lighthead. "Why, you don't look half his age."

—First Burglar—"What's that?" Second Burglar—"A sample case. I spend the daytime goin' around and selling oil to keep doors from squeaking. Great scheme, ain't it?"—*Omaha World.*

—The Saguenay river is believed to be the deepest stream in the world. The general depth is from 600 to 900 feet, and the bottom of the river at its mouth is 600 feet below the bottom of the St. Lawrence.

—"Just think," said Mrs. Walkin to her maid, "the very next day after my new black dress was sent home I was called to go out of town to a funeral." "Wasn't that nice?" was the absent-minded reply.

—There is really no competition between oleomargarine and first-class butter. It is the inferior article that is driven out by competition. The farmer who makes good butter can regulate his price, as it is always salable.

—Hotel manager (to leader of summer band)—"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" Bandmaster—"Ach! Dot vos so, I bick 'em mineselluff." Hotel manager—"Well, then you picked them before they were ripe."—*Musical Record.*

—Mrs. De Ham—"What do you suppose gave me this dreadful cold, Charlie?" De Ham (who can't find the change he left in his other clothes)—"Don't know, unless 'twas that New York draft I left in my other coat yesterday."—*Chicago Mail.*

—The names for money in the language of the Ogallalla Sioux are interesting. Gold is mases-ska-zi, literally "yellow white iron;" silver is mases-ska-ska, or white iron," and greenbacks are minne-hurpimases-ska, or "paper that talks white iron."

—"What's the matter, Brown?" "Everything's going wrong. I tell you, old fellow, I feel like taking poison and committing suicide." "O, come, come. Don't do any thing like that. Here, take another cigarette."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—There is said to be a queer old fellow in Boston who has devoted years of time and a fortune in money to the collection of elaborate statistics which go to show that the more dogs there are in a community the more wicked the people of a community are.

—In Europe the white pine has proved valuable as a forest tree. It is perfectly hardy, is not injured by long and severe freezing in winter, nor by untimely frosts in spring or autumn. Some groves in Germany are one hundred and twenty years old, and yield a large proportion of the seed demanded by the increasing cultivation of the white pine in Europe.

—Old Philip Winebiddle, the founder of the Winebiddle estate in East Liberty, Pa., bought one hundred acres of land where the city of Erie now stands sixty years ago, and paid $500 for it. Almost before the ink was dry on the papers he made up his mind that he had been swindled, but thirty years later the land could not be bought for $2,000,000, and is now worth $3,000,000.

—Parisian dressmakers have a code of rules regarding color combinations. Among them are these: Black can not be worn with any neutral tint and especially not with green or blue; browns combine well with blue, pink, scarlet or fawn. Navy blue combines well with bright red. Pink can be worn over blue, but not blue over pink. Yellow should always be used with the greatest discrimination.

—American women who marry English husbands will have much difficulty in dissolving their union, if the conditions are unhappy, by a new divorce decision of the English court, which establishes the point that if an American woman married to an English husband wishes to obtain a valid divorce she must sue in the English courts or she can not get it, the domicile of her husband being the controlling fact in the eye of the law.

—One of the queer uses to which some fashionable women put District Telegraph messenger boys is to have them take out their pet dogs for exercise and airing. Every morning and evening the uniformed lads may be seen around Rittenhouse Square, New York, accompanied by pugs, fox terriers, collies, poodles and other dogs of high degree, some loose and some with leashes. The boys appear to enjoy it as much as the dogs.

—An organization lately formed in Pittsburgh is called the "Foreman Association," and consists of foremen from every large industry in the city, from the iron mills to the paint shops. Its object is to secure a suitable reading room, library, gymnasium, and especially a lecture hall "where new ideas, both theoretical and practical, may be exchanged;" to secure places for skilled workmen in all trades; to inaugurate a system of visits to the principal shops and mills for the interchange of suggestions and comment, and for the general advancement of the interests of the foremen themselves, of the employers for whom they work and the men whom they direct. It is the intention to make the organization a national one.

ABOUT THE MOON.

Facts Concerning Our Nearest Neighbor in the Solar System.

A few weeks ago an important address was given in London by Sir Robert Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, about the moon. In its course, he made known the most recent conclusions of astronomers as to the moon's composition, its climatic condition and the probability of its being inhabited.

As our nearest neighbor in the solar system, the moon must always be an object of peculiar interest and of ardent investigation to the dwellers upon the earth. So much nearer is it than either of the planets, that we can learn more about it, and observe its physical features more minutely. We know that that the moon's diameter is only one-fourth of that of our globe; that it is only two hundred and forty thousand miles distant from us; that, if the moon should disappear from its orbit as our satellite, a most important physical change on the earth, the cessation of tides, would take place; and that in bulk, the moon is eighty times less heavy than the earth. We can discern, through powerful telescopes, the general formation of that half of the moon's surface which is turned toward us. We are told that there are visible two craters of volcanoes sixty miles [illegible] another, ten thousand feet deep; that one mighty peak rises to a height of twenty-four thousand feet; and that a vast basin is visible, seventeen thousand feet deep, and over fifty miles wide.

It has long been a warmly debated question among astronomers whether it is possible that the moon could support vegetation and animal and human life. But a general agreement has now been reached by them, that the moon is much older than the earth; that it is "as dead as a door nail," that it has neither atmosphere, air or water; that, in short, it is "nothing else but a ball of extinct volcanic matter, lighted only by the rays of the distant sun." No fires ever issue from the great volcanoes which are apparent on its surface; the huge, hollowed-out craters emit no smoke. A vast and eternal silence reigns through all the dreary, treeless, lifeless expanse.

The moon, indeed, is apparently abandoned to death, nourishing no inhabitants, producing nothing resembling trees, flowers, or beautiful things of any kind—useless, in short, except as a mass of extinct volcanic rubbish, which drags the sea into tides, and reflects the sunbeams into moonlight; but whirls, like a corpse in cerements of silver-cloth and black velvet, round and round the earth."

The astronomers have carefully constructed a geography of the moon, and have mapped out its region, and given names to its various features. For instance, they have called some of the mountains of the moon, "Copernicus," "Posidonius," "Clavius," after earthly philosophers; others, they have christened by the names of the famous peaks of the earth; and the dreary valleys and waterless bays and lakes have received fanciful but inapposite names, such as "the Bays of Clouds," the "Lake of Nectar" and the "Gulf of Rainbows."

It is doubtful, according to Sir Robert Ball, if any increase of the magnifying powers of telescopes will add any further definite knowledge to that which has already been acquired about the moon. He believes that, when the moon is brought by greater lenses to within fifty (instead of, as now, two hundred and fifty) miles of the earth, as it probably will be in the near future, the result of this improved observation will be mainly valuable as confirming the conclusions already arrived at.—*Youth's Companion.*

ABOUT CROCUSES.

Their Intimate Connection with the Saffron of Commerce.

None of our yellow crocuses are of European origin; they come to us from the East, and appear to be comparatively recent importations. "Cloth of Gold," for instance, is a native of Turkey and the Crimea, while the original home of the large yellow crocus is Asia Minor. Many other kinds have no doubt been produced by the ingenuity of the Dutch gardeners, always skillful in their treatment of bulbs. The chief interest of the crocus lies, however, in the fact of its connection with the saffron of commerce. Twice in the course of history this latter drug has enjoyed a popularity which seems strange to us—once under the Greeks and Romans and again in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Saffron itself is nothing more than the dried stigmas of a certain purple crocus which blossoms in the autumn. It seems originally to have been brought from the East. Its name in any case is Eastern, being, it is said, merely a change of the Arabic word *zahfaran*. The Greeks and the Romans, it is true, knew nothing of this name, but always used the term crocus for saffron. The undoubted fact, however, of its having, on its reappearance in Europe, been imported from the East, confirms the tradition or notion of its Oriental origin. It was, strangely enough, the scent which formed its chief attraction for the ancients. They regarded it as the most delicious of perfumes, and endeavored to introduce it on every possible occasion. The floors of their halls and mansions, as also of their theaters, were strewed with it, and Pliny in one place recommends that the saffron should be bruised, in order the better to diffuse its fragrance. Its flavor was also greatly appreciated, and Beckmann says that "in the oldest work on cookery which has been handed down to us, and which is ascribed to Apicius, it appears that saffron was as much employed in seasoning dishes as for a perfume."—*Chamber's Journal.*

A MELANCHOLY JOURNEY.

Extraordinary Narrative of a Passenger On an Erie Train.

Among the passengers on an Erie railway express train from the West was a middle-aged man who had in his charge a little golden-haired girl, three or four years old, whose piquant ways and bright sayings made her a general favorite. A gentleman sitting in the next seat in front of the passenger with the child remarked to her guardian that the longest and most tedious journey would be made cheery by such a traveling companion as his.

"Yes," replied the passenger, "but notwithstanding the sunshine of her presence, she is a constant reminder to me of one of the most melancholy journeys I ever undertook. Her mother was my only sister, who lived in Crawford County, Pennsylvania. I had not seen her for over fifteen years, and, in fact, we had both neglected our correspondence with each other, and I had not heard from her in over a year. In the meantime I had changed my address in New York, where I live, and she of course did not know it. Last week I had business in Erie, and I made up my mind to take advantage of the trip and make my sister a visit, and also visit another relative in Tioga County, whom I had not seen in many years. Sunday a week ago I stopped off at Meadville and drove to the little farming village where Mrs. Cole lived, and was directed to the house, but noticed that the man looked at me in a very strange manner. I drove up to the house, and my knock was answered by my brother-in-law. He knew me and grasped my hand, but said not a word, being overcome by some great emotion. At last he said:

"'How did you hear of it?'

"'Of what, John?' I said. 'I have heard nothing. How is Emma?'

"'Emma is dead!' he replied.

"Emma was my sister. She had died on the Friday previous, and had been buried but an hour or two when I arrived at her house. This little one here was the only living child my sister had. My brother-in-law has large interests in Illinois, and, as his presence in that State is necessary at frequent intervals, he accepted my proposition to take his child into my own family. Fortunately she took a liking to me, and I brought her with me.

"On our way East we got off at Elmira, as I intended to make the visit to my Tioga County relative, although not with the feelings I had when I first looked forward to the visit. This was Sunday evening. There was no train to my destination until the next day. In the reading room of the hotel near the depot where I stopped I picked up a local newspaper. In looking over its pages I saw an item headed 'An Entire Family Killed.' I read it. It seems, according to the item, that on Friday of week before last a farmer near Athens, Pa., was amazed to see a team of runaway horses, which had evidently broken away from a wagon to which they had been hitched, dashing down the road toward his house, where they turned from the road and entered the farmer's yard. They were caught, and the farmer went back in the direction from which the runaways had come, to see what had happened to the person or persons to whom the team belonged. He had not gone far before he saw in the road the wreck of a spring wagon, which had been crushed by an immense hemlock tree which had fallen upon it as it was passing that spot. Beneath the trunk of the tree lay the dead bodies of a man, a woman apparently his wife, and one child. Held down by a branch of the tree were two other children, not dead, but unconscious. The former summoned help and the tree was removed and the three dead bodies and the unconscious children were taken to the farm house. The two children died a little later. The man's name, the paper said, was George Bakewell, of Tioga County, who, with his family, was visiting near Athens, and to which place he was driving when the hemlock tree, which was partly decayed, was blown down just as he was driving past. George Bakewell was the relative I was even then on my way to visit, and on inquiry I found that he and this George Bakewell, who had, with his entire family, been crushed out of existence in an instant, were one and the same. So you may well see," concluded the passenger, "that it has not been possible for even this little one's sunshine to brighten this melancholy journey of mine."—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Gray-Hair Puller.

Possibly the most unique method of earning a living known is that adopted by a big, rosy, twenty-year-old blonde, who finds engagements with women just lamenting their first gray hairs, to weed out, so to speak, those obnoxious reminders of advancing years. The gray-hair puller is gentle in her methods of treatment and makes periodic visits at intervals of a few weeks, spending from half an hour to two or three hours, letting down the hair, combing it out and spying for tell-tale silver threads. She carries an innocent-looking little reticule which contains various glycerine and rose-water preparations for a healing application when the work of torture has been done. It is not especially disagreeable work and it is said to pay.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Griggs—"See here, Slimley, a word with you before you go. You've been calling on my sister for three months, and I think it's about time to ask your intentions." Slimley—"Perfectly honorable, Tom. She proposed to me to-night, and we'll be married soon."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE COW-BOY COSSACKS;

OR,

Following Fortune Through the Flames. A Story of the Great Wars of To-day.

When the Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, visited the United States he was captivated by the wild life of the far western plains, and took a great fancy to the cow-boys, who reminded him of the famed Cossacks of his own country. There were three cow-boys of whom he became so fond that he invited them to visit him in Russia. One of them was Jacques Dardeville, from New Orleans; another was Robert Macy, from Nantucket, and the third was Rory O'Brien, who came from Dublin when a baby. They all had nicknames, Dardeville's being "Daredevil Jack," Macy's "Buckaro Bob," and O'Brien's "Little Bricks," from his small stature and gamy qualities in a row.

These cow-boys liked the Grand Duke so well that they resolved to accept his invitation, and as soon as they could get ready, they went to Russia, and hearing that Alexis was in Moscow, they hastened thither. Shakespeare's Macbeth was to be played at the theater in English on the evening of their arrival, and they went to see it.

General Skobeleff, the celebrated "White General," as he was called, who was the idol of the Russian army, was present, and Daredevil Jack, Buckaro Bob and Little Bricks happened to sit in the parquet near him and his friend General Krapotkin. Skobeleff, who had been told much by the Grand Duke of his cow-boy friends, surmised who they were.



GENERAL SKOBELEFF.

Skobeleff, having fired a bullet through a mirror at an aristocratic party, had been deprived of his command, and knew that he had got to do some daring deed at the beginning of the war with Turkey, then just coming on, to get himself reinstated in the royal favor. In order to succeed, he would need some comrades skilled in horsemanship, and of unflinching courage, and he at once thought that the American cow-boys would be just the men for him. He was about to speak to them, when a loud cry arose, and the scenery and stage were seen to be on fire. At once, from every quarter, arose the shrieks of women and the shouts of men.

Within fifty seconds the front of the parquet was absolutely empty, save for the three Americans and the two officers, Skobeleff and Krapotkin, who had retained their seats with imperturbable coolness.

Little Bricks said to Macy, in a quiet way:

"Reckon thar ain't much show for us, Buckaro, unless thar's a door under that stage." Then, as he glanced around at the demoralized crowd behind them, he added, with some wonder: "Well, I swar, ef thar ain't two *real men* at last."

He referred to the two officers, who now rose slowly from their seats and came towards the strangers.

Skobeleff was as cool as a cucumber, as he held out his hand to Little Bricks, and said, in excellent English, or rather shouted into his ear:

"You are a *melodyets*—a brave fellow! How came you here? What brought you to Russia, I mean?"

Little Bricks, grasping the hand extended as if it had been that of a comrade, yelled back his answer in the other's ear:

"Came to see the Grand Duke Alexis. Met him on the plains. We three helped him his first buffalo hunt. Asked us to call on him, if we ever came to Roosha. Got on a tear and *came. Here we air.* Know any thing about the Grand Duke, stranger?"

"The Grand Duke is at Sebastopol. You know he is in the navy, not the army. You will not be able to do any thing with *him* in this war, gentlemen. You had better come with *me.* Here is my card. If we get out of this fire alive, call at that hotel in the morning. Is that understood?"

Little Bricks nodded, and just at that moment Krapotkin touched Skobeleff on the arm, and pointed out that, under the stage, the door by which the orchestra went out and in, was wide open, and looked black, as if there was no fire, in that direction.

The gesture was sufficient, and Skobeleff touched the three cow-boys successively, and pointed them to the door.

Then Jacques Dardeville screamed into Skobeleff's ear:

"Go and find if it leads out anywhere, and we'll bring some girls out that way."

Skobeleff nodded assent, and darted down to the opening. In a few moments he came back to shout in his companion's ear:

"It leads into an open court. If there is no jam we can get out quite a number."

Then the five men left their place of safety, and advanced to the back of the shrieking, struggling mass of humanity, that was now urging around the foot of the balcony.

The fire on the stage had spread by the curtain, over the roof of the theater, and was already licking at the curtains of the boxes.

Skobeleff, surveying the scene with undiminished coolness, pointed to the great entrance door, which could still be seen through the smoke, and roared into Dardeville's ear:

"Blocked tight! Get them back!"

So saying, they began to pull at the terror-stricken ones that they saw running to and fro in the rear of the crowd, and pointed out, by gestures, the dark door under the stage; but by the time they had escorted about a score of ladies off in this way, the fire had crept so near the stage door that the next-comers shuddered and shrank back from the apparent danger. Skobeleff yelled in Macy's ear:

"We've saved all we can. Take another girl apiece and let us go *while we can.*"

The Americans nodded silently, and each man looked about for a woman to save, when they heard a great cry behind them, which was followed by a crash. Looking round, they saw that a part of the roof had fallen in sparks on the crowd, and that all hopes of escape seemed to be cut off; but they heard Skobeleff say aloud, in English:

"Courage, my friends. If we get out of this, you are the boys I want to have with me." The continuation of this thrilling historical narrative of "The Cow-Boy Cossacks" is given in number thirteen of the New York *Ledger*, the great family story paper, which is always full of the best and choicest reading matter, and every number of which contains something to amuse, to entertain and to instruct the reader. The subscription price of the New York *Ledger* is $3 a year; for six months, $1.50, and for four months, $1, all postage free. Subscribers can begin with No. 13, containing a continuation of the great story of

"The Cow-Boy Cossacks." Address Robert Bonner's Sons, Publishers of the New York *Ledger*, corner of Spruce and William streets, New York.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

NOTICE FOR THE

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS

—OF THE—

GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

In accordance with a resolution passed at a meeting of a majority of the Commissioners named in the Act to Incorporate the Garrett County Bank, notice is hereby given, that there will be a meeting of the Stockholders of said Corporation to be held on

Tuesday, the 15th Day of May,

1888, at 2 o'clock P. M., at Offutt's Hall, in the town of Oakland, for the purpose of Electing Seven Directors, to manage the affairs of said Corporation for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting; and notice is further given that the books of subscription to the Stock of said Corporation, are now open and in the custody of D. E. Offutt.

D. E. OFFUTT,
4 14 2 President *pro tem.*

ORDER NISI.

George Matthews and others plaintiffs, vs. Jane Francis Fike and others defendants.

No. 415 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

IT IS ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, this 9th day of April, 1888, that the sales as made and reported by Jonas Frazee, trustee, the one to Lucien Frazee for the "Ross Augustine Farm," and the other at private sale to Jane Frances Fike, for the "Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, and both sold subject to the widow's dower, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of May next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 4th day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $3,960.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
4 14 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Feity, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road.

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by J. D. Ashenfelter, R. M. Fairall and others, beginning at or near the Northwestern corner of John C. Beckman's land, on the Swanton road, and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright to the spring dranes near the Hogan place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's store and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
NATHAN CASTEEL,
THOS. R. MCROBIE,
4 14 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by W. Taylor Sines, T. B. Digman and others, leading from Sang Run road, near Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through lands of Israel Spiker, Riley Montgomery, Dennis Ryan and the B. & O. R. R Co., to intersect the Cranesville and Oakland r ad near Isaac Layton s, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FREEMAN W. LEWIS,
JOHN SINES,
4 14 5 Examiners.

Estate of Abraham J. Beachy, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ABRHAM J. BEACHY,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of April, 1888.

JACOB GNAGEY, Executor.
4 14 3t Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

4 7 6 JOSEPH LASHORN, Mayor.

S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between P. T. Garthright and H. C. Duckworth, under the style of Garthright & Duckworth, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., was mutually dissolved April 3d, 1888. The books will be in the hands of P. T. Garthright until July 1st, 1888, when all accounts not settled by that date will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
H. C. DUCKWORTH.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., April 4, 1888.

The business of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, will be conducted by the undersigned, at the old stand, where boots, shoes, notions and clothing will be sold at cost until the stock is reduced.

I will keep for sale a full supply of the Oliver Chilled plows, best in the market, clover and timothy seed, and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

4 7 4 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

Lived at the Best Hotels.

I know a "man about town" here, says a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who takes a great interest in public affairs, visits the capitol regular every day, is a charming talker, a welcome guest at the home of many Senators and Members of the House—in short, a "jolly good fellow," but one whose means of support have been something of a mystery to his most intimate companions. The other day he applied to a Senator, whose wealth is counted by the millions, for the loan of $500.

"I don't know that I shall ever be able to pay you," said Jones, frankly—I call him Jones because that is not his name—"but if I am ever able I will do so."

The Senator was a good deal surprised at this unusual exhibition of candor, and replied in the same manner. "As you are so frank," said he, "you cannot object to my imitating you. I would like to know how you live. It has long been a mystery to me, and if I give you the money I want you to gratify my curiosity. Now, don't be offended."

"Not in the least," replied Jones. "On the contrary you have a right to know. I have no income, as many people suppose, but simply live on my friends. I entertain them, do little services for them, and then draw upon them, as I have on you for my pay. I have never struck you before, and I hope I shall not be compelled to do so again: but just at present I am flat broke, and you happened to be the first man I met after receiving my board bill, which, of course, has to be paid, for I don't want to move."

The Senator's astonishment may better be imagined than described. Recovering his breath, he exclaimed:

"Look here, Jones, if you live on your friends, as you say, why do you always board at a first-class hotel?"

"That's easy enough to answer," replied Jones, without a moment's hesitation. "If I didn't board at a first-class hotel I wouldn't have any friends."

A Diplomatic Clergyman.

A good minister was talking to a class of young people who had become interested in religious matters through the influence of the Moody meetings. He was impressing upon them the idea that a man should carry his religion into his business.

"Don't keep your religion exclusively for Sunday. Pray to Him for success in business. I believe it is a right for a man to ask the Almighty to increase his business and make it prosper."

"But," said a young man present, "I am an undertaker, Would it be right for me to ask the Lord to give me a boom in business?"

The minister was nonpulsed for a moment, and the class evidently regarded the question as a poser. But the divine finally arose to the emergency and replied:

"While I don't think it would be right for you to ask the Lord to make deaths plentiful in order that your business may thrive, yet you could ask that in case of any deaths in the community the funerals might be thrown in your way."—*Louisville Post.*

Pearls of Thought.

Overwork is a waste of capital.

The secret of thrift is knowledge.

Be not anxious about the trouble which is not yet come.

Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character.

Rich people who are covetous are like the cypress tree; they may appear well, but are fruitless.

If women did not believe men any more than they did women, it would be lucky for the sex.

Help others wherever you can; you would yourself be grateful for a helpful hand in a moment of need.

Conviction is in itself a power. The man who is sure of what he says gives assurance to those who hear him.

Light as a gossamer is the circumstance which can bring enjoyment to the conscience which is not its own accuser.

"The greatest thing for a man to know," said Alexander the Great, "is that with which he is least acquainted—himself in person."

He who posesses a friend whom he can trust, one who is found faithful through storm and sunshine, has one of the rarest treasures which this world holds.

It may be that luck goes up and down the world calling on men and women, but the name has been spelled pluck on all of her cards that have come under our eye.

Uncle Mose, entering the house of Judge Pennybunker, was astonished on hearing a parrot exclaim: "Take off your hat!" He complied at once, ejaculating with chattering teeth: "'Scuse me, boss; I mistuck yo for a bird. I did, suah."

Uncontrollable Forces.

Every now and then we get a reminder of the existence of uncontrollable elements before which man is helpless, and against which no invention can ever secure safety.

We have disastrous tempests on the high seas.

We have destructive blizzards like those in Dakota.

We have occasional warnings of danger from the slumbering earthquake.

We have extraordinary snow storms which stop the wheels of traffic and interrupt our industries.

We have the lightning that threatens.

We have the times of baleful weather, and solar fires that are almost consuming.

We are as helpless in the presence of these elemental forces as were the men who lived when first the human race took up its parable.

And the men who live in the last days of the earth will be just as helpless.

But this fact need not prevent us from enjoying the halcyon years, with their varying seasons, during the whole course of which mankind have felt reasonably secure against the menacing agencies which they cannot control.—*New York Sun.*

"Do you have good drinking water here?" asked a stranger in Kentucky. "Guess it's pretty good," replied the native, "never seems to hurt the horses nor cattle."

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Apetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers, everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87, 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," and to enact the following Section in lieu thereof, requiring security for costs.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter 86 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty six, entitled "An Act to regulate the trial of causes before Justices of the Peace for Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed, and the following Sections be enacted in lieu thereof:

2. In any suit or action before a Justice of the Peace in Garrett county, where the plaintiff is not a resident of the State of Maryland the Justice of the Peace shall upon motion of the defendant, require the plaintiff to give security for the payment of the costs and charges which may be recovered against him in such action. When such security is required in any case the plaintiff shall be entitled to a continuance for not less than six nor more than fourteen days, and if the security required be not then given he shall be non-suited.

3. In all cases of appeal from Justices of the Peace in said county to the Circuit Court, the plaintiff, if he be a non-resident of the State of Maryland, may be required to give security for costs in the same manner and to the same extent in all respects as if the case had originated in the Circuit Court for said county.

SEC. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.



For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

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PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaunents and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th '1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	—Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.37 A. M.
No. 81	—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

8 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 272 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1884, entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county," and to enact a section in lieu thereof fixing the compensation of the Sheriff of said county for conveying persons from said county to State Institutions.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter two hundred and seventy-two of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled "An Act to authorize and empower the Sheriff of Garrett county to employ a Warden for the County Jail of said county" be and the same is hereby repealed; and that the following section be enacted in lieu thereof.

The Sheriff of Garrett county shall be allowed for conveying persons under sentence from said county to any State Institution the actual and necessary travelling expenses of said persons, and the actual and necessary travelling expenses of himself to and from such institution, and also ten dollars a day as compensation for such service, but said Sheriff shall not be allowed more than two days compensation for any one trip to such institution; said expenses and compensation shall be levied and paid as other county charges are usually paid.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 473 of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section 3 of Chapter 108 of the Act of January Session, 1878, entitled An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county," providing for the fees of Sheriff; and also to repeal Chapter 378 of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1874, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county," and also to repeal section 6 of Chapter 108, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter four hundred and seventy-three of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal and re-enact with amendments section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, entitled "Garrett county" providing for the fees of Sheriff; and Chapter three hundred and seventy-eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy four, entitled "An Act to regulate Sheriffs' fees for Garrett county;" and Section sixty-three of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," sub-title "Sheriff" be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888,

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 16 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1876, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and also to repeal Chapter 101 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1882, entitled "An Act to repeal Section 22 of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county;" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the Crier of the Circuit Court; and also to repeal Sections 21 and twenty-two of Chapter 108 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1878, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," subtitle "County Surveyor" and "Crier," respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter Sixteen of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy six, entitled "An Act to regulate the fees of the County Surveyor of Garrett county;" and Chapter one hundred and one of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-two, entitled "An Act to repeal Section twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county;" and to re-enact the same with amendments providing for additional pay to the "Crier of the Circuit Court;" and Sections twenty one and twenty-two of Chapter one hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled "Garrett county," subtitle "County Surveyor" and "Crier" respectively, be and they are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal Chapter 208 of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, 1886, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Chapter two hundred and eight of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to lay out and establish a new Election District in Garrett county, out of the First and Tenth Election Districts, and to be called District Number Twelve," be and the same is hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 2d, 1888.

I hereby certify that the aforegoing is a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.

VALUABLE
STOCK FARM
FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888. NUMBER 9.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 1y

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

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VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST, OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n18

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 8, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schramm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure. Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER, 2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

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Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

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Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; nospecial ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, somethi g of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

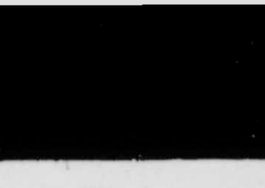
As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
12 24 3m Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



TORPID LIVER

Is known by these marked peculiarities:

1. A feeling of weariness and pains in the limbs.
2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
4. Headache, in the front of the head; nausea, dizziness, and yellowness of skin.
5. Heartburn, loss of appetite.
6. Distention of the stomach and bowels by wind.
7. Depression of spirits, and great melancholy, with lassitude, and a disposition to leave everything for to-morrow.

A natural flow of Bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

BILIOUSNESS,

which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most delicious influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

"I have been subject to severe spells of Congestion of the Liver, and have been in the habit of taking from 15 to 20 grains of calomel which generally laid me up for three or four days. Lately I have been taking Simmons Liver Regulator, which gave me relief without any interruption to business."—J. HUGG, Middleport, Ohio.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z stamp in red on front of Wrapper

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of inventions. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Wise Words.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Even the worst people have some good left in them.

Disraeli's maxim: Ignorance never settles a question.

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it.

As a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

So long as we set our affections on things above, things below cannot grieve us.

No liege a demand is made on our faith by nature as can be made by miracles

Many men claim to be firm in their principles when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

Frugal and industrious men are friendly to the established government, as the idle and expensive are dangerous.

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society, any more than eloquent obituaries to get a man into heaven.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 515.

AN ACT

To repeal section thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one fifty-two, sixty-six, sixty-seven, and eighty-one of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the act of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, Chapter four hundred and eighty-three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county, and sections seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett County, and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That Sections thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, forty-two, forty-eight, forty nine, fifty, fifty-one fifty-two sixty-six, sixty-seven, eighty-one, of Article eighty-one of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Revenue and Taxes," as enacted by the acts of January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy - four, Chapter four hundred and eighty-three, so far as the same relates to Garrett county, and sections seventy-one, seventy two, seventy-three, seventy-four and seventy-five, of Chapter one hundred and eight, of the acts of assembly passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled an act to add an additional Article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett County, be and the same are hereby repealed, and the following sections enacted in lieu thereof, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer:

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county, on the third Tuesday in April of every second year, or as soon as may be thereafter, shall appoint from among the residents of said county, a competent person County Treasurer for said county, who shall give bond and qualify as hereinafter directed, and shall hold his office two years, or until his successor is appointed and qualified, except as hereinafter provided, and shall be re-eligible thereto, and shall be subject to removal from his said office at any time by the County Commissioners for any wilfull neglect of duty or misbehavior in office. The said Treasurer shall be the collector of all State taxes and of all County taxes, for whatsoever purpose levied or to be levied for or within said county during the term of his office, or that may be placed in his hands for collection, and he shall have full power and it shall be his duty to receive and collect all State and County taxes levied as aforesaid after the passage of this act, and so put in his hands for collection, and all monies which may be due said county, with full power to enforce the payment of the same by sale or otherwise, as hereafter prescribed, and to convey title to any real or personal estate sold by him, for the payment of State or County taxes in the manner as prescribed by the succeeding sections, and all taxes levied in said county after the first day of January, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, for State and County purposes, shall be collected by the County Treasurer.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the person so appointed, before he enters upon the duties of his said office, shall take an oath before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, in form similar to that now taken by collectors of taxes, except as to the title of his office and to be similarly certified; he shall execute to the State of Maryland, such bond as is now or may hereafter be required by law, as the collector of State taxes, which bond shall be approved and filed in like manner as other bonds of collectors of State taxes, and he shall execute to the State of Maryland, a separate bond in the penal sum of thirty thousand dollars, with at least three sureties to be approved by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, with the condition that if the above bounden Treasurer shall well and faithfully execute his office of Treasurer, of Garrett county, and shall account for and pay to the County Commissioners of said county, or their order, the several sums which he shall receive for said county, or be answerable for by law, at such time and in such manner as the law shall direct, then the said obligation to be void, or otherwise to be and remain in full force and virtue in law; and the said bond, when approved, shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county. In case of the default of the person so appointed to qualify and execute the bonds hereinbefore required within thirty days after his appointment, or in the event of the Treasurer's removal from said county or his death or resignation during his term of office, the County Commissioners shall at once proceed to fill such vacancy by the appointment of a competent person for the remainder of the term, who shall within twenty days from the date of his appointment, qualify and bond as hereinbefore directed, and the County Commissioners shall continue after twenty days to make such appointment until a Treasurer shall qualify and bond as aforesaid; provided that such new Treasurer, so taking the place made vacant by removal, death or resignation, shall not collect nor take charge of any of the taxes that may be in the hands of such late Treasurer uncollected, and for which the bond of such late Treasurer is responsible, except as herein otherwise provided, but such taxes shall be collected under existing laws applicable to collector of State and County taxes when there is a death or resignation. The sureties on any Treasurer's bonds shall, when so required by said Commissioners, make oath in due form of law respectively, that they are the owners in their own right of real estate situated in said county, equal at least over and above their debts and liabilities in value to the amount of the bond. The said Commissioners may at any time demand of any Treasurer such other or further bond with such other or further security as in their judgment the interests of the State may require.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners shall provide and furnish the Treasurer an office in the Court House building, or in some other building as near to the same as possible, in the town of Oakland, which office shall be plainly designated by external sign as the office of the County Treasurer, and it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep his said office open from nine o'clock in the forenoon, until three o'clock in the afternoon, and to attend there in for the transaction of business in person or by deputy, on every day in the week, except Sunday and legal holidays, and except he is absent from the town of Oakland, for the purpose of collecting taxes as hereinafter provided for. It shall be his duty to attend in person or by deputy in each election district of said county, two days between the first day of July and the first day of September, in each year, to collect and receive taxes, and he shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of such visits to the respective districts.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of said county shall make their annual levy for State and County taxes on or before the third Tuesday in April in each and every year, and the same shall be due and payable on the first day of August next, succeeding the date of the levy thereof; from all tax bills for county purposes which shall be paid prior to the first day of September, in the year of the levy thereof, a discount of five per centum shall be deducted from the amount thereof, from all such bills paid during the month of September, succeeding the levy thereof, a discount of four per centum shall be allowed, and all taxes levied for county purposes, remaining unpaid on the third first day of December, in the year of the levy thereof, shall be in arrear and interest shall be charged and collected thereon, from the date when the same shall have been due and payable, to wit: on the first day of August next succeeding the levy thereof, and the Treasurer shall make deductions from and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes, regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the deductions allowed on county taxes by this section, shall not be made to any person, persons or corporate institution, unless the whole amount of State and County taxes due by such person, persons or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is due.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Clerk of said County Commissioners, within ten days after the annual tax levy shall have been made, to deliver to the Treasurer a fair copy of the assessments lists of said county, showing the aggregate assessment of every person, corporate institution, or set of persons, as the same then appears on the assessment books of said county, with the names of said owners arranged according to election districts and alphabetically for each district; and also to deliver to said Treasurer a certified copy of the order or resolution of Commissioners making such tax levy.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep certain books to be supplied by said Commissioners, in which shall be entered a full account of all receipts and disbursements of said Treasurer. He shall also keep a full and fair cash account showing all sums of money received by him so as to indicate the source whence the same were received respectively, and showing all sums of money disbursed by him, so as to indicate the purpose to which the same were applied respectively. The said Treasurer shall report and exhibit to the said Commissioners at each of their regular meetings, a full and particular statement and account of his receipts and disbursements from the time of his appointment, or from the time of his last report, as the case may be, and shall exhibit his vouchers for his disbursements, which vouchers after cancellation, shall be retained by said Treasurer; all books, documents and papers belonging to the Treasurer's office, shall be the property and records of Garrett county, and at all times shall be subject to the examination of County Commissioners thereof. All books, documents and papers, goods and chattels, accounts and credits, money and deposits belonging to the Treasurer's office, or in his custody as Treasurer, shall deliver up and transferred by him to his successor in office when such successor is duly appointed and qualified; provided that the tax levy or levies placed in his hands for his collection, or so much thereof as may be uncollected or unaccounted for by him, and for which his bond is responsible, shall not be delivered or assigned over to his successor in office by such Treasurer, except as hereinafter provided, but his rights, powers and duties, as to collecting and reporting the same shall continue, and he shall collect and pay over the same as collected, to his successor in the manner and within the period hereinafter prescribed.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall at the close of each week deposit in a bank to be designated by the Comptroller of the Treasury, of Maryland, all State taxes and money due the State, which may have come into his hands during the week, to the credit of the Comptroller of the State Treasury, and shall receive there or from said bank a certificate of deposit, which he shall immediately forward to the Comptroller, showing the amount placed to his credit; and said Treasurer shall in like manner deposit all money in his hands at the end of each week received for county taxes and dues in such bank as he may see fit, to the credit of "The County Treasurer of Garrett County," which money shall be drawn only by the Treasurer making such deposit, and only for claims which may have been levied or ordered paid by the County Commissioners.

SEC. 9. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer as soon as the annual tax levy shall have been made to give notice thereof in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in different districts of said county, and to prepare the tax bills of each tax payer, and on application he shall forward the bill by mail or otherwise, or deliver the same to the person, persons, or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bill is assessed.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall, the first week in December of each and every year, publish in one newspaper published in said county, and by hand bills posted in three of the most public places in each election district, in said county, a list of all delinquent tax payers for the current year, which list shall contain the names of said delinquents, the amount of assessment of each, and the taxes due by each, with a notice appended thereto that the payment of said taxes will be enforced by advertisement and sale, unless the same are paid by the first day of January then next following.

SEC. 11. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the Treasurer to enforce the payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the first day of January, in the year succeeding that in which the same shall have been levied provided the notice required by the preceeding sections shall have been given. If the taxes be due and owing upon real property, or upon real and personal property, the Treasurer shall be authorized to enforce payment in the manner hereinafter prescribed, by a sale of either realty or personalty, whenever real estate is susceptible of division so that a part thereof will sell for enough to pay the taxes due and all costs, the Treasurer may in his discretion employ a surveyor to divide the same, and tax, as a part of the costs in such proceeding such compensation for the services of such surveyor as he may consider just, not exceeding the sum of three dollars per day, or the Treasurer may sell the whole of any tract of land at his election,

SEC. 12. And be it enacted, That whenever it becomes necessary for said Treasurer to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of realty, he shall advertise such real estate once a week for three successive weeks in one newspaper published in Garrett county, and by hand-bills set up near said property and at the Court House door, and any advertised notice of a sale under the provisions of this act shall be deemed sufficient if it contains the time, terms and place of such sale, the year or years for which the taxes are due, to whom the property is assessed, the district where located, and the description of such land which is contained in the assessment books of the County Commissioners. In no case shall a description by metes and bounds be necessary.

SEC. 13. And be it enacted, That whenever it shall be necessary to enforce the payment of taxes by a sale of personal property, the said Treasurer shall make out a bill of such taxes, in the usual form, with an order at the bottom of said bill, directing the Sheriff of said county to levy upon the personal property of the delinquent, and sell the same to satisfy and pay the taxes so due. And it shall the duty of said Sheriff upon receiving such tax bill and order to levy upon and sell the personal property of such delinquent in the same manner and upon the same notice, and he shall be entitled to the same fees as if he were proceeding under an execution from a Justice of the Peace, and he shall immediately after such sale pay over to said Treasurer the amount due on said tax bill, and any surplus which may remain after the payment of taxes, interests, and costs shall be paid by said Sheriff to such delinquent tax payer. And the said Sheriff's bond shall be liable for all such tax bills placed in his hands by such Treasurer to the same extent and in the same manner that it is liable for execution claims issued to him.

SEC. 14. And be it enacted, That when any real estate shall be sold under the provision of this act for taxes, the same shall be reported to the Circuit Court for said county by the Treasurer, upon which report if the Court shall find that the provisions of this act in relation thereto have been complied with, there shall be a brief order nisi passed and a copy thereof published, as in case of judicial sales by trustees, and if no objections to the ratification of such sale be filed within the time limited by said order nisi, or if objections be filed and the objector is unable to show that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, the sale shall be ratified by said Court, and for the purpose of hearing objections or passing orders under this act, said Courts shall be deemed to be always open as in chancery proceedings. If the objector to such sale show to the satisfaction of the judge or judges that the Treasurer has failed to comply with the provisions of this act, said sale shall be set aside, in which case the Treasurer shall forthwith proceed to a new sale of the property; upon the ratification of such sale the Treasurer shall convey to the purchaser the property purchased by him, upon payment of the costs of such deed by the purchaser, and the bond of the Treasurer shall be liable for the money paid by the purchaser, in the event of the sale not being so ratified with interest, and for all costs and expenses accruing from such sale. The Treasurer shall retain out of the proceeds of the sale when ratified, the amount of taxes and interest thereon, and all costs incurred in advertising, making, reporting and ratifying such sale, and shall pay over any excess to the owner or owners of the property thus sold. No such sale shall be set aside if the provisions of this act shall appear to have been substantiality complied with and the burden of proof shall be on the exceptant thereto.

SEC. 15. And be it enacted, That it the said Treasurer shall for himself or any other person discount or buy or receive for less than its face and real value, any claim against said county, the person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction, shall be fined not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars for each and every offence.

SEC. 16. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of said Treasurer to inform himself by all lawful means of all property, stocks, or investments in said county liable to taxation, and not included in the last revised list of assessment, and of all buildings and improvements, and of all property created or acquired since said revised assessment; and he shall value the same at the full cash value thereof, and shall make return thereof to the said County Commissioners; and for the purpose of this section, the said Treasurer shall be clothed with the powers of general assessor, and his valuation of such property shall be subject to revision and correction by said Commissioners

SEC. 17. And be it enacted, That the Treasurer shall pay over according to law or to the order of the said County Commissioners, in the manner hereinbefore prescribed by this act, all County taxes and all monies due said County, and collected by him, and he shall also pay over to the Treasurer of the State of Maryland, according to law, all the State taxes levied in said county, and collected by him, and he shall be allowed two years from the date of each levy placed in his hands for collection, to complete the collection thereof, and to make his final settlement with said County Commissioners and with the Treasurer of Maryland, respectively; all claims for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable tax bills for which he shall claim a credit, shall be presented before or at the time specified for said final settlement, and in no case shall said Commissioners allow credit for erroneous, insolvent or uncollectable taxes, unless satisfactory proof be produced under oath, that the the same cannot be collected. The said Commissioners, in their discretion, at any time after the expiration of the term of any such Treasurer, or at the final settlement aforesaid, may direct and require him to deliver over to his successor in office, all balances of collected taxes due upon the lexies with which he was charged, and also so to deliver over the notices, levies and other proceedings, had for the enforcement of the payment of said taxes, and in said case the said successor or newly appointed and qualified Treasurer upon the delivery to him of the bills for such taxes, shall be empowered and required to enforce the payment of said taxes in the same manner as his predecessor could have done, and he shall have all the powers and authority in law with which his predecessor was clothed for that purpose; in such case the bond or bonds of the newly elected or succeeding Treasurer shall become responsible for the proper collection and disbursement of such taxes, and the bond or bonds of the retiring or retired Treasurer, shall be released from responsibility therefor; provided that no Treasurer's bond shall be considered as released or be cancelled, until in one mode or the other he has fully settled his accounts secured thereby, and fulfilled the duties of his said office.

SEC. 18. And be it enacted, That the said Treasurer shall receive as compensation for all the services required of him under this act four per cent. on all the taxes actually collected by him, and should said Treasurer find it necessary for his convenience at any time to appoint a deputy, he shall pay said deputy out of his commissions, and he shall be answerable for the acts of such deputy. And the County Commissioners shall, at the time of making the annual levy, levy a sufficient sum, by estimate, to cover the discount to tax payers, and compensation to the Treasurer, provided for in the preceding sections.

SEC. 19. And be it enacted, That where land is in the hands of a trustee for sale or otherwise, whether by virtue of a decree of Court or under a deed of trust, and the taxes thereon are in arrears, under the provisions of this act, the said Treasurer may enforce the payment of such taxes in the same manner as if such land were not in the hands of a trustee.

SEC. 20. And be it enacted, That whenever land shall be sold by the Treasurer the owner thereof, prior to the sale, may redeem the same by paying into Court, to be paid to the purchaser thereof, within the period of six Calendar months, from the date of such sale the amount of the purchase money, with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum from the date of sale.

SEC. 21. And be it enacted, That the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland now in force, or hereafter enacted applicable to collectors of State and County taxes, except where the same are repealed by this act or are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, shall be held to apply to the Treasurer of said county, who as to his powers, rights, duties and liabilities, both Civil and Criminal, and those of his bond or bondsmen, shall be in all respects on a footing with State and County collectors, except as herein provided.

SEC. 22. And be it enacted, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed, so far as they apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 23. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, Elihue E. Jackson, Governor.

George M. Upsheer, Speaker House of Delegates.

George Peter, President of the Senate.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

CARLTON SHAFER,
4 14 3 Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A HUSBAND'S WAIL.

Dear Genevieve, you were so sweet
When first you gave your hand to me,
So charming, love: from head to feet
You were a perfect symphony.

The pretty bang upon your brow,
The dainty ribbons that you wore—
I shut my eyes and see them now;
Thus memory doth the past restore.

To see a maiden half so fair
One weary miles would have to go;
You were so neat, and in your hair
You used to have a Jacqueminot.

I see you tripping down the lane
With pretty slippered feet again:
You used to come in shine or rain—
My wife, you were my sweetheart then.

The collar that you wore was clean—
Fresh from the iron, I should guess;
You came to me with smiling mien,
A vision rare of loveliness.

To-day around the house you go;
Your slippers down at heel appear;
Your hair has not a Jacqueminot—
I think it needs a comb, my dear.

Your collar's soiled; the ribbons gone
Which at your throat you used to wear;
You have no smile for me, my own—
Your wrapper sadly needs repair.

How different, darling, you appear!
Is mine the fault? Unhappy fate!
I think you've hooked your fish, my dear,
And have no further use for bait.

—*Boston Budget.*

AN APRIL FOOL.

A Dramatic Story Good for All Seasons of the Year.

In Three Parts.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Brown, an eccentric elderly millionaire, has taken his nephew Mr. Horace White (whom he knows to be hopelessly in love with a Miss Jane Gray, a bright young American girl, assistant teacher of Italian in a fashionable young ladies' seminary in his native city, New York), and his niece, Miss Winnie White, to Italy to study art. The three are housed in fine apartments in an old palace, the one room used as a studio containing easels, tables, chairs, a sofa, hassock, some unfinished pictures, studies, fragments of statuary—in short all the æsthetic furnishings usual to studios. When the story opens Miss Winnie and Mr. Horace White are discovered sitting before their respective easels in altogether different attitudes.

PART I.

Winnie (casting a troubled glance towards her brother)—"Horace!"

Horace—"Well?"

Winnie—"Do you use permanent blue or Prussian blue with crimson lake when you want to get the right purple for this drapery?"

Horace—"I don't use either. Hang it all, Winnie, I'm getting desperate!"

Winnie—"Horace White, what *are* you talking about! Let me see your picture!"

Horace—"O, it isn't the picture—but see it—see it—do!" (Shows plain white canvas).

Winnie—"Well, upon my——"

Horace—"Winnie White, if you were a sister worth having you'd not sit there 'penning' your word, but help your poor, unhappy brother out of his deep, his miserable affliction! I wish all the pigments, oil and turpentine were——"

Winnie—"There you go! Just because you don't like to paint——"

Horace—"I *do* like to paint; it's a jolly lot of fun when I'm inspired; but how can a fellow dead, dead, dead in love—*hopeless* love—sit up and paint purple drapery. Ugh!"

Winnie—"Horace!"

Horace—"What is it?"

Winnie—"Did you tell uncle all about it?"

Horace—"*Did* I! Well, you'd have thought so if you'd have seen him!"

Winnie—"What did he say?"

Horace—"He said: 'Young man, if you dare to think of such a thing you may say good-bye to your uncle, for I shall disinherit you. Do your hear me! Disinherit you! You're a fool—an out and out fool'—and, Winnie, what *is* to become of me?"

Winnie—"O, you'll live through it—boys always do!"

Horace—"But you don't know the half——"

Winnie—"Which half?"

Horace—"She's here—here at this very minute, in Rome!"

Winnie—"Well, what of that?"

Horace—"That's only one-half—the better half!"

Winnie—"Is there a worse half, Horace? Speak.

Horace—"There is—and it is that *I* bade her follow me; for, Winnie, we are—already—married!"

Winnie—"Horace White! O, Horace! My brother!"

Horace—"There, there, Winnie, *don't* take it so! It was a bit sudden, I know; but I was desperate—and also of age—and so we took a walk and—were married before we smiled. She followed as I bade her, and, oh, Winnie, we depend upon you to help us out of our great difficulty—say you will, Winnie, say you will!"

Winnie—"If I can, Horace. If I—but there comes uncle—he'll see we've been crying—let us fly for our lives!" (Both leave the room hurriedly.)

(Mr. N. B. Brown enters the room, walks up to the nearest easel and begins to examine the picture upon it critically.)

Brown—"Capital! Capital! I'll make artists of the young people yet! Beautifully done—tender shadows—exquisite reflect lights in that drapery—ah, my little Winnie's a talented girl—a talented girl! If her brother had only a quarter of her fondness for art—but, there! The boy's a genius without a doubt! A capital thing for them that I could fetch them to Italy to study art—Italy, the Cradle of the Beautiful! It is my delight to watch the unfolding of their different styles—one all tenderness, the other all boldness! Let's see what the dear boy has done this morning! (He picks up canvas from where it has fallen.) Great Scott! Not a tint on this Roman twill! It's that Jane Gray—Jane Gray—that's exactly who it is! Jane Gray—and she has come over to 'perfect her Italian'—may the imps take her! Now, I never saw the young woman, and I never will see the young woman—but I've had Jane Gray dinned into my ears until I'm sick of the sound of the name! O, she's a designing creature—a shrewd, crafty, diplomatic little wretch, angling after the only male heir to the great Brown estates. *I'll* settle her and she'll find that coming over here to 'perfect her Italian' won't go down with *me*! What's that?"

(Winnie enters and greets her uncle affectionately.)

Winnie—"Your own Winnifred—good morning, Uncle Nappy. And have you seen my work, and are you pleased?"

Brown (frowning)—"O, I'm *delighted!*"

Winnie—"What is it, Uncle Boney—you look angry?"

Brown—"Angry? Well, can't I look angry if I am angry? That brother of yours——

Winnie—"I *knew* it was Horace! Uncle Party listen to me—let's send him away to Naples—to Milan—to Monte Carlo——

Brown—"Winnifred White, are you insane?"

Winnie—"I thought only of offering a counter attraction."

Brown—"By Jove! Not a bad idea! I'll give him a pocket-full of gold and let him go—he won't be back *very* soon, ha! ha!"

Winnie—"So *that's* settled. By the way, Uncle Poley, I forgot to tell you of the beautiful model I engaged. You'll be in rapturs when you see her—such glorious big brown eyes with fringes an inch and a quarter long! And soft, dark hair, as lustrous as silk, and such a mouth! The old lavandaia—the washwoman—told me about her and she will fetch her to-morrow morning—but, 'sh! There comes Horace—I leave you to pronounce his doom!" (Passing out as Horace enters, she whispers to her brother:) "Accept all your uncle's propositions and trust in me!" (Exit.)

Brown (setting up the bare canvas before Horace)—"Well, sir; I am ready to congratulate you upon your astonishing progress—upon the astounding headway you have made! A little pale in tone, perhaps; but so is your Jane Gray. Jane Gray—pooh! If I could lock her up in a tower and then behead her whenever I felt in the mood, oh, *wouldn't* I! Don't scowl at me, young man! I shall tempt you with gold, and if that doesn't serve I'll disinherit you, mark that, sir! Horace (goes over to table and writes a check), there's enough to make Monte Carlo a paradise for an hour or two, at least; take it and clear out!"

Horace—"Monte Carlo!"

Brown—"Yes, Monte Carlo. Go and gamble——"

Horace—"Uncle N. B., I can not—stay—(aside) Winnie said I was to accept every proposition he made and trust in her! (Aloud) Uncle N. B., I *will!*"

Brown—"I supposed you would. Have Jenks pack up for you—and wait a moment here, Horace; I wish to see you again before you go."

Horace—"Very well, sir. (Exit Brown.) What *can* my Uncle N. B. mean? What can Winnie mean? What can it *all* mean!" (Enter Winnie.)

Winnie—"It means that you are going to Monte Carlo—yes! Well, sir, the Monte Carlo to which you are going lies less than one small quarter of a mile away!"

Horace—"*Che volete dire?*"

Winnie—"Just what I say. Listen! [Looks all about the room then whispers.] Do you know the road that leads across the Tiber—over the Bridge of St. Angelo close by St. Peters, where, only a stone's throw away, dwells one who is perfecting her Italian? Aha—I knew my brilliant scheme would please you—and—bless you, my children!"

Horace—"O, Winnie, you're a brick—a regular kiln! But though it's awful nice—*at present*—how will it avail——"

Winnie—"Why, by the time your money is gone your wife will have won the heart of Uncle Boney, see?"

Horace—"N—no, not exactly."

Winnie—"Well, it's all arranged between us; and I shall hire her as a model—she will come every day and pose for me—a real Italian type she is, you know, and Uncle Leon, will, of course——"

Horace—"O, Winnie, Winnie, if ever I smashed your doll's head in early youth, it was simply because I, your only fraternal relative, did not then appreciate what it was to have a sister!"

Winnie—"There, dear boy, don't take it so to heart! I broke your kites and lost your skate-straps fully as often as you murdered my sawdust idols—let's kiss and make up!"

PART II.

TWO WEEKS LATER.

(Mr. N. B. Brown is discovered looking out of the window. He suddenly starts and comes hastily forward.)

Brown (calling)—"Winnie! Winnie! She's coming—the model's coming! Where *is* that girl! She knows I can't speak Italian worth a fiddlestring, and yet she leaves me to meet her alone! That model is the loveliest being I ever saw in my life—such eyes! (Opens his own widely.) Such teeth! (Grins broadly.) Such lips! (Pouts.) If I wasn't such an old-settled-in-life sort o' person I'd—goodness knows what I *wouldn't* do! A sort o' sadness in the eyes touches me—has she a sorrow? What can it be! I'll get Winnie to find out, and if money can relieve her, she shall be relieved. Old fool! Yes, I know it; but I don't go crazy *often!* Some folks would say I was crazy to send the boy off to Monte Carlo—but there was method in my madness, yes, sir; method! Gone a whole fortnight and not a word from the scamp in all this time. Must be winning, or I'd heard, fast enough. Jane Gray's not troubling him much nowadays, I'll be bound. Why, this lovely Italian's worth forty Jane Grays! If he made her a niece of mine I'd give 'em my villa on the Hudson and a thousand shares in the X. Y. Z. Central for a wedding present! By Jove! Another idea! I'll telegraph him to come home at once and—I'll match her against the Gray every time!"

(Mr. Brown sits down to fill out a telegraph blank. As he writes, Jane Gray, dressed as an Italian peasant girl steals softly up behind him, peeps over his shoulder and nods a smiling approbation of what she reads. Suddenly she breathes softly in his ear.)

Jane—"*Buon giorno, Signor!*"

Brown (starting to his feet)—"O, Ow—good morning, dear, good morning!"

Jane—"*Fa bellissimo tempo, signore!*"

Brown—"Bless my soul, you don't say so! I wish Winnie would come—sit down, scenereener, sit down—(motioning and speaking very loudly) sit down!"

Jane—"*Ah—si—non v' ho capito!*"

Brown—"Don't mention it! Scenereener!

Jane—"*Si Signore!*"

Brown—"Do you not speak a little—just a very little English?"

Jane—"*Ah, si, signore*—a leedle-a!"

Brown (delighted)—"A leedle-a'—why, that's splendid, magnificent!"

Jane—"*Ella me colmi, gentilezze.*"

(Winnie enters.)

Brown—"Well, my dear; I don't know anything about 'Ella' or 'gentle Lizzie.'"

Winnie (advancing)—She says you are too kind, Uncle Nappy. *Buon giorno, Giovannina*—come, Uncle Party, move away, please; I want my model to get into place quickly. *Prenda una sedia, Giovannina!*"

Brown—"Seems to me you're in an awful hurry to make the poor thing sit with her chin up in the air—can't you let her rest a bit before you begin?"

Winnie—"Not an instant. *Stia quieto, signorina.*"

Jane—"*Son pronto.*"

Brown—"What does she say?"

Winnie—"That she is ready, Uncle Polly; *isn't* she a darling? Did you ever see such beautiful eyes—like liquid seas of golden brown."

Brown—"Did you ever hear of *solid* seas. But they are lovely, and it's a gloriously good thing the child can't understand a word you say; I'd be *afraid* to say such things to her very face!"

Winnie—"O, she don't mind it. See how unconscious she looks!"

Brown—"And how sad!"

Winnie—"She does look sad. She told me a little about her sorrow when you went off to la galleria——"

Brown—"Speak English!"

Winnie—"Very well, sir; the picture gallery. And now, *ardate via*—I mean, go away, please, and I'll try to find out the rest of it. Possibly we may be able to help her—the poor girl!"

Brown—"The poor girl! All right, Winnie; I'm off to telegraph Horace to come home; and, do you know, small woman, I've a notion of turning match-maker—I, your uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte Brown!"

Winnie—"Uncle Boney, aren't you ashamed of yourself! And there's Jane Gray——"

Brown—"Confound Jane Gray! I beg your pardon, scenereener, did I frighten you? Hang it all; tell her I'm a brute—a blarsted idiot—any thing you choose—I'm off!"

Mr. Brown leaves the room hurriedly, whereupon the two young ladies arise from their places beside the easel and begin an animated conversation.

Winnie—"There, he's gone! Jane, he's your very own uncle, now, and you've captured him beautifully! Why, he *raves* over you; and all there's left to do is to make a clean breast of it—what do you say to a bona fide American April fool in Italy? What fun!"

Jane—"O, Winnie, dear, I'm *so* fearful!"

Winnie—"Of what? Hasn't Uncle Nappy gone to telegraph Horace to come home from Monte Carlo just on *your* account?"

Jane—"Yes, I know, dear; but Horace——

(Enter Horace, who overhears Jane.)

Winnie—"*Giovannina, siste un' poco!*"

Horace—"Of course she's a goose—but what about Horace, my charming peasant——"

Jane—"Horace!"

Winnie—"Horace!"

Horace—"Yes; it is Horace. Girls, this game must end. Where has Uncle N. B. betaken himself!—I saw him leave the house, and so, like the sneak I have lately been—I ventured in."

Jane—"Gone to telegraph you to come home—ha! ha!"

Winnie—"And fall a victim to Gwandolen—hee! hee!"

Horace—"O, I'm victim enough, I assure you!"

Winnie—"Now, Jane, darling, come into my room and let's have a good old-fashioned gossip—Uncle Party will not return very soon—come! Excuse us, Horace, and go away—that's a dear; Uncle Boney mustn't find you here—and in two days you may arrive from Monte Carlo—*if* you go!"

Horace—"*Grazie, l'avverto, mio caro sarello!* (Bows and kisses his hand to Winnie, embraces his wife, and, at their departure, takes up his hat and cane preparatory to leaving the house.) My lovely little wife—I'm a coward not to have acknowledged her before; but Uncle N. B. would have been Uncle N. G. if I'd have come out flat with the facts. Now, the dear old man is in love with her himself—and may all the lucky stars in my own particular heaven shine out in one blaze of dazzling glory!"

PART III

(Same, two days later. Mr. N. B. Brown is seated at table reading paper.)

Brown (tossing paper aside and consulting watch)—"The morning rain leaves at——" (Enter Horace briskly)

Horace—"How do you do, Uncle N. B? I'm glad to see you looking so well!"

Brown—"Bless my soul, Horace, back again? I sent you a telegram——"

Horace—"Which accounts for my sudden appearance, sir. Well, here I am, and here at the same time is All Fool's Day—quite appropriate, eh?"

Brown—"That depends. Sit down—sit down, youngster; been enjoying yourself?"

Horace—"That's what I should call it, sir!"

Brown—"Lose much, Horace?"

Horace—"No, sir. I have *won!*"

Brown—"Bless me! I hope you *are* lucky on the win, my boy, for I've a finer prize here for you than you could find at Monte Carlo!"

Horace—"Is it something you'd like to take home to America with you, sir?"

Brown—"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! You win, ha! ha! as you guess, ha! ha! you're pretty safe to capture the prize!"

Horace—"Well, I shall try my best, sir, and hope to be lucky for *your* sake!"

Brown—"And *I* hope for your *own*. But there—ask me no questions. I see you have a thousand ready; just come into the lunch room and have a bite and sup."

Horace—"*Questa cosa mi da gran placere.*"

Brown—"I don't know what you mean, but *you're* all right; talks like a native; bless the boy!" (Brown pats Horace on the back, as both leave the room.)

(Jennie and Winnie enter and take seats near one of the easels.)

Winnie—"Now pose, Jennie, and look dreadfully melancholy. Don't venture to *look* toward Horace, or you will spoil it all."

Jane—"It's going to be almost the death of me—I feel it—I know it!"

Winnie—"Courage, sweet sister-in-law—I hear them coming! Hold up your chin and *il solo difetta che gli trovo e che sembrano troppo piccolo*——"

(Enter Brown and Horace.)

Brown (smiling and rubbing his hands)—"Ha! ha! Here we are, Winnie. Got my telegram and came right down. Obedient boy! Kiss your sister, Horace, and let me introduce you to the model—scenereener, this is my nephew, Mr. Horace White; Horace, the scenereener!"

(Horace and Jane bow solemnly to one another. Winnie laughs behind her palette.)

Brown (drawing Horace to one side)—"Horace, my boy, on the quiet, now, did you ever see such eyes!"

Horace—"*Never!*"

Brown—"Or such a mouth!"

Horace—"*No, sir!*"

Brown—"Or such a perfect chin, or throat, or sea shell of ears, or hands, or feet—or——"

Horace—"Never in all my life, uncle N. B., never!"

Brown—"I knew you'd say so—I knew it! none know her but to love her. Where's your miserable, wretched Jane Gray now?"

Horace—"Eh—ah—that is a question I should not care to answer just now."

Brown—I should think not, indeed! Let with the old love, eh, my boy?"

(Winnie advanced to her uncle's side.)

Winnie—"O, Uncle Boney, I asked her about her sorrow and she told me all. Horace, go and air your prettiest Italian to yonder poor girl, while I tell the sad story to Uncle Party."

(Winnie leads her uncle to a sofa and motions him to sit beside her. Horace sinks upon a footstool at the feet of his wife and begins to whisper earnestly to Jane, who leans lovingly towards him.)

Brown—"Told you all about it, did she, Winnie! Lovely creature! Somehow my heart yearns——"

Winnie—"All that I am hoping for is that it will never cease to yearn! Yes, she told me all all about it. It seems there was a little love affair between herself and a young fellow—a bright, handsome boy who is kept completely under the thumb of a very eccentric old millionaire——"

Brown—"The old curmudgeon!"

Horace—"And who threatens all sorts of dire vengeances if the boy shall marry this (waves her hand dramatically toward Jane) sweet, sweet creature!"

Brown—"Why, the old reprobate—look, Winnie, they are in love already; she has actually placed one pretty unconscious hand upon the young rascal's shoulder—bravo! bravo! Go on, child. By the way, what are the names of these people?"

Winnie—"The girl's name! *La Signorina Giovannina Bigio.* I thought you knew."

Brown—"To be sure! To be sure! And the boy's!

Winnie—"*Il Signore Orazio Bianco.*"

Brown—"*Ecl Seener Orrazy Blanker.*" Well, and the old miser's?"

Winnie—"Ah! Ah! *Il Signor Bruno.*"

Brown—Humph! *Bruno—Bruno*—is he a dog that he must do this thing?"

Winnie—"I should say that he was a sort of a dog in the manger, shouldn't you, Uncle Poley? Well, in spite of this rich man's opposition these two kept faithful to their vows of love."

Brown—"Quite the proper thing. I honor 'em for it."

Winnie—"The old gentleman, hearing of this, tried to part them."

Brown—"The old scoundrel!"

Winnie—"He bribed the poor boy with gold—sent him away, and tried his best to break the heart of that (waving hand again towards Jane) entrancingly beautiful vision! Wasn't he a fiend incarnate, Uncle Leon, a terrible tyrant, a malicious monster!"

Brown—"That don't spell it, Winnie, that don't begin to spell it! But look at 'em now, girl—the young scapegrace actually has one arm around her—bless my soul!"

Winnie (sternly to Jane and Horace)—"*Sedate, figli—non casi presto!*" (Horace and Jane move a little apart.)

Horace—"*Castagni!*" (Winnie and Jane laugh.)

Brown—"What is that, Winnie?"

Winnie—"He said 'chestnuts,' Uncle Boney, but don't mind him—he's in the toils and——"

Brown—"Proceed with your interesting narrative, my niece, and let the young people alone."

Winnie—"There isn't much more to tell. The poor boy was to be dragged away from that (waves hand again) perfectly enchanting being's presence, and was told that years would elapse before he could return. On the impulse of the moment—and the horse cars—the young couple went to the office of a justice of the peace—and—were *married!*"

Brown (bouncing from his position on the sofa and beginning to pace the floor, at which all the others arise)—"So she's another's—another's—and there's no hope—no slightest grain of hope for us!"

Winnie—"Uncle Poley, what, under the existing, harrowing circumstances, would you advise them to do?"

Brown—"Do! Do! There's nothing left to do but go to the old demon and beg his forgiveness——"

(Horace and Jane, having advanced during Mr. Brown's last speech, now kneel beside the old gentleman, each seizing one of his hands and speaking together.)

Horace (—"Which we do, Uncle Napoleon

Jane (Bonaparte Brown!"

(Mr. Brown stares wildly from one to the other, turning his head from Jane to Horace and back again with each word he utters.)

Brown—"Uncle Napoleon—Bonaparte—Brown! What does this mean?"

Horace (in mock pathos)—"It means that I am the *poor* boy, *Orazio Bianco*—Anglicized, Horace White!"

Jane—"And that I am *Giovannia Bigio*—translated, Jane Gray!"

Winnie—"And you, dear Uncle Nappy, sweet Uncle Poley, darling Uncle Leon, charming Uncle Boney, blessed Uncle Party, are the cruel old tyrant *Il Signore Bruno*—Americanized, Brown! You would never consent to look upon the face of Jane Gray, and I knew one sight of her would cause your hard old heart to relent—for, as you yourself have said, 'None knew her but to love her!' So we compelled you to see her and admire her—and you are wildly in love with her, *aren't* you! Children, arise and greet your uncle!"

Brown—"I give in—it's all up with me, children! Kiss me, Jane; embrace me, Winnie; your hand, Horace—I see it all now; and I'm nothing, after all, but a simple old April Fool!"—*Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.*

ONE CENTURY AGO.

The Average Price Paid for Land at That Time.

Life in the United States was in those days almost altogether rural. Towns of 8,000 or more inhabitants then contained but a fraction over three per cent. of the population of the country, where now they contain more than twenty-two per cent. Philadelphia, indeed, had nearly 44,000 inhabitants, New York 33,000, Boston 18,000, Charleston 16,000, Baltimore 14,000; but these were all. Coxe was of opinion that nine-tenths of the people of the United States were engaged in agricultural occupations.

Dr. Thomas Cooper, the famous English economist, during his residence in America, prepared an interesting little book entitled "Some Information Respecting America."

On the subject of price, Dr. Cooper says: "A hundred and fifty acres of land with a tolerable house and barn upon it, and sufficient land cleared for a person immediately to begin as a farmer, may be purchased in many parts at £4 currency an acre," that is, he says, not quite fifty shillings sterling. Rich but unimproved land, he thought, could be had for thirty shillings currency an acre. Of course, much more depended then than now on the nearness of a market, transportation being very costly. We may quote from *Wansey's Journal* an example of the cheapest, amusing from the classical names with which the Deputy Secretary of State had then been sprinkling Central New York.

"Monday I attended a sale of some military lands (by auction at the Tontine Coffee House) situated in the north part of New York State. Twenty-five acres in the Township of Cato were sold at two shillings and eight pence currency per acre, (1s. 6d. sterling;) 500 in Pompey, at five shillings and one penny, (2s. 10d. sterling;) 900 in Tully and Hannibal, at three shillings and eight pence, (2s. 1d.;) 1,400 in Hector and Dryden, at three shillings and eight pence, (2s. 1d)."

In these cases the average price was, it will be seen, a little over fifty cents an acre. On the other hand, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt gives one instance, at Marlborough, Mass., of farming lands worth $300 an acre. La Rochefoucauld very often gives prices of lands he sees. It appears that these averaged $25 or $30 an acre in thickly-settled New England, less in Pennsylvania, and from $5 to $12 in Virginia. In the latter State land seemed to be going down in value. But elsewhere its price was rising, and an extraordinary amount of land speculation went on, mainly occasioned by the great sales of lands effected by the States in order to pay their debts. Thus the Duke tells of land near Lancaster, Penn., bought for $25, for which $100 was refused five years later, and of 1,600 acres near Canandaigua, N. Y., bought three years before at a shilling, of which more than half had since been sold off at prices ranging from $1 to $3, while some had even brought $26 an acre.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"A friend in need" is doubtless a good institution, but too many needy friends keeps a fellow continually broke.—*The Colonel.*

—A man who exercises a profound influence over the Czar is Ivan of Cronstadt, a hermit priest, who is said to perform miracles and whom the Czar frequently visits in his monastic cell.

—Old man (at the head of the stairs)—"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?" Daughter—"No, papa; are we disturbing you?" Old man—"Yes; the silence down there is oppressive."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A New York physician says that the guillotine is the most comfortable death. Every doctor should have one in his office and thereby save his patients much suffering.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

—McQuillen—"Vanderbilt's French cook doesn't know how to make a mince pie." Curtis—"What does Van pay him?" McQuillen—"$10,000." Curtis—"He's worth it."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Police Judge—"Young man, you are charged with vagrancy." "Yes, and it's an outrage. I'm merely out of employment after having worked on some of the best papers in the country." "O, you're a newspaper man, eh?" "No, sir; I'm a journalist."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—The claimant of the authorship of "Beautiful Snow" also claims to be the inventor of roller skates; but people have long ago become reconciled to the fact that the claimants of the much-claimed poem will claim about every thing and any thing.—*Budget.*

—A man went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low.—*Tid-Bits.*

—A square minister.—After one or two gentle efforts on the part of the collector to awaken Deacon Jones, the minister said from the pulpit: "Never mind, Brother Layman, as Deacon Jones has not heard the sermon, perhaps it would not be right to expect him to pay any thing for it."—*Epoch.*

—A Congressman dead against woman's rights was talking to a delegate to the International Council of Women. "Why," he said, "you women can't be men, you can't vote and you can't fight." "Can't fight, can't we?" she said, with a cold glare in her eyes. "You are a bachelor, ain't you?" He was.—*Critic.*

—She—"My! wasn't that a dreary play? Not a gleam of humor in it. But don't you think some of the serious speeches were most effective?" He—"Why shouldn't they be? The author has had the best training in the world for serious and tragic writing."—She—"Indeed?" He—"Yes; he was editor of an English comic paper for three years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—She—"My darling, it seem such a little while since we entered this house to begin life together. The glad springtime had just begun, the air was vocal with birds and fragrant with flowers; yet just think, it's almost a year." He—"That's so. I received notice from the landlord this morning that if I wanted to stay in this house I'd better come around and renew the lease. He's going to raise the rent on me, too. Yes, it's nearly a year."

—"You accepted a story last week," he said to the editor, "sent you by my little daughter, aged fourteen. As she is very uncertain in her spelling, and very sensitive on the subject, she asked me to look in and correct it before you print it in your Children's Department. I see you have it before you on your desk—'Redd Hed Gim.'" "Correct! Children's Department!" shrieked the editor. "Why, man, that's the best dialect story we've accepted in a year!"—*Puck.*

THE COWARDLY CYCLONE.

It Never Tackles Any Thing of Its Own Size and Strength.

"I see," said the old fellow who is much acquainted with the ways of the West, "that the cyclone has been taking a turn in the South. Do you know that there's nothing more cowardly than a cyclone?"

"Cowardly!"

"Yes, cowardly. Did you ever know a cyclone to tackle any thing of its size? Did you ever know a cyclone to make a dash at a great city? No, for that's not the nature of a cyclone. When is a cyclone happiest? When it can slip up on some little weather-boarded town that has just gone to sleep. Then it dances a jig of furious glee. It dashes at the court-house and scatters it about the public square; seizes the Methodist church and slams its life out against the town hall; wrenches the groaning windlass from the town well and kills the mayor with it, and then enters upon the frolic of general destruction. But how does it act when it strikes a great city? It is like the cowboy who, having shot out the lights of a frontier saloon and made himself master of the place, goes to a big town and piteously begs for a drink. It gathers up dust and throws it in the eyes of the people, but it does not demolish the chamber of commerce. It howls with cowardly rage, and then dozes in a vacant lot. 'Never mind,' it says to itself, 'I know what I am doing. Yonder is a countryman with a blanket about his shoulders. He lives in a little village out in Iowa. I'll follow him out home, and, after he has gone to sleep, I'll pick him up and beat his life out against the ground. Then I'll go into the village park and tangle the maple trees 'like ocean weeds heaped on a surf-beaten shore.' No, sir," the Westerner continued, "there is nothing more cowardly than the cyclone."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

MYSTERIOUS FATALITIES.

What Is it That Is Killing so many Prominent Men?

The death of Kaiser Wilhelm, ex-Gov. Hoffman, Banker J. W. Drexel, Lieut.-Gov Dorsheimer, Dr. Carpenter, Chief-Justice Waite and Gen. B. H. Browster, in quick succession, and all from the sam cause, although having different names, is startling.

March and April are fatal months, not only for consumptives but also for many diseases more disguised but none the less fatal.

Gov. Hoffman had heart disease, Gov. Dorsheimer, apparently a strong, well, robust man, over six feet high, sickens and dies in four days of pneumonia.

Chief-Justice Waite meets the same fate and he was apparently the personification of vigor.

Drexel, the Philadelphia banker, and Brewster, Ex-Atty. Genl., were suddenly cut off in the midst of great usefulness, by Bright's disease, and Dr. Carpenter, the well-known New York physician, suddenly died of Kidney disease, *never having suspected* that he was at all troubled therewith!

This reminds us of the case of Dr. Frank Hawthorn, of New Orleans. He was lecturing before the Louisiana university on the peculiarly deceptive character of Kidney disease and the methods of microscopical and chemical tests.

After having shown specimen after specimen of diseased fluids, and made very clear the point that kidney disease may exist without the knowledge or suspicion of the patient or practitioner, with gracious self-confidence he remarked: "Now, gentlemen, let me show you the healthy water of a strong, well man."

He applies the test!

He staggers!

"Gentlemen, I have made a terrible discovery!" he gasps, "I myself have the fatal Bright's disease!"

In less than a year this specialist of the commonest and most fatal of diseases was dead. He was a victim of advanced Kidney disease the presence of which in himself he had never suspected!

L. B. PRICE, M. D., a gentleman and physician of the highest standing of Hanover, C. H., Va., four years ago, after trying every other remedy for Bright's disease, including famous mineral waters, cured himself by Warner's Safe Cure, and March 24, 1888, wrote: "I have never had the slightest symptoms of my old and fearful trouble."

MR. JOHN DOHERTY, of Concord, N. H., was given up with Bright's disease by the best physicians in 1875. He was in a dreadful state. After using and being cured in 1881 by Warner's Safe Cure, in 1887, he wrote: "I am better than ever."

JOHN COLEMAN, ESQ., 109 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., was first taken sick in 1873, gradually ran down until he had pronounced Bright's disease, rheumatism and all the other deceptive signs of kidney disease. The best physicians in New Haven could do nothing for him. He then began using Warner's Safe Cure, 200 bottles of which he and his family have used and he is cured.

W. T. CRAWFORD, proprietor St. Charles Hotel, Richmond, Va., and well known all through the South, several years ago was in the death-agony from kidney disease, convulsions and Bright's disease. The best Philadelphia specialists in such diseases pronounced him practically dead and incurable. Every thing else failing he took Warner's Safe Cure abundantly and regularly, until fully restored to health, and now he says: "After a lapse of many years I am as sound as a dollar, with no symptoms of my old trouble. I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure."

Kidney disease is the most deceptive, the most universal, the most fatal disease.

If the most learned men can not know without the use of microscopical and chemical tests that they have kidney disease, *how much more liable is the layman to be, unknown to himself, in the very jaws of death,* who does not feel as well as formerly, but who does not think anything specially ails him, and whose physician may assure him that he will soon be "all right."

In these days, people recognize that it is wiser to prevent disease than to await its arrival to cure it. When you know that you may be in the greatest peril and not have any idea of the fact from any defined set of ill-feelings, the wisest course to pursue is to follow the counsel and experience above outlined, and thoroughly renovate the system, cleanse the blood, tone the nerves and insure your own life against these common, mysterious fatalities.

WHEN you see a red-nosed politician, use your eyes and you will see a dark horse.—*Omaha World.*

THE railway officials now call it a "permit" instead of a "pass," and it's just about as hard to get.

Ache.

The full significance of this atrociously expressive word is fully realized by the unfortunate who has been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. That is ache with a vengeance. Ere the disease is aggravated to the inflammatory stage, the potent aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters should be sought. This, used at the outset, will prevent the further development of the disease and afford prompt relief.

A SCULPTOR mustn't lose cast—not before the work is done for which the cast was taken.—*Texas Siftings.*

"I want to thank you," writes a young man to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., "for placing me in a position by which I am enabled to make money faster than I ever did before." This is but a sample extract of the many hundred of similar letters received by the above firm. See their advertisement in another column.

TO MAKE money go as far as possible, you have only to give it to the Chinese missions.

"WE take no note of time—when we can get cash."—*Puck.*

For Cure of
SPRAINS & STRAINS
use
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures
PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY
WITHOUT RETURN OF PAIN.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE
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THOUSANDS
SAY THAT
Ely's Cream Balm
CURED THEM OF
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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agents—
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GOLD Live at home and make more money working for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.
SAY SAW THIS PAPER every time you write.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If you want bloom, use small pots; if you desire luxuriant foliage, use large ones.

—All who aspire to gardening honors should at some time get in the way of raising many of their own seeds.

—The reason the hen that steals her nest always hatches well is that she is not too fat, and every egg has the same same vitality.

—In pruning roses cutting back closely produces, as a rule, flower blooms of finer quality, while from those not so closely pruned will be obtained a larger quantity of smaller flowers.—*American Garden.*

—The geranium is a healthy plant, and one that is invaluable for garden purposes. By a little care and caution one may have geraniums bloom the year through. The soil should be light and rich.

—By tying a small corn-cob to one leg, allowing it to dangle at a distance of about six inches, a Maine poultry fancier is said to succeed in keeping her chickens at home. "The fowl can scratch and get about with ease, but will not attempt to fly over palings or squeeze through a crack."

—A prosperous farmer remarks that when he raises a crop he has to ship it to market to obtain a sale for it; but when he raises a horse the buyer comes to him and buys his product. A little horse sense of this character will open the eyes of hundreds of farmers in this State, and not before it is needed either.

—A woman who has always used a broom-handle or straight stick of any kind, can have no notion of the convenience of one forked at the end; one prong catches a fold of cloth and holds it as the stick is turned, so there is slight danger of its slipping off, as so often happens with the plain stick. A hole should be bored in one end by which to hang it up.

—Telegram Padding: Boil a quart of milk in a saucepan, adding a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat four eggs and mix to a smooth batter with four table spoonfuls of flour and a little cold milk; add this to the boiling milk and stir rapidly till it thickens up. Eat with powdered sugar and cream or a fine maple syrup.

—There is a big cider mill in Northwestern Pennsylvania, and the farmers around there cart away the pomace as fast as it is made to feed to their milch cows. One man began at once feeding a peck of pomace, night and morning, to each cow, and noticed an immediate increase in the flow of milk. The cows kept increasing in milk and flesh as the ration of pomace was increased, which finally reached a bushel and a half per day.

—In making any soup observe: 1st, A soup should never boil; let it only simmer. 2d, A soup should never be greasy. Make the stock a day in advance and remove the fat if necessary. 3d, A soup should be judiciously seasoned. Salt, cayenne, celery seed, sweet herbs—all are good. 4th, A soup should be covered while cooking, served hot and eaten with "a quiet mind"—that final grace which makes every dish palatable.—*Good Cheer.*

PLUMS IN PLENTY.

Varieties That Can Not Well Be Surpassed in Productiveness.

Plum culture has not been a success with every grower in recent years, principally on account of the terrible work of the curculio, a most clumsy fellow generally, yet only too active when bent on the perpetuation of its own race. This insect has effectually prevented over-production of plums, and also deprived the majority of home growers of their home supply. With our present knowledge, and a number of varieties of plums which are practically curculio-proof to select from, we see no reason why the amateur should give up in despair, or let the curculio have all its own way. Many of our native sorts will produce full crops in spite of all insects, and so will the newly-introduced Japan plums, of which Ogon, Botan and Kelsey's have been tested quite extensively and found of great merit. We have seen Ogon trees loaded down with ripe fruit, every specimen of which bore the scarcely visible traces of from three to five of the ominous crescent marks, proving to our satisfaction that the fruit is able to outgrow the curculio sting and to take care of itself. The same was our experience with the **De Soto plum, one of the natives from** Minnesota. These two varieties can not very well be surpassed in productiveness.

The Ogon is a round plum (the California growers, who describe it as oval or egg-shaped, must have a different variety), of good size, a bright golden yellow, fine, sweet, but rather dry flesh; excellent for canning; ripens here toward the end of July; tree a vigorous grower; and apparently hardy.

De Soto is an American plum, of medium size, bright red color and good quality. Its productiveness is simply wonderful. Tree entirely hardy. As a blossom and pollen producer it is not surpassed by any sort with which we are acquainted, and this feature we consider of greatest value. Trees of this sort should be planted scatteringly among other varieties in every plum orchard; and it will then "bear and make bear" in abundance. The home grower who wants to make sure of an annual and abundant supply, should plant several trees together, selecting almost any of the best standard sorts, with at least one Ogon and one De Soto in the middle of the cluster of trees; or he may graft clons of various sorts, always including Ogon and De Soto, into limbs of one or more larger, hardy plum trees—a native sort always preferred.—*Orchard and Garden.*

VICTIMS OF BEANS.

A Boston Story Concerning the Truth of Which There Can Be No Doubt.

Quite a number of years ago a young German emigrated to Boston, and settled down here among the Yankees. He prospered, set up in business for himself, prospered some more, and after a time went back to Germany and brought over, from his native village, a young wife. The young couple, living and trading among the natives, became pretty thoroughly Americanized, but did not lose their romantic affection for their native land. Children were born to them; they still prospered in business, and after fifteen years the husband retired from trade. His heart still turning to Germany, he determined to take his family there, and place the children in school, leaving it to the future to determine whether he should remain the rest of his life in Germany, or return to Boston after the education of his six children had been well advanced.

The first day after the family had arrived at the parents' old home was Sunday, and the children with their father and mother, were grouped around their grandparents for breakfast. Instead of being served with the usual plates of Boston baked beans, the elder of the children was asked by the grandfather what he would like to have for breakfast.

"Some beans, if you please," said the boy in his best German.

The grandfather showed some surprise and said a little crustily that he was sorry that there were no beans. Then he turned to the next eldest, a girl, and asked her what she would like to have for her breakfast.

"I'd like some beans, please, grosswater," said the girl as a matter of course.

The grandfather appeared somewhat vexed, but asked the third child what he would have.

"Beans, please," said he.

The old gentleman here grew very angry. But he asked all the rest of the children in turn, down to the youngest tot, and all declared that they wanted some beans. And when they found that they could have none, the smallest children, overcome all at once by homesickness, began to cry, and the older ones looked very distressed and unhappy. Their grandparents rebuked the father and mother for not rearing their children with better manners. The parents protested that it was perfectly natural, and began to feel decidedly homesick themselves.

"It is no use," said the father to the mother, after the meal was over and they had retired to their chamber. "We have made a mistake, and neither we nor the children can be contented here. It isn't that we can't do without baked beans on Sunday morning, but that we have become such Yankees that we shall be homesick here."

"I think you are right," said the wife, "and now that we have made up our minds to that, hadn't we better go back to Boston and educate our children there?"

"I think we had," said the husband.

After a short stay, which nobody enjoyed, the family packed up their baggage and returned to Boston. And all because there were no baked beans on Sunday morning.—*Boston Transcript.*

LEARNING TO TALK.

The Process of Language Development in a Baby.

Exceedingly interesting is the process of language development in a babe. No study in anthropology is more fertile. The babe's first cries are purely instinctive and therefore purely animal. Its complaints are in and by pure labials and liquids—used with the open vowels. It does not use the genial tubercle; nor for many weeks the frontal brain. Its second list of sounds move farther back, and are g, goo, gutturals of the simplest sort. This g sound, with its natural associate !, becomes the well-known basis of all primitive languages—the clicking or glicking of Ainos and Hottentots. Next observe the babe as it watches your mouth and laughs at your cooing and your baby-talk. It finally sets its own articulating organs in motion and imitates you. The consequence soon is simple use of the frontal brain and the genial tubercle. The goo-goo is followed by eh-eh and che-che, and soon after by modulation. These are not only the first use of the human organs, but the first cerebrated sounds, as distinct from instinctive and inherited utterances. The steps toward a highly complex cerebrated language are thereafter rapidly taken.

We have to bear in mind that the babe organically follows historic evolution, and is an epitome of past progress. So also in his speech he moves on and on over the pathway of the past, and reviews it all. An intelligent child expresses approbation and disapprobation by the same sounds that are used by adult monkeys. The savage hardly uses cerebrated sounds at all. The refinement of languages has ever consisted in eliminating the animal inheritance. The child's use of gestures is also inherited. He does not need to learn to use his hands; only to secure muscular strength to direct them. His play at first is surely animal frolic, rejoicing in shouts and shrieks that later he does not find necessary to his enjoyment. His laughing and crying can only be understood as a language, as they are surely also in adults. The evolution of laughter would be a delightful branch of our topic, but a theme too much by itself. It is enough to note in passing that not only do animals laugh, but they smile. Laughter is even not uncommon among fowls. I have owned a cock that had a most distinct cachinnation.—*Open Court.*

If there is any thing in a name, we suppose that an up-town apartment house is called the Crescent because it is never full.—*Puck.*

PEOPLE Are Killed by Coughs that Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar would cure. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ADAM was the only man who had a wife made to order

A CASTOR-OIL trust has been formed to force the article up, which is plainly contrary to the best interests of the people. What castor-oil most needs is a bear movement to force it down.—*Omaha Bee.*

THE central attraction—gravitation.

IT'S hard to get the hole truth in the mining districts.

A PERSON may take up his residence without loss of character, but the shoplifter is universally abhorred.—*Boston Transcript.*

VERY undesirable garments—law suits.

A PITCHER that ought to be released—the growler.

AN old-fashioned board of investigation—the shingle.

WHEN a singer's throat is raw, you can't expect her songs to be well done.

THE man who is always "putting in his oar" when other people are talking generally gets into a row.—*Boston Globe.*

"THESE are my jewels," quoth the hen, collecting her chicks. "Of your own setting, too," quacked the duck, as she waddled away.

CUPID is always shooting and forever making Mrs.

THE man in the moon must feel all broke up when he is reduced to his last quarter.—*The Colonel.*

MILK has so little to do with the milch cow that a distinction is made in the spelling.—*Lincoln Journal.*

WHO knows, so well as the lawyer, that the longest way round is the only legal way there?—*Buffalo Express.*

MANY a man goes down under the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune, because if hit by one of the arrows he flies up with the slings.—*N. O. Picayune.*



An Easy Problem

Conclusively proving the peculiar strength and economy of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best

Spring Medicine

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla the blood is purified, enriched and vitalized, that tired feeling is entirely overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the digestive organs are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

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Do Not Fail to Heed the Warning.

Have you dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, kidney and liver disease? Every hour you neglect them may take years from your life.

Have you nervousness, weakness, nervous debility, sleeplessness and exhaustion? Every beat of your heart is but a funeral march towards your grave.

Have you neuralgia, rheumatism, epilepsy, palpitation, the tobacco or morphine habit? Any one of these is liable at any moment to take your heart in its deadly grasp.

Have you headache, loss of memory, numbness, trembling, prickly sensation, cold feet or weariness of the limbs? The sword of Damocles is suspended above you, for just so sure as you neglect these symptoms, just so sure will paralysis, insanity, prostration or death follow.

Save yourselves from these alarming results while there is yet time by the use of that most wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is a perfect and complete cure for all the above diseases. It is purely vegetable, and pronounced the greatest medical discovery of the century.

It will take away your nervousness and make your nerves strong and steady. If you are weak, tired and exhausted, it will make you strong and vigorous. It will cure your indigestion and dyspepsia, give you an appetite, regulate your bowels, kidneys and liver. It will give you natural and refreshing sleep, stop all flutter of the heart, trembling, numbness, headache and neuralgic pains. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility and exhausted nervous vitality. It is the best spring tonic, invigorator and restorative in existence, for it makes the weak strong, invigorates the tired and overworked brain, nerves the weary limbs, and restores health, strength and vitality.

IF YOU DO NOT FAIL TO USE THIS WONDERFUL REMEDY, AND YOU ARE SURE OF A CURE. For sale by all druggists at $1.00 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it he will get it for you. Insist upon having DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC, for nothing in the world can take its place. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, of 35 West 14th Street, New York, who can be consulted FREE OF CHARGE, personally or by letter.

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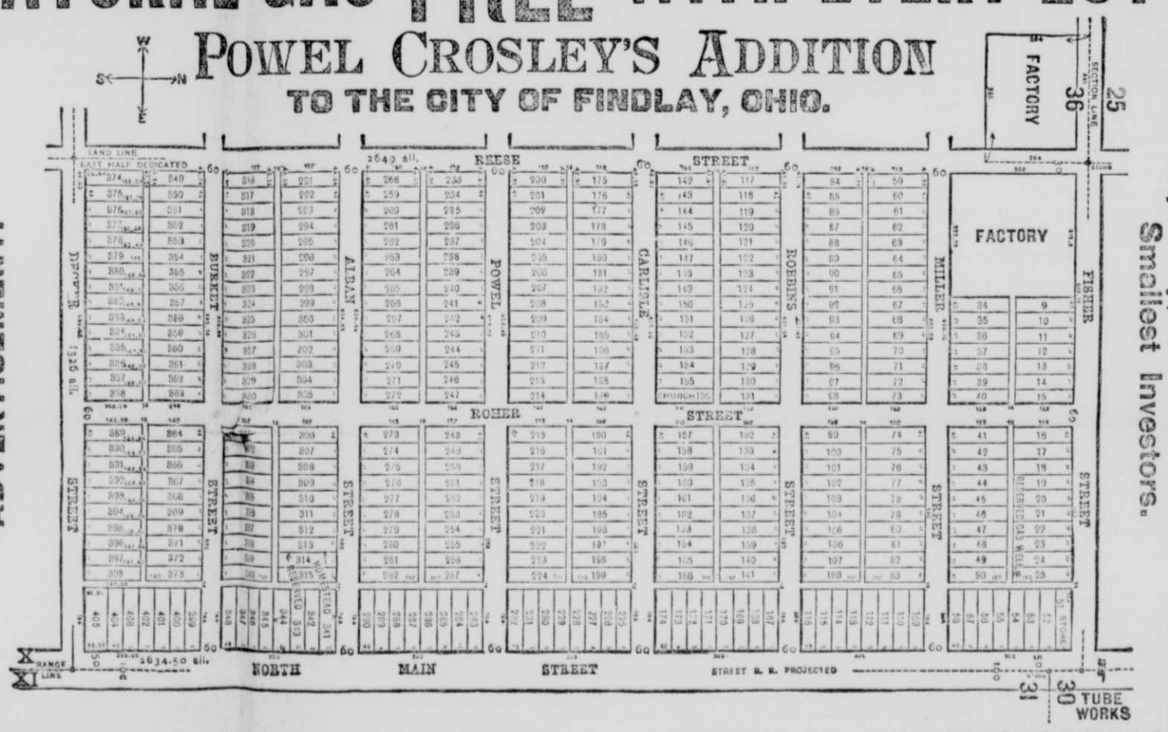
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Terms Very Easy, and within the reach of Smallest Investors.

POWEL CROSLEY, Cincinnati, O., does not do things by halves. He proposes to make this subdivision one of the most successful about Findlay, and to spare no expense to accomplish that end.

Findlay is having wonderful success—a larger growth in the same time than any other city in Ohio. Factories are multiplying, other business interests increasing proportionately; population 6,000 a year ago, now 13,000, estimated 25,000 at the close of year; 2,500 new houses built last year—5,000 more needed this year; 30 miles of street lines constructed, and others projected; streets improved in every direction; water-works begun; 7 steam railroads; schools, churches, fine residences and business blocks equal to any city of its size in the State. It is favorably known the world over.

Natural Gas is the magic wand that has caused and is causing this change. Eleven hundred feet down the drill taps the noiseless, cleanly, invisible agency which blesses mankind by giving free fuel and light unsurpassed for thousands of glass factories, rolling-mills, furnaces and other factories. Findlay is the housekeepers' paradise. No smoke, no soot, no ashes, no dust, no wood, no coal, nothing, in that line, disagreeable.

In the vicinity of the above subdivision is now being constructed one of the largest industrial establishments in the United States, the Kellogg Seamless Tube and Manufacturing Company's factory, to manufacture seamless gas, water and other pipe, intending to invest $500,000 in cash and employ 1,000 men. Other factories are not far away; and Mr. Crosley is arranging for two factories on the above tract, which will employ at least 200 men. Other factories will be erected this year in the immediate vicinity; a street railroad is projected along an Street in front of this property. A station will be erected at Kellogg, on the T., C. & S. R. R., eight minutes' ride from Findlay, and trains will be run to accommodate all comers. *If every lot on this tract had a house on it, they would all be occupied this year.*

A gas well of large capacity has just been drilled upon this subdivision, also a water well through the rock.

This telegram speaks for itself:

"FINDLAY, O., March 21, 1888.

"POWEL CROSLEY, Cincinnati, O.:

"Well finished. You have a five-million gasser.

"D. T. DAVIS."

As soon as the weather will permit, work will be commenced upon grading the streets, planting shade trees, constructing sidewalks and laying gas pipe from the gas well, *so as to give each lot the benefit of natural gas for fuel and light free*, and these improvements will be pushed rapidly to completion. Contracts have been entered into for these improvements.

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This tract is in the gas belt, and *each lot has an inexhaustible supply of gas beneath;* it is on the main avenue leading out of the city, and of easy access to two railroads. It is a beautiful tract on the ridge dividing the north from the south flow of water. Not one bad lot in the whole addition. It is located between the north corporate limits of the city and the Nickel-Plate Railroad.

Notwithstanding all of these advantages, these lots are temporarily on the market, on the following easy terms, placing them within the reach of all:

Price—Main Street lots, $400 each; other lots, $250 each; each lot 40x140 to 14 feet.

Terms of payment—One-tenth cash at the time lots are taken, and two per cent. on Monday of each week following until all is paid, without interest. Liberal discount for cash.

Title bond will be given until one-half or more is paid, then warrantee deed will be delivered and mortgages taken to secure unpaid portions.

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Inform undersigned, in person or by letter (inclosing draft or P. O. Order for $10 or $40), of the lot or lots by number you want. Should the lots you select be taken, you will be informed and given further opportunity to select. Plats of the property and full particulars sent to all who are interested.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

An election was held in Lonaconing, Allegany county, Tuesday to determine whether or not the town shall be incorporated. Incorporation was defeated, the vote being for incorporation 126, against 289.

A. S. Abell, senior proprietor of the Baltimore *Sun*, died at 3 o'clock Thursday morning, in the 82nd year of his age. He had been confined to the house for two weeks, and the cause of his death was decay of vital powers. His funeral took place Saturday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Hodges, of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church officiating.

The New York *Tribune* in treating the Louisiana election as another triumph of fraud that has prevailed in that State for some years past very felicitously remarks that "it is never amiss, nor altogether a waste of words to tell the country in plain Anglo-Saxon that these returns are lies, and that these elections are but successive steps in a great crime against self-government. Many of the Democrats who most strongly deny it are perfectly aware that it is the truth. They know, beyond any question, that neither opposing Republican votes nor the strife of factions among Louisiana Democrats can make any difference with the returns, which are sent in as party leaders may direct. The Republicans await their opportunity. Sooner or later it will come, and then a single fair election and honest return in Louisiana will prove that the party of crime has counted that State by fraud for all these years."

"The size of both the Democratic vote and majority," says the *Tribune*, "is prima facie proof of gross fraud. With three parishes estimated, Nichols has 112,520 votes and 65,100 majority. His majority now is 2,620 larger than Cleveland's entire vote in 1884, which was only 62,540. It was even a few votes larger than Hancock's total vote in 1880—65,067. It cannot be claimed that this was the result of conversions from the Republicans, because the Republican vote, as stated, is even a hair's-breadth larger than Blaine's in 1884, and considerably larger than Garfield's in 1880. These are the figures: 1880, 38,016; 1884, 46,347; 1888, 47,460. The Democratic vote, which fell off 2,527 votes in 1884 as compared with 1880, has increased 50,000 votes in 1888 over 1884 in a total vote of 170,000, and that in an election which in spite of the interest attaching to the local quarrel in New Orleans, is less important than the Presidential election. No unprejudiced person can suppose for a moment that this is an honest increase. In fact, Democratic newspapers of the franker sort openly admit fraud."

Maryland Crop Report.

The *Sun's* Washington correspondent says of the crops throughout the State: "The April crop report of the department of agriculture gives the following as to wheat in Maryland: Winter wheat was put in in fine condition, owing to late rains between September 20 and October 10. Nearly all was more or less fertilized and germinated well. It has had an unusual covering of snow, and its condition is promising. The same may be said of rye.

"County Correspondents report the following details: Caroline: In splendid condition. St. Mary's: Came up well; healthy and looks well in every respect. Dorchester: Soil was dry; looks fine. Carroll: Some land was insufficiently cultivated before seeding. Montgomery: Fallow wheat full average; that on corn stubble not as good. Worcester: Too dry until late in fall; fair against very unfavorable winter and early spring. Garrett: Generally good. Calvert: Looks badly on low land, owing to the excessive wet; fair average on rolling land. Charles: Looks well. Harford: Very favorable up to March 10, but since the late blizzard wheat does not look so well. Anne Arundel: Came up healthy and promptly; condition 100 on good land. Kent: Better than at this time last year. Allegany: Soil very dry in fall; present growth is good. Prince George's: Backward, but looks healthy. Somerset: Early seeding on undrained land is fairly good; late seeding on poorly drained soil is badly winter-killed. Talbot: Wheat passed through winter apparently uninjured save on low or wet land; had fair average appearance, but during the past two weeks suffered from excess of wet on low land. Wicomico: Damaged by excess of water-washing, heaving, etc.; four weeeks ago looked fair. Washington: Very promising. Baltimore: Dry in October; very good growth.

"The State agent for Maryland sends the following as to the condition of stock: Maryland.—Stock of all kinds are looking well and are receiving better feed and shelter than formerly. A great change has taken place of late years in this respect. No complaint of any disease is reported. Sheep have been free from all disease and are looking well. Destruction by dogs has been much reduced the last year through the use of bells and vigilance on the part of flock masters. Hogs have slowly increased, and no diseases are reported. Cattle have been free from all complaints, with the exception of a few cases of pleuro-pneumonia, and are looking remarkably well."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 23d, 1888.—Senator Sherman's boom has been making rapid headway for the past few days, and his friends are now predicting his nomination on the first ballot. They claim that he is already sure of 312 votes out of the 411 necessary to nominate. Representative McKinley, who has just returned from Ohio, is very enthusiastic over Mr. Sherman's prospect of receiving the nomination, which he considers as absolutely sure. He says the endorsement of Mr. Sherman by the Ohio Convention was not merely formal. It was earnest, and they meant it. They were enthusiastic in their support of Sherman, and no man opposing him would have dared to put up his head in the convention. He says further, that there was no foundation whatever for the talk of Sherman's endorsement being lukewarm and the result of great labor. Mr. McKinley thinks that Mr. Sherman will make the strongest possible candidate.

The tariff debate which was begun in the House of Representatives last Tuesday seems to have had the effect of putting the members of that body to work. They have since then passed the Indian and Pension appropriation bills and devoted one day to the consideration of the River and Harbor bill. Tomorrow the tariff debate is to be resumed, and it will probably be kept up with short intermissions for at least two months. If the Mills bill were to be voted on at once it would probably be defeated by a very small majority, but what will happen after two months of "chinning" I am not prepared to guess.

The Senate is away ahead of the House in the amount of work so far performed during the present session. The Senate has passed 831 bills while the House has passed only 425.

Quite a number of Republican Senators went to New York to attend the funeral of ex Senator Conkling.

Mr. Blaine's idea of a Congress of American Nations will be a fact next year. The bill providing for it and instructing the President to request the Government of the Republics of Mexico, of Central and South America and Hayti and the Empire of Brazil to send representatives to a conference to meet in this city in or near April, 1889 has been passed by both Houses of Congress.

It is stated here that the President has fully decided to appoint Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, our present Minister to England, Chief Justice of the United Seates, but that the Irish Americans having made such a vigorous protest against it, he has promised not to make the appointment for the present.

The Fisheries treaty will be rejected. The Senate will spend a portion of this week in discussing it behind closed doors, and its formal rejection will probably take place before the end of the week.

Hon. D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, during the debate in the House on the pension appropriation bill, took occasion to pay his respects to Commissioner of Pensions Black and his methods. Mr. Henderson, in speaking of the administration of the Mexican Pension law by the Pension Office, said: "So rapid is the Pension Bureau in recognizing claims under this law, that pensions are allowed before even a claim is put in, and certificates are issued when the beneficiary did not know he was a claimant." In proof of this assertion, he sent to the clerks' desk and had read an article in a Chicago paper to the effect that the Commissioner of Pensions had ordered a pension certificate sent to Col. W. B. Morrison, notwithstanding that he was informed that Col. Morrison's name was not on the list of applicants. The certificate was returned to the Chicago pension agent by Col. Morrison, accompanied by quite a terse letter, Mr. Henderson, continuing his remarks, said: "Commissioner Black stands convicted on Democratic authority of violating the terms of the law, and simply issuing a certificate to a Democratic chief, who was too high and too clean to become a party to the transaction. This man, who entered upon the discharge of his duties with heaven-erected face, like a saint, is caught in a Democratic trap. He has got lower down in struggling for political influence than any bureau officer I have ever known."

The House has passed bills establishing a department of labor; and providing for arbitration of disputes between common-carriers and their employes.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate to grant the widow of Chief Justice Waite a pension of $5,000 a year.

The Louisiana Election.

The news that comes from Louisiana any this morning is in exact accord with our predictions of yesterday. The tremendous party pressure brought to bear on McEnery and his friends made them weaken and their promise to insure a fair election and an honest count, in the outlaying parishes, at any rate, was not kept. We are told in the dispatches of today that all through north Louisiana the Republican candidates and independents had been "advised" to withdraw from the canvass and "the negroes voted the straight Democratic ticket to an extent that surprised the Democrats." We all know the kind of "advice" that is given in such cases. It is a sort that has been given before in Louisiana and Mississippi, and other Southern States. It simply meant, and the negroes knew that it meant, that if the Republicans in those prishes attempted to vote, they would do it at the peril of their lives, and that if they succeeded in getting their ballots in they would never be counted. It is rather discouraging to vote under such conditions, and the majority for Nicholls in the northern parishes, which are normally overwhelmingly Republican, was doubtless very large.

In the city of New Orleans, where "advice" of this kind cannot be so effectively followed up, the opposition seems to have made a determined fight, and the full returns may show that the Reformers have carried the city. The "Young Democracy" in New Orleans had just as many shotguns and revolvers as the "regulars," and were able to get in their votes and have them counted.

It is a queer form of government that Louisiana has at present. The "New South" feeling does not seem to have made much progress there, and the millennium is yet a long way off. But the plucky fight made by the Republicans, under the able leadership of ex-Gov. Warmoth, has not been altogether without result. It has, for one thing, proved conclusively that on a fair vote Louisiana is a Republican State, and, for another thing, has shown once more the methods by which the Democrats keep control of a "solid South."—*N. Y. Mail and Express, April* 18.

Gen. Howard Gets Left.

Washington Republican 24th.

It has been practically decided at the War Department to assign Maj. Gen. Crook to the command of the division of the Missouri, with headquarters at Chicago, and an order to that effect will probably be issued in a day or two. It is said that Maj. Gen. Howard, commanding the division of the Pacific, desired to be transferred to the Missouri, but that it was found that the interests of the service could be subserved better by retaining him at San Francisco, and assigning the new major general to the division of the Missouri, the duties of which command have been performed by Lieut. Gen. Sherican at Washington from the time that Maj. Gen. Terry was granted leave of absence. The contemplated assignment makes no change whatever necessary in the divisions of the Atlantic and Pacific.

In Memory of the Late A. S. Abell.

BALTIMORE, April 24.—The city council of this city has passed resolutions in memory of the late A. S. Abell, recognizing the loss of a citizen who modestly portrayed during a long and useful life the best characteristics of the highest type of American citizenship. The resolutions will be engrossed and presented to the family of Mr. Abell by the mayor and a committee of the council.

Robert Garrett's Foreign Tour.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 24.—Letters received here under date of Cairo, Egypt, March 31, report Robert Garrett much improved in health, travel having had a very beneficial effect on his mind. The party made an extended trip up the Nile. They were to sail from Alexandria April 11th for Athens. From there they will go to Constantinople, after which they visit Russia for a short time. They expect to return to America in September

Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, April 20.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly trade review, say: There are higher prices in speculation but the business outlook is favorable. Stocks are stronger and breadstuffs rising with oil and provisions. But purchases for consumption are so restricted that almost every important branch of manufacture feels the check, and the volume of business recorded in bank clearings outside of New York is smaller by 6 per cent than at the same time last year, with a decline of over 2½ per cent at New York.

Prices of manufactured products and the chief materials tend downward, so that in spite of a material advance in speculative prices since January 1, and in vegetable, the average of all prices is a shade lower than at the opening of the year.

Reports of injury to wheat evidence that the backward spring has limited sowing, and the belief that the death of the German Emperor will lead to war; all influence the breadstuffs market to higher prices.

Reports from the interior points, with scarcely an exception, represent the money market fairly or fully supplied, though brisk demand is noted at Detroit, Milwaukee and Denver.

The business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 177, and for Canada 18, or a total of 195, as compared with 222 last week, and 199 for the corresponding week of 1887.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
5228 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1888.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 16th day of April, 1888, by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, Md.

ROAD LEVY.

District No.	1—Swanton	$ 500 00
"	" 2—Selbysport	750 00
"	" 3—Grantsville	700 00
"	" 4—Bloomington	450 00
"	" 5—Accident	650 00
"	" 6—Sang Run	550 00
"	" 7—Oakland	800 00
"	" 8—Ryans Glade	600 00
"	" 9—Johnson's	1300 00
"	" 10—Deer Park	200 00
"	" 11—Elbow	320 00
National Road		400 00
Total		$6,140 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor of Oakland	$200 00
J M Davis, for Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Burgess of Deer Park	50 00
" Grantsville	80 00
Sam'l Harshberger, for Corporation of Bloomington	50 00
Total	$480 00

ELECTION EXPENSES—NOV. 8, 1887.

District No. 1.

William E George return judge	$ 8 95
Thomas R McRobie, judge	4 00
Charles Murphy, judge	4 00
Isaac Lansdale, clerk	4 00
Joseph H. Friend, clerk	4 00
Charles T West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Joseph Lint, return judge	10 56
Lloyd Lowdermilk, judge	4 00
Jackson Umbel, judge	4 00
Josephus Enlow, clerk	4 00
George Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Jacob J Brenneman, return judge	10 56
August Boing, judge	4 00
Samuel Durst, judge	4 00
Benjamin Fuller, clerk	4 00
Clarence Getty, clerk	4 00
Mrs. Figgy, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

William R Michael, return judge	10 24
John L Michael, judge	4 00
George H Sigler, judge	4 00
Peter F Michael, clerk	4 00
Floyd Duckworth, clerk	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

William Lohr, return judge	10 08
Phillip M. Miller, judge	4 00
Jeremiah Durst, judge	4 00
S H Ryland, clerk	4 00
M M Shrock, clerk	4 00
Frederick Engiehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Columbus Paugh, return judge	9 28
Samuel Furgerson, judge	4 00
Richard DeWitt, judge, use L E Friend	4 00
George E Bishoff, clerk	4 00
Thomas Browning, clerk	4 00
Samuel Specht, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

David H Loar, return judge	6 00
Rowan White, judge	4 00
Bowie Johnson, judge, use F A Thayer,	4 00
D T E Casteel clerk	4 00
Thos R White, clerk, use C H Whetsell,	4 00

District No. 8.

James W White, return judge	8 80
Isaac I Thompson, judge	4 00
Edwin M Miller, judge	4 00
Benjamin F Kidd, clerk	4 00
Israel O Thompson, clerk	4 00
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Jacob McKenzie, return judge	11 68
B F Stokes, judge, use John Wambaugh	4 00
F C Graham, judge	4 00
Richard M Graham, clerk	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

E C Tillison, return judge	8 48
James E Paugh, judge	4 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, judge	4 00
R F Thrasher, clerk	4 00
Michael J Garrett, clerk	4 00
Samuel J Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Merrill, return judge	11 20
Amos Broadwater, judge	4 00
C B Broadwater, judge	4 00
David F Metts, clerk	4 00
John W Broadwater, clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

John T Harvey, return judge	9 20
Henry Lee, judge	4 00
John L Sharpless, judge	4 00
E J Hamill, clerk	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, clerk, use Chas Cropp	4 00
E G Blackburn, house rent	5 00
Total	$362 04

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, use P Hamill	$ 52 00
R E Friend, use Leslie E Friend	65 00
Isaiah Fuller, use J S Broadwater	64 00
John Collins	61 00
Henry Lininger, use D E Offutt	65 00
N C Browning, use D E Offutt	45 00
Thomas Browning, assistant register, use G S Hamill	20 00
P A Chisholm, use G S Hamill	41 50
E J Fringer, assistant, use E Z Tower	20 00
James W Mason, use D E Offutt	52 00
Samuel Johnson	53 95
Michael Brady, use D E Graham	61 50
John C Chaney, use G S Hamill	60 00
L C Hamill	56 00
Total	$717 95

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

W W Griffith	$ 8 60
Peter Nathan	6 70
J H Davis	3 60
P H Echard	5 25
A B Gonder, use William Casteel	60 75
Total	$84 90

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Austin Brown	$ 4 70
Charles Wegman	7 90
Frederick Kolb	3 75
Levi Echard	3 60
James W Cropp	14 45
E N Casteel	8 30
Total	$42 70

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For Redemption of Bonds	$3,000 00
Interest on Bonds	240 00
Total	$1,240 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For Redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on Bonds	840 00
Total	$1,840 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Garrett Co. School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools	$9,000 00

HOSPITAL FUND.

Subject to order County Commissioners	$825 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veitch, late States Attorney, 26 Recognizances @ 33⅓	$ 86 66
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 56 misdemeanors @ 33⅓	186 48
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 5 foionies @ $10	50 00
J W Veitch late States Attorney, trial fees as per order Court	235 00
J W Veitch, late States Attorney, council for Registration Officers	50 00
Thayer & Sincell, 3 felonies @ $10	30 00
Thomas J Peddicord, 5 misdemeanors @ 33⅓, use G S Hamill	10 00
G S Hamil, 2 misdemeanors @ 33⅓	6 66
Wm P Townshend, States Attorney, 52 Recognizances @ 33⅓	173 33
Total	$828 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges from June, 1888, to April, 1889	$465 00
Samuel Lawton, late Register, fees, use S E Boyer & Co.	73 72
Samuel Lawton, late Register, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	33 63
Total	$572 37

CLERKS' OFFICE.

E Z Tower, clerks' fees	$779 23

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay Jurors, Witnesses, Bailiffs, Messenger and Crier for September term, '88, and May term, 1889	$2,967 00

SHERIFFS' FEES.

John H Riley, late Sheriff	$ 804 95
Edward E Sollars, Sheriff	227 60
Total	$1,062 55

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

J A Hayden, publishing to June, 1889	$ 400 00
J A Hayden, printing to June, 1889	400 00
John S Combs, publishing, use John T Mitchell, attorney for B T Keller	350 00
John S Combs, balance	50 00
Total	$1,200 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

C T West, support M G Harvey's widow to June, 1888				$ 10 00
C T West, support M G Harvey's widow order				12 00
Parker Ashby, Supt. Sarah Loraw order				27 00
D E Offutt, " Simmes Nair, order				20 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge, order				20 00
Leslie E Friend, support Ezra Savage children, order				15 00
G S Hamill, Supt. Samuel Wolf, order				10 00
" " " Upton Bruce to Jan. 7th, 1888, order				50 00
O Hart & Son, Supt. Rebecca Sager, order				15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Thomas Philpot, order				20 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge, order				15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Semmes Nair, order				10 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Mrs. Holland, order				15 00
Ira E Friend, support Alice Vansickle, order				12 00
Ira E Friend, support Frederick Vansickle, order				25 00
Otho Speciman, Supt. J M Davis, order				25 00
Andrew Mullen, support George Hay and family, order				25 00
E C Tillison, Supt. Mrs Sanborn, order				20 00
Charles O Thompson, support Upton Bruce to July 7th, 1888				50 00
A L Gnagey, support Wm Hoover				20 00
Sarah A Friend, use J H Wilson & Bro. Supt. Mrs. Brobst, order				15 00
Mrs Holland, support of self, order				10 00
Wm R Porter, " Caroline Cole, order				10 00
Wm A Loraw, " Enoch Loraw to April, 1889				150 00
Howard Frazee, support Etta Shaffer's child from Oct. 1, 1887, to Oct. 1, 1888				30 00
J S Broadwater, Supt. Mrs. Henry Durst				10 00
E Gnagey, " Wm Hoover				20 00
A Mullen, " Hay family				25 00
Caroline Frazee, " Ruth King				75 00
W C Jones, " Geo Wood				15 00
Cornelus Bowser, support Mary Durst				20 00
George O Miller, support Jos Clamyer				15 00
Thomas Martin, support Jos Clamyer				15 00
A Mullen, support, Lewis Hanft				20 00
Samuel Meese, support Henry Meese				25 00
J E Gnagey, support Martin Hetrich				35 00
S L Townshend support Thos Philpot				30 00
Sarah A Friend, support Mrs. Brobst				15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Jacob Spiker				15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge				10 00
Total				$976 00

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

S L Townshend & Son	11	fox			$ 11 00
W C Jones,	11	"	and	1 cat	19 00
William Ryland,	10	"	2	"	14 00
Edward Pysell,	6	"			6 00
A L Gnagey,	11	"			11 00
J H Beckman,	7	"			7 00
Franklin Bowser,	6	"			6 00
Smith and Callis,	9	"	1	"	11 00
Thos K Harvey,	5	"			5 00
Milford Drane,	3	"			2 00
S E Boyer & Co.,	3	"	1	"	5 00
S P Specht	7	"			7 00
Joshua Tichnell,	3	"			3 00
Wm Hinebaugh,	6	"			6 00
W H Barnard,	1	"			1 00
M L Scott,	2	"			2 00
J S Broadwater,			1	"	2 00
C H Liston,	4	"			4 00
Mathias Bowser,	7	"			7 00
D E Offutt,			2	"	4 00
C T West,	12	"	5	"	22 00
H C Shaw	1	"			1 00
Eli McMillen,	2	"			2 00
John E Gnagey	10	"			10 00
A Wass & Son	1	"			1 00
John F Friend	2	"			2 00
Henry Letham	8	"			8 00
Lafayette Friend	1	"			1 00
Taylor Sines	1	"			1 00
F & C Felty	1	"			1 00
A Mullen	2	"	2	"	6 00
W D Nydegger			1	"	2 00
P W Connell	1	"	3	"	7 00
Total					$197 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jacob Mosser	$ 50 00
B F Snyder, use C T West	20 00
A Garlitz, use C T West	65 00
Albert Fitzwater, use C T West	35 00
Abel DeWitt, use D E Offutt	20 00
John M Tichenell	50 00
A E Harvey, use J H Wilson & Bro	100 00
Parker Ashby	20 00
John T Bowers	20 00
Levi Caton	12 00
John F Robeson	30 00
Peter Stark	18 00
Andrew Blocher, National Road	25 00
Jacob Gnagey	40 00
George Lowdermilk	5 00
John Friend, (of N.) balance on bridge,	1 00
Total	$511 00

BRIDGES.

Pittsburg Bridge Co., (for Selbysport bridge) subject to orders of Co. Coms.	$4,275 00
Wm H Riley and Austin Brown, masonry for bridge over river at Selbysport, subject to orders Co. Coms.	1,300 00
John G Knauer, balance on Cherry creek bridge	4 68
Dan'l Wilson, bridge over Wolf Den run	28 78
M M Ashby, use Jones E Gnagey Cherry creek bridge	15 45
J M Conaway, North Branch bridge	67 28
Jesse Glotfelty, Sang Run bridge	10 00
John Wilhelm, 3 bridges	32 00
Isaac W Abernathy, Sand Run bridge	50 00
Total	$5,781 19

WITNESS FEES BEFORE MAGISTRATES

Edward Crim, use S E Boyer & Co	33
Harry West, use Thomas Little	33
Earnest Townshend use Thomas Little	33
Thomas Little	33
Mrs John Washington, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Mrs Oscar Notes, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Thomas Sarsfield, use D E Offutt	33
Wm Page, use W C Jones	33
Lotta Goff, use W C Jones	33
Ella Sowers, use W C Jones	33
Luke Keasner, use W C Jones	33
Frank Fazenbaker, use W C Jones	33
James Leaper	33
Alfred Sisler, use C H Liston	33
Lucretia Borgie, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Total	$4 95

ROAD EXPENSE.

John Harned, Surveyor and examiner 6 days	$30 00
John T Bowers, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Francis Martin, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John H Sanders, chainman, 1½ days	3 00
John Fahey, chainman 1½ days	3 00
John Hughes, axeman, 1½ days	3 00
Total	$47 00

CORONERS' JURY.

INQUEST ON BODY OF JOSH B. BRANT.

John Ault, juror	50
James A Hayden, juror	50
William R Jarboe, "	50
D C Bolden, "	50
G W Delawder, "	50
John Shartzer, "	50
Andrew J Harne, "	50
J T Browning, "	50
Samuel E Boyer, "	50
Wm D Nydegger, "	50
D E Offutt, "	50
F A Thayer, "	50
William Crim, witness,	33
James Wiseman, "	33
Montgomery Coddington, witness	33

INQUEST ON BODY OF JAMES WOODS.

Dr. W R Ravenscraft, physician	$ 5 00
Geo F Loughridge, juror	50
George D White, "	50
Charles Davis, "	50
Dr E H Bartlett, "	50
Dr D T E Casteel, "	50
S E Boyer, "	50
William Casteel, "	50
Fred Felty, "	50
Emanuel Custer, "	50
W M Wagner, "	50
W Y Waltz, "	50
Owen Hart, "	50
Joseph Murphy, witness	33
Peter A Chisholm, "	33
James W Cropp, "	35
Total	$18 98

MISCELLANEOUS.

Edward Margroff, insolvencies, approved 1885, order of 1887	$ 64 04
Warren M Coddington, Warden to jail to December 21st, 1887	197 00
Warren M Coddington, Janitor to April 4th, 1888, use G S Hamill	43 75
E N Casteel, Warden to jail to February 3d, 1888	41 00
Charles Bolden, use Jonas E Gnagey, work at court house and Sheriffs house, 1887	12 00
John Shartzer, use D E Offutt, matting for Clerk's office	43 13
J H Medairy & Co. stationery	200 92
Johnson Watson & Co., stationery	58 30
G A Shirer, sundries for court house and jail	16 45
D E Offutt, sundries for court house and jail	39 50
S L Townshend & Son, sundries for court house and jail	33 73
D T E Casteel, medicine for paupers	10 10
Veitch & Townshend collecting road money	15 00
O Hart & Son, coal for court house and jail	116 25
Lloyd Chambers, digging grave for pauper	3 00
Albert Welch, use J A Hayden, kindling wood	5 00
Charles Bolden, case for Clerk's office, boxes for vault, laying platform, &c.	92 00
H P Tasker, for compiling books, abstracts, &c., use Ross R Coddington,	50 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers and prisoners	59 25
J M Davis & Son, sundries for court house	1 95
Dr. H M Kemp, medical attendance to pauper	10 00
Jonas E Gnagey, Col. to assessments	34 00
H P Tasker, use 3rd National Bank of Cumberland, for compiling book of abstract, &c	50 00
Dr J Lee McComas, County health officer to June, 1888	100 00
Thayer & Sincell, council to board to April 11th, 1888	15 00
D E Bolden & Co., coffin, &c., for pauper	11 00
Total	$1,322 97

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Bryson Welch, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	$ 99 38
Michael Durst, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	125 00
W P Hansel, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	111 56
W H Hagan, clerk, use D E Offutt	20 00
" " " " J M Davis	9 90
" " " " 1st Nat. Bank Cumberland	158 00
W H Hagans, clerk, use J M Davis	75 44
" " " " balance	130 41
Total	$729 69

TREASURERS' OFFICE.

Treasurer's commission on county tax subject to order of County Coms	$1,732 12
Treasurer's commission on State tax, subject to order of County Coms	208 45
Total	$2,000 57

Contingent fund	$3,571 72

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 6,140 00
Corporations	480 00
Election expenses	362 04
Registration officers	717 95
Magistrates' fees	84 90
Constables' fees	42 70
Court House fund	1,240 00
Garrett County School debt	1,840 00
Public Schools	9,000 00
Hospital fund	825 00
Attorneys' fees	828 13
Orphans' Court	572 37
Clerk's office	779 23
Court fund	2,967 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,062 55
Printing and publishing	1,200 00
Outside Pensioners	976 00
Fox and cat certificates	197 00
Road appropriations	511 00
Bridges	5,781 19
Witness fees	4 95
Road expense	47 00
Coroners' juries	18 98
Miscellaneous	1,322 97
County Commissioners of fice	729 69
Treasurers' commission on Co. tax	1,732 12
" " " State tax	208 45
Contingent fund	3,571 72
Total	$43,302 94

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,936,631.00, which at $1.10 on each hundred dollars, the County taxation will make the above amount of $43,302.94; deducting $155,667.00 for corporations paying the State tax direct to the State Treasurer, leaves the basis for State tax $3,780,964, which is fixed at 173⅓c. on each $100.00, making the State tax $6,711.21, which, added to the County, makes for county and State purposes $50,014.15.

W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk County Commissioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Clover and timothy seed at Correll's.

—Go to Litzinger's for fine cigars, tobaccos, &c.

—The new B. & O. time-table goes into effect Sunday, April 29th.

—Call at Litzinger's for fine candies, fruits, &c.

—For Ladies', Misses', Children's and Men's fine shoes, go to Correll's.

—Fine flavoring extracts for sale at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland.

—Be sure to examine Correll's immense stock of hats and shoes before buying elsewhere.

—The Oakland Independent Band have sold their old horns and purchased new and finer ones.

—A full and well selected line of Men's, Boy's and Children's summer hats at Correll's,

—Clay Hyde, Esq., of Kingwood, spent last Sunday here with his brother, F. G. Hyde.

—Base ball goods at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland. A full and varied assortment on hand at reasonable prices.

—Mr. G. H. Pritchard is now prepared to take all kinds of pictures and photographs. Call before the summer rush.

—The Oakland woolen factory will be in full operation about the 1st of May. Bring on your wool and get the highest cash price.

—Mr. C. E. Wagner, who has been visiting his sister in Oakland, (Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss,) returned to his home in Morgantown, W. Va., Tuesday last.

—The largest and finest line of carpets ever brought to Oakland, at D. E. Bolden & Co's. Also widow shades, matting, oil cloth, &c., &c., cheaper than ever, at Shartzer's old stand.

—Persons attending Court should remember that the Commercial House is a good place to stop at. It is situated in a quiet part of the town, is well furnished and gives a good bill of fare. Terms to suit our people.

—Mr. W. C. L. Correll returned Tuesday from a visit to the bedside of his father in Fulton county, Pa., who is very low with cancer of the stomach, and owing to his age, (81 years,) he is not likely to live but a few days.

—Mr. Daniel Chisholm and wife, who spent the winter in Florida, arrived at Cumberland Monday. Mrs. Chisholm found the climate to suit her so well that she gained twenty pounds in weight during the winter.

—W. C. L. Correll has just opened up a full line of dry goods. Consisting of Muslins, Cambrics, Ginghams, Prints, &c., and also a fine line of Satines, very handsome patterns and latest styles, on all of which I am able to give my customers the lowest prices. Come and examine and be convinced. Corner R. R. and Main streets, Oakland, Md.

—Died, on Saturday, April 21, 1888, at his residence, in Washington, D. C., after four month's illness, Columbus W. Thorn, aged forty-eight years; also, on the 22d, Harry Davis, third son of Columbus W. and Sallie S. Thorn, aged fourteen years and eight months. It will be remembered that this afflicted family occupied the Keller house in Oakland last summer.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching 7½ P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

BLAINE, April 24th, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—I see Mr. Wilson explains in last week's REPUBLICAN what disposition he made of the Local Option petitions forwarded to him, and while he is explaining the citizens of Kitzmillersville would like to know what became of the petition sent in to him for the continuation of District No. 12.

Yours Truly,

G. W. KITZMILLER

A New Green Grocery.

Messrs. Chas. F. White & Co. have rented the Brooks building, on Railroad street, near the depot, Oakland, Md., and will in a few days have on hand a full supply of vegetables, fruits, fish, canned goods, and everything usually kept in a first-class green grocery. Mr. White, the active member of the firm, will have charge of the store, and as he is a very clever and obliging gentleman, we feel sure the enterprise will prove profitable.

About Trespassing.

There are many persons who imagine they can cross a field or enter an orchard, fish in a stream which is the property of another, and do many things of this character which cannot be resisted by the owner of the land. There is a popular idea that mere walking over a field is not trespass. It possibly may not be damage to such property, but it is a misdemeanor to do it which is punished by law. The season is coming when the people will be sauntering into the country, seeking the suburbs for a walk, to such as will do so, as well as to all others, it will be safe for them to understand the law of trespass. Persons guilty of trespass are liable to fine or imprisonment.

The Latest Mode of Swindling Farmers.

The Bedford *Inquirer* says: "The Bohemian oats swindle having been pretty thoroughly exposed by the newspapers, the swindlers who make their living by getting up schemes to cheat farmers are using the hayfork game. This consists in storing a number of forks in the barn of some farmer, whom they tell that if he will take care of them and sell them he shall have a commission of from 30 to 75 per cent. On this representation the farmer is induced to sign a receipt, 'merely as a matter of form,' and in a few weeks the receipt turns up in the hands of some other party and proves an agreement to pay about four prices for the forks.

Every Night.

F. G. Hyde will have have auction every night during court. Don't fail to attend. Goods to be auctioned are good quality and good styles. All kinds of Jewelry, Musical Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, etc., will be sold. Nothing bidden in. Everything put up will go whether it bring much or little. Also two organs, with book and stool, at wholesale price, $55.00 each. Both of them are excellent instruments, guaranteed for 5 years. For tone, fine finish and style they *cannot* be excelled, and are equal in every respect to any organ in the country costing twice the money. The organs will not be sold at auction.

Hoping to be favored with your orders for anything you may wish in my line, (during court,) I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. G. HYDE,
Jeweler, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—Please bear in mind that my prices defy competition, not only during court but all the time.

Death of Mary C. Friend.

A heavy gloom has been cast over the hearts of the people in this community by the death of Mary C. Friend, who has been afflicted for several months, but at last she was released from her afflictions on Sunday, April the 15th, to rest with her Redeemer. She was a member of the M. E. Church for nine years, where she was a faithful worker. She said death was sweet to her; she feared it not, for her peace was made with God. We know she is safe from sin and sorrow. She was a blooming youth, loved and respected by all who knew her. We know her parents, brothers and sisters mourn her loss, but she is not lost; she has gone before, to rest for evermore. We ask them to be wise and choose the good part that Mary has chosen.

The funeral was conducted by Rev. A. S. Arnett, at the house. Her remains were laid in the cemetery at Sand Spring, where her body will sleep the last sleep.

Loving friends be wise and dry
straightway every weeping eye,
what ye lift upon the bier is not
worth a wistful tear; 'tis an empty
sea shell, one out of which the pearl
has gone.

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever waked to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

M. S. J.

Accident.

Weather is cool and we have had snow nearly every day this week.

Farmers are very busy plowing and sowing oats.

Miss Martha Harden has returned from Salisbury, Pa., and expects to open a school here on the 1st of May.

Mr. George Durst has moved into his new house.

Mr. Fred Burkhart has moved up street to the Christ Snyder house.

Mr. Christ Snyder moved into the house formerly known as the S. E. Boyer house.

Miss Sophia Ault has just received a full line of millinery goods.

Miss Rebecca Harden has left for Salisbury.

Miss Lizzie Kahl is having a new fence erected around her lot.

Miss Katie George has returned from Baltimore to attend her sister's funeral.

Measles are still around here.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely and we were glad to have Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, our old superintendent, with us last Sunday.

A child of Mr. Hayman's is very ill at present.

Mr. Fred Ault had been very ill but has somewhat recovered.

A certain man here made his garden and planted his vegetables. The other day he planted his peas. They were few, but were of extra quality. One of his hens had been accustomed to go into his garden, and he well marked which one it was. On his return to the garden he found that his peas were scratched out. He at once began to search for the hen, found her, cut off her head and began to search for his peas. He at length found them, washed them, and again, for the second time planted his peas—fact. J.

Swanton.

Mr. James Baldwin is at work for James Beard at Frankville, putting a foundation under his storeroom.

Mr. Daniel A. Beckman, of Swanton, and Miss Nethkin, of Elk Garden, were married last week. We wish them success and happiness through life.

There will be the largest delivery of fruit trees here this spring ever made in a single season.

Our agent, Mr. Alex. Fairall, has had the platform extended at the station, which is quite an improvement.

Mr. C. T. West is clearing between the railroad and county road, and intends to plant it in grapes and small fruits.

Mr. Hugh Mahlia, formerly of this District but now a resident of the oil regions of Ohio, and Miss Maggie Healy were married at the Catholic church at Oakland Wednesday. The parents of the bride gave a supper to a host of friends. The bride was the recipient of many presents. We extend our congratulations.

HOOSIER.

A Big Demonstration at Parkersburg.

The Merchants and Manufacturers Association of Parkersburg have made arrangements for an imposing street pageant on Thursday Evening, May 3rd, consisting of moving tableaux and scenic display, illuminated by electric and calcium lights, illustrating the progress and manufactures of the city. Some forty floats have already been secured, and over one thousand men are expected to be in line.

To accommodate those desiring to witness the Demonstration, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Parkersburg and return at one fare for the round trip, from all Ticket stations west of and including Keyser, and intermediate stations between Benwood, Morgantown and Grafton.

The tickets will be sold for all trains on Wednesday and Thursday, May 2d and 3d, and good for return trip until Friday, May 4th, inclusive.

Excursion to California.

Free Sleeping Car Excursion to California, Oregon and Colorado points will leave May 7th, from Delaware Ave. Depot, Wilmington, Del., via B. & O. R. R. at 5:40 P. M., Baltimore 8:30 P. M., Washington 9:45 P. M., with only one change of cars at Kansas City.

For further information and reservation of berths apply to H. A. Miller, Passenger and Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R., Wilmington, Del., to D. Bride, Pass. Agent, Central Building Baltimore, Md., or to nearest Ticket Agent B. & O. R. R.

A Good Washing Machine.

Mr. E. D. Kepner, of Oakland, has taken the agency for the "Lovell Family Washer," pronounced the best washer in use. Can be attached to any tub. It will wash clean anything that can be washed by hand, with half the labor and in half the time. The springs are of Bessemer steel, and will never wear out. Price only $5.00. Mr. Kepner will have the washer on exhibition during court. 4 21 3t

Artesian Wells.

Good pure water is a necessity in every household. Drilled wells furnish the best, purest and cheapest. Kemphfer, Jamison & Co. will drill you a well and guarantee it, at the lowest possible figure. Address or call on them at Oakland, Md.

Elkins.

There was another wreck on the West Va. Central Monday evening. Four or five freight cars were thrown down in the river, below Blaine. The company proposes to shorten the sections and put more men on them. A wise step, but should have been taken much sooner.

Mr. Williams, a miner living at Fairfax, was killed last Wednesday while opening a new coal mine close here, by the earth falling in upon him. He leaves a wife and several children.

Mr. W. R. Neville lost his only child, a bright little girl of nearly three and a half years, last week.

Mrs. Jerry Browning was taken seriously ill Monday evening with hemorrhage of the lungs.

There are a few cases of whooping cough and measles in town.

Mr. G. W. Moon went to Philadelphia last week. We understand he intends going into the book business. Good books and plenty of them should be found in every family, but bad books, like bad company, should be strictly avoided, especially by the young.

Mr. J. E. Shillingourg has embarked again in the fruit-tree agency.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

Estate of Noah Harvey, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Mayland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NOAH HARVEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 27th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hand this 24th day of April, 1888.

THOS. K. HARVEY,
MICHAEL S. HARVEY,
4 28 3t. Administrators.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 130.

AN ACT

To prevent non-residents of the State of Maryland from fishing and hunting in Garrett county without permission in writing from the owner of the premises upon which such hunting or fishing is done, and to prevent any person from fishing in Bear Creek in said county for two years.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person not a *bona fide* resident of the State of Maryland who shall fish or hunt in Garrett county without the written permission of the owner of the premises upon which he so fishes or hunts shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person who shall fish in Bear Creek in Garrett county before the first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That any person convicted before a tribunal having jurisdiction, of a violation of sections one and two of this act shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, one-half to the informer and the other half to School Commissioners.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted. That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed Jan. Session, 1888.

5 5 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief clerk, House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

For the better protection of deer in Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to chase or hunt deer with a dog or dogs on Winding Ridge, Meadow Mountain, Negro Mountain, or any place East of the Youghlogheny river in Garrett county, and it shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any hound or hounds found chasing deer in any of the places above mentioned. And it shall be prima facie evidence to convict under this section if any person shall be found in any of the above named places with a hound unless such person be on his own premises or traveling on some public road.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating any of the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than twenty five nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense one half to the informer and the other half to the School Board of said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the constables of said county to see to the enforcement of this Act in their respective bailiwicks and to report to the Grand Jury any violations of the same.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-sections to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session eighteen hundred and eighty six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-section to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t. CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon my farm. I especially warn all against cutting my timber.

4 28 3 W. Y. WALTZ.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 24th, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, May 7th, 1888,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
4 28 td Clerk.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers, should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,

March 31, 1888,—3m

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter two hundred eighty-five, of the Acts of the General Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, title, Attorneys at Law and Attorney in Fact," subtitle, State's Attorneys, so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, providing for the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, that chapter two hundred and eighty-five, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, "title, Attorneys at Law and Attorneys in Fact," sub-title "State's Attorney," be, and the same is hereby repealed, so far as it applies to Garrett county and re-enacted with amendments, fixing the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county, and to read as follows.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall not receive any appearance fee in case of recognizances except when the same are traversed; nor shall said State's Attorney receive any fee or compensation in any case until the same has been finally disposed of by judgment or otherwise.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall receive the sum of fifteen dollars in each and every case which he shall prosecute for the State by indictment or presentment and trial, either before the Court or a jury, and that said sum shall be in addition to the appearance fee as now fixed by law.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That said sum of fifteen dollars allowed by the last preceding section shall be in lieu of all trial fees to said State's Attorney.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That all Acts and parts of Acts which are inconsistent with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed, so far as the same apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3 CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 126.

AN ACT

To prevent the destruction of fish by the use of dynamite or other explosives in the waters and streams of Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland. That any person who shall destroy or attempt to destroy any fish by dynamite or other explosives in any of the waters or streams of Garrett county shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction before any tribunal having jurisdiction in the premises, shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars one half to the informer and the other half to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t. CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1888.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

4 28 td E. E. SOLLARS,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 184.

AN ACT

To repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy eight, entitled "An Act to add an addition article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub title, "Justices of the Peace and Constables." And also to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And also to repeal chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub title "Justices of the Peace and Constables." And chapter two hundred and sixty three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Laws to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty nine of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments be, and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 31st 1888.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
4 28 3 Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 548.

AN ACT

To provide for the appointment of two superintendents to supervise and control the repairs and improvements of a public county road in Garrett county, known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghlogheny river, at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghlogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, and to authorize the County Commissioners of Garrett county to make a levy for the repairs and improvements of said road.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the repairs and improvement and supervision of the public county road known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghlogheny river at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghlogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, be and the same is hereby placed under the charge and care of Joshua M. Friend and George Dunham.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county be, and the same are hereby authorized and required at the time of making the annual levy in the year eighteen hundred and eighty eight, to levy the sum of eight hundred dollars in the hands of said superintendents, provided for by this act for the repair of said road heretofore designated and to be expended equally by said superintendent upon said road.

SEC. 3 And be it enacted, That said superintendents shall before entering upon their duties, execute a bond in the same manner that road supervisors in Garrett county are required to bond.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That George Dunham shall have charge of that part of said road which passes through lands supposed to be owned by George H. Williams, that Joshua M. Friend shall have charge of the remainder of said road, and that each shall on or before the first day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, render a specific account to the County Commissioners of their expenditures upon said road, and shall return their vouchers for such expenditures, and said superintendents shall each be allowed as an item of said expense, the sum of two dollars per day for their services whilst engaged upon said road.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That should either of said superintendents fail to qualify as required or should either resign or die, his duties shall devolve upon the other, and should both fail to qualify, resign, or die, the County Commissioners shall appoint two superintendents to take their places with powers obligatory.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That all labor employed upon said road by said superintendents shall be paid at the rate allowed by road supervisors on other county roads in said county.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

WANTED—AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MISSING.

Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came across the sea?
Have you seen my sailor boy, with the laughing eyes of blue,
With the sunlight on his hair, and his face so young and fair,
And the smile he used to wear, brave and true?

O, he kissed me on the cheek as he sailed away to sea,
Sailed away from Gloster Town, and I never saw him more.
But the ships they come and 'go, and the tides they ebb and flow,
And the waves are moaning low on the shore.

Ah! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true;
For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep,
And he speaks to me by day, when the tempests sweep the bay,
And the billows are at play on the deep.

For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word—
Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming soon, I know,
I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way,
Though the grave before me lay, I would go.

—*J. J. Roche, in N. Y. Independent.*

HARASSED BY AGENTS.

Woes of a Weary Woman on Her Busy Day.

The Female Agent With Corsets and Hose Supporters—The Masculine Dealer Who Tried to Dispose of "Social Etiquette."

It was just after Christmas that I got round so that I had a day to run my candles. That was a great day for agents, too. Agents! I should think so. Seems to me as if all the agents in New England took a bee line for Potsville.

I'd hurried 'round and got the washin' an' ironin' an' a lot o' bakin' done up the fust o' the week an' Wednesday I got up early, ready to make sassage and run candles.

I'd got my fat on, an' my meat ready to chop, when there came a rap at the settin'-room door. Before I could get there, however, it opened, an' in walked a fattish kind of a woman, carryin' a sort of leather case in one hand.

"How d' ye do ma'am?" she asked, talkin' as if her life depended on it, an' never waitin' for an answer. 'Ain't it a nice day? How's your health? Are your folks well? Did I understand from a lady up the road here that you had seven children? How are they all? Oh! you aren't the one? Never mind, I have here, ma'am"—she'd been unrollin' her leather case all the time, and here took out a roll of something—"I have here a new style of corset that gives a most stylish air to the stoutest figger. This is the most remarkable corset ever produced in this age or any other. Why, it makes a stout person look slim as a girl, or a slim one look nice an' plump! I should advise you as a friend, ma'am, to buy this corset. It has an electric spring in the back that will keep you warm in the coldest day and so equalizes the temperature as to prevent your becoming overheated in the warmest weather. It has galvanized iron springs in front that are so comfortable you'll hate to take them off at night, while they impart a grace and beauty to the female figger that is unequalled in the history of corsets in the past. Just let me put one on you. You've no idea how it will improve your figger. Why——"

Just here I smelt my fat burnin' and rushed out there in hot haste; but she followed.

"It will impart a truly marvelous charm to your manner, and you will be admired by everybody. You know men just love an elegant figger."

She said this last in such a lackadaisacal way it maddened me, and I broke in:

"Men!" says I. "Men! an' I a married woman! What business have I goin' round incitin' the admiration of men? Hain't I a pardner? Don't he admire me just as much in a loose calico sack as he would in a set of electric spring, galvanized sheet-iron corsets? I don't want to hear no more such talk, an' I won't, neither."

She see she was on the wrong tack, so she begun over again.

"Well, you wear corsets? All ladies do, of course. We sell——"

"No, ma'am," says I. "I don't wear corsets, nor never did. I put on some once, an' felt as if I'd been run into a plaster-o'-paris mold, such as they put on folks with spinal an' kindred diseases."

"O, but these you could wear, I'm sure!" she went on, determined to get round me some way. "You wouldn't be without them a single day if you realized how they would improve your figger."

"My figger," I went on calmly pickin' up my choppin' tray, "is just as the Lord made it. If He'd wanted a galvanized trap around me, He'd a built one there to begin with. So long as He and my Johnson are satisfied with it, I be."

She see it wasn't any use to talk corset to me any longer, so she got out some tape stuff and begun again:

"Let me sell you some hose supporters, then."

"Hoes-supporters," says I. "Good land! what won't they get up next? Why, John allers keeps his hoes hung up in the shed chamber through the winter, till plantin'-time; and then he supports them himself—except when the neighbors come up an' lean over the fence to talk politics. I don't think he'd think necessary to buy any hoes-supporters."

The woman laughed and said in a good-natured way that she guessed we couldn't trade much, an' she'd better go. I didn't dispute her, an' soon was alone once more with my sassages an' candles. I kind o' wish afterwards I'd asked her how they hitched them hoes-supporters to the hoes, an' how they worked.

The fire had got down, an' I hadn't more'n got it fixed up an' another dozen candles run when there was another knock on the side door. This time it was a little lean fellow carryin' a mop-stick. He began without any preliminaries, so to speak:

"Here, madam, you see an entirely new style of mop. It has several advantages over the mop of long ago, one of which is that it screws the rags, or whatever material your mop is to be composed of, into the frame itself. Then, by turning this small crank, you can wring out your mop without putting your hands in the water. Isn't that a triumph of mechanical skill in the line of mops, madam?" An' he flourished his mop-stick in the air as a singin'-master does his baton.

"When you will bring me a mop," says I, "that will git the water on the stove, heat it, take it off again, an' mop up the floor nice and clean, I'll buy one. Until then, I shall stick to my old mop. You might as well travel right on, as I shan't be likely to trade any to-day."

"But, this mop, madam! You will always regret it if you neglect this opportunity to purchase what I may style the great ultimatum of mop. Why, just look at this mop-stick, madam!"

"I'll look at this broom-stick, an' to some purpose, too," says I, "if you don't take yourself off. I'll defend myself from corset-peddlers an' walkin' mop-sticks, or I'll know the reason why. I declare, here it is most noon, an' my sassages hardly begun."

He looked sca't an' sayin' he'd better go, he took himself off. He hadn't got out o' the yard tho', before I saw a tall old gentleman with a large square case in his hand, comin' in at the gate. He walked round to the back-door, and right into the kitchen.

"Don't let me disturb you, ma'am, at all," he began. "I merely wish to call your attention to this paper, for which I am getting subscribers. It is doubtless the most entertaining and instructive paper published in the United States to-day; and besides that, see these magnificent chromos! Six of them when you subscribe, and four steel plates like this every month afterward. Isn't that a magnificent offer? Why, this picture alone is worth more than the price of the paper—which is only fifty cents a year. There, isn't that a magnificent likeness, madam?"

"Who of?" I inquired in cool tones, as he held up a very high-colored picture of a man.

"Who!" he fairly yelled. "Is it possible that I behold a woman who does not know the face of our lamented Garfield? Why, lots of folks have this same picture richly framed and hung in their elegant parlors, and it is mistaken for an oil portrait. And you do not know that face?"

"Not that one," I answered. "I've seen good pictures of Mr. Garfield, and I have one I set consid'able by myself. But, good land!" says I, warmin' up to the subject, "didn't this country suffer enough in all his long sickness an' death, in the mighty strain of agony an' suspense, afterward, in the sickenin' trial of Guiteau, an' since them times, without havin' them horrid caricatures scattered broadcast through the land sence? I ain't never seen but a few oil paintings; but I pity anybody that ain't got brains enough to tell that daub from one. Why, I could paint a better one with house paints an' lard oil. I've been in the art gallery down to St. Johnsbury, an' I've seen enough there, an' I don't hanker after newspaper chromos very much. An' when I see a fifty-cent newspaper g'vin' away three or four dollars' worth of paintin's every week, I think there's a fraud somewhere, either among the publishers or the agents that canvass for 'em."

But just as I said the last words the door slammed. I'd been standing at my work with my back to him; an' when I looked out of the window he was goin' down the road as if he was after the doctor.

But this wasn't all. After dinner, just as I'd got my dishes washed an' put away, an' was gettin' my candle-moulds around again, I heard another knock.

"My fat was gettin' too hot again, so I took it off the stove an' set it on a chair to cool. Then I wiped my hands an' opened the door for as spruce a yonng feller as ever was in the town of Pottsville, Vt. He wore the tightest pants I ever see on a man yet, and he was perfumed up with musk awful strong. He skipped into the kitchen in a genteel way, saying:

"My good woman, don't let me interrupt you a single moment in your customary vocations. I have here a book on Social Etiquette, which shows one how to behave under all circumstances, from the most ordinary every-day life up to the most trying, exacting and wearying social position you may ever be called on to fill. You may think this of little consequence at the present moment, but suppose your husband should be suddenly elected to Congress and you be required to consort with the first lady of the land! But I will not talk; I will read you a few extracts, if you'll excuse me."

An' before I could say a word, or knew what he was doing, down he sat square into that pan of tallow.

I jumped towards him, but before I could get there, he'd give one long scream and rushed out of the house, drippin' tallow all over the floor and across my new settin'room rag-carpet.

It was an awful cold day, and the minute he got out of doors the tallow hardened, so that, as he ran down the road, he looked for all the world as as though somebody had drawn a map of Europe on his reverse, or mebbe it was an oil painting.

He didn't seem to remember that it wasn't etiquette to rush from a person's house without saying good by; but I presume, if he had stopped to consult his book, he would have done different.

Any way I couldn't blame him; and I haven't been pestered so much with agents since.—*Helen M. Winslow, in American Magazine.*

A MANIAC ENGINEER.

Thrilling Adventure of a Northern Pacific Railroad Conductor.

"People may well shiver when they read of a railroad accident," said a well-known official on the Northern Pacific, to a reporter as he drew his chair nearer the office stove. 'I will never forget the narrow escape I had along with fifty others. It was in the spring of '85. I at the time occupied a position as conductor of a passenger train, with George Robinson, engineer. We had both been courting Sue Coleman, one of the prettiest girls on the line, and I had summoned spunk enough to propose, being accepted. The day after our engagement was announced George, who always was a strange fellow, acted rather queer. Several times he complained of severe pains in his head, but I laughed it off, and he took his run as usual. When nearly two-thirds of the journey was completed we stopped at X——. Here a dispatch was handed me which read:

"'Side track train for extra is due in thirty minutes.'

"The message had been received five minutes previous, which let me twenty-five minutes in which to switch off. The fireman, thinking its good opportunity, had stepped upon the platform to obtain a plug of tobacco. Suddenly the train gave a leap forward (which nearly threw me off my feet and upset several passengers), and began to move rapidly down the track. I sprang to the bell rope and pulled it violently, but all in vain; faster and faster we went. I could hear the wheels click over the rails, every inch carrying half a hundred souls to almost certain death. Hastening to the engine, thinking some accident had happened, I mounted the tender, and a strange sight met my gaze. There, in the door of the cab, stood George, an iron bar used to break coal in his hand.

"'I knew you would come,' he said; 'you have robbed me of Sue, and are now waiting to take my life. Come on, I am waiting for you;' and he raised the bar in a threatening attitude. Here, indeed, was a dilemma. We were dashing down grade at the rate of forty miles an hour at the same time the extra was approaching at an equal rate of speed on the same track, while my engine cab was guarded by a maniac with a dangerous weapon. All these thoughts passed like lightning through my mind, and I instantly decided upon a course of action. Throwing up my hands and exclaiming with a look of horror I could well assume: 'Look! Look there, George!' He turned his head, and as he did so I sprang forward, my feet striking him full in the breast. He fell against the seats in the cab and grappled me. We went up against the boiler, over on the seats, and finally to the floor. As good luck would have it I fell on top. Seizing him by the throat in spite of his struggles I choked him nearly insensible; then, springing to my feet, I opened the whistle valve and reversed the engine.

"I was none too soon, however, for rounding a curve, I saw the train rapidly approaching. Luckily they had observed my signals, and the trains came together with a slight jar, doing no damage. The extra contained several railroad officials, and Robinson was placed in their car, while I backed down to X——. Poor George never recovered; physicians pronounced it softening of the brain, and last year he died in the asylum. As for me, well, you see where I am to-day, and this, exhibiting an elegant gold watch, 'was given me by the passengers of that train, but, whenever I read of a terrible collision, it calls to mind that fearful ride with the maniac engineer."—*G. H. Richardson, in Yankee Blade.*

A Most Unkind Cut.

There is a slight misunderstanding between McGinnis and his wife's mother. It came about in this way: Hostetter McGinnis is thinking about taking a trip to El Paso for his health, but his mother-in-law has been telling him that there is danger of his being scalped by Indians, and that he had better stay right in Austin.

"Nonsense," replied Hostetter McGinnis, "there used to be Indians on the El Paso road, but they have all been driven off. I don't believe there is an Indian in the whole country."

"Well, well," replied his wife's mother, "when you get out on the plains, and one of those wild beasts come at you yelling and whooping, then you will think of me."

"I don't doubt it; any thing of that kind is calculated to make me think of you," replied Hostetter McGinnis, and now the entente cordiale has been spilled and there is a coolness between them.—*Texas Siftings.*

No Cause for Alarm.

"Have I done any thing to offend you, darling?" he asked, brokenly. "To-day you passed me without bowing, and now you sit there with such an air of hauteur and pride that——"

"George," interrupted the girl with the unbending air, but in her voice there was a cadence sweeter than music in the night, "I have a stiff neck."—*N. Y. Sun.*

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

Charming Nainsook and Pique Dresses for Boys and Girls.

The first short dresses worn by children from six months to one year old (by boys and girls alike) are yoke slips of nainsook made just short enough to escape being trod on as the child walks. These little slips have a round or pointed yoke of fine tucks, with feather stitching or embroidery between, with sleeves slightly full at the wristband, and full skirt hemmed and tucked below, then gathered to the yoke. For the second year "baby-waist" dresses are made with belt, yoke and full skirt; these have very deep yoke, with short space (yet full) between the yoke and belt. A sash of the nainsook with trimmed ends may be added at the sides of the belt, and tied behind in a large bow. Girls continue to wear such dresses until they put on guimpe waists, and indeed until they are ten or twelve years old, but to show that baby boys are boys, more boyish-looking dresses are put on them when they are two and a half years old. Thus for boys are one-piece dresses of pique made with round plaited waist and skirt, with much larger plaits sewed to the waist under a belt. The front of the waist has a box plait down the middle, with six small side plaits on each side of it. A turned-down collar, open in front and back, is trimmed with linen braid put on in curves. Rows of curled linen braid are across the front plaits of the waist and the very large box plait of the skirt; the remainder of the skirt may be either in large kilt plaits or in box plaits. The belt and the sleeves are also braided.

The new Louis Quinze suits of pique for boys three to five years old dispense with a separate blouse of nainsook, and have instead a full puffed front (like a Fedora vest) of all-over embroidered muslin sewed on the front of the pique underwaist to which the kilt skirt of pique is sewed. The little jacket of this suit has a broad short back, with short fronts curving away from the neck to show the embroidered blouse-like front, and is also curved open up the under-arm seams, with curled linen braid for the trimming. The collar is square behind, in sailor shape, and quite short in front. The sailor suit also reappears for boys of three to five years or more, made of pique, either plain white, or with tiny dots of blue or red, or with colored stripes or cross rows on either white or buff ground. The kilt skirt is sewed to a twilled cotton under-waist which is covered in front with pique to look like a sailor's shirt, the stripes being laid across, and the neck bound without a collar. Over this is the sailor blouse cut in a point low at the throat, with a deep collar, square behind, pointed in front, and finished at the point with a bow or a sailor knot of blue or red ribbon. This dress is also worn by girls, and may be made of blue gingham, flannel or serge, or of white wools or plaid or striped cotton or wool goods.

White muslins are made up with open embroidery in all-over design for wearing with guimpes for girls of three to ten years. The full round skirt is gathered to the waist and scalloped at the foot; the embroidery in wheels or lattice pattern nearly covers it. The round low-necked waist is cut out of the embroidery, and has a striped effect given it by the lengthwise box plaits of nainsook sewed upon it at intervals all around. The sleeves are half-long, with a corded edge below, and a pointed cap of embroidery at the top. The neck is simply corded. Watered ribbon, two inches wide, passes as a belt around the waist under the plaits, ending in a bow on the left side. Small bows on the shoulders.—*Harper's Bazar.*

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Odd Designs in Scarf-Pins, Brooches, Charms and Pendants.

An oxidized silver blossom, having a golden heart, is a pleasing pattern in scarf pins.

A seasonable pin is a snow-shoe of oxidized silver, with meshes and fastenings in the bright metal.

Dainty little brooches of silver filigree recently seen represented filmy lace parasols, mandolins and violins.

A pleasing pattern in garter buckles is a flat scroll of Roman gold, having a border of enameled flowers sunk into the metal.

A pin admired by turfmen is a curled horseshoe, nail in nugget finished Roman gold, in the head of which is set a small ruby.

Coffee beans of gold or silver, tinted in contrasting shades, make peculiar sleeve links. The regular bean shape is also used.

A pretty pendant for a lady's chain is a pitcher of handsomely chased gold with designs in enamel. The lip and bottom are of silver.

A soft shell clam of silver, is a peculiar match box, and the same design, but on a larger scale, makes a tobacco box both artistic and unique.

A scallop shell of silver, the ribs represented by rows of diamonds and holding a diamond in its center, is an attractive but expensive brooch.

An odd design in a brooch is a ram's head in relief with proudly curving horns. Medallions, on which are mediæval heads, fill the space encircled by the horns.

An artistic locket charm, suitable for small pictures, is of highly chased gold and represents an open fan. The surface is studded with minute forget-me-nots in natural colors.

A flat match safe, intended to be worn as a watch charm, is of a size suitable for wax matches and has a small ring for suspension from the chain. It is made of either silver or gold, but without ornamentation of any kind.—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

How the Nature and Effects of Alcohol May Be Taught to Children in the Public Schools—Why the Educational Law Is a Dead Letter in Some Portions of New York.

First of all we must educate. And my experience drives me to the conclusion that the mightier agency for Temperance as well as other education is the public school. It is to me a matter of surprise that it is not better known that in our own and more than twenty other States, besides Canada, there is a law requiring all schools supported by public money, or under State control, to teach physiology, with special reference to alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics. But in some city, many village and most country schools I am acquainted with, the law is practically a dead letter. I was in a village school lately having about two hundred and forty pupils, of all ages from five to seventeen. Some were just beginning to read, while others had nearly finished algebra. After the close of the morning exercises, for which all had assembled, I asked the teachers if they were teaching the nature and effects of alcohol. They said no. When asked why not, one said she did not know the law required it, and all agreed they didn't have time. I answered that their plea "no time" was, like the cry of "hard times," something I had heard ever since I had heard any thing, and always expected to hear, and reminded them of Greeley's saying: "The way to resume is to resume," adding that the way to teach this subject is to take time and go straight at it. To show how senseless the plea of "no time" was, I gave the pupils an exercise. I explained briefly and then formulated a statement, all the pupils repeating it after me three times in concert. Then we did the same with another statement, afterward repeating the two together, and so on until we had finished the exercise, which was as follows:

THE NATURE AND EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

1. Alcohol is a liquid poison.
2. It looks like water, smells bad and tastes very bad.
3. It will burn without smoke, and will burn even when mixed with water; when much water is with it, it will not burn.
4. It will keep animal and vegetable matter from decaying.
5. It will "cook" the white of an egg.
6. It is found in all intoxicating drinks.
7. Alcoholic drinks are made by letting the juice of fruit or grain stand and decay; they are made by fermenting, malting and distilling.
8. Cider and wine are fermented liquors.
9. Beer, ale and porter are malt liquors.
10. Whisky, gin and brandy are distilled liquors.
11. Alcoholic drinks are never needed by healthy people.
12. They disease, disarrange and destroy every part of the human body.
13. They are seldom useful and always dangerous as medicines.

After finishing I called on two pupils to recite and one to write out the lesson. Each gave unaided from ninety to one hundred per cent. of it. Yet the whole time spent in learning it was a trifle less than fifteen minutes. Of course I do not think this is the best way to teach the subject, but it beats nothing all to pieces. So if there is a teacher who has not taught the subject at all, I hope she will give such an exercise the first thing the very next time she enters the class-room. Then she will be sure of something. In my opinion a lesson on the subject should be given every pupil at least twice a week.

My pupils enjoy seeing me make experiments with alcohol, showing how it will burn, "cook" the white of an egg (it effects the brain and nerves in much the same way), and after these and other experiments they write out what way they have learned. Those who do well—which includes all, for they always try hard—I give an illuminated card with a Temperance sentiment on. They are always ready to listen to short stories told or read to illustrate the lesson, and often they repeat the stories or write them out. Besides I generally have a handsome Temperance calendar in the room, and often have them write short Temperance sentiments in their copy-books, and learn and sing some Temperance songs. In these and a host of other ways the subject may be kept in their minds constantly.

I have been asked how this law can be enforced. Nothing can be simpler. Let me read you from a letter I have from the State Superintendent of Public Instruction:

"If the trustees of a common district school refuses or neglects to make provision for carrying out the compulsory Temperance Education law he will be removed by the superintendent. If a teacher refuses or neglects to teach the subject the county commissioner should revoke her license."

Every public school should be visited several times each term to see that such instruction is given, for if enforced the good effects of this law are incalculable.

I repeat my belief that the only solution of the Temperance problem is education. The people perish for the lack of knowledge.—*Prof. Burt Jay Tice, in National Temperance Advocate.*

SUCCESS ASSURED.

What Has Already Been Accomplished in the Temperance Reform Movement—The Agencies at Work.

The friends of Temperance have reason to be encouraged by the progress which this cause is making. The time was, and that within the memory of men now living, when liquor selling was regarded as an honorable business. Men of high standing in the churches and of acknowledged piety were not ashamed to be known as liquor dealers. It is not so to-day. The traffic is slowly but surely being driven into the hands of a very disreputable class of citizens. If public sentiment will continue to advance along this line, no man who lays any claim to self-respect will be found in this business.

The progress of the Temperance cause is seen also in the public discussion of the question. Column after column in our newspapers is devoted to this subject. The daily press dares to be silent no longer. The evils of intemperance are discussed but little; they are acknowledged on all hands. The only question is: What is the best method of preventing these evils? The leaders of the political parties are aware that this is the impending issue, and they are trying to shape their platforms accordingly. The more this question is agitated, the nearer will it be to a correct answer.

Much of the progress which has been made can be traced to the efforts of the women. The crusade movement wrought good in this direction. It revealed the fact that the women of the country were almost unanimously on the side of Temperance. It lead many to think deeply on a question whose importance had for many years been overlooked. The organized efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union have accomplished wonders. The old workers in the Temperance reform were growing discouraged when these allies came to their assistance. In fact, these new recruits well nigh took the work out of the hands of the former workers, and pushed it on with a rapidity which was astonishing to those who knew from experience the difficulties in the way.

"There is no way of judging the future but by the past." If this is true, the history of the Temperance reform for the past fifty years gives promise of certain success at no very distant day.—*United Presbyterian.*

LIKE HIS PAPA.

How Robby Set His Father to Thinking, and the Good Resolution That Followed.

He was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, and just as brimful of fun as a boy of five summers could well be, and when I tell you that his mamma, that morning, for the first time, had dressed him in a pair of pantaloons and a little coat, you can imagine what his feelings were. But his little sister Mamie did not like the change at all. She had tried to get him to play with her several times, but had been treated so coldly that she had at last retired to one corner of the room with her doll; many a wistful glance did she cast at him, but to no effect. He would have liked to have a big play, but thought it would never do, so he marched out of the room with great dignity, followed by his dog Rover. In the hall he espied a hat of his father's and also a cigar-stump that had been left on the table. Putting the cigar in his mouth, and the hat on his head, he went out into the yard, lighting the cigar as he went, still followed by his faithful dog.

"What are you about, Robby?" said a young man as he passed by.

"Oh, I'm pretending I'm papa," said he.

"You'd better let that stuff alone," was the laughing rejoiner, "or you'll rue it soon." And he did, for he got so sick he was compelled to lie down on the grass for awhile, and threw the cigar away in disgust, concluding that it was not so nice to do like papa, after all.

"Hoop, but ain't you fine!"

"Yes, ain't I though," said the little fellow, as he jumped up and displayed himself before a neighbor boy about two years older than himself.

"I say, Jim, let's play."

"Well, what will we play?"

"Why, you keep a bar and I'll be papa, and come in and get a glass of brandy, like he does down at the hotel."

Bob and Jimmy soon fixed up a bar by laying planks across the corner of the fence, and furnished it in a few minutes with some old bottles and two broken glasses, and then getting the cook to give them an old jug that had once been used for molasses, and filling it with water, they were ready to begin business.

"Good-morning, Mr. Glidden!" said Rob, as he marched up to the bar.

"Good-morning! good-morning! glad to see you out such a fine morning. What will you have to-day?"

"A glass of your fine brandy to cheer me up a little," was the reply; and, being helped to a half-glass of molasses-water, Robby soon disposed of it, and called for more; and, after drinking several times, he staggered away in such perfect imitation of his father that the little bar-keeper roared with laughter.

There was one, though, who witnessed the scene that did not laugh, and would you believe it, it was Robby's own father. He had been in the very same fix the night before, that his little son had imitated so well, and of course was not in a condition to attend to business, and so he had been in the summer-house for several hours trying to entertain himself with the morning paper, and had heard every word that had passed between the little playmates. It set him to thinking, and the result was that he signed the pledge that very day. "I could not bear to have my son grow up in that way," he said to his wife that night, "and with the help of God, I'm going to set him a better example," and he did.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

NOTHING impresses me so much about this Temperance reform as the eternity of it. It goes on, and goes on, in our individual experience, like the golden ring of love itself, wherein there seems no beginning and no end to our joy.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

IT is reported that all the American missions in Burmah have incorporated total abstinence in their work.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE STATE OF TULAIT.

In spite of mamma's reproachful eyes
She was always, always late to rise;
And late at breakfast and dinner and tea,
And late at school and at church was she:
Till at last after going too late to bed
A wonderful dream came into her head,
With stories weird
And with warnings great,
Of a place to be feared;
'Twas the State of Tulait.
O dear!
How crazy and queer
Was the careless State of Tulait!

She thought she had strangely and suddenly come
To King Bizzibee in the land of Hum,
Who eyed her gravely, and said: "Alas!
She rose too late to look in the glass.
Her buttons are wrong, and her collar is gone,
And, worst of all, there's her night-cap on!
By this I know
Of her horrible fate;
She is bound to go
To the State of Tulait.
Ah me!
'Tis sad to see
Fair maids in the State of Tulait.

"Would you like to know what the farmers do
In the State of Tulait? I'll tell you true:
They daily and dream in the spring-time sweet,
They plant their crops in the harvest heat,
They hoe their corn in the frosty fall,
And winter finds them with nothing at all.
You'll hunger and thirst,
And want and wait,
And that isn't the worst
In the State of Tulait.
Oh, no!
And yet you'll go
To the desolate State of Tulait.

"Would you like to know what will happen to you
In the State of Tulait? I'll tell you true:
You'll go to the show at the end of the fun;
To the concert hall when the music is done;
You'll come to the table too late for the pie;
And you'll see the parade when it's just gone by.
You'll never be wise
Nor rich nor great;
No fortune lies
In the State of Tulait.
Oh, why
Did you choose to try
The sorrowful State of Tulait?

"Would you like to know what your fate will be
In the State of Tulait? Ah, listen to me:
You will long in vain for your native land;
Your speedy return will oft be planned;
You'll hurry and strive with might and main,
But you'll never be able to catch the train!
So you'll sob and cry,
And worry and wait,
And you'll live and die
In the State of Tulait.
For nevermore
Can you leave the shore
Of the terrible State of Tulait."

At this she woke, so great was her fright,
And she saw the gleam of the morning light:
'Twas the first pale gleam, but she bravely rose,
And quickly and carefully donned her clothes:
"For oh," she said, "I could never endure
To live in that horrible place, I'm sure!
No longer I'm bound
For the State of Tulait;
And I'll never be found
In the State of Tulait.
No! No!
I never will go
One step to the State of Tulait."

—*Eudora S. Bumstead, in Youth's Companion*

A FACE TO ORDER.

Noel's Queer Experience, and the Lesson It Taught Him.

"Noel, take that face out of the room and do not come back with it."

The teacher spoke sternly, and the boy, with a scowl between his eyes, and pouting lips, shuffled across the floor.

"Raise your feet from the floor," said the teacher.

Then he took short, mincing steps, and felt as if he would like to do something desperate.

The boy went out, slamming the door behind him. He did not know what he was going to do about it. He felt cross; his bicycle was broken; the boys were going nutting; he had a horrid lesson to learn. It seemed to him that he was an ill-used boy, and he never once thought of putting the blame where it belonged, at the door of his own carelessness.

Where should he go to get a face to order? In the warm sunshine he sat and thought about it. Fido and Selim were on the piazza. Fido wagged his tail, and was rewarded with a cuff. Selim purred, and got a push. The frown seemed to be not only on Noel's face, but in his hands, to make them so unkind.

Down at the foot of the garden he saw what looked like the opening of an underground tunnel. He thought he would go in and walk along. He met no one, but heard strange sounds. Farther on, a kind of door swung into a large, shoplike kind of place, full of all sorts of people, talking busily. Noel went in, and stood on one side. A little fellow, with very tight fitting clothes, stepped up and asked what he could be served with.

"A face to order," said Noel.

The little man kept bowing his head. "Yes; oh! yes, certainly. That's what they all come here for. Come this way, and I will show you what we have, and you may select what you like. Here are complexions, now—pale, florid, livid, yellow, dark, light"—. He opened a showcase gay with color. Then he took the covers from several boxes, saying: "Then here are eyes—black, blue, brown, gray, violet, nondescript; round, oval, oblong; narrow slit eyes; wide-open, staring eyes, all sorts, see," and he put his hand in and tumbled them over. Noel, with all the eyes winking and blinking at him, never felt so funny in his life.

"And here are the noses," his companion continued, turning to another box; "straight, crooked, broken, bent, long, short, stub, hooked, Grecian, Roman, classic, *retrousse*, or turned up on the end; and the lips, oh, yes, right over here, along side of the smiles and frowns, here we have them, thick and thin, long and short. With these you can have a make-up fair as a June morning, or black as a thunder-cloud. What do you say? Ah, you want a pleasant expression? All right. Step on this platform, and lie back in the big easy-chair. Here, Nimble and Expert, attend to this young gentleman; a pleasant face, now, remember."

Noel was seized gently by each arm, assisted up some steps, and into a capacious chair tilted well backwards. Now came a curious sensation. A sharp line was drawn round each eye, the nose and mouth; and then he had such strange feelings; nothing but great holes in his face, and nose after nose was fitted; eyes clapped in, and taken out, and tried again; lips pinched into place; and at last every thing seemed to suit the little attendants, and they said they had nothing more to do but attend to the complexion.

While this operation was in progress Noel had time to observe what was going on around him. A big, burly fellow came noisily in, picked out a pair of black, blood-shot eyes, a red, swollen nose and thick, tobacco-stained lips. Noel felt afraid of him, and asked Nimble where he was going.

"Oh, only home to his wife and children. He comes in here almost every night to get fitted out in that way. They have to run for their lives sometimes."

Then some little boys came in. Some asked for whiskers, and others for wrinkles, and one for a big nose. They looked so funny that Noel wanted to laugh, but did not dare to, for fear his own nose and eyes would fall out of his face, as they had just been put in place, and he did not feel very certain about them yet. By and by he got a peep at the mirror, and started in surprise at such a good-looking reflection. Was it himself? He would go and find the teacher and see.

"I have got a face made to order," he said; "how do you like it?"

"Very well, indeed, my dear boy. Keep that, and I will not find fault with it."

And then Noel sleepily opened his eyes to find it was all a dream.—*Woman's Journal.*

Flowers That Love the Sun.

There are some flowers that love the sunlight as much as you do. See the sunflower, with its great honest face, always looking towards the west until it has gone out of sight. The next morning you will find that same flower gazing towards the east, all ready and waiting for it to rise. This is why this flower has often been called the "Sun Worshipper."

The little white daisy is a great lover of the open light of day. This is why it used to be called "day's eye." And the marigold mourns its going so much that it solemnly closes just at nightfall.

So does the oxalis, and you will not only find its flowers closed, but the leaves, too, folded all up into three pretty divisions, like a heart. And our sweet pond-lily always hides away under the water when the sun is gone, only to appear when it comes up in the morning.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

MAKING GOLD LEAF.

An Old Art Which Has But Few Exponents in This Country.

There are not many gold-beating establishments or gold-beaters in the country. The art is old, having been known to the Romans. When gold is to be beaten into thin foil it is heated first in a crucible with borax. In the liquid state it is poured into a mold and then reheated and made into a long bar. By means of fine rollers it is further flattened into a broad sheet almost as thin as paper. It is then cut up into square pieces, and a number of them are piled one upon the other, generally one hundred and fifty are taken. The beaters place between the leaves pieces of calfskin to prevent them from sticking together. Over the pile is put four layers of sheepskin to preserve the thin foil from being injured by the hammer. The whole is then placed on a slab of marble. After the mechanic has pounded the leaves until they have become as wide as the parchment between them, they are taken out, and with a sharp steel knife each one is cut into four square pieces. The six hundred thin leaves are again taken and mangled in the same manner. The leaves have become so delicate now that a piece of sharp cane is used to cut them. The moisture from the breath, or even the small amount of water found on a metalic knife, would cause them to stick together. After the leaves have been beaten for the third time they are taken out and cut with a square frame of cane. The leaves are now carefully packed and ready to be shipped, unless they are to be made thinner.

It is surprising to what extent gold can be divided. A cubic inch is sufficient to gild wire enough to reach around the world.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—A Case of Self-Denial.—He was brought before a Texas justice on the charge of drunkenness. "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" "I don't plead at all. I deny every thing." "Do you deny having been up here before?" "I should smile. Why, judge, I deny being here right now, I deny that you are here, or ever have been here. If you catch me giving myself away, just wake me up and let me know it."—*Texas Siftings.*

—"You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily, Charley," said his more experienced friend. "Don't you understand that a girl's no often means yes?" "She didn't say 'No,' Jack," responded Charley, utterly without hope. "She said 'Naw.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A young lady, following a Shakespearean play with the book, remarked to her companion: "How imperfect these actors are! None of them say 'exit' when they go off!"—*Tid-Bits.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The young fellow who has expectations finds no difficulty in sailing about on his heirship.—*Binghamton Leader.*

—Speak of a man as you find him. If you find him in Canada, forget that you knew him in the States.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Cork is the latest material proposed for making railroad cars. The idea is that in case of collision it would simply bound off the track.

—Jones—"Fish are spoken of as the fisherman's harvest. Why is that?" Smith—"Because the fishermen have to plow the waves to get them."—*Boston Courier.*

—A new lubricant that is coming into use in Germany is mustard oil. It remains fluid at the low temperature of fourteen degrees Fahrenheit, and will keep unchanged for years.

—The champion meanest man is the husband who placed his pocketbook in a mouse-trap, so that his wife could not get at it in the early morning without liberating a mouse.—*Baltimore American.*

—Silver, generally a very desirable metal, is a source of great annoyance to the manufacturer of white [illegible], for, if present in an appreciable quantity, it spoils the color of the finished [illegible] owing to the well-known blackening effect of light upon the salts of silver.

—Generous man (on ferry boat)—"That is rich. Funniest thing I've read in some time (reads it to a sour-looking man next him.) Don't you see any thing funny in that? Why don't you laugh?" Sour-looking Man—"If you'd spent three hours scratching the hair off your head trying to rake out that joke, you wouldn't laugh much."

—"What was the biggest school of mackerel you ever saw?" asked a summer boarder of old Captain Gloster. "The biggest school of mackerel I ever saw?" repeated the captain, shifting his quid and hitching up his trousers. "Well, ma'am, the biggest school of mackerel I ever saw was off the Banks, away back in '61. But, ma'am, that wasn't no school of mackerel. That was a university."

—A Mournful Reflection.—A Texas man was left $2,000 by the death of an uncle in New York. He drank deeply, and went through the property in two months. While engaged in the completion of one of the railroads in Texas, he received notice that he had fallen heir, this time to $5,000. "Allow me to congratulate you," said one of his fellow-workmen. "Congratulate nothing!" said the man dismally. "It looks very much as though there was some kind of a plot on foot to kill me off."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The annual royalty exacted by the Bell Telephone Company from its business is $14 per set of instruments. It sells nothing. In New York State, at least, in addition to these royalties it also exacts from its licenses a further consideration in the form of a donation of thirty-five per cent. of the capital stock of its licenses. It also exacts a commission upon all extra territorial and telegraph business done by the licenses of fifteen per cent. on the former and fifteen per cent. of the latter.

—An easy-going couple live in Springfield, Mass. They are young, have been married about four and a half years, and have three children. The husband has left his family three times, and each time the wife has sold the goods and returned to her parents, taking back her spouse every time he returned, and helping refurnish. Furthermore, she left him twice, when he in turn sold their common possessions. They are now living together again as if nothing had occurred out of the usual way.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

Valuable Suggestions for Fond Young Mothers and Fathers.

If you have any regard for the future health of baby do not fall into the habit of giving him "little tastes" of every thing. It not only disarranges his stomach, but makes him easily dissatisfied with his own food. A child who has never been allowed to eat of this and that just to see whether he likes it or not, when weaned will sit up to the table and eat his piece of bread contentedly while the puddings and pies are passed around him. He does not associate these articles of food with himself but with the larger people and remains satisfied with his own limited bill of fare. We know this is so from experience, and also that the first piece of cake or doughnut given the child will surely be remembered. The little one who visits much can never be regulated in regard to diet, sleep or in fact any of his habits. We are strongly in favor of keeping babies at home; even visits to grandparents are not always satisfactory. It is much better for grandma to take the little outing which she needs and will enjoy, and visit the baby in its own home. A glance through a railway car will usually furnish a type of a mother's enjoyment in visiting and traveling. The memory of several such undertakings is yet fresh in our own mind and we can not refrain from advising young mothers to keep the babies quietly at home. Then if sickness comes there will be no vain regrets that the home and its comforts had been left. But visiting with excitements, unfamiliar surroundings and changes of diet are one thing, and healthful out-door life is another. Every baby should get a breath of fresh air each day unless the weather is severe. In that case it should be wrapped up and the air in the living room entirely changed. Bear this in mind unless your child has grave disease, the longer you can postpone giving drugs and medicines, the better it will be for the child.—*Babyhood.*

A LAUGHABLE RUSE.

How the Bonanza Kings Made Over Five Million Dollars.

"One of the shrewdest tricks ever played upon investors in mining securities," said Alfred B. Sawyer, of Sacramento, Cal., "was that engineered by the owners of the Consolidated Virginia in 1873. There had been a great deal of speculation in Comstock stocks, but the bottom had rather fallen out of the market and prices were low. Desiring to turn an honest penny, Flood, O'Brien and Mackay determined to make an effort to boom the stock. Accordingly Mackay one day left for Virginia City, and on arriving at that place ordered that the shafts of the Consolidated Virginia be strictly guarded, and neither ingress or egress permitted. More than five hundred workmen were employed in the different drifts, not one of whom was allowed to ascend to the surface, while no outsider was allowed to go anywhere near the shafts. The news was of course at once telegraphed all over the country and caused tremendous excitement. It was at once assumed that a great strike had been made which the principal stockholders desired to conceal from the public, and the stock accordingly began to mount skyward. Flood and O'Brien both stated in the most positive terms that no strike had been made, and advised every one not to invest, saying that the price of the stock was far above its value, and declaring that if it continued to rise they would dispose of their holdings. This only added fuel to the flames, and the stock rose from $35 to $500. Flood, Mackay and O'Brien unloaded all they had, and when this was accomplished withdrew the guards from the shafts and allowed the miners to ascend. Of course each one of them was eagerly questioned as to the cause of his long detention underground, and asked to give a description of the ore body recently discovered, which was assumed to be the cause of this unusual proceeding. One and all answered that there had been no strike, and that they could see no reason for their detention. They had been paid triple wages for the time they had been kept from going to the top of the shaft, but could assign no reason for this course of action. The speculators saw at once that they had been victimized, and the stock dropped in a day below twenty. The bonanza kings advised their friends not to sell, saying that the stock was worth more than the price asked, but this was regarded as an effort to bolster it up, and caused it to sink even lower. The bonanza insiders bought it up, and in less than three months from the time when the shafts were closed held more stock than ever before, and had a clear profit of more than $5,000,000 in their pockets, gained without once telling a lie, and, in fact, by means of speaking the truth in an unusually open and unreserved manner. Their previous reputation had been such that the truth from them was the only thing that would have surprised those who had formerly dealt with them, and they traded on their bad name with immense advantage to themselves, victimizing the entire population of the Pacific coast, as they had so often done, both before and since."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

OFFICIAL RED TAPE.

The Work Caused by the Return of a Two-Cent Stamp.

A letter signed with initials and mailed at the Washington post-office was received the other day at the Post-Office Department. The writer enclosed a two-cent stamp, with the following explanatory remark for the benefit of the Postmaster General:

"I received a letter through your office yesterday; the canceling stamp failed to cancel the stamp. I tore the stamp off and used it. Now my conscience has got the best of me. You will please find enclosed a two-cent stamp to go to the 'Conscience Fund.'"

As it was not money the stamp was not sent to the Treasury Department, where there is a special fund for the benefit of those who are overcome by the pangs of conscience. The letter was sent on the official round and as much ink and good paper was consumed in recording its reception in the department and its final disposition as if it had been $10,000, instead of a sickly two-cent stamp. It was first of all recorded in the book of letters received in the Postmaster-General's office, and was then sent, as indorsed by the chief clerk, to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General. When it reached the latter office it was referred by the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to the Finance Division. Another record was made in the book of the office of letters received and jacketed. Then it found its way to the Finance Division. The chief of that division pasted the stamp on the letter, drew two cross-marks through the stamp with his pen and marked under it the word "canceled" and signed his name. This operation was witnessed by a clerk, who affixed his name as witness, and then the letter having reached the end of its red tape journey, was duly and properly deposited in the files, where it will remain as an evidence to future generations that this petit larceny upon the Government was regularly and officially atoned for. In case the citizen whose conscience was disturbed wishes to establish the fact that he has made restitution, he can refer to the documents in the case, which the Post-Office Department will kindly preserve for him without charge.—*Washington Star.*

—The washerwoman finds her occupation almost gone through the introduction of machinery. The most interesting machine is the whizzer, which dries clothes in one thousand revolutions a minute.

THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

An Interesting Historical Sketch of the Famous American Frigate.

The frigate Constitution was built at the Boston Navy Yard in 1797, at a cost of $302,718. Her tonnage was 1,576, and she carried forty-four guns. For several years this vessel was engaged in the foreign service, but during 1811 was recalled, and when war was declared she was at Annapolis, engaged in shipping a new crew. She put out of harbor there July 12, 1812. On the 17th she met a British fleet of four vessels, and, being unable to cope with so many, she ran away from them. They gave chase, and pursued the frigate for sixty-four hours, but were not able in that time to get near enough to fire on her, so she escaped and ran into port at Boston July 26. After a brief time spent in filling her stores, the frigate, with Captain Hull as her commander, left Boston August 2, went to the Bay of Fundy, and there captured several British vessels on their way to the St. Lawrence. August 19 she fell in with a British ship, the Guerriere, at latitude 41 degrees, 40 minutes, longitude 55 degrees, 48 minutes. The British commander began firing at long range, but Captain Hull held back his fire till the vessels were only a few yards apart. Then pouring in his shots, their execution was terrible, and in fifteen minutes the mizzenmast of the Guerriere was shot away, her main yards in slings and her sails cut to pieces. The ships were now so near that the bowsprit of the Guerriere passed diagonally over the Constitution's quarter deck, but such a heavy sea was running that neither crew could attempt to board the other vessel. At last the ships gradually worked around till they had separated, when a broadside from the Constitution carried away the foremast and mainmast of the other vessel, and the Guerriere rolled, a defenseless hulk, at the mercy of the waves. Captain Dacre then surrendered. The British soldiers were taken on the American vessel and the wreck of the Guerriere was set on fire. The Constitution brought the first tidings of this victory to Boston. A handsome medal was given to Hull for the victory, and he retired from command of the vessel in favor of Captain Bainbridge. October 26, the Constitution and Hornet left the port of Boston together, sailing southwest. Leaving the Hornet to blockade an English vessel found in port at San Salvador, the Constitution went further south, and off the coast of Brazil, at latitude 13 degrees 6 minutes south, longitude 31 degrees west, met the English frigate Java. The battle was at short range, and the wheel of the Constitution was shot away; but the American commander managed his crippled vessel well, avoided the raking fire of his antagonist and directed the shots so skillfully that in a little over two hours from the beginning of the fight all the rigging and masts of the Java had been shot away, leaving her a sheer hulk. She then surrendered, and after the crew had been removed the wreck was blown up. Captain Bainbridge, on his arrival at home, was, of course, loaded with honors. The Constitution now had the credit of being a lucky ship, and Bainbridge, having won his share of glory through connection with her, gave way and allowed Captain Charles Stewart to take command. The vessel at this time received the nickname of "Old Ironsides." Having been well repaired, the Constitution left Boston harbor December 30, 1813. She ran down toward the Barbadoes, and on February 14 captured and destroyed the British schooner Picton. After making a few other prizes, and reaching the coast of Guiana, she turned homeward, on the way giving chase to a British ship, which, however, escaped, and when near home, being pursued by two frigrates, from whom she got away, and anchored safe in the harbor of Marblehead, April 6. The Constitution did not cruise any more until December, 1814. Then she set sail for the Bermudas, thence to Madeira and to the Bay of Biscay. Off Cape St. Vincent, February 20, 1813, she met two British vessels, the Cyane and the Levant, and after a short, sharp fight, succeeded in capturing them both. This was the last engagement of "Old Ironsides," as peace had already been concluded. The vessel was used for various naval purposes until 1850, when the Naval Department proposed breaking her up and selling her timbers. This purpose was changed, however, by the public feeling aroused by Dr. Holmes' stirring poem on the subject, beginning:

"Aye, tear her battered ensign down!"

The vessel was therefore repaired and made a school ship for naval pupils.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Selling Eggs by Weight.

Breeders of fancy fowls, especially the breeders of the class which lay large eggs, should insist with more pertinacity that weight should enter into all of the commercial operations of eggs. Some contend "an egg is an egg." And so is a potato. But there is more than a half difference in the weight and true value of the largest class of eggs and those from the dwarfed common dung-hill fowl. Well bred and well fed Brahma eggs will weigh one pound eight ounces per dozen without selecting, while common small eggs weigh less than one pound. Besides the quality of the eggs is equally as much better in flavor. Slightly colored eggs are superior in quality in many respects to the pure white. Dealers, in justice to those who breed large chickens and furnish eggs for the market, should do something to encourage such enterprise. And those who are buying for their own use should, as a matter of economy and to sustain a spirit of enterprise, demand and pay an advanced price for better eggs.—*Des Moines Register.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A new sort of pavement, consisting of alternate hard and soft blocks, gives a surface which will never grow smooth and slippery.

—A company has been formed in Berlin to manufacture electrical watches. Two small cells and a small electric motor take the place of the ordinary watch movement.

—The number of pianos made in America last year, according to a musical exchange, was 52,000, requiring 4,576,000 keys, 200,000 casters, over 12,000,000 tuning pins, and 1,500,000 brass agraffes.

—The raising of forest trees is regarded as one of the most profitable industries in Southern California. The eucalyptus, pecan and black walnut, cherry and many other varieties have a quick growth and are very remunerative to the planter.

—A deaf race of men seems to be the inevitable result of a continuance of schools for deaf-mutes. The close association with one another naturally leads to intermarriage, with offspring inheriting the common infirmity.

—Several of the French railway companies and other public bodies have resolved to have their printing done on green instead of white paper. The reason for the change is that they believe the combination of white paper with black characters endangers the eyesight of their work people. Black on green has always been recognized as a good combination, and many railway tickets are so printed.

—A composition has been produced which may prove valuable to bookbinders, having for its purpose the rendering water-proof of leather, cloth, paper, etc. It is a mixture of water, silicate of soda, rosin, alum, potash, fish glue, sulphate of zinc and sulphate of copper in various proportions. The application is said to render the material impervious to the influence of oil or water, and if a variety of ingredients increases practical utility, should be very valuable.

—At a recent meeting of the Archæological Institute, in London, a paper was read on the results of diggings made in prehistoric graves in Southern India. The relics found deposited in them showed a remarkable identity, even in matters of detail, with those which have been discovered in prehistoric graves in Great Britain and Greece, and on the sight of ancient Troy, and in Egypt. This is another indication that the dominant races of the world have all come from one parent tribe, or at least from a common stock.

—A noted German chemist, having noticed some incomprehensible differences in the weights of equivalent quantities, undertook investigations, which showed that balances of precision are often influenced by the electric state of the glass case which surrounds them, and this electricity influences the "riders" which slide on the beam of the balance. The error resulting from this influence may amount to 600 milligrams when the case is strongly charged, and two hours afterward there may still be an error of ten milligrams.

—The vanilla bean is the costliest bean on earth. It flourishes in Mexico, chiefly in Papantala and Misantly. It grows wild, and is gathered and marketed by the natives. Just as they come from the forest the beans sell at $10 or $12 per 1,000. After the beans are dried and cured they are worth from $7 to $12 per pound, according to quality. Last year the vicinity of Papantla alone exported 60,000,000 beans. They are used by druggists and confectioners and are an important article of commerce.

—There is an establishment in New York that employs a large number of girls to crack and pick nuts, the kernels of which are sold to confectioners. The nutshells are sold to manufacturers in various eastern towns, more especially in Boston. The shells of pecan nuts, English walnuts and hickory nuts are used in the manufacture of spices. The shells are ground up into a powder and mixed with other spices. This shell dust has considerable flavor, although, of course, it is not what it is alleged to be when sold as spice. It is not known that it has any injurious qualities.

HOLDING THE BREATH.

Anæsthesia Produced by Suspended Respiration Temporarily.

A discussion has been going on for some time over the assertion that one may handle a wasp with impunity provided he hold his breath during the operation. An English correspondent is thereby reminded of a curious discovery of his boyhood. "I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One boy used to show me how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company, and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else. By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but of course they always gave it up at once when they saw his stolid look. I tried the plan and it worked admirably; and it is my only protection even unto this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever. The deduction is simple: A man holds his breath and a wasp—and the stinger is 'bluffed.' Verb. sap." Mr. McMillan's scientific logic halts somewhat, but the fact which he cities is of interest. The writer is cognizant of similar cases, and it may be worth further investigation to determine to what extent anæsthesia of the skin may be produced by suspending respiration temporarily.—*Science.*

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

522 S East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghlogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinsey, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. G. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ORDER NISI.

George Matthews and others plaintiffs, vs. Jane Francis Fike and others defendants.

No. 415 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

IT IS ORDERED, By the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, this 9th day of April, 1888, that the sales as made and reported by Jonas Frazee, trustee, the one to Lucien Frazee for the "Ross Augustine Farm," and the other at private sale to Jane Frances Fike, for the "Home Farm" of the late Christian Fike, and both sold subject to the widow's dower, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 5th day of May next: provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 4th day of May next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $3,960.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
4 14 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road,

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by W. Taylor Sines, T. B. Digman and others, leading from Sang Run road, near Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through lands of Israel Spiker, Riley Montgomery, Dennis Ryan and the B. & O. R. R. Co., to intersect the Cranesville and Oakland road near Isaac Layton's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FREEMAN W. LEWIS,
JOHN SINES,
4 14 5 Examiners.

Estate of Abraham J. Beachy, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ABRHAM J. BEACHY,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 15th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 10th day of April, 1888.

JACOB GNAGEY, Executor.
4 14 3t Grantsville, Md.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between P. T. Garthright and H. C. Duckworth, under the style of Garthright & Duckworth, at Mt. Lake Park, Md., was mutually dissolved April 3d, 1888. The books will be in the hands of P. T. Garthright until July 1st, 1888, when all accounts not settled by that date will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
H. C. DUCKWORTH.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., April 4, 1888.

The business of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, will be conducted by the undersigned, at the old stand, where boots, shoes, notions and clothing will be sold at cost until the stock is reduced.

I will keep for sale a full supply of the Oliver Chilled plows, best in the market, clover and timothy seed, and everything usually kept in a first-class store.

4 7 4 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

First Woman in Camp.

Every miner in the camp was excited and talking about it. Now it took some very important event to thoroughly arouse all the boys along the gulch. A row in which only one man was killed was considered a very commonplace social event, and an ordinary lynching did not attract much attention.

Why was it?

Why, there was a woman in camp and all was commotion. It was the first great social event in White Horse Gulch.

The young lady had finished her dinner and was strolling about the camp with her uncle, a large, fleshy, jolly old man, who was a large stockholder in one of the principal mines in the gulch. He had brought his niece, a young lady of 20, on a trip with him for company and also to show her something of the wild and rugged West. It had been many a month since the boys had seen a woman, and hence everybody wanted to meet her and invite her to partake of the hospitalities of White Horse Gulch, for all the latch strings were out and she would have been welcomed to the best the rude mountain cabins afforded.

Now, any woman would have appeared handsome. A dried-up old maid from New England, dieted and preserved on non-sugared tea for a quarter of a century, would have been considered handsome and very lovely, for the mountain boys are very gallant to women, and old maids are given a fair show every time.

The boys were all charmed by the polite manners and handsome face of the young lady, but there was a look of deep sympathy in the eyes of all when they saw her. "It is too bad," was the prevailing sentiment of all.

"What a handsome face, pard," exclaimed a miner to his friend, "but how unfortunate!"

Some admired her handsome face, others her beautiful black hair and others her comely shaped foot, but all pitied her deformity.

That evening, after the young lady had retired, the uncle was chatting with a number of the miners, and his niece, of whom the fond uncle was very proud, became the topic of conversation. Finally, one bolder than the rest, said it was a pity she was deformed. In tones of sympathy he told the Uncle how the hearts of all the miners in White Horse Gulch had gone out towards him for her affliction.

"Affliction!" shouted the enraged uncle. "Afflicted! Why, she is only wearing one of those blankety blank bustles!" And everybody replied in chorus:

"Bustle! Bustle! What's a bustle?"

Gems For Thought.

The remedy for wrongs is to forget them.

He makes no friend who never made a foe,

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

It becomes a wise man to try negotiation before arms,

The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty.

No time is too short for the wicked to injure their neighbors.

He only is a well made man who has a good determination.

To love and to be loved is the greatest happiness of existence.

He has carried every point, who has mingled the useful with the agreeable.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of of our friends upon them.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble,

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Never kiss a young girl if she doesn't want you to. The main ingredient that makes kissing endurable is the willingness on the part of the female. If it depends on the anxiety so much the better. When a girl claws a man's hair and scratches his face like a little fool, drop her at once. She is destitute of good sense and natural affection, and the sooner you make love to her sister the better. As long as a girl doesn't claw and yell and struggle like a panther, it is perfectly safe to continue prospecting. Get a little behind her, pass the right arm around her waist in front, take her left hand in your left, and if you don't know what to do next, go and associate with the boys in Pinville. If you are just beginning to teach a shy girl who has only been kissed heretofore by her brothers and father, touch your lips gently to her forehead. She will take this for an exhibition of profound respect. That position gained, working the way down to the lips is as natural and easy as the course of a log sliding down the wood flume of the Kentucky Lumber Company. Never sit down to kiss. It appears awkward in case anybody is looking, and seems awkward anyhow. Stand up, and the closer you press the girl the higher estimate she will place on your good taste, common sense and experience.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Use a pallet knife to scrape pots and kettles.

Pastry should never enter into the bill of fare of a dyspeptic.

Bottles may be easily cleaned with hot water and fine cinders.

Sweep and dust once a week the rooms which do not daily receive this attention.

For intense itching, baths in salt water, dry with a coarse towel and rub with sweet oil.

It is claimed that zinc is best cleansed with hot soapy water, then polished with kerosene.

Salt plentifully sprinkled on the icy doorstep will have a better and cleaner effect than ashes.

Oilcloth may be kept bright for years if properly varnished each season with good varnish.

A mass of cobweb pinched up in a wad and pressed to a fresh cut will stop the flow of blood instantly.

Remove fruit stains from white goods by pouring boiling water directly from the kettle over the stains.

Keep your bread pans and pie dishes free from ill flavor by always washing them in hot water after using.

Fish is made more digestible and has its flavor brought out by a few drops of lemon juice squeezed over it.

To have poached eggs look very nice, cook each egg in a muffin ring placed in the bottom of a saucepan of boiling water.

Dissolve a box Pearline in two quarts of hot water. Let it remain over night undisturbed, and you will have a splendid soft soap.

To make a corset feel comfortably, lace up to fit the form neatly, then sew five or six straps of gum ribbon across and remove the strings.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end; put the finger in and the longer it is kept there the better.

Those who are troubled with sleeplessness should, if strong enough to do so, take a long walk in the evening. Riding in the open air also promotes sleep.

The man who minds his own business and constantly attends to it has all his time employed.

Poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

HOMOEOPATHY.—32,655 cases in European hospitals receiving Homoeopathic treatment showed a death rate of 4.4 per cent., while 119,630 cases under old treatment had a death rate of 10.5. (See *Sharps' Tracts.*)

Official figures in Bavaria give Homoepathy a death rate in Cholera of 6.75 against 48.50 of old treatments. (Dr. Rath)

These figures, whose accuracy has never been refuted, should make every one give the matter a more than passing thought, and it would be well to write for a copy of our Book Catalogue, and "Medical Index." also, if interested in live stock, of our "Veterinary Index." We mail them free. Many druggists keep our medicines or they may be ordered direct.

BOERICKE & TAFEL,
Homoeopathic Pharmacists and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., 938 F. St. N. W., Washton, D. C.; also, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Established in 1835.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87 1y,

W. G. PURNELL,
473 Secretary of the Senate.

AN ACT

W. G. PURNELL,
477 Secretary of the Senate.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.
Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

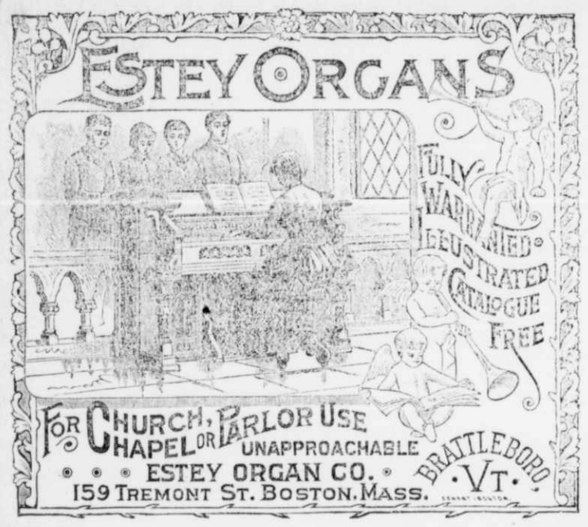
Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaurments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents, Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 9th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2	8.09 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6—	11.38 A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4	11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.37 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.07 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

4 7 6 JOSEPH LASHORN,
Mayor.

S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by J. D. Ashenfelter, R. M. Fairall and others, beginning at or near the Northwestern corner of John C. Beckman's land, on the Swanton road, and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright to the spring draines near the Hogan place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and periorm their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
NATHAN CASTEEL,
THOS. R. McROBIE,
4 14 5 Examiners.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET.

3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

WANTED—AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, **R. G. CHASE & CO.,**
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

For sale by W. C. L. Corren, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 13 Nursery men, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888. NUMBER 10.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2'20'87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e44-1y

J. B. FAY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 1f.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND

SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTF.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.

RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Hellbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,

(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

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IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

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I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

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DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 21 '87

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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

SHE CONCEALED HER SEX.

Dan Yonkers drifted in from the North country yesterday. Dan's stamping ground for the past ten years has been among the foot-hills of the Turtle Mountains in North Dakota, where he has earned many a dollar in the honest but precarious vocation of protecting the property of tenderfoot settlers against the lawless claim jumper. He is known as "Big Dan" in his bailiwick, and he is looked upon by the settlers of that wild region in about the same light that the citizens of the United States look upon the standing army. The title of "Big Dan" is not a misnomer, for he stands three inches more than six feet in his moccasins, and girts five feet around the chest. His legs are like the limbs of an elephant and his neck is as thick as that of a Texas steer. His face was never touched by a razor, nor his locks shorn by shears, and around his face and over his head hangs a shaggy mass of curly hair that has been kept within bounds by Dan himself, who has periodically sawed off the straying hair with the keen edge of his hunting knife that he carries belted around his ample waist, sleeping or waking. This peculiar individual was born in the northeast corner of Oregon thirty years ago, according to his own testimony, and gradually worked his way across the Rockies into the Territory of Dakota, never once having ridden on a railroad or approached civilization until a week ago, when he slid over the frozen prairie on snow-shoes to Devil's Lake City, and, clad in his quaint garb of poorly tanned deerskin, boarded the train that eventually landed him in St. Paul. It was no ordinary circumstance that led this queer man to undertake such a trip, and the story he told the *Globe* correspondent was interesting as well as pathetic. In his poor English he told why he was here and why he intended to continue his journey to West Virginia. As he finished his story, he brought his heavy fist down on the bar by which he stood with a force that made the glasses rattle and the bartender look nervous, and said, with a look of dogged determination in his eyes, "I'm er goin' ter find whut I'm arter, if it takes me till h—l freezes over."

Three years ago, according to Dan's story, information was brought to him that claim jumpers were making it hot for a young fellow in the northern part of Tower county, and he started for the scene of the trouble, as he put it, "Sp'ilin' fur a chance ter do up the squaw-faced land hoppers." The claim in question was in an uninhabited part of the country, and when he arrived he found it in possession of two well-known and desperate characters, who had driven the rightful owner off, and were holding the fort with rifles and revolvers, against the protests and threats of a weak-looking young fellow, who had filed upon the land, and, at considerable expense, built a comfortable shack upon it, and was preparing to improve it by cultivating the soil. When Dan arrived the young fellow was wandering around the claim, sleeping on the prairie, and endeavoring to make terms with the usurpers, who only laughed at him.

Dan said he took "sort ov er shine to ther young feller on the start," and when he saw how the land lay he laid himself out to do up the jumpers at short order. They had heard of him and knew he was not to be trifled with, so when Dan walked over to the shack he was met at the door by Tom Wolfland, the most desperate of the two men, who shoved a revolver under Dan's nose and told him if he didn't "vamoose" instanter he would shoot a hole through him. Dan wasn't built that way, and yanking out his revolver he fired at the jumper, who dropped with a hole through his right side. Wolfland's companion, seeing his partner go down, opened fire on Dan, who got a bullet through his left arm and had a furrow torn through his scalp; but the jumper got a bullet from Dan's revolver through the jaw, and signified his willingness to quit the claim if Dan would stop shooting. The wounded jumpers were loaded into a buckboard that was their property, and, behind a pair of mules that they had brought to the claim with them, were set adrift and were never heard of by Dan or the man he had befriended thereafter.

The young fellow whose claim Dan had saved was exceedingly grateful, and dressed the wounds of his benefactor with unusual skill. He told Dan that he hadn't money to pay him for his service then, but when he could raise the funds he would settle. He said his name was Daniel Furness, and he came from Randolph county, near the head of Cheat River, West Virginia, where his father lived. His father and two brothers had been killed while serving in the Confederate Army, and the support of his mother having fallen upon his shoulders, he came up into North Dakota with the intention of settling a home for his mother and himself. There were a few hundred dollars left to the wife and son when his father went down under fire of the Federal forces, and this money he left in a Wheeling bank to be used by his mother while he was establishing a home in the North.

This story told by Furness enlisted the sympathy of Dan at once, and their chance acquaintance grew into a sort of brotherly attachment that lasted through the three years that Furness was busily engaged in cultivating his claim. With Dan's assistance he got along famously. He had proved up on his tree claim and a homestead, and besides had managed to purchase 320 acres, so that last spring found him in posession of 640 acres of splendid land. Big Dan had come to look upon Furness as a sort of protege of his, and the people who had settled around the Furness claim dubbed them Big and Little Dan. They were almost inseperable companions, and a year ago, when Big Dan was stricken with fever, Furness nursed him so tenderly that he pulled through and come out all right.

"He wus es smart er young duck es ever got rained on," said Dan, with a moisture in his eye, "I'll never forget him es long es I'm on top ov earth. I thought er darned sight more ov him than I did of my own carcass."

Furness was making preparations to go East and return with his mother next spring to his Dakota possessions. He had bargained with Big Dan to look after the farm while he was absent, and he was to have started East Feb, 1st. A week ago last Tuesday Furness went to Church's Ferry to make a purchase of provisions to carry Big Dan through the winter. He remained in Church's Ferry on Tuesday night and started for home Wednesday noon. That afternoon a terrible blizzard came up and Furness must have become bewildered, for he did not reach home; but Big Dan, thinking he had concluded to remain at the ferry until the blizzard was ended, gave himself no uneasiness about his young friend. All day Thursday the gale blew, and still Dan was confident that Furness had remained in town; but when Friday and Saturday passed and he did not return, Dan began to fear that there was something wrong, and buckling on his snowshoes he started across the prairie for the ferry. He had gone barely more than two miles from the house when a dark object lying on the pririe caught his eye, and going over to it he found the sleeve of buffalo coat. He dug down into the snow and found the body of a man lying on his face, as though he had fallen while struggling against the storm. Dan lifted the corpse out of the drift, and turning it over looked into the rigid features of Furness.

The strange part of the story has not yet been told. His great heart stricken with grief, Dan lifted the form of Furness in his arms and carried it back to the shack, laying it on the bed. He was so unnerved by the terrible fate of his friend that for a day he could do nothing. When he at last pulled himself together he went about preparing the remains of his friend for burial. In attempting to remove the clothing from the upper part of the body, much to his consternation, Dan laid bare the white bosom of a woman. He immediately drove to the house of a neighbor and notified the woman of his suspicions, which were afterward verified. The remains were given a careful burial in the little cemetery at Church's Ferry.

Among the girl's effects, in her trunk, were found letters from her mother addressed to Cora, which was probably the right name of the masquerader. The only theory advanced for the woman concealing her sex is that she concluded she could thus protect herself against insult and indignity in the wild country to which she was going.

Big Dan, after the funeral, started for West Virginia, for the purpose of finding his friend's mother and bringing her back to the home her daughter had prepared for her, if she chooses to come, and he swears he will stand by her as long as he is able to lift a hand, if he finds her.—*St. Paul Globe.*

What We Get When We Give.

The results which would come to the contributor from the faithful use of a plan of constant giving are very numerous. 1. He would enjoy all the temporal blessings which God has promised to such as are faithful stewards of his material wealth. 2. It would abate the force of avarice. 3. It would convert giving into a source of pleasure. As Mr. Peabody said to a rich man: "It is sometimes hard for one who has devoted the best part of his life to the accumulation of money to spend it for others; but practice it and keep on practicing it, and I assure you it comes to be a pleasure." 4. It would increase the giver's means of usefulness. 5. Systematic giving tends to cultivate exactness and system in the transaction of business, and thus to secure success. 6 It will quicken a more earnest desire for the conversion of all men, 7. It will aid in counteracting every influence which would lead to dishonesty in business. 8. It will, if used in the right spirit, prepare the contributor for God's blessing in time and eternal happiness in heaven.

But the custom of universal worship in giving accomplishes another grand result in addition to increasing the facilities of the church and enlarging her usefulness Each contribution increases the interest of the contributor in the Church and her charities. England could pay her national debt if she desired, but her policy is not to pay it. By having a national debt, a safe investment is afforded for the people, and on account of this money invested in the government, each and every bondholder is made to feel an abiding, personal interest in the stability and prospsrity of the government. When a subject of the crown purchases a portion of the national loan, it is as though he paid his money to purchase for himself an enlarged patriotism The same principle holds true in the Church. The men who care very little or nothing whether the particular church with which they are associated is built up or torn down, are they not almost without exception of those who contribute little or nothing toward the support of the church? They have no treasure there, neither have they any heart there. Those who contribute most, in proportion to their ability, purchase most interest in the success and usefulness of the Church. Augustine says: "We give earth, and receive heaven. We give the temporal, and receive the eternal. We give things corruptible, and receive the immortal. Lastly, we give what God has bestowed, and receive God Himself. Let us not be slothful in such a commerce as this. Let us not continue poor.—*Rev. Sylvanus Stall.*

The Democrats of Georgia seem to appreciate the strength of the new third party movement. Their organ, the Atlanta *Constitution*, says: "The Rev. Sam Small leads the movement for a third party, and has already begun what he says will be an everlasting campaign. The question now is, what is the Democracy of the State to do? It cannot be denied that there are many thousands of earnest and active prohibitionists in the ranks of the Democratic party in this State. The earnestness with which Mr. Small has begun the fight promises that it will become more interestin gas it progresses. The people of every county will be asked to forsake party alliances and join the new party, as being the only one by which prohibition can be reached."

"The typos," observes an Illinois paper, apologetically, "made us allude last week to our esteemed townsman, Mr. Polkemas, as a 'villainous lounger.' We wrote 'versatile lawyer.' The error was overlooked by our proof-reader, a gentleman recently from Texas, who assures, in exhonoration of the oversight, that the two terms mean pretty much the same thing where he came from."

A young man has a scrap book containing the marriage notice of all the women that he has loved, and he sits out in the moonlight and reads it and cries.

Statistics show that not one woman in a hundred marries the man she loves.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SIXTY-FOUR.

Years so many! Sixty-four,
All come knocking at my door.
First, the tiny baby years,
Ripe with smiles and ripe with tears.

Then the buoyant, childish ones,
Rejoicing in the summer suns,
Heeding not the winter's cold
While wrapt in love's protecting fold.

And now the youthful maiden years,
Timid joys and trembling fears,
Hoping for a future bright,
Without the gloom of sorrow's night.

Then come the years of woman's life,
Sometimes peace and sometimes strife,
Fond caressing, trials borne,
Sad nights following brightest morn.

Mother's cares and wifely love,
Blessed by God in Heaven above,
Lisping prayers and baby smiles,
Shielding one from Satan's wiles.

And last, the years of ripe old age,
Gazing down on memory's page
At deeds and thoughts of other years,
With joys all passed and dried up tears.

Thus, thus they gather all around,
Years so many to me bound;
They are now but sixty-four—
Will any more knock at my door?

—*N. Y. Graphic.*

DAVE SUMMERS.

His Own Story of a Romance and Its Ending.

[Written for This Paper.]

CHAPTER I.



DAR ain't no frolic in whut I'm gwine ter tell. I know dat some folks thinks dat er nigger's life is made up o' laziniss an' skylarkin,' but dat belief,' 'specially in my case, ain't de truf. O, I had my fun w'en I wuz er youngster. Bless you, dar want er pusson in de neighborhood dat hankered after mis. chief mo' den Dave Summers did, but 'stead o' ole age bringin' dat peace an' rest which, eben in de libely time o' youth, sensible pussons looks forward ter, dar come trouble o' de blackest sort.

W'en I wuz erbout fifty years ole, de notion got inter my head dat I aughter preach. I doan know how it got dar—sholy not because I had been thinkin' erbout it—fur de fust thing I know'd er bout it wuz wakin' up one mawnin' wid de idee. I talked wid some o' my frien's an' da said, "Dave, dat is er call, an' you better not be progickin' wid it. De speret wants yer ter fling yer voice inter de gospul work an' you better not make er Jonah o' yerse'f by tryin' ter run erway."

"But how's I gwine ter preach?" I axed. "It's bout ez much ez I ken do ter read."

"De Lawd ain't axed yer ter read," one o' my frien's says, "He axes yer ter preach; ef you ken read er little, you ken l'arn how ter read mo'."

I went erway, mighty troubled in my mine. My wife had been dead fur sebrel years, an' not habin' any chillun I libed by myse'f in a cabin on er big plan'ation. I shet myself up an' prayed. De naixt mawnin' my load 'peared ter be heavier. Dar want nothin' left fur me, so I says: "I will preach. I will get somebody ter l'arn me how ter read mo' an' I will preach de gospul de bes' I knows how." Den I thought o' my load but it wuz gone. It want long till I stood up in de pulpit. Dar wuz sebrel smart men in de church, an' it 'peared ter muze 'em might'ly ter yere er ignunt er man ez I wuz talk erbout heaben an' de souls o' men. Ah, Lawd! ignunce ken fling ez much light on some subjecs ez de greates' arthly wisdom ken. I went at my work in earnes', not tryin' ter git up er great 'citement, but 'deavorin' ter show de folks de right way ter live in dis worl so da would be better prepared fur de life ter come; an' ef dar eber wuz er man dat wuz hones' an' true ter his callin' I blebes dat I wuz de pusson.

'Mong de members o' my flock wuz er mighty likely 'oman named Frances. I wuz fust drawed toward her by her singin', an' one time when de sweetness o' her music died away, I looked at her an' 'knowledged ter myse'f dat I loved her. At fust she sung



"LET DIS TEM'TATION PASS ERWAY."

fur my soul, an' I worshiped wid her, but atter w'ile she sung ter my heart an' I worshiped her. I tried ter think o' my ole wife lyin' in de shade o' de sycamo' trees, an' in my mine I could see de rail pen round her grave, but de naixt minit de grave an' de trees would be gone an' in dar place would stan' a likely 'oman, smilin' at me. I went ter my ole wife's grave an' drapped down on my knees an' prayed. De broad sycamo' leaves waved and specks o' moonlight come siftin' down like de flyin' chaff o' new oats dat ketches de light o' de fresh bo'n day. Er mawkin' bird sung in er tree close by, but way ober on er hill, er night hawk cried. I thought how me an' my old wife had wucked in the fiel', side by side, an' de bird seemed ter sing sweeter, but den, twixt me an' de grave dar hung er bright smile. I tried ter rub it out wid my han', but dar it hung, an' through its brightness I seed de worm-eat head board o' de grave. "O, Lawd," I prayed, "let dis tem'tation pass erway. Let dy sarvent in his old age hab de stren'th ter turn fum de high-strung follies o' de young man." I riz up, wid de damp, dead grass clingin' ter my knees. De lights gunter shine fum de church close by, an' de sad an' swellin' song o' de congergation peared ter lay er trimblin' han' on my heart. Why did I on er sudden lean ergin er tree? Becaze I heard her voice. I went inter de church an' ez I walked wid bowed head toward de pulpit I heard somebody whisper: "He's been in de woods ter pray." I did not look up but I knowed who it wuz dat whispered, for my heart felt de tech o' de tremblin' han'. I preached dat night de best I could, an' it seemed dat I made my hearers feel some o' my own sadness, fur w'en I called fur de stricken in heart ter come up ter de mou'ners' bench mo' come forward den had eber come be fo' under de' fluence o' my callin'. We stayed late in de church dat night. Nearly all de mou'ners, habin' wuck ter do de naixt day, had dun left' de house w'en I noticed one po' feller whose heart, it 'peared like, wuz almos' broke. He lay flat on de flo' an' groaned like he suffered great pain. I went ter him, raised him up an' hil' his head on my knee. De congergation thinned out, one by one. I leaned over an' talked ter de po' man. Lookin' up I seed dat Frances wuz kneelin' wid us.

"Lady—sister Frances," I said, "it's time dat you wuz goin' home. De can'les is all burned away an' de lamps is goin' out."

"I will stay an' he'p you pour de ba'm on dis po' sinner," she replied.

"I didn' say no mo'; but w'en, mo' den er hour atterwards de sinner got up ter go I says ter her:

"Sister Frances, if you ain't got no 'jections, I'll walk home wid you."

She smiled—de same smile dat I had seed twixt me an' de worm eat head boa'd o' de grave—an' said dat she would be pleased fur me ter 'company her. I doan know whut I said ter her ez we walked erlong, but I know dat w'en we got ter de little gate in front o' de cabin' w'ar her folks libed, she wuz leanin' on my arm. De moon had gone down, an' de flutterin' in de trees in de yard told me dat de mawnin' birds wuz fixin' ter begin dar twitterin'.

"Brudder Summers," said de lady ez I wuz erbout ter bid her good-bye, "dar 'pears ter be suthin' on yo' mine."

"Not only on my mine, Sister Frances, but dar is suthin' on my heart."

I wuz goin' ter turn erway atter dis, but she put her han' on my arm—de same tremblin' han' dat had teched my heart—an' said:

"Tell me 'bout yo' troubles. Tell me whut is lyin' on yo' heart."

"Er tremblin han', lady."

"Does you know dat it is er han?"

"Yas, fur I ken see it in de light o' er bright smile."

"Is de han' cold?"

"No, lady."

"Is it ez wa'm ez mine?" she said, ez she put her han' in my own fever-like grasp. De naixt minit my arms wuz around her. De mawnin' birds twittered in de trees, light gunter wink ercross de bottoms, an' dar, ez de gold o' de day wuz chasin' de fleetin' silver o' de dawn, I axed her ter be my wife.

CHAPTER II.

We wuz married. I tuck her ter my cabin an' er bright light fell on my hearthstone. She wanted ter he'p me in my wuck o' 'swadin' folks ter do right. "I know," she said, "dat folks all er round us will be makin' mo' money den we is, but money doan water de flowers o' de heart, nur broaden de 'joyment dat comes ter de soul." I lubed her deeper atter she said dat, fur I seed dat her natur want vain nur her heart set upon de flesh pots o' de world.

I doan know wuder I preached better ur not, but I know dat wut I said gunter hab mo' 'fluence, an' dat folks gunter come fum fur erway plan'ations ter yere me. My wife's folks moved away, and w'en I axed her ef she didn't feel like she aughter go wid 'em, she smiled at wut she called my foolish joke, put her arms erround my naik an' said:

"Dave, w'en I goes erway fum you I'll be toted twixt men dat will walk slow."

Two years passed erway—two o' de happies' years o' my life. One day dar wuz some bills stuck up 'nouncin' dat Andrew Hennifen, er colored politician dat libed in town, would on de naixt Friday make er speech ter de folks. Er campaign wuz on han' an' gre't intrus' wuz felt in de outcome. W'en de day come de weather wuz so showery dat da couldn' hol' de meetin' out do's, so some o' de men come ter me an' axed me ef da mout meet in de church. I didn' much think dat it wuz de right sorter meetin' ter be hel' in de house o' de Lawd, but seein' dat da wuz all so anxious, I tole 'em dat da mout. Den da axed me ter go ober an' lissen ter de gre't speech wut de generman wuz gwine ter make. I didn' like de idee o' settin' in my own church and lissenin' ter de skussion o' de erfairs o' de worl'. Den Frances spoke up:

"W'y Dave," she said, "If we air gwine ter lib in de worl' we mus' take some intrus' in de erfairs o' de worl'. Ef de man hab got any thing wuth yearin, I doan see w'y we aughtenter go an' lissen ter him. Ef we finds dat wut he says ain't fit fur us, w'y den we ken come erway."

"Wut you says is true, Francis," I replied, "an' you mus' scuse me ef I is holdin' you back in any way. Er ole man loves wid jest ez much wa'mth ez er young man does, an' it is er pity dat he doan lub wid ez much jedgment.

"You musn't talk dat way, Dave," she said wid er laugh, "fur in lovin' me yo' jedgment ain't made no mistake."

Hennifen wuz er tall, yaller man, an' wuz much younger den I 'spected ter fine him. In his speech he used er good deal o' strong talk, an' called er lot o' folks dat wa'n't present, liars an' thieves. I didn't like dis, but er man dat set naixt ter me tole me dat it wuz all right, an' dat ef de speaker didn't do dater way de folks would think dat he wuz erfeerd ter 'nounce his principles. Atter de speakin' wuz over, de speaker come up ter me, hil out his han' an' said:

"Mr. Summers, I has often hearn o' you, sah, an' I takes dis 'tunity o' shakin' han's wid you."

W'en I had shuck han's wid him, he said: "Is dis yo' daughter wid you?"

"My wife, soh," said I.

"Ah, I'se pleased ter meet de lady."

We walked on outen de house, an' Hennifen wuz so busy talkin' 'bout de gre't principles o' his party dat he didn't seem ter notice dat he wuz walkin' erway fum de croud wid us. Atter w'ile he stopped an' said dat he reckoned he better go back.

"Won't you walk on home wid us?" my wife said.

"I thanks you kindly: I bl'ebe I will," he answered. "I would like ter see de inside o' my 'stinguished 'quaintance's house," makin' er sideways motion wid his head at me, "an' 'sides dat I'se got er little bizness ter talk ober wid him."

"You will see er lowly household," said I, "fur I ain't been 'gaged in gederin' de shinin' goods o' de yeth, but at de do' you will see er vine dat is watered wid truth an' dat blooms in contentment."

"Dar ain't no reason why dar shouldn' be some o' de shinin' goods o' de yeth in yo' house," said he. "De fack dat da is o' de yeth doan meck 'em none de less de Lawds, an' bein' shiny doan' meck 'em de property o' Satan."

I seed my wife look at him wi'd er quick glance, an' I knowed dat she 'proved o' wut he said. I seed mo' den dat—I seed wut until dat time had 'scaped me—I seed dat de man wuz good lookin'. I felt er pang o' oneasiness, an' I cleared my froat deep ez ef I would rasp de pang outen my bosom. W'en we got ter de house, he set down in er rockin' cheer an' made hisse'f look freer an' easier den I had eber felt in any house 'cep' my own. Frances went inter de little shed kitchin' dat j'ined de house an' cooked dinner. It struck me dat she tuck er heep o' pains, specially w'en she fotch out er table clof dat I didn't know she had. Atter dinner Mr. Hennifen, said dat he would git down ter bizness.

"Mr. Summers, you is too smart er man ter be wastin' yo, substance" wuz de way he started out. I didn't say nothin'. He went on; "You hab got de 'bility ter make yo'se'f mighty useful ter yo' country. De 'fluence dat you has 'stablished ober yo' feller man ken be turned ter rich ercount. De bes' people in dis county wants ter 'leck Hillson fur sheriff. Dis ken only be done by good men puttin' dar shoulders ter de wheel. I is Hillson's right han' man, an' I'se got de 'thority for sayin' dat if you'll turn in an' make speeches fur him dat he will pay you well."

My wife looked at me. "Mr. Hennifen," said I, "wut you say may be de truf, but I is makin' speeches fur de Lawd."

"Yes, but makin' speeches fur de Lawd, Mr. Summers, needen't keep you from speakin' in faber o' Hillson."

"Dave," said my wife, "Mr. Hennifen is sholy right, an' mo'n dat, ef dar's er man in dis neighborhood dat needs money, you is de man. De folks dat lissuns ter you preach neber seems ter know dat we needs things in dis house."

"Frances," I replied, Mr. Hillson ain't er man o' my choice. He has been mixed up in ugly erfairs, an' I kain't make no speeches fur him; so, let de subjeck drap right whar it is."



HE MADE HIMSELF PRE AND EASY.

Hennifen 'sisted on sayn' mo,' but I tole him it want no use. He didn't stay long atter dis, but sayin' dat he wond see me ergin, went erway.

"Does you alluz 'spect ter lib in poverty?" my wife axed.

"I doan 'spect ter meck speeches in faber o' er dishones' man," I answered.

Hennifen come back inter de neighborhood de naixt week an' called at my house but I want at home. W'en I axed Frances wut he had ter say, she said dat he didn't stay but er few miuits an' didn't say much o' anythin'. Er few days atterwards I hearn dat he wuz in de neighborhood ergin', workin' wid de voters, but he didn't come ter my house an' I didn't hunt him.

Nearly er munt must ha passed w'en one day I wuz called on ter preach de funu'o' er man ober in ernuder 'munity. I didn't git back till late in de night. De house wuz dark, an' ez I went up ter de do' I tangled my foot in de vine, stumbled an tore it up by de roots. I went in an' lit de candle. Frances want dar. I called er—stepped to de do' an' called her 'till de cho o' my voice brought back wid it de cry' er night bird. I went ober ter er neighbors house. De women folks gunter cry ez soon ez da seed me. I axed ef da had seen Frances.

"O, Bruder Summers, she's dun gone wid dat yaller rasxel. He fotch er buggy an' tuck her erway."

I went down ter de sycamor' trees w'a'r my old wife wuz buried, an' got down on my knees. Dar want no bright smile twixt me an' de grave.

CHAPTER III.

De women folks fotch flowers nearly ever' day an' put 'em in my house, an' de men folks tuck off dar hats wen da come w'ar I wuz. I kep' on makin' speeches fur de Lawd, an' men dat wuz once noisy in church wuz now quiet.

De 'leckshun time come on, and I kotch up my old gray hoss an' rid up ter town. I went ter all de votin' places but didn't see nobody dat I knowed. I heard one man say: "Wonder wut dat cuis lookin' ole man is er pokin' roun' yere fur." Den somebody answered: "Dars er yaller man dodgin' round yere some whar dat mout fling some light on dat question." Ever' time I hearn o' any p'litical 'ter-do any whar, I rid dar, but didn't see nobody dat I knowed.

Winter time come, de col'est winter dat I eber felt. One Sunday dar come er heavy snow, an' dat night it turned so col' dat I could hardly keep wa'm by de fire. De win' blowed hard. Suthin' flapped ergin de winder. I hil de candle an' dar seed de great starin' eyes o' er night bird. I turned erway an' had jes sot down by de fire w'en I hearn er noise at de do'; I lissened, an' den I hearn er groan. My heart felt de tech o' er cold han' an' I knowed dat Frances had come back. I opened de do'; she lay on de groun' wid her face turned up. I tuck her in my arms an' laid her on de bed.

"Dave—Dave, won't you forgib me?"

I stood lookin' at her. "O won't you forgib me? De Lawd has pardoned me an' I has come back ter ax you—you—"

"Yas," I said, "yas, po' child. Go ter sleep in peace."

She looked at me an' tried ter smile, but de light wuz gone an' dar want no smile twixt me an' de grave.

We laid her under de sycamo' trees, but not w'ar my ole wife was buried.

I kep' on goin' ter p'litical meetins', as some folks wondered why er ole man dat neber voted tuck such intrust in sich erfairs.



"STOP, ER I'LL KILL YOU."

One day I wuz ridin' 'long er road near w'ar er number o' convicts wuz at work. I seed er man dat I knowed cross de road in front o' me. I turned toward him. He flung up er gun an' cried out:

"Stop er I'll kill you. Been er huntin' me long ernuff."

I didn't stop, an' he fired at me, an' den, flingin' down de gun, he clim de fence an' gunter run ercross er fiel'. Er mighty yelpin' noise made de a'r ring, an' lookin' erway ter de right, I seed er lot o' blood houn's dat da kep' fur chasin' de convicts. Da wuz atter de man. Somebody yelled ter 'em ter stop, but da didn'. I got offen my hoss, an' wid seb'ral men followed de dogs. We heard de man holler—we seed him tryin' ter fight off de dogs. "Mussyful God!" I hearn him cry, an' den his voice wuz swallowed up by de howlin' o' de dogs. Wen we come up ter w'ar de dogs wuz, I seed er man tore all ter pieces, an' I seed er dog, atter lookin' at me, bury his teeth in er yaller face.

Dat night ez I riz up fum my ole wife's grave, de dead, damp grass clung ter my knees.

OPIE P. READ.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

An Interesting Papal Custom of Considerable Antiquity.

One of the features of the ceremonies at the Vatican is the blessing by the Pope of the "Golden Rose." This rose is an ornament, blessed every year on the fourth Sunday in Lent, "Lære Sunday," and afterwards sent by the Pope by some Catholic ruler, male or female, to noted churches or sanctuaries, to great Generals, to illustrious Catholic cities or republics, or to great benefactors to the Church. It is not known under what Pope the present practice began, but the idea seems to have originated in the thirteenth century.

Originally it took the form of a single flower of wrought gold, which was colored red; then the petals were ornamented with rubies and gems; finally the form took the shape of a thorny branch, with several flowers and buds on it, the principal one being of pure gold, richly chased and displaying all possible ornamentation of the goldsmith art. The practice of sending this present seems to have been an evolution of the old custom of the Popes from the earliest times to send presents to friendly potentates. Gregory the Great, used to send golden keys filled with filings from St. Peter's chains; Boniface V. sent a shirt with golden ornaments to Edwin, King of Northumbia in 626, and a gilded silver comb and an ivory mirror to Ethelberga, his Queen; Urban V. sent a Golden Rose to Joana, of Naples, in 1366.

Among other historical records of the presentation of the Golden Rose are the following: Henry VIII. received it from three Popes as "a defender of the faith," the last time from Clement VII. in 1524. Julius III. sent it to Queen Mary in 1555. Pius IV. sent it in 1564 to the Republic of Lucca, and Pius V. to the Lateran Basilica in 1567, and it was sent to the Sanctuary of Loretto, by Gregory XIII., in 1584. Clement IX. in 1668 bestowed it on Maria Theresa, Queen of France, and Innocent XI. on Mary Casimir, Queen of Poland, her husband, John Sobieska, having recently defeated the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. In 1762 Benedict XIII. sent the Golden Rose to the Cathedral at Capau, and in 1833 Gregory XVI. sent it to the Basilica of St. Mark's, Venice. Pius IX. gave it to Napoleon III. and to Isabella of Spain. The present Pope sent it to the late Queen Mercedes and to Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman, wife of General W. T. Sherman, the only American who ever received the honor.—*Des Moines Register.*

BEARDED BEAUTIES.

Women With Hirsute Appendages Who Were Known the World Over.

Bearded women have always attracted considerable public attention in France, and some interest therefore attaches to the fact that the doyenne, or eldest member of what may be called the "galaxy of Galic femmes a barbe," has just departed this life in a little village in the Pyrenean department of the Ariege. She had exhibited herself at fairs for the space of sixty years, and was supposed to be the woman who inspired the celebrated cafe-concert refrain of Theresa, "C'est moi qui suis la femme a barbe!" Her early successes caused a legion of imitators to spring up, and women with beards and whiskers were sought for everywhere by speculative Barnums with as much energy as was displayed by the agents of Frederick the Great in their hunts for giants who were to be enrolled in the Royal Guards. The lady from the department of the Ariege, however, long held her own, because she was a genuine article, while many of her rivals were unmitigated frauds, who were popularly supposed to have either false whiskers or to have cultivated diligently their originally slender hirsute appendage with artful unguents. Therefore she amassed a little fortune, on which she lived in comfort in her native village for the past few years. Nowadays Parisians, and even provincials, have become rather tired of bearded "beauties"—there have been too many of them. One of the most remarkable femmes a barbe of recent years was an Alsatian called "La Belle Catherine," who used to make capital not only out of her beard, but out of the conquest of Alsace. She was wont to say to her visitors in a Franco-German jargon: "Meissieurs et mesdames, chai suis femme a barbe et chai obte (not opte) pour la France." Catherine was also a considerable giantess, and was in the habit of calling the attention of spectators to the smallness of her ankle as contrasted with the girth and vastness of her body. There is a curious story told of another bearded woman named Jacquelin Doublin, who fell in love with an actor. She had seen him in the Chatelet theater one night, and from that moment she only exhibited herself during the day. When night came she put on male attire and repaired to the theater, where she contented herself with looking on and applauding the man of her choice. One night she was recognized, and the people laughed at her, so she rushed off to the barber's and had her beard shaved and her face well powdered. Nevertheless, she was again recognized in the theater and was heartily hooted by a cruel crowd. In despair Jacquelin went home and died of a broken heart.—*London Telegraph.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Water will always find its level, but as a leveler it can't stay in the same class as whisky.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A Denver man has been arrested for stealing three boxes of cigars of the value of eighty-three cents a box. The defense will be insanity.—*Life.*

—The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the street-car found himself "crowded out" to make room for "more interesting matter."

—A tramp denouncing the crusade against the dime novel, said that if a dime was as novel a thing to the others as it was to him, it wouldn't be done.—*Texas Siftings.*

—First burglar—"Hello, Bill; get any swag?" Second burglar—"This bag full." "Whew! What did you strike?" "Anti-poverty bureau, I guess; leastways there was lots in the drawers."—*New Haven News.*

—"You were severely wounded at Gettysburg, I believe?" "Let's see; I believe I was." "Believe! Don't you remember it?" "Not distinctly." "How's that?" "I've been married ever since the war."—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Solemn man—"No, sir, I never fish. I think it is decidedly wrong." Chipinone—"Don't like to be so cruel to the fish?" Solemn man—"No; I don't mind hurting the fish, but I think it is wrong to lie."—*Texas Colonel.*

—"I don't wish to say any thing against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark in the language of the poet, 'that to him truth is stranger than fiction.'"

—A sister always gets a good deal of attention for about a week after her brother has been jilted by the only girl he could ever love. It takes him just about so long to find out that he could love some other girl.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"Why did you strike the plaintiff?" was asked of a prisoner in the police court the other day. "Because he said I was no gentleman." "Well, are you a gentleman?" "I don't suppose I am, ir; but it made me mad to be told of it, all the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Wife (who has had the foreign language "spasm")—"John, do you know I am getting on splendidly with my French? I am really beginning to think in the language." Husband (interested in his paper)—"Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Professor Shaler says that "Volcanoes play a most important part in the physical history of our planet." H'm; yes. We have heard that they played something with Pompeii, but we never heard it quite so elaborately or gently stated before. But that's a beautiful way these scientists have.—*Burdette.*

—"Aren't you acting a little foolish this morning, Pat?" said the storekeeper to a blarneying Hibernian the other morning. "That I am, sure. Do you know, I hev them shpells once in a while and it does me good to act 'em out, so I come in here where I'll feel at home a doin' it."—*Augusta (Me.) Journal.*

—It is said that among the murderers hanged during the past three years the name of John led all others by a large majority. And it may be added that it was a John, first name Demi, that was mainly instrumental in making murderers of possibly every one of the entire lot.—*Boston Transcript.*

REVENGE IS SWEET.

How a Counter Gentleman and Saleslady Rebuked Their Employer.

The cold, haughty, purse-proud merchant prince who treats his ribbon counter gentleman and gentlemen's underwear saleslades with mere civility or chilling indifference had better beware. The time may come when their positions may be reversed.

"See here, Jinks," said one of these arrogant millionaires one day to a ninety-pound ribbon counter clerk, "you want to attend to your business better, young man, and not waste so much of your time flirting with that red-headed underwear girl across the aisle, mind that."

Enraged and humiliated, the downtrodden ribbon counter serf vows and seeks revenge. His time comes soon, aye, that very night!

The purse-proud, cold-blooded merchant prince goes to the theater. He buys an admission ticket and stands up, being of an economical turn of mind.

"Let us pass, sir," says a calm, cold voice at his side. He looks down and beholds the ribbon-counter clerk in the magnificence of full dress, with the underwear girl in flowing robes and sixteen-button kids hanging to his arm. The eyes of the men meet, but there is no sign of recognition on the part of the ribbon-counter clerk, only a cold, haughty, fixed stare as he passes proudly on to the three-dollar seats reserved for him and the underwear girl, while the snubbed and humiliated merchant prince stands on in the midst of his own bitter reflections.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not so Much of a Success.

"Yes," said a business man, "Singleton has been wonderfully successful, not particularly on account of any shrewdness but because he is such a close collector. He is undoubtedly the best collector in this city."

"I have heard so," some fellow remarked, "and I used to believe it, but I have found that he is not such a successful collector after all."

"How so?"

"Well, you see, I have owed him a bill for quite awhile and he never has succeeded in collecting it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

SIBERIA.

Its Secrets Revealed—George Kennan's Wonderful Journey.



MOST interesting contribution to secret history will be the illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, which are to begin in the May *Century* magazine. They will embody the results of what is believed to be the first successful attempt by a competent investigator to make a thorough study of the Russian exile system. Before undertaking his arduous journey of 15,000 miles, in the interest of *The Century*, Mr. Kennan, author of *Tent Life in Siberia*, etc., had spent four years in Russia and Siberia, was thoroughly conversant with the people and the language, and had reached the conclusion that the Russian Government had been misrepresented, and that the exile system of Siberia was not so terrible as was supposed. Knowing that Mr. Kennan held these views, the Russian Government gave him every facility for a thorough

INSPECTION OF MINES AND PRISONS

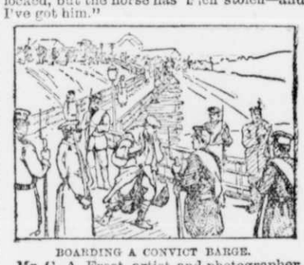
of Siberia—the most thorough that had ever been made by a traveler. Armed with letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and other high officials, Mr. Kennan went everywhere, inspecting mines and prisons, convict barges and hospitals, and traveling with chained exiles along the great Siberian road. He made the intimate personal acquaintance of more than three hundred exiled "liberals" and Nihilists, many of whom wrote out their histories for his use. The actual facts, as revealed by this searching investigation, were far removed from Mr. Kennan's preconceived ideas, as this thrilling narrative of fifteen months' privation and adventure will show.

As is already known, the publication of Mr. Kennan's preliminary papers has resulted in his being placed

ON THE BLACK LIST

by the Russian Government, and copies of *The Century* containing them have the objectionable article torn out by the custom officials before being allowed to enter the Czar's dominions.

"I expected, of course," says Mr. Kennan, in a recent interview, "to be put on the Russian black list. The stable-door is locked, but the horse has been stolen—and I've got him."



BOARDING A CONVICT BARGE.

Mr. G. A. Frost, artist and photographer, accompanied Mr. Kennan, and the results of his work will form a wonderfully interesting series of pictures of Russian and Siberian life and scenery.

The articles begin in the May *Century*, which is a great issue in many other respects, containing also an interesting illustrated article on ranch life; first chapters of "The Liar," a novelette by Henry James; the exciting narrative, "A Locomotive Chase in Georgia;" a suggestive paper on "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle;" an essay on Milton by Matthew Arnold; "A Love Story Reversed," by Edward Bellamy, etc., etc. Our local bookseller will have the number after the first of May.

PROFI ABLE TREES.

Cedar and Pine Plantation for Poor and Sandy Soil.

As red cedar and yellow pine are very valuable, the first for stakes, posts and beams, and the latter for boards, greater attention should be paid to their growth, particularly on poor, sandy soil, where they succeed better than any other trees. Coming into possession in 1866, of some acres of poor white sandy land, I found nothing growing on it but a few scattered red cedars, showing reasonable thrift. Judging from these that others could be grown there to more profit than any thing else except pine, I went to the edge of a forest where young trees were abundant, and took up cedars and pines from twelve to eighteen inches high and set them in this sandy soil. These trees have too long a taproot to insure their being safely transplanted much larger than this, and so the planting was confined to such small ones. They were lifted from their place of growth with half a spadeful or so of soil beneath their roots and put carefully on the floor of a cart; and in setting them out, they were lifted in the same careful manner and set in the holes dug for them. These holes were roomy enough to hold their roots at full extent, and thus prevent all cramping. After setting, the ground was tramped solid around each tree. As there was not sufficient time to transplant all required in the spring, the work was continued during the whole summer. All my neighbors advised against this late transplanting; declared that not a tree would live; but I believed that taken up so carefully, with all the soil that was attached to them, and set down in the same careful manner, they would grow on as rapidly as if left in the soil where they came up. The result proved I was almost entirely right, for not ten per cent. of the trees were lost. I continued this transplanting for several years, till all the vacant ground desired was covered, and the summer months were oftener used than the spring, for my men had more time then for the work. One can not expect a rapid growth of any thing in a poor white sandy soil, destitute of all but a slight trace of vegetable matter, but these trees now stand from eleven to eighteen feet high, and the trunks of some will soon be sufficiently large for ordinary posts. Where proving too close together in growing up, numbers have been cut for grapevine stakes and bean-poles, for which purpose they last longer than any other timber except locust. We have millions of acres of sandy soil. Much of this land is quite unproductive. It could be cheaply planted with red cedar and pine, which would attain growth enough for large lumber in forty to fifty years, which would then render the land highly valuable. Some hesitate to make such plantations, saying they might not live long enough to reap any benefit from them. Well, suppose they do not, their heirs will, and there is a high gratification in knowing that the land could not otherwise probably have been put to so profitable a use.—*A. B. Allen, in N. Y. Tribune.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—A plan recommended to induce a sheep to own her lamb is to sprinkle salt upon its back.

—Cream Cake: One cup sweet cream, one cup sugar, two eggs, two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and flavor to taste.

—Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a dram. Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

—When dusting the fowls with insect powder put a newspaper under them. One can in this way gather up some of the powder for use again, and will be able to see also its destructive effect upon the insects.

—It is a wasteful practice to haul out manure in winter and leave it in small heaps till spring. The manure often heats and throws off the ammonia, which is lost. If spread at once it will not heat.

—A very pretty ornament for a room is made by covering a piece of board with plush, then fasten a pair of gilt slippers on the center for matches and on each side put some hooks for keys, etc. Hang by a cord.

—It has been found that one part of paris green or London purple suffices for 150 parts of plaster, when well mixed together, to kill the potato beetle. One-half pound of either poison suffices for five gallons of water.

—Potato Custard: Grate six large potatoes, add to them one quart of boiling milk; stir in three beaten eggs and one-quarter of a pound of sugar, boil seven minutes, taking care not to let it burn, then add one-half cup of butter. This will make three good sized custards.

—If the land requires drainage it means an outlay of $25 to $50 per acre before the farm can be made tillable and productive. To test this matter the soil should be dug into with a spade three feet deep, and if water rises in the hole at any time of the year the land needs thorough draining.

—In putting out onion sets have the ground very fine and simply place them on the row, slightly pressing them down, leaving the greater portion of the tops above the surface. Where onions are cultivated in large quantities the sets are thinly scattered in the rows without regard to regularity and thinly covered.

GROWING SEED CORN.

How to Insure Improvement in the Yield and Quality of the Crops.

Would it not be a good plan for each farmer to select from the seed corn to be grown the coming season the very best and prepare in the best manner a sufficient portion of the best ground to grow seed for the succeeding season's crop? Plow this portion extra deep, making narrow furrows so as to break up the soil and make it fine; harrow sufficiently to put it in the best possible condition, then plant in rows of the usual distance apart, making the hills three to three and a half feet apart, and allow but one stalk to grow in a place. This will give sufficient room to each stalk to make the best growth; the ears on such stalks will attain the greatest amount of vitality for seed purposes. In this way the corn plant may be greatly improved from year to year, and the seed will produce an increased yield of crop each season.

These wide spaces between the stalks will admit the sun's heat and light and will afford best facilities for the deposit of plant food by the air—the "great reservoir of fertility." If the ground has been plowed deep and well prepared before planting, and the cultivation is begun as soon as the plant can be seen, and continued at least once each week until the grains of the ears begin to harden, the greatest possible amount of plant food will be secured for the use of the crop both from the surrounding atmosphere and from great depths in the earth, while the needed moisture will in this way be kept up so that in either a wet season or during protracted droughts, the most favorable conditions are supplied for the most perfect growth and development of the plants and the seeds borne by them.

For large growing varieties four feet apart both ways would most likely give the best results for seed purposes. Varieties that grow a small stalk may be grown three or four feet apart. The main thing is to give ample room to each stalk to make the best growth and yet be close enough to each other to favor fertilization. The greatest distance between stalks, and not interfere with perfect fertilization, is desirable. Certainly no objection can be offered against growing seed in such a way as to afford the best facilities for making the best growth. By giving wide spaces the tendency to make a heavy low stalk will be much favored, and such stalks are much to be preferred to those that grow tall and spindling.

Farmers would do well to give greater care to the production of good seed for all crops. The influence of seed over the general yield and quality of crops has very much to do in deciding whether the crop shall be a failure in part or whether it shall be such as to compensate for all the labor and expense in its production and leave a margin for profit. The ordinary manner of saving seed for small grain crops is not such as to secure the best, the practice being to take seed from the bin where a large amount is stored, and which is liable to become overheated, or musty, thus impairing its vitality for seed purposes. Extra care and attention in growing seeds of small grain crops would insure better yields and would result in a continued improvement each season both in yield and quality.—*E. S. Teegarden, in Ohio Farmer.*

THE ZUNI INDIANS.

A Curious People That is Neither Ancient Nor Ingenious.

Cosmos Mendeleff has returned from Arizona to Washington. Mendeleff, as his name indicates, is a Russian, and he is an intelligent and expert explorer on the staff of Major John W. Powell, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology. For six years he and his older brother, Victor, have been engaged in the survey of the antique ruins of Chaco and the inhabited pueblos of Zuni and the seven villages of Tusayan, and together they mapped the queer habitations of those mysterious people, and have made for the National Museum models of the largest and most interesting pueblos. Mendeleff has made some three hundred photographs and a large number of free-hand sketches of the strange residences of this remnant of a race.

"I don't know that there is much that is really new," said Mendeleff. "It was formerly, indeed recently, thought that the pueblos were very ancient—the same in which this half-civilized race lived at the time of the Spanish conquest—but we now know better. The inhabited villages which exist to-day are all modern. It was formerly supposed that the Tusayan Indians never changed their place of abode, but held to the same site from generation to generation. It is now known that they have been in the habit of abandoning their old houses and building new. In early days the villages were mostly in the lowlands, and they were gradually crowded up or climbed up to the practically inaccessible mesas—sharp cliffs, easily defensible. The reasons for an abandonment of villages and the building of others are many, sometimes military, but often rooted in some superstition.

"The builders of these pueblos had very meager architectural attainments. Their houses are poor piles of stone and mud. Their ingenuity was puerile. The element of skill is almost wholly lacking. These curious ruins are simply an evidence of the existence of a race with unlimited time at their disposal and unlimited material at hand. Everywhere is shown a lamentable lack of constructive ability. They did not know how to make a square room, or how to rear one wall at right angles, or how to make a circle or even a straight line."

Mr. Mendeleff has comprehensive photographs of the seven Tusayan villages. Each village consists of fifteen or twenty houses and each house of several residences. The house is a series of terraces, receding as they rise. The first story is about seven feet high, and is approached from without only by a ladder, which leads to a hole in the roof. In war times the ladder is always pulled up. From the rear of this story rises the second story, seven feet higher, mounted also by a ladder, and other ladders lead to a third and perhaps fourth story. Of course the first story under this arrangement is of much the largest and the upper story of much the smallest area, and as the latter is the lightest, the best ventilated and the safest, being defensible from all the roofs below, it is the favorite habitation, and usually occupied by the officers and the aristocracy. It is estimated that in all the seven Tusayan villages there are 2,000 people. They live mainly on Indian corn, squashes and beans. They are under Mormon influence and will not permit a census or hold much intercourse with Americans. Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson had trouble with them, and were compelled to depart. Mr. Mendeleff and his party were treated remarkably well and are puzzled in trying to account for it.

"Perhaps the oddest thing," added Mr. Mendeleff, after a moment's pause, "is the status of woman in these queer communities. She owns all the houses and most of the property. The man owns the crop in the field, but as soon as it is harvested it belongs to his wife. She controls the house and all that is in it. She works steadily and constantly in the duties of the household, but she does no field work, and, taking it all together, her condition compares favorably with that of the American farmer's wife. The descent of all property is in the female line and through the mother; it is she who makes the will and provides for the offspring."

"What does the man own then,?" I asked.

"The donkeys, perhaps," he said; "but I am not sure about that."

"And the land?"

"No, the land is not owned individually. Ever since before historic time land has been owned by the whole nation. If an Indian goes out and takes up some land not in use and cultivates it, nobody can take it from him. But if he stops using it anybody else can jump it. It belongs to the fellow that can use it."

"How does that work?"

"There are no millionaires. There is about the same degree of comfort that there is among very poor people anywhere. As to land, the shrewdest and smartest Indian manages to get the best, the same as under any system."—*Washington Letter.*

Question From the Jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, as he concluded his charge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia, even indirectly, was the cause of the man's death, the prisoner can not be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, your Honor," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, your Honor; they want to know how to spell pneumonia."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A RACY BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant Truth.

New York Letter.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.
Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.
Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems.
Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor.

I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm contained in the above four chaptered book, written by some anonymous. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; the author intimates as much on page 31. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria" as it states, "is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not much care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they can not cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has overworked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability."

"The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Comes home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

"It is muscular—in his back. Articular—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart!

"Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business!

"Better for a few days. Returns. A while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; can not breathe; has pneumonia; can not walk; can not sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up courage and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance!"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone in fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall Street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how prevalent bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentleman formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation, because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes," said his father, "I was very skeptical, but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I happen to know what it was that cured the boy, for Genl. Christiansen, of Drexel, Morgan & Co's., told me that it was that 'wonderful remedy Warner's safe cure.'

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means.

I can not close my notice better than by quoting the author's advice:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of any "unauthorized means."

With regard to sparking over the front gate, a good deal can be said on both sides.—*Siftings.*

It Never Fails.

Durang's Rheumatic Remedy will cure any case of rheumatism on earth. It is taken internally. Write for free pamphlet to R. K. Helpienstine, Druggist, Washington, D. C., or ask your druggist for it.

The rising generation in cities is chiefly made up of milkmen and hired girls.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Gentleman—"What are you doing now, Sam?" Sam—"I ain't doin' nuffin, sah; I frowed up my job las' week. I had trouble wif de boss, an' I jess tole him he cuddent fool dis cullud gemmen no mo'. I'se independent, I is. An ole aunt of mine died an' lef me twenty-fi' dollahs."—*Epoch.*

—Some people are born to ill luck. An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the last forty years has not had an opportunity to use one of them, because she has never been ill a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged.

Nevertheless—one's wife.

The farmer who employs a wood-chopper, has no intention of putting on style by having a hack.

A woodman, like the play-writer, should be judged by his ax.—*Siftings.*

Men who are a great deal run after—fugitives from justice—*Boston Courier.*

The average watering place is maintained by those who are trying to sea cure the wasted health.—*Duluth Paraygrapher.*

Of course Solomon was the wisest man. A fellow with seven hundred wives has a chance to get instruction.—*Journal of Education.*

Four letters of the alphabet are always in love.

A fitting tribute—paying your tailor's bill.—*New Haven News.*

Can a blind man be held liable for a bill which he accepted payable at sight?—*Exchange.*

There is nothing that will warm up a man's language so much as dropping a chunk of ice down his back.—*Fall River Advance.*

The "rubber trust" must have organized for the purpose of furnishing consciences to the other trusts.—*Chicago Journal.*

Shamrocks—those composed of paint and scenery on the stage.

Rough on rats—the kid glove manufacturers.—*Drake's Magazine.*

There is one crop that never fails. It belongs to the chicken.—*Boston Post.*

The man who invests in mining stock is usually put out over the out-put.

An editor's sanctum may not be furnished with velvet carpets and moonlight-on-a shovel dados, but it is always well papered.

From the Frying Pan Into the Fire.

The man or woman who seeks relief from constipation in ill advised remedies, jumps "from the frying pan into the fire." Violent cathartics drench and weaken the intestines. Not so Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves without pain and permanently. For disorders of the liver, fever and ague, nervousness and debility it is also signally efficacious, and its remedial utility in kidney affections is well ascertained.

The pickpocket is no respecter of pursuns.

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. Merchants only. R. W. Taxsill & Co., Chicago.

Can actor knows his lines when they are cast in pleasant places.—*N. O. Picayune.*

For a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A play on words; betting and promising to pay if you lose.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The favorite song of the thief: "I love to steal a while away."

Something Worth Reading.

OF INTEREST

TO EVERYBODY.

Thalia Theatre, New York.
I have been a sufferer from nervousness and nervous prostration for years, and have tried many things, but without the least good. Hearing so much about Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic from my neighbors and others whom it cured, I at last decided to try it. Its effects are really almost magical. It immediately takes away that nervous, all-gone weak feeling or sense of exhaustion, and in one word perfects one in health. It has been and a wonderful blessing to nervous
Lucie Werner.

The wonderful remedy, whose praise is upon every one's lips, must be the most marvelous in its curative powers of any remedy ever discovered. We hear every day of remarkable cures of nervousness, nervous weakness, exhaustion, paralysis or other nervous diseases effected by this great nerve tonic and restorative. Here a person rescued from the grave, he was Mrs. Annie Donovan, of Attawangan, Conn.; there a case saved from that terrible disease, insanity, as was Mrs. W. C. Miles, of 46 Blue Hill Avenue, Boston, Mass.; again, cures of paralysis of long standing, like that of Mr. Alexander Horn, of the Maine Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa., who had not been able to walk before for years; or restoration from the severest neuralgia and rheumatism, like the case of Mr. James Bown, of 27 Market Street, New York City, and sleeplessness, with nervous and physical exhaustion, are very frequent, to wonderful cure of Mrs. W. F. Abbe, of 19 Affek Street, Hanford, Conn., being only one among thousands. Altogether, the remarkable power of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic in curing all forms of nervous diseases like the above and restoring to health sufferers from nervous affections have demonstrated it to be a remedy of wonderful powers and at times of almost miraculous effects in curing disease.

If you are weak tired, nervous and exhausted, with no ambition to work or do any thing, do not fail to use this marvelous remedy, for it will restore your strength, vigor and energies. It will remove all nervousness and nervous weakness. If you are sleepless, restless and wakeful nights its use will soothe, calm and quiet the nerves and give you sound, natural and refreshing sleep. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite and general dispirited feeling, it will clear your head, give you an appetite, banish that tired feeling and afford you renewed life. It is the best remedy in the world and cures perfectly and completely spring debility, malaria, nervous debility, nervous and physical exhaustion from overwork, strain upon the nerves, or other cause, depression of the mind, neuralgia, paralysis, nervousness, trembling, nervous and sick headaches, pain in back and side, hot flashes, palpitation and heart disease, hysteria, dyspepsia, indigestion, opium or chloral habit, etc. It is purely vegetable, and therefore harmless.

Use this remedy and you will be amazed at its wonderful toning, strengthening and invigorating effects upon both nerves and body. It is for sale by all druggists at $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. The discoverer of his great nerve cure is Dr. Greene, of 35 W 14th Street, New York, and he may be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

Name this paper every time you write.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St., New York.

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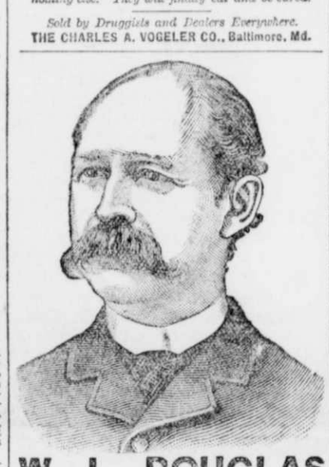
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☞ GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—*Mix a pill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the throat. Mix some corn-meal dough with the Oil. Give nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured.*

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing SICK HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness will be avoided and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the inability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in "False and True" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

Dr. A. C. Middlebrook, Doraville, Ga.: "I use them in my practice and family in preference to all other Pills."

Mrs. Caroline Monteith, Deer Creek, Ind.: "I believe my life has been saved by your medicine. Have long been suffering with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint."

H. A. Carr, P. M., Escambia, Ala.: "Best Pills he has ever used."

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Alice E. Chaver, Mt. Storm, W. Va.: "I positively say that Radway's are the best Pills I ever had for Dyspepsia."

☞ Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren St., New York, for "False and True."

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Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

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CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs,** is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

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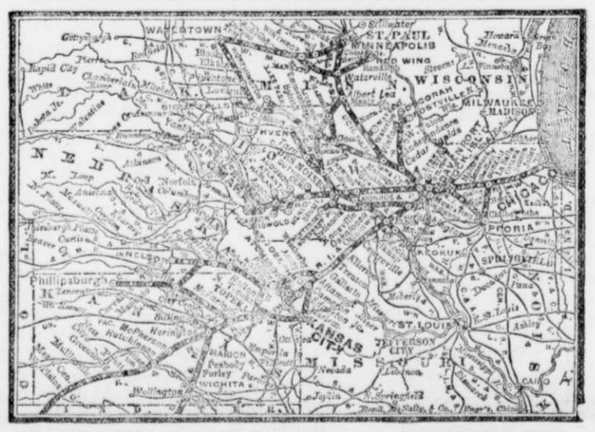
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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARIES

—AND—

County Convention.

The Republican Voters of Garrett county are hereby notified that primary meetings will be held at the usual places in the several districts, on

Saturday, May 5th, 1888,

at 3 o'clock P. M., to select Five Delegates in each district to a County Convention to be held in the Court House in Oakland, on

Monday, May 7th, 1888,

at 2 o'clock P. M., which convention will elect Five Delegates to represent the county in the Sixth District Convention to be held in Cumberland, on Wednesday, May 9th, 1888, for the purpose of electing two delegates to the National Convention and one Presidential Elector, and also Five Delegates to represent the county in the State Convention to be held in Easton, Md., on Thursday May, 17th, 1888, at 12th o'clock, noon, for the purpose of electing Four Delegates at Large and four alternate delegates to the National Republican Convention, and Two Presidential Electors for the State at large.

DANIEL CHISHOLM,
Chairman County Committee.

A Hit That Hurts.

No one has hit the Mills tariff bill a harder blow from the standpoint of the wage earners of this country than W. L. Strong, of New York, a man of few words but expert in figures.

Mr. Mills stated in his speech introducing his bill that the entire production of all kinds of manufacturing in this country amounted to $7,000,000,000, (a vast sum certainly.) The statistics show that 20 per cent of this immense output is the average cost of labor, or, in other words, 20 cents on every dollar of the seven billions is paid out as wages.

Now contrast this with the amount that would be paid out as wages in Germany and England on a similar amount of production. In the United States we would pay out exactly one billion and four hundred million of dollars. In Germany they would pay out $616,000,000 and in England $784,000,000.

These stubborn facts, says Mr. Strong, show the following result:

We pay in this country $784,000,000 more to our wage earners than would be paid out in Germany to produce the same amount of goods, and $616,000,000 more than would be paid out in free trade England for the same amount of product.

The entire revenue collected by us on all importations during the year ending June 30, 1887, amounted to $217,286,893. If the wage earners paid all of this amount (which of course they do not) they would have a balance of $398,713,893 to their credit on the English pay roll and $566,713,167 to their credit on the German pay roll.

The State of Trade.

NEW YORK, April 27.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: The situation is unusually confused. Advancing markets for stocks and for grain contradict each other. The Western reports as to the probable crops are more definitely unfavoraable. The reports of business transacted are by no means uniformly favorable.

There is prospect that the output of iron will now improve, though prices do not. The accounts of the boot and shoe trade are a little better, though the demand of buyers for lower prices appear to cause hesitation. There have been considerable sales of leather at some concessions, and hides are weak.

Wheat has advanced one cent, and corn a half cent, with hog and pork products weaker. The general average of prices is now a little lower than it has been at any other time since January 1, notwithstanding an advance of four per cent on breadstuffs.

It becomes more clear that the prevailing tendency of prices and of wages is towards a lower level, though actual or apprehended scarcity of farm products affects prices in some speculative markets.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1888.—"Blaine and Depew will be the ticket nominated by the Chicago convention, and they will carry New York by over 25,000 majority." The speaker was a New York Republican who has for many years been closely connected with the late Roscoe Conkling in political affairs, and who refused to vote for Blaine in 1884. In reply to my questions he said: "Mr. Conkling and his friends—myself included—made a mistake in refusing to support Mr. Blaine. We saw it when too late to change the result, but we propose to make amends this year by insisting upon the nomination of Mr. Blaine. Mr. Conkling was thoroughly in sympathy with this movement and had he lived would have stumped the State for Blaine. Mr. Blaine was defeated by our defection in the State of New York. He stood the punishment like a man and now we intend to see that he is rewarded for his long service and fidelity to the principles of the Republican party, and in order to make assurance doubly sure we propose to put Chauncey Depew, New York's brainiest and most popular son, on the ticket with him. Blaine and Depew make a combination that will be invincible in New York."

"Will Mr. Dapew accept the second place on the ticket?" I asked, "Yes, with Mr. Blaine first. He thinks Blaine the greatest living American, and would make almost any personal sacrifice to help to make him President,"

If this program is to be carried out what is to become of the booms of all the other "favorite sons" of the various States? "When they are informed, as they will be at the proper time, that this ticket is the unanimous choice of the united Republican party of the State of New York, and that its nomination will take that State out of the doubtful column and restore it to its oldtime position at the head of the Republican column, they wil all acquiese and the nomination will be made by acclamation. Then will follow the most enthusiastic campaign of the age."

Gray of Indiana seems to be in the lead for the Democratic nomination for the vice-Presidency. His name, it is thought will console the ex-rebels for not getting one of their number nominated.

Representative Brown, of Indiana, who is an authority on politics in his State thinks the Republicans will carry it this fall. His reasons are the lack of harmony among the Democrats; the disaffection, through disappointment at not getting offices; of the immense array of ward and precinct workers and the bitter feeling between the McDonald and Gray factions of the Democratic party.

The tariff debate in the House still goes on, and much campaign material is being gathered by both sides. Mr. Brewer, of Michigan, made a good point on the Democrats in his speech on Thursday. He said; "In time past the Democratic party had sought to evade the tariff issue. In its platform of 1884 it declared for protection, for free trade, for incidental protection, for tariff for revenue only, and for tariff only for revenue; so that the voter could construe the platform to suit his own convictions. In Kentucky the platform meant free trade; in Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and New Jersey the party was able to make the voters believe it meant protection. By reason of the frand and intimidation practiced in one section of the country, and by means of deception practiced by Democratic leaders in another section, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency had been elected. For the three years of the Democratic administration, that party in the House had played fast and loose on the great tariff question, until the necessities of the Government had compeled the administration to take some decided position, and I honor the President for having compelled his party to stop its double dealing and define its attitude."

Senator Paddock's bill, providing for the erection of a public building in every town at which the gross postal revenues have been $3,000 a year for the last three years, has been favorably reported by the Senate Committee on postoffices and is very likely to be passed by the Senate at an early day.

The Senate committee on agriculture have favorably reported the bill which was passed by the Senate last Congress, but not by the House, providing that the Commissioner of Agriculture shall be a member of the Cabinet.

Senator Ingalls has given notice that he will tomorrow reply to the speech made by Senator Voorhees, the distinguished copperhead from Indiana, last week. Mr. Ingalls says that he proposes to correct the misstatements and supply the omissions of Voorhees. That's a big contrast, for Voorhees' speech was made up almost entirely of glaring mis statements. But by the time that Ingalls, who is sometimes spoken of as the Kansas cyclone, gets done with Voorhees, he is likely to feel as bad as Vest of Missouri did a few weeks ago under similar circumstances.

The New Chief Justice.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 30.—The President sent to the Senate this afternoon the nomination of Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, to be chief Justice of the United States.

Mellville W. Fuller has for many years been at the head of the Illinois bar. He was admitted and practiced during the days of Judge Douglass, and took active part in all the State contests with Lyman Trumbull and men of that stamp. His father was one of the original settlers of Chicago, and left immense landed property to his son.

The nomination is regarded as a compromise between conflicting interests, in which the Southern Senators were led by Isham G. Harris, Senator from Tennessee, and [illegible] led by Attorney General Garland. The combination was sufficiently powerful to defeat the appointment of Phelps.

Out of the Code.

MARYLAND, MD., April 30.—In the new code of Maryland compiled by Mr. John Prentiss Poe and adopted by the General Assembly of Maryland at their last session, the word "white" is eliminated from the bastardy law. In the printed copy of the laws of the session of 1882 a chapter is inserted entited "An act to repeal section 1 of aricle 13 of the code of public general laws, and to re-enact the same." This is classed as chapter 339, and it diminates the word "white." The new code contains this section, and probably to make section 4 of article 13 to conform with it, the word "white" is eliminated from section 4 aso, and in that shape there is in the law, as given in the code, no distinction as to the color of the woman. The statement is made that the journals of proceedings show that the so-called act of 1862 was never passed, and that the Court of Appeals have so ruled. But the adoption of the new code is said to settle the point that the word "white" is no longer in the Maryland law. Mr. Poe says that since the adjournment of the Legislature he has informally asked the Court of Appeals whether, in the reprint of the new code, which is now being made, the word "white" should be inserted. The answer was in the negative, and he says the law will stand as it was printed in the copy of the code which the legislature adopted. Most of the lawyers and some of the lay members of the Legislature no doubt knew of the circumstances that the word "white" did not appear in article 13 of the new code. On three occasions a bill was brought up to strike out this word, and on each occasion it was lost in the House for want of a constitutional majority. Its strongest supporters were members of the Judicary Committee, who had favorably reported upon the new code. It was, no doubt, their earnest purpose to get an act passed that would conform to article 13 as the new code gives it.

West Virginia Central Road.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 26.—The annual meeting of the stockholders of the West Virginia Central & Pittsburgh Railway Company in Maryland was held yesterday at the office of the company, 213 East German street. Mr. H. G. Davis presided, and Mr. E. W. S. Moore was Secretary. The old Board of Directors was re-elected. The lease to the West Virginia Central for ninety-nine years was confirmed without opposition.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the West Virginia Central Company met at the office of the company at noon, President H. G. Davis in the chair, and E. W. S. Moore, Secretary.

The President made a report of the earnings and condition of the road for the quarter ending April 1. The earnings for the last three months are about nearly those for the same period in 1887, and more than quadruple those of 1886.

The company now has in use two hundred trench hoppers of the Baltimore & Ohio pattern, and three hundred coal and lumber cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad standard.

Capt. G. W. Harrison, heretofore acting as Superintendent, has been made General Traffic Agent. In addition to the telephone line, the company has completed a telegraph line for the road.

The Ladew tannery at Davis, now working two hundred to three hundred men, is largely increasing its capacity. Several additional saw mills have been erected on the line of the road

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 130.

AN ACT

To prevent non-residents of the State of Maryland from fishing and hunting in Garrett county without permission in writing from the owner of the premises upon which such hunting or fishing is done, and to prevent any person from fishing in Bear Creek in said county for two years.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person not a *bona fide* resident of the State of Maryland who shall fish or hunt in Garrett county without the written permission of the owner of the premises upon which he so fishes or hunts shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person who shall fish in Bear Creek in Garrett county before the first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That any person convicted before a tribunal having jurisdiction, of a violation of sections one and two of this act shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, one half to the informer and the other half to School Commissioners.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted. That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed Jan. Session, 1888,

5 5 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief clerk, House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

For the better protection of deer in Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to chase or hunt deer with a dog or dogs on Winding Ridge, Meadow Mountain, Negro Mountain, or any place East of the Youghiogheny river in Garrett county, and it shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any hound or hounds found chasing deer in any of the places above mentioned. And it shall be prima facie evidence to convict under this section if any person shall be found in any of the above named places with a hound unless such persen be on his own premises or traveling on some public road.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating any of the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than twenty five nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense one half to to the informer and the other half to the School Board of said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the constables of said county to see to the enforcement of this Act in their respective bailiwicks and to report to the Grand Jury any violations of the same.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888,

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
5238 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1888.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 16th day of April, 1888, by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, Md.

ROAD LEVY.

District No.	1—Swanton	$ 500 00
"	2—Selbysport	750 00
"	3—Grantsville	700 00
"	4—Bloomington	450 00
"	5—Accident	650 00
"	6—Sang Run	550 00
"	7—Oakland	800 00
"	8—Ryans Glade	600 00
"	9—Johnson's	13 00
"	10—Deer Park	280 00
"	11—Elbow	320 00
National Road		400 00
Total		$6,140 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor of Oakland	$200 00
J M Davis, for Mt. Lake Park roads	100 00
Burgess of Deer Park	50 00
" " Grantsville	80 00
Sam'l Harshberger, for Corporation of Bloomington	50 00
Total	$480 00

ELECTION EXPENSES—NOV. 8, 1887.

District No. 1.

William E George return judge	$ 8 96
Thomas R McRobie, judge	4 00
Charles Murphy, judge	4 00
Isaac Lansdale, clerk	4 00
Joseph H. Friend, clerk	4 00
Charles T West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Joseph Lint, return judge	10 56
Lloyd Lowdermilk, judge	4 00
Jackson Umbel, judge	4 00
Josephus Enlow, clerk	4 00
George Frazee, clerk	4 00
Jacob Stuck, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Jacob J Brenneman, return judge	10 56
August Boing, judge	4 00
Samuel Durst, judge	4 00
Benjamin Fuller, clerk	4 00
Clarence Getty, clerk	4 00
Mrs. Figgy, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

William R Michael, return judge	10 24
John L Michael, judge	4 00
George H Sigler, judge	4 00
Peter F Michael, clerk	4 00
Floyd Duckworth, clerk	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

William Lohr, return judge	10 08
Phillip M. Miller, judge	4 00
Jeremiah Durst, judge	4 00
S H Ryland, clerk	4 00
M M Shrock, clerk	4 00
Frederick Engichart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Columbus Paugh, return judge	9 28
Samuel Furgerson, judge	4 00
Richard DeWitt, judge, use L E Friend	4 00
George E Bishoff, clerk	4 00
Thomas Browning, clerk	4 00
Samuel Specht, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

David H Loar, return judge	6 00
Rowan White, judge	4 00
Bowie Johnson, judge, use F A Thayer,	4 00
D T E Casteel clerk	4 00
Thos R White, clerk, use C H Whetsell,	4 00

District No. 8.

James W White, return judge	8 80
Isaac I Thompson, judge	4 00
Edwin M Miller, judge	4 00
Benjamin F Kidd, clerk	4 00
Israel O Thompson, clerk	4 00
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Jacob McKenzie, return judge	11 68
B F Stokes, judge, use John Wambaugh	4 00
F C Graham, judge	4 00
Richard M Graham, clerk	4 00
Thomas Johnson, clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

E C Tillson, return judge	8 48
James E Paugh, judge	4 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, judge	4 00
B F Thrasher, clerk	4 00
Michael J Garrett, clerk	4 00
Samuel J Moore, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Merrill, return judge	11 20
Amos Broadwater, judge	4 00
C B Broadwater, judge	4 00
David F Metts, clerk	4 00
John W Broadwater, clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

John T Harvey, return judge	9 20
Henry Lee, judge	4 00
John L Sharpless, judge	4 00
E J Hamill, clerk	4 00
Geo W Kitzmiller, clerk, use Chas Cropp	4 00
E G Blackburn, house rent	5 00
Total	$362 04

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, use P Hamill	$ 52 00
R E Friend, use Leslie E Friend	65 00
Josiah Fuller, use J S Broadwater	64 00
John Collins	61 00
Henry Lininger, use D E Offutt	65 00
N C Browning, use D E Offutt	45 00
Thomas Browning, assistant register, use G S Hamill	20 00
P A Chisholm, use G S Hamill	41 50
E J Fringer, assistant, use E Z Tower	20 00
James W Mason, use D E Offutt	52 00
Samuel Johnson	53 95
Michael Brady, use D E Graham	61 50
John C Chaney, use G S Hamill	60 00
L C Hamill	56 00
Total	$717 95

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

W W Griffith	$ 8 60
Peter Nathan	6 70
J H Davis	3 60
P H Eckard	5 25
A B Gonder, use William Casteel	60 75
Total	$84 90

CONSTABLES' FEES.

Austin Brown	$ 4 70
Charles Weeman	7 90
Frederick Kolb	3 75
Levi Eckard	3 60
James W Cropp	14 45
E N Casteel	8 30
Total	$42 70

COURT HOUSE FUND.

For Redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on Bonds	240 00
Total	$1,240 00

GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL DEBT.

For Redemption of Bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on Bonds	840 00
Total	$1,840 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The Garrett Co. School Commissioners of Garrett county for Public Schools	$9,000 00

HOSPITAL FUND.

Subject to order County Commissioners	$825 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

J W Veitch, late States Attorney, 26 Recognizances @ 33⅓	$ 86 66
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 56 misdemeanors @ 333	186 48
J W Veitch late States Attorney, 5 felonies @ $10	50 00
J W Veitch late States Attorney, trial fees as per order Court	235 00
J W Veitch, late States Attorney, council for Registration Officers	50 00
Thayer & Sincell, 3 felonies @ $10	30 00
Thomas J Peddicord, 3 misdemeanors @ 333⅓, use G S Hamill	10 00
G S Hamill, 2 misdemeanors @ 333⅓	6 66
Wm P Townshend, States Attorney, 52 Recognizances @ 333⅓	173 33
Total	$828 13

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges from June, 1888, to April, 1889	$165 00
Samuel Lawton, late Register, fees, use S E Boyer & Co.	73 72
Samuel Lawton, late Register, use 3rd National Bank, Cumberland	33 63
Total	$572 37

CLERKS' OFFICE.

E Z Tower, clerks' fees	$779 23

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay Jurors, Witnesses, Bailiffs, Messenger and Crier for September term, '88, and May term, 1889	$2,967 00

SHERIFFS' FEES.

John H Riley, late Sheriff	$ 834 95
Edward E Sollars, Sheriff	227 60
Total	$1,062 55

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

J A Hayden, publishing to June, 1889	$ 400 00
J A Hayden, printing to June, 1889	400 00
John S Combs, publishing, use John T Mitchell, attorney for B T Keller	350 00
John S Combs, balance	50 00
Total	$1,200 00

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

C T West, support M G Harvey's widow to June, 1888	$ 10 00
C T West, support M G Harvey's widow order	12 00
Parker Ashby, Supt. Sarah Loraw order	27 00
D E Offutt, " Simmes Noir, order	20 00
S L Townshend & Son support Coleman Dandridge, order	20 00
Leslie E Friend, support Ezra Savage children, order	15 00
G S Hamill, Supt. Samuel Wolf, order " " " Upton Bruce to Jan. 7th, 1888, order	10 00 50 00
O Hart & Son, Supt. Rebecca Sager, order	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Thomas Philpot, order	20 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge, order	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Semmes Nair, order	10 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Mrs. Holland, order	15 00
Ira E Friend, support Alice Vansickle, order	12 00
Ira E Friend, support Frederick Vansickle, order	25 00
Otho Speelman, Supt. J M Davis, order	25 00
Andrew Mullen, support George Hay and family, order	25 00
E C Tillson, Supt. Mrs Sanborn, order	20 00
Charles O Thompson, support Upton Bruce to July 7th, 1888	50 00
A L Gnagey, support Wm Hoover	20 00
Sarah A Friend, use J H Wilson & Bro. Supt. Mrs. Brobst, order	15 00
Mrs Holland, support of self, order	10 00
Wm R Porter, " Caroline Cole, order	10 00
Wm A Loraw, " Enoch Loraw to April, 1889	150 00
Howard Frazee, support Etta Shaffer's child from Oct. 1, 1887, to Oct. 1, 1888	30 00
J S Broadwater, Supt. Mrs. Henry Durst	10 00
E Gnagey, " Wm Hoover	20 00
A Mullen, " Hay family	25 00
Caroline Frazee, " Ruth King	75 00
W C Jones, " Geo Wood	15 00
Cornelus Bowser, support Mary Durst	20 00
George O Miller, support Jos Clamyer	15 00
Thomas Martin, support Jos Clamyer,	15 00
A Mullen, support, Lewis Hanft	20 00
Samuel Meese, support Henry Meese	25 00
J E Gnagey, support Martin Hetrich	35 00
S L Townshend support Thos Philpot	30 00
Sarah A Friend, support Mrs. Brobst	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Jacob Spiker	15 00
S L Townshend & Son, support Coleman Dandridge	10 00
Total	$976 00

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

S L Townshend & Son	11	fox			$ 11 00
W C Jones,	11	"	and 1 cat		19 00
William Ryland,	10	"	2 "		14 00
Edward Pysell,	6	"			6 02
A L Gnagey,	11	"			11 00
J H Beeman,	7	"			7 00
Franklin Bowser,	6	"			6 00
Smith and Callis,	9	"	1 "		11 00
Thos K Harvey,	5	"			5 00
Milford Drane,	2	"			2 00
S E Boyer & Co.,	3	"	1 "		5 00
S P Specht,	7	"			7 00
Joshua Tichnell,	3	"			3 00
Wm Hinebaugh,	6	"			6 00
W H Barnard,	1	"			1 00
M L Scott,	2	"			2 00
J S Broadwater,			1 "		2 00
C H Liston,	4	"			4 00
Mathias Bowser,	7	"			7 00
D E Offutt,			2 "		4 00
C F West,	12	"	5 "		22 00
H C Shaw	1	"			1 00
Eli McMillen,	2	"			2 00
John E Gnagey	10	"			10 00
A Wass & Son	1	"			1 00
John F Friend	2	"			2 00
Henry Letham	8	"			8 00
Lafayette Friend	1	"			1 00
Taylor Sines	1	"			1 00
F & C Felty	1	"			1 00
A Mullen	2	"	2 "		6 00
W D Nydegger			1 "		2 00
P W Connell	1	"	3 "		7 00
Total					$197 00

ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Jacob Mosser	$ 50 00
B F Snyder, use C T West	20 00
A Garlitz, use C T West	65 00
Albert Fitzwater, use C T West	55 00
Abel DeWitt, use D E Offutt	20 00
John M Tichenell	50 00
A E Harvey, use J H Wilson & Bro	100 00
Parker Ashby	20 00
John T Bowers	20 00
Levi Caton	12 00
John F Robeson	30 00
Peter Stark	18 00
Andrew Blocher, National Road	25 00
Jacob Gnagey	40 00
George Lowdermilk	5 00
John Friend, (of N.) balance on bridge,	1 00
Total	$511 00

BRIDGES.

Pittsburg Bridge Co., (for Selbysport bridge) subject to orders of Co. Coms.	$4,275 00
Wm H Riley and Austin Brown, masonry for bridge over river at Selbysport, subject to orders Co. Coms.	1,300 00
John G Knauer, balance on Cherry creek bridge	4 68
Dan'l Wilson, bridge over Wolf Den run	26 78
M M Ashby, use Jones E Gnagey Cherry creek bridge	15 45
J M Conaway, North Branch bridge	67 28
Jesse Glotfelty, Sang Run bridge	10 00
John Wilhelm, 3 bridges	32 00
Isaac W Abernathy, Sand Run bridge	50 00
Total	$5,781 19

WITNESS FEES BEFORE MAGISTRATES

Edward Crim, use S E Boyer & Co	33
Harry West, use Thomas Little	33
Earnest Townshend use Thomas Little	33
Thomas Little	33
Mrs John Washington, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Mrs Oscar Notes, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Thomas Sarsfield, use D E Offutt	33
Wm Page, use W C Jones	33
Lotta Goff, use W C Jones	33
Ella Sowers, use W C Jones	33
Luke Keasner, use W C Jones	33
Frank Fazenbaker, use W C Jones	33
James Leaper	33
Al red Sisler, use C H Liston	33
Lucretia Borgie, use S L Townshend & Son	33
Total	$4 95

ROAD EXPENSE.

John Harned, Surveyor and examiner 6 days	$30 00
John F Bowers, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Francis Martin, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John H Sanders, chainman, 1½ days	3 00
John Fahey, chainman 1½ days	3 00
John Hughes, axeman, 1½ days	3 00
Total	$47 00

CORONERS' JURY.

INQUEST ON BODY OF JONH B. BRANT.

John Ault, juror	50
James A Hayden, juror	50
William R Jarboe, "	50
D C Bolden, "	50
G W Delawder, "	50
John Shartzer, "	50
Andrew J Harne, "	50
J T Browning, "	50
Samuel E Boyer, "	50
Wm D Nydegger, "	50
D E Offutt, "	50
F A Thayer, "	50
William Crim, witness, "	33
James Wiseman, "	33
Montgomery Coddington, witness	33

INQUEST ON BODY OF JAMES WOODS.

Dr. W R Ravenscraft, physician	$ 5 00
Geo F Loughridge, juror	50
George D White, "	50
Charles Davis, "	50
Dr E H Bartlett, "	50
Dr D T E Casteel, "	50
S E Boyer, "	50
William Casteel, "	50
Fred Felty, "	50
Emanuel Custer, "	50
W M Wagner, "	50
W Y Waltz, "	50
Owen Hart, "	50
Joseph Murphy, witness	33
Peter A Chisholm, "	33
James W Cropp, "	33
Total	$18 98

MISCELLANEOUS.

Edward Margroff, insolvencies, approved 1885, order of 1887	$ 64 84
Warren M Coddington, Warden to Jail to December 21st, 1887	197 00
Warren M Coddington, Janitor to April 4th, 1888, use G S Hamill	43 75
E N Casteel, Warden to jail to February 3d, 1888	41 00
Charles Bolden, use Jonas E Gnagey, work at court house and Sheriffs house, 1887	12 00
John Shartzer, use D E Offutt, matting for Clerk's office	43 13
J H Medairy & Co. stationery	260 92
Johnson Watson & Co., stationery	58 30
G A Shirer, sundries for court house and jail	16 45
D E Offutt, sundries for court house and jail	39 50
S L Townshend & Son, sundries for court house and jail	33 78
D T E Casteel, medicine for paupers	10 10
Veitch & Townshend collecting road money	15 00
O Hart & Son, coal for court house and jail	116 25
Lloyd Chambers, digging grave for pauper	3 00
Albert Welch, use J A Hayden, kindling wood	5 00
Charles Bolden, case for Clerk's office, boxes for vault, laying platform, &c.	92 00
H P Tasker, for compiling books, abstracts, &c., use Ross R Coddington,	50 00
A G Sturgiss, medicine for paupers and prisoners	59 25
J M Davis & Son, sundries for court house	1 95
Dr. H M Kemp, medical attendance to pauper	10 00
Jonas E Gnagey, Col. 6 assessments	34 00
H P Tasker, use 3rd National Bank of Cumberland, for compiling book of abstract, &c	50 00
Dr J Lee McComas, County health officer to June, 1888	100 00
Thayer & Sincell, council to board to April 11th, 1888	15 00
D E Bolden & Co., coffin, &c., for pauper	11 00
Total	$1,322 97

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OFFICE.

Bryson Welch, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	$ 99 38
Michael Durst, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	125 00
W P Hansel, per diem and mileage to April 17th, 1888	111 56
W H Hagan, clerk, use D E Offutt	30 00
" " " " J M Davis	9 90
" " " " 1st Nat. Bank, Cumberland	158 00
W H Hagans, clerk, use J M Davis	75 44
" " " " balance	139 41
Total	$729 69

TREASURERS' OFFICE.

Treasurer's commission on county tax subject to order of County Coms	$1,732 12
Treasurer's commission on State tax, subject to order of County Coms	268 45
Total	$2,000 57
Contingent fund	$3,571 72

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 6,140 00
Corporations	480 00
Election expenses	362 04
Registration officers	717 95
Magistrates' fees	84 90
Constables' fees	42 70
Court House fund	1,240 00
Garrett County School debt	1,840 00
Public Schools	9,000 00
Hospital fund	825 00
Attorneys' fees	828 13
Orphans' Court	572 37
Clerk's office	779 23
Court fund	2,967 00
Sheriffs' fees	1,062 55
Printing and publishing	1,200 00
Outside Pensioners	976 00
Fox and cat certificates	197 00
Road appropriations	511 00
Bridges	5,781 19
Witness fees	4 95
Road expense	47 00
Coroners' juries	18 98
Miscellaneous	1,322 97
County Commissioners office	7 99
Treasurers' commission on Co tax	1,732 12
" " " State tax	268 45
Contingent fund	3,571 72
Total	$43,302 94

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property of the county amounted to $3,936,631.00, which at $1.10 on each hundred dollars, the County taxation will make the above amount of $43,302.94; deducting $155,607.00 for corporations paying the State tax direct to the State Treasurer, leaves the basis for State tax $3,780,964, which is fixed at 17¾c. on each $100.00, making the State tax $6,711.21, which, added to the County, makes for county and State purposes $50,014.15.

W. H. HAGANS,
Clerk County Commissioners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to Litzinger's for fine cigars, tobaccos, &c.

—A full line of men's and boys' summer hats at S. P. Specht's.

—Call at Litzinger's for fine candies, fruits, &c.

—"Found yet Lost," by Edward P. Roe, at Thos. Little's Confectionery.

—Died, at his home near Oakland, Friday, April 27th, Simon Wolf, aged about 45 years.

—Fine flavoring extracts for sale at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland.

—Be sure to examine S. P. Specht's summer stock of new goods, a full and complete line, before buying elsewhere.

—The wife of Mr. Truman W. Pritts died at Mill City, Oregon, April 6th, 1888, of congestion of the stomach, aged 32 years.

—Ready made clothing, dry-goods, notions, queensware, glassware, groceries, and in fact a little of everything at S. P. Specht's.

—Base ball goods at Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland. A full and varied assortment on hand at reasonable prices.

—Mr. Charles Pfeiffer has taken Mr. Greeley's advice and gone West. Charley is a first-class young man and will make a success anywhere.

—Our Deer Park letter last week, although it was mailed on Wednesday, did not reach Oakland until Thursday evening, after our edition was printed.

—Rev. John S. Foulk accompanied by his wife and daughter, are visiting their old home near Baltimore. They expect to return about the first of June.

—The May Term of our Circuit Court will convene Monday. One reason for our mentioning this fact, is that it will afford another chance for our delinquent subscribers to call and settle.

—The remains of the late Samuel W. Smith will arrive in Oakland on the 5 00 P. M. train Tuesday next, for interment in the Episcopal cemetery, which will take place immediately on the arrival of the train.

—Persons attending Court should remember that the Commercial House is a good place to stop at. It is situated in a quiet part of the town, is well furnished and gives a good bill of fare. Terms to suit our people.

—W. C. L. Correll has just opened up a full line of dry goods. Consisting of Muslins, Cambrics, Ginghams, Prints, &c., and also a fine line of Satines, very handsome patterns and latest styles, on all of which I am able to give my customers the lowest prices. Come and examine and be convinced. Corner R. R. and Main streets, Oakland, Md.

—Died, in Oakland, Thursday of last week, Thomas Philpot, after a long illness, aged about 45 years. Deceased had lived in Oakland for many years, and was generally liked, in fact we do not think that he had an enemy in the world. He was a member of the Catholic church. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery Saturday, after funeral services in the church. He leaves a widow but no children.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Big Stock

Of Summer Millinery Goods, just received, at M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store.

Summer Schedule--B. & O. R. R.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41	A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30	A. M.
No. 6	11.14	A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05	P. M.
No. 4	11.43	P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49	A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40	A. M.
No. 5	5.00	P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41	P. M.
No. 1	9.15	P. M.

Remember! Remember!

That M. L. Scott is selling Corsets at 35 cents, worth 75 cents.

Pipes, Pipes.

I have just received the largest line of pipes that ever came to Oakland. Call and examine them before you go elsewhere.

THOS. LITTLE.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland Garrett county, Md., for the month ending April 30, 1888:

Coddington, E. M.	King, John
Davis, John T.	Stephens, Joseph
Davis, James.	Taylor, John
Enlow, Jennie	Thomas, Robert
Eggers, Maggie	Tower, Miss Mary
Lour, James	Willson, Wm.
Gidley, John W.	White, Mrs. E. E.
Haddix, Sallie B.	

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public sale on Friday, May 11, 1888, at 4 o'clock P. M., in "Lumber Yard," one Buggy, one 1 horse Spring Wagon, two 2 horse Wagons, one Sleigh, Bob Sled, lot of Harness, &c. Terms of sale made known on day of sale.

JAS. A. BROWN,
D. T. TOTTEN.

Green and Fancy Groceries.

The new Green and Fancy Grocery Store of Chas. F. White & Co., opened up with a full stock Tuesday, in a large room fitted up for the purpose in the Brooks building, on Railroad street. They will keep everything that the market affords in their line in season. This firm does not propose to make a fortune in one season, but their object is to sell their goods at the lowest margin possible.

Oakland District M. E. Quarterly Meetings.

July 7th, St. George; July 14, Rowlesburg; July 21st, Brandonville and Grantsville; July 28th, Pleasant Grove; Aug. 4th, Evansville; Aug. 11th, Friendsville and Randolph Mission; Aug. 18th, Newburg; Aug. 25th, Oakland; Sept. 1st, Albrightsville; Sept. 8th, Cranesville; Sept. 15, Davis and Hambleton; Sept. 22d, Aurora; Sept. 29, Deer Park.

W. J. SHARPES, P. E.

Attention!

Any one desiring good bargains call on Mrs. H. A. Rasche for second hand carpets, feather beds, pillows, mattresses, blankets, comforts and bed linen, beautiful pictures, oil paintings, wax flowers, wax ornaments, all kinds of bric-a-brac, looking-glasses, china and glassware, lamps, some beautiful art needlework, and any and everything in the line of housekeeping implements.

The closing out sales will take place on the 4th, 5th and 7th, Friday, Saturday and Monday. Those who attend Court can call in the evening or at night. There is also for sale one Mason & Hamlin organ, one violin, five lounges, some handsome parlor and bed-room furniture, four batchelor stoves, three cooking stoves and one 40 gallon iron kettle.

Don't forget Friday, Saturday and Monday, 4th, 5th, and 7th of May.

Any one desiring a fine house of 14 rooms to rent, should call on

MRS. H. A. RASCHE.

Every Night.

F. G. Hyde will have have auction every night during court. Don't fail to attend. Goods to be auctioned are good quality and good styles. All kinds of Jewelry, Musical Merchandise, Watches, Clocks, etc., will be sold. Nothing bidden in. Everything put up will go whether it bring much or little. Also two organs, with book and stool, at wholesale price, $55.00 each. Both of them are excellent instruments, guaranteed for 5 years. For tone, fine finish and style they *cannot* be excelled, and are equal in every respect to any organ in the country costing twice the money. The organs will not be sold at auction.

Hoping to be favored with your orders for anything you may wish in my line, (during court,) I remain,

Very truly yours,
F. G. HYDE,
Jeweler, Oakland, Md.

N. B.—Please bear in mind that my prices defy competition, not only during court but all the time.

A Good Washing Machine.

Mr. E. D. Kepner, of Oakland, has taken the agency for the "Lovell Family Washer," pronounced the best washer in use. Can be attached to any tub. It will wash clean anything that can be washed by hand, with half the labor and in half the time. The springs are of Bessemer steel, and will never wear out. Price only $5.00. Mr. Kepner will have the washer on exhibition during court. 4 21 3t

WILSON'S MILLS, April 30, 1888.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Mr. Geo. W. Kitzmiller asks what became of the petitions for the re-establishment of District No. 12. And in answering his question, I must claim his indulgence to the extent of a few remarks in general, on the division, and subdivision, of that section into Election Districts.

I happen to know something of the locality, as I was born and raised in No. 12, and have hunted coons and killed rattlesnakes and other game all over it. I think I have killed more snakes and coons than George has, though I have not lived there quite so long, but I know every foot of the ground, and I must say that, if the convenience of the voters, and the interests of the tax-payers had been considered, old No. 1 would never have been divided.

It was a large district, but Altamont the polling place was a central point, with roads converging from all directions, and was easily accessible from all parts. But Garrett county, though clearly Republican at every election, has had the misfortune to be *mis* represented at Annapolis the last six years by Democrats, whose traditional policy is and has been to keep their party strong by taxing the people to support as many officers as possible; so with this object in view they divided the district in such a way that it was more inconvenient to reach the two polling places than it had been when there was but one.

The citizens of Kiztmillersville and vicinity had to go, part to Deer Park to vote, three miles beyond Altamont, and the other part to Swanton, a longer and more difficult road, than before the division.

So the way the division of the districts were butchered and buggared up in the organization of district No. 10, another district became a necessity; and No. 12 was also organized out of the territory of what had formerly been a part of No. 1. But, it too, was badly located, as it extended down the North Branch opposite Swanton, and took in territory much nearer to Swanton than to Kitzmillersville.

This caused dissatisfaction, and petitions were circulated and signed asking for the repeal of the law creating district No. 12.

I was informed of this, and also of the fact that the citizens in the upper end of the district and about Kitzmillersville were solidly in favor of the continuation of the district.

So I went to Mr. Browning, the only one of the three Democratic Representatives from Garrett who seemed to have any respect for the wishes of the people, and who, by the way, always seemed disposed to be reasonable, and had a talk with him. He suggested that the better way would be to let the bill which he had introduced go on and pass, and then the people asking for the continuation of the district, could send in a petition describing the new boundaries asked for, and another bill could be passed re-establishing the district with different boundaries.

This was satisfactory, and I so advised the parties concerned, who sent in their petition accordingly.

I presented the petition and it was referred to the Garrett county delegation and a member from Allegany; and Mr. Friend, who, I believe, considered himself the chairman of the delegation, and something like about nineteen twentieths of the rest of it, took charge of the petition, and very courteously, and generously considered it at his convenience, when I did not happen to be present, and wrote an unfavorable report on it. I ventured to mildly remonstrate with him for making such a disposition of a petition that had been forwarded to me without consulting me in regard to it, and explained the understanding I had with Mr. Browning, but about that time he was stricken with a spasm of virtuous economy and concluded it would be too expensive to have another district there, and besides, he said, it was too much like child's play to abolish the district and then turn round and re-establish it. And that is what became of the petition.

Trusting that my explanation will sufficiently explain, I remain,

Very truly yours,
GEO. W. WILSON.

Artesian Wells.

Good pure water is a necessity in every household. Drilled wells furnish the best, purest and cheapest. Kemphfer, Jamison & Co. will drill you a well and guarantee it, at the lowest possible figure. Address or call on them at Oakland, Md.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

MT. LAKE PARK, May 1st, 1888

A recent number of the REPUBLICAN contained a letter from Mr. George W. Wilson, of our late lamented Legislature, relative to the receipt and presentation of certain petitions against the repeal of the Local Option law in Garrett county, Md. In it he stated that the subscriber charged him, by "implication," at least, with failure in performance of his duty as our representative, in regard to this very important measure, and he complained because of the publication of his letter announcing the result, which he had considered as "strictly confidential," in a public circular.

The reason he gives for not presenting our petitions more promptly, and, in fact, until, as he wrote, it was "too late to do any good," is that he did not know of their being in the postoffice. The law requires an immediate notice of the receipt of a registered letter to be sent to the person to whom it is directed at a delivery office and the postmaster at Annapolis wrote me that such a notice had been sent immediately by the hands of the messenger employed to carry mail to the House of Delegates, upon the 28th of March, the day it was received, but Mr. Wilson writes that he knew nothing of them till April 2nd, and the fact in the case is that Mr. Wilson was absent from Annapolis about that time, for reasons known but by himself.

As regards the publication of the letter which he considered "confidential," it can do no harm to him now to repeat it so that all can judge of its character themselves:

ANNAPOLIS, MD., April 3d, 1888.

MR. H. H. VAN METER—*Dear Sir:* The bill to repeal Local Option Law in Garrett county is deader than Julius Cæsar.

Came back last night from Conference Committee, and when put on its passage as amended, received only 24 votes, with 29 against.

I send you greeting.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WILSON.

Having written to Mr. Wilson requesting him to send me full particulars concerning bill, and also any statement he might see fit, to straighten his standing among the temperance people of our community, and receiving this message in reply, I took it to be a frank, friendly report of affairs in response to my request, and published it as a public matter from a public man.

Surely the citizens of Garrett county had a right to know through their representatives the result of this contest, and as I simply corresponded with Mr. Wilson as our representative, elected mainly by "Local Option" votes, and as he had "appealed for moral support" in this matter, and I had sent him several hundreds of signatures to "Local Option petitions" in response, I did not then, nor do I now, consider said communication confidential.

My main motive for putting it at the head of the circular was, aside from informing the public, a desire to deal fairly with Mr. Wilson in the matter, and as I stated the facts regarding his failure to present petitions promptly in the body of the circular, I felt it to be but just to publish what I took to be a manly manifestation of friendly feeling for the temperance cause, and congratulation over our complete victory for right.

It is a disappointment to many friends of the temperance cause who have felt favorable toward Mr. Wilson to think that they may have misinterpreted his motives in sending said message, and it certainly is strange if the publication of his letter has misrepresented his position upon this subject before the public, as his explanation seems to indicate, but however that may be, it is time for the respectable citizens of Garrett to know whom they can or cannot rely upon.

The bench and the bar might both be true, but if our legislators are always to tamper with this law the turmoil will be interminable and more embittered.

H. H. VAN METER.

Swanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mahlia started for their home in Finley, Ohio. Monday. They have the best wishes of a host of friends.

Mrs. Andrew Friend still continues very ill.

Rev. M. A. Kiracofe, of the U. B. Church, preached here on Sunday to a large and attentive congregation.

Rev. Mr. Hipkins, of Oakland, will preach in Anderson chapel on Sunday, the 6th inst, at 8 o'clock A. M.

There were large forest fires in this section this week.

The feeling here among Republicans is that "Little Mac" should succeed himself. He is the right man in the right place. He is one of the best Representatives Maryland has ever had in Congress, and has proven himself faithful to every trust. We cannot do better. We can very easily do worse. Let us follow the example of other States which keep their men in Congress as long as they are deserving. Mr. McComas can get more votes than any other man. Let Garrett send a delegation to the convention pledged for McComas.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. West, of Oakland, were visiting friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ella Laughlin, of Deer Park, is visiting relatives near Swanton.

Mr. George Connell, of Deer Park, was in Swanton Sunday.

Mr. M. T. Brady, of Elk Garden, was here Tuesday.

Mr. Edmund Shank has returned from Dunbar where he had been working. HOOSIER.

PITTSBURGH, April 28, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Selbysport, Garrett county, Md., was in this city for the last ten days, and while here was elected a member of the Keystone Sportsman's Association of Pennsylvania, and was appointed game keeper for the Western part of Garrett county by the National Sportsman's Association of the United States. He will be kept posted by the associations, and will enforce the laws to their full extent. He has also been instructed to lease several large tracts of land known as "Yough Manor," the "Gleanings," the "Hoye" lands, the "Furnace Grounds," "Stucks and the Winding Ridge." He will be expected to have everything in shape by the time the hunting season opens up.

Mountain Lake Park, Md.

The Directors have issued a circular announcing the entertainments for the season. The programmes for the different gatherings will come out later.

The lots are being staked off along the new drives near the lake.

The lots and grounds are being cleaned up ready for the summer.

Mr. F. P. Arnold's cottage is closed in and is to be ready for occupancy this season.

Mr. A. H. Bowman and family have come already, and other families will likely be in during this month.

Mrs. S. H. Martin, of Baltimore, was with us one day this week.

Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman are at home occasionally, as their work is nearer home.

Miss Jennie's brothers are very busy getting their vegetable garden ready for planting.

Part of the time the weather has been very pleasant this spring, but this morning (Tuesday) the snow is flying again.

The arbutus is blooming abundantly and beautifully in spite of the cold. J. A. E.

Flatwoods.

Weather warm.

Farmers nearly all done sowing oats and talk of planting potatoes and corn.

The grass and other vegetation are coming up, and all Nature has a lovely appearance.

The Flatwoods has not organized its Sunday School yet, but expects to soon attend to it.

Mr. Frieze, our new miller, gives entire satisfaction and is doing a good business.

Mr. Noah Pysell contemplates building a new dwelling house this summer.

Mr. Peter Bowser expects to leave the Flatwoods soon.

Mr. J. W. Skiles has erected some tidy fencing which adds greatly to the appearence of his property.

Fruit and Vegetable Store.

The Oakland Fruit and Vegetable Store, of Felty & Co., on Railroad street, is now supplied with a full stock in their line, consisting of seed potatoes, seed corn, garden and flower seeds, fruits, fresh fish, canned goods, vegetables from H. Weber's garden, and also a full stock of flower's. Everything in season at the most reasonable prices. 5 5 3

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., May 2d, 1888.

The Garrett County School Commissioners will meet in their office in Oakland, on

Wednesday, May 9th, 1888.

for the appointment of School Trustees for the ensuing year.

By order of the Board.

E. H. BARTLETT,
5 5 1 Secretary.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter J Stephens, John W. Stark and Michael McAndrews, located as follows, viz: Leading from the blacksmith shop at Swanger's Mill and running South through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christ Miller and Patrick McAndrews, to the old Lochiel camp on Barton road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate and change the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
ELIAS MERRILL,
ROSS COMPTON,
5 5 5 Examiners.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Beachey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intereect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
555 Examiners.

Estate of Noah Harvey, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NOAH HARVEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 27th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hand this 28th day of April, 1888.

THOS. K. HARVEY,
MICHAEL S. HARVEY,
428 3t. Administrators.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 24th, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Monday, May 7th, 1888,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
4 28 td Clerk.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one cropand exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,

March 31, 1888.—3m

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required, capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

'There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude lone and wild;
Yet—somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.

In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow;
But around it, in springtime, fresh and sweet,
The daisies and violets grow;
And o'er it the summer breezes blow,
With a fragrance soft and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves thickly strew
That grave of a little child.

And every year there's a redbreast comes,
When the month of May is nigh,
And builds her nest in this quiet spot,
'Mid the elm tree's branches high;
With her melody sweet by the hour she trills,
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps—who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.

Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there,
Some mother is weeping in vain.
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again,
Yet blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some road to Heaven, perchance, runs through
That grave of a little child.

ANIMALS AND SOIL.

The Wonderful and Useful Work Done by Ants.

What Is Accomplished by Crayfish, Field Mice, Bugs, Etc.—But the Ants, in Many Districts, Are the Most Important Agents.

The admirable studies of Mr. Darwin on the influences of the earth-worms upon the soil has made it clear that these animals exercise a most important effect in its preparation for the use of plants. Mr. Darwin's luminous essay has served to call attention to the effect of organic life on the development of the soil-coating. In the following pages I propose to submit the results of some studies of a general nature, which serve to show that a number of other animals have a considerable influence on the preparation of soils.

Our soils, as is well known, depend upon a variety of actions which serve to break up the rocky matter of the earth and to commingle that matter with organic materials more rapidly than the erosive agents can remove the detritus from the point at or near which it decays. For the formation of the soil two actions at least are essential. First, the bed-rock must be broken into fragments sufficiently separated from each other to permit the passage of roots between them; second, the rock fragments must be still further comminuted and commingled with organic waste to make the combination of organic and inorganic matter on which the utility of the soil absolutely depends. Although the earth-worms are undoubtedly very important agents in overturning and breaking up of soil, it appears to me that they are most effective in the tilled fields or in the natural and artificial grass-lands. So far as I have been able to observe, these creatures are rarely found in our ordinary forests where a thick layer of leaf-mold, commingled with branches, lies upon the earth. The character of this deposit is such that the creatures are not competent to make their way through it, and they therefore in the main avoid such situations. Moreover, wherever the soil is of a very sandy nature, earth-worms are scantly found if they are present at all. These worms are practically limited to the soils of a somewhat clayey character, which have no coating of decayed vegetation upon them.

As the greater portion of the existing soil has been produced in forest regions, I shall first examine the action of various animals upon the soils of wooded countries. The mammals are, of all our vertebrates, the most effective in their action upon the soil of forests. Twenty species, or more, of our American mammals are burrowers in the forest bed. They either make their habitations beneath the ground or resort to it in the pursuit of food. Of these our burrowing rodents are perhaps the most effective, but a large number of other small mammals resort to the earth and make considerable excavations. In forming their burrows, or in the pursuit of other burrowing animals, these creatures often penetrate through the whole or greater portion of the soil-covering. The material which is withdrawn from the burrow is accumulated about its mouth. The result is the overturning of a considerable amount of the earth and a consequent commingling of the material with vegetable matter. When brought to the surface and left exposed to the action of frost the breaking up of the material is greatly favored, and thus the formation of the soil is facilitated.

Considerable as is the effect of burrowing mammals, the principal overturning of the earth in our primeval forests is accomplished by the invertebrate animals. Where the woods are not very dense, and particularly where the soil is somewhat sandy, our largest species of ants are very effective agents in working over the soil. Their burrows extend to the depth of some feet below the surface, and each hill brings to the air several cubic feet of excavated matter, which, as slight inspection shows, is much commingled with vegetable matter. Wherever these ant-hills abound they commonly exist to the number of a score or more on each acre, and the occupants of each hill, in many cases, bring as much as a cubic foot of matter to the surface in the course of a single year. The action of rain constantly operates to diffuse this material on every side of the hill. We may often observe a thin layer of sediment extending for a considerable distance from the elevation.

As is well known to all those who have inspected the soil within virgin forests, the earth is occupied by a host of larval insects, principally belonging to the group of beetles, but including also many orthopterous insects. These creatures in the course of their life underground displace a good deal of soil, a portion of which is thrown upon the surface, the greater part, however, being merely dislodged beneath the surface. The effect, however, is to commingle and to break up the soil, and thus favor its comminution. Although the roots of trees do by far the larger part of the rending which is accomplished in the soil layer, they do not bring about much commingling of the soil. The thrusts which they apply to it shear the materials about, and so to a certain extent mix them, but by far the larger part of the commingling is effected by the animal life which dwells beneath the forest bed.

Where the woods are wet and favor the development of the crayfish the effect of this group of animals on the overturning of the soil is extremely great. It probably exceeds that which is accomplished in our ordinary fields by the action of the earth-worms. A single crayfish will often bring in the course of a single season's activity not less than half a cubic foot of earthy matter to the surface. In certain districts where these animals abound there appear to be not less than a thousand to each acre of surface. If such be their number, it is evident that not less than five hundred cubic feet of matter is brought to the surface from a considerable depth in the course of a year. As this matter is generally of a rather fine nature and easily dissolved in water, it rapidly washes away and forms a thin sheet on the surface. I am inclined to believe that large areas of our wet woods and the open border lands along our streams are completely overturned to the depth of two feet or more in the course of half a century by the actions of these animals. It is not impossible, indeed, that the very fine division of the soil which characterizes the regions inhabited by these creatures may be in good part due to their action. In this manner the creatures may have in part worked to bring about the very conditions which best serve their needs. "In open grounds, in natural prairies or grass-plains, the smaller species of ants are extremely effective agents in overturning the spoils. Wherever the ground remains for some time unplowed, it becomes occupied by those creatures. In the sandy soils of Eastern Massachusetts, the overturning accomplished by these creatures assumes a geological importance. For many years I have been puzzled by the fact that the glacial terraces and plains of this region were extensively covered to the depth of a foot or more by a coating of fine sand and very small pebbles, while below the depth of a foot pebbles of larger size are very numerous and the spaces between them but imperfectly occupied with any material. It is obviously impossible to explain these conditions through the action of earth-worms, for the reason that these creatures are rarely found in soils of this description. From much observation I have become convinced that this coating of sandy material is to a great extent to be explained by the action of various species of ants, in the forest condition by the work of the larger black ants, and in the condition of open plains by that of the smaller species.

The amount of material which these creatures bring to the surface in a single season is surprising. At several points in Eastern Massachusetts I have found the surface to contain at least one ant-hill to each square foot of area, or about forty thousand hills to the acre. This is probably an exceptionally great number; it will perhaps be safer to estimate the number at twenty thousand to the acre. The incoherent heaps of excavated matters which these creatures form are quickly washed away by the rain, or in many cases are blown away by strong winds, and so scattered over the surface. As soon as destroyed they are, in most cases, rebuilded, the result being that a single hill is reconstructed at least half a dozen times during the season. I have estimated that the amount of material brought to the surface often exceeds three cubic inches to each square foot of surface in a single year, or about a fiftieth of an inch of the whole area each year. Thus, in the term of fifty years, the accumulation of material on the surface would amount to as much as an inch and, reckoning the soil as having an average depth of one foot, a total overturning would be accomplished in less than one thousand years. It is likely that in some cases, over considerable areas, a tolerably complete overturning is brought about in less than a quarter of this time.

The effect of this action of ants on the soil material is peculiar. The tendency is like that noted by Dr. Darwin in the case of earth-worms to bring the finer particles to the surface. I am inclined to think the ants accomplished this part of their work even more effectively than the earth-worms, for the reason that they penetrate more deeply between the stones than their less active associates. Like the earth-worms, but in larger measure, the ants convey considerable amounts of organic matter into the soil. Their winter store of food is deeply buried, and much of it remains unconsumed in the nether earth. There is thus a constant incarnation of vegetable matter beneath the materials which they bring to the surface.

Although the burrowing vertebrates operate most vigorously in the forest-covered regions, they also exercise a certain influence on the open country. The moles, which work only here and there in the forest, are conspicuous agents in overturning the soil in the grassed regions. Still, as this group is peculiarly limited in its distribution and rarely penetrates to more than four or five inches below the surface, it exercises a relatively small effect. The field-mice are more potent agents in effecting the character of the soil. Their dwelling-chambers are at a considerable depth below the surface, and in forming them, they a bring a certain amount of matter to the open air. Moreover, the remains of their food, as well as their excrements, are important contributions to the organic matter of the soil. Insects in their larval stage exercise a less effect in the open field than in the forest-covered regions; still they are not to be left out of account in considering the process of soil-making in such areas. In Europe the rabbit, which has a habit of burrowing to a considerable depth, and in certain districts west of the Mississippi, the prairie dogs overturn the soil on the areas they occupy with considerable rapidity. Still as the number of these creatures in any given district is not great, their influence is mostly exercised in a very local way.

The foregoing considerations make it tolerably clear that our ants are, in some districts, by far the most important agents in overturning the soil and in commingling the superficial organic matter with the mineral material of which it is composed. Although on a field of a certain class, those which are of a clayey nature, the earth-worms are probably more efficient soilmakers than the ants, this latter group appears to be, at least in the eastern part of North America on the whole, by far the most effective in the preparation of the soil for the needs of plants. They do not, it is true, take the soil into their bodies, and thus disintegrate it, as the earth-worms do, but they accomplish what is perhaps the more important task of rapidly overturning the soil-material, as well within the forests as in the open fields, wherever that material is of a sandy nature.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

FLOATING IN SPACE.

The Only Kind of Flight Likely to Be of Practical Use.

I believe that athletes such as those who first obtained mastery over the problem of the bicycle could very soon learn to float, to ascend, to descend, to ride upward, to soar and so forth, in a way which would very decisively indicate the possibility of a much fuller mastery over the problem of flight later on. Experiments which have been already made prove decisively that a man's weight can be supported by planes or sails of very moderate extent—not much greater, proportionally, to his body than an eagle's wings—if only there is either rapid motion of advance or a strong current of air against their slightly slanted surface. But such experiments have not yet been scarried on as to show fully what can be done when practice in the art of balancing in the air and in making the adjustments necessary for changing the direction of flight has been sufficiently extended. Yet Mr. Charles Spencer, a teacher of gymnastics in England, was able, after obtaining no greater velocity than would be given by running down a small incline, to sustain flight by the supporting action of wicker wings for a distance of 120 feet. Besnier, indeed, toward the close of the last century, devised a method of supporting the body by pinions, which enabled him, after a sharp run to fly across a river of considerable width. It is certain that very little is to be gained from the attempts which have been made to direct balloons. The velocity which can be given to a balloon in still air is very small. A very moderate breeze would carry a balloon one way despite all the mechanical attempts to direct it in another, let the balloon be shaped as it may. Moreover, all such attempts are dangerous, for the wind has a great hold on the necessary large surface of a balloon, and going against the wind would subject the balloon to destructive influences. Whenever man attacks the problem of flight, seeking real advantage from its mastery, he will aim at much more than such mere floating power as the balloon gives—at more, even, than the rapid floating motion, with power of guidance, which may be obtained by the experiments suggested above. There must also be a power of energetic propulsion while still in the air. This might be obtained by suitable adjustments of levers to be worked by a man in actual flight. But while I believe flight to be possible for man in this way, I consider the only kind of flight which is likely to be really useful to men to be that of flying machines propelled, balanced and directed by some one or other of the natural forces man has brought under his control. That man who has learned to traverse the land more swiftly by mechanical means than its most actual denizens, and to make the wide seas his highways by similar devices, should be unable to travel in the air, which by natural selection alone has become the home of creatures descended from reptilian forms, is to me unthinkable.—*Richard A. Proctor, in Philadelphia Press.*

—He that conquereth himself is greater than one who taketh a city. But both have to give way to the man who can sit behind one of the spring bonnets in a theater without thinking unutterable things.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"Yes, sir," said Popinjay, emphatically, "Graball is a man of limited means, but unlimited meanness."—*Burlington Free Press.*

FIRES IN JAPAN.

Peculiarities Which Make Them a Source of Amusement to Foreigners.

A Japanese fire is one of the sights to see, and beside the sorrow, the misery, suffering and tears that one sees, there are humors that renders such situations incomparable. When the fire-bell clangs every one rushes to the scene, friends helping friends to save their household effects, and thieves making most of the opportunity. Excitement reigns blocks away from the fire, agitated people gathering up their mats, screens, bedding, clothing and cooking utensils and hurrying away from the neighborhood. The simplicity of Japanese life is best shown then. There is no clumsy furniture to be rolled out and broken, no tables, chairs or clumsy beds to be more than ruined in the saving. One small hand cart holds the roll of wadded comforters and gowns that are the bedding of the family, and their clothing, and the few other effects go with it. The sliding paper screens are slipped from their grooves, the thick straw mats are taken from the floor, and the family decamp, leaving nothing but the roof, corner posts and rough floor of the house behind them. Processions of these refugees are met streaming away from the fire, tearful women and wailing children conveying to one a sense of what their sorrows are. It is always the wonder how these poor people live with so little, and when that little is swept away all one's sympathy is with them.

At three o'clock the other morning there was a great fire in Japanese Town. The reflection in the sky penetrated thick blinds, and wakened residents in the foreign settlement, to whom fire is as much a haunting terror as to the natives. A fresh wind was blowing up the bay and against the steely blue water the white ships and men-of-war glowed like crimson ships in the fire's reflection. By nine o'clock in the morning more than a thousand houses had been burned, and the flames were not subdued. An hour later we went to view the scene. At one end of the leveled space streams of water were being played on smouldering ruins, hand-pumps were being worked with a shouting chorus, and lines of buckets were being passed up from the creek. A few fire-proof godomes, built of thick mud and tiles, with all the chinks stopped with mud, stood with cracked and blistered walls as sole monuments in the area of ruins. At the other end of the burned region a plank fence had already been built around the space, and carpenters were building new houses on the smoking ground and stepping gingerly to escape hot stones and tiles. The amazing quickness with which Japanese houses rise from their ashes defies comparison. The Phœnix and Chicago are nothing for parallels. By the same afternoon the new houses were advanced enough for the little shopkeepers to set up their wares, and by lamplight the workmen were creeping over the roofs and nailing on the tiles. One has to follow quickly upon the first alarm to see the fire, and oftentimes coming upon a section of new houses with their fresh unpainted walls, is the first intimation that one has of there having been a fire along the street that one most commonly frequents. Fire is so common and so frequent that there is not a Japanese who has not been burned out a gain and again, and looks upon future experiences with cool philosophy. He might even preface his stories by the accustomed "I always do so and so when my house burns down."—*Yokohama Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE OLDEST ROCKS.

Formations Largely Developed in Northern America and Europe.

Oldest of all the formations known to geologists, and representing perhaps the earliest rocks produced after our earth had ceased to be a molten mass, are the hard, crystalline and much-contorted rocks named by the late Sir W. E. Logan Laurentian, and which are largely developed in the northern parts of North America and Europe, and in many other regions. So numerous and extensive, indeed, are the exposures of these rocks, that we have good reason to believe that they underlie all the other formations of our continents, and are even world-wide in their distribution. In the lower part of this great system of rocks, which, in some places at least, is thirty thousand feet in thickness, we find no traces of the existence of any living thing on the earth. But, in the middle portion of the Laurentian, rocks are found which indicate that there were already land and water, and that the waters and possibly the land were already tenanted by living beings. The great beds of limestone which exist in this part of the system furnish one indication of this. In the later geological formations the limestones are mostly organic—that is, they consist of accumulated remains of shells, corals and other hard parts of marine animals, which are composed of calcium carbonate, which the animals obtain directly from their food, and indirectly from the calcareous matter dissolved in the sea-water. In like manner great beds of iron ore exist in the Laurentian; but in later formations the determining cause of the accumulation of such beds is the partial deoxidation and solution of the peroxide of iron by the agency of organic matter. Besides this, certain forms known as *Eozoon Canadense* have been recognized in the Laurentian limestones, which indicate the presence at least of one of the lower types of marine animals.. Where animal life is, we may fairly infer the existence of vegetable life as well, since the plant is the only producer of food for the animal.—*Sir William Dawson, in Popular Science Monthly*

TEMPERANCE READING.

THE SIN OF DRUNKENNESS.

The Bible View as to the Guilt of the Liquor Drinker—Appetite Not a Valid Excuse—The Way to Extirpate the Drinking Habit.

The guilt of the drunkard is not recognized as it should be. In the old times, when at almost every dinner party men drank till they could no longer sit in their chairs, such excess was regarded only as "improper." And the ordinary Temperance address of the present day deals almost entirely with the sin of the rum-seller; seldom or never referring to the deep guilt of the rum-drinker.

The Bible, however, treats drunkenness not as a misfortune, but as a sin, classing it with "adultery, . . . hatred, . . . murders and such like;" while in another passage it groups "fornicators, . . . thieves, . . . drunkards, . . . extortioners." It teaches that while drunkards are to be pitied, it is only as the dishonest and the licentious are to be pitied. This is different from much moral teaching at the present day.

The sale of liquor is a sin only because the drinking of liquor is a sin. The rumseller is merely accessory to the main crime; it is the rum-buyer whose is the principal guilt. If a druggist should, for pay, consent to compound a dose of poison wherewith a murderer could take the life of his victim, that druggest should, of course, be punished; but it is the man to whom he sells the poison who would be the principal criminal. So, while the Bible pronounces a woe on him that giveth his neighbor drink, it bestows its heaviest and most frequent condemnation on the one who drinks. None too much is said in Temperance meetings of the sins of the liquor dealer, but, to follow the Bible, one must set forth in still stronger terms the guilt of the liquor drinker.

In extenuation of the drunkard's fault it is pleaded that his appetite is powerful. But so is the appetite of the licentious man. Now we do not regard the adulterer's passions as an excuse for his debasing himself and bringing woe on others; no more can the drunkard be excused on the plea of appetite. The drunkard and the adulterer are alike in their temptation and alike in their guilt. If a licentious man declared an intention to reform it would be expressing it very mildly to "hope" that he would not return to his infamous course; so the drunkard who has quit his cups should be told that there will be no excuse whatever for his returning to his former criminal life. The drunkard, like the adulterer, can turn from his foul ways. All that is necessary is that he shall come to care more for God and his own better nature and his family than for the gratification of his preverted sensual desires. The Bible leaves no more excuse for drunkenness than for licentiousness, and if this Bible doctrine were preached more faithfully there would be more real reform.

It is sometimes said apologetically of a man: "Oh, he would not be bad if he did not get drunk." But the truth is that he would not get drunk if he were not bad. It is not being a drunkard that makes a man corrupt; he would never become a drunkard were he not corrupt to begin with. No man becomes a drunkard unless he is a bad man at the start, as no man would become a licentious man if he had not an unsound moral nature to begin with. The first time a man becomes intoxicated, it may be by accident, so to speak. He may not have known what would be the effect of his drinking. But, if he is a man of correct principle, he will stop horror-stricken with that first intoxication. He will not go on and get drunk again and again, and so become a habitual drunkard, unless he lacks moral principle to begin with. The drunkard's appetite is no excuse for him, for that appetite was not formed inadvertently; it was created by slowly, and in deliberate disregard of all the laws of right and decency.

The way to extirpate drunkenness is the way by which dishonesty and licentiousness and other sins must be extirpated by the cultivation of a higher moral nature. It is proper to have special Temperance meetings as it might sometimes be worth while to have special Honesty meetings, Slander meetings, and, as in some places are held, Purity meetings. But, in general, the most effective way is to deal with all sins together and eradicate them by teaching men to reverence God and honor their own better natures. It is hardly correct to say that the church is doing nothing for Temperance if no Temperance "crusade," as such, is carried on. A minister may be preaching against dishonesty though he says nothing about that sin in particular, and so, though it may contain no special mention of drunkenness, every Gospel sermon is a Temperance address, and a great deal better one than many which have been inflicted on unhappy communities.

We should suppress drinking saloons by law as we should suppress houses of rendezvous for thieves. But, to secure the rights of property, our principal reliance must be not the civil law, but the creation of a moral sentiment and the training of individuals in honesty; so our principal reliance in the Temperance reform must be "moral suasion" and the training of individuals to turn with abhorrence from drunkenness as a sin. We are glad that so many are earnestly striving to procure proper legislation for the suppression of liquor selling. But still greater efforts should be put forth to lead men to feel the iniquity of liquor drinking. With our most strenuous efforts we can only partially protect men from temptation; we can save them completely only by so training them that they will not yield to temptation.—*Christian Inquirer.*

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Teaching Children Their Duty—An Incident from Real Life.

It is often questioned whether one should teach children their duty, if such teaching involves opening their eyes to a parent's wrong-doing. Perhaps the following incident from real life may give a satisfactory answer:

The lesson had been on Temperance, and I had explained the law as to selling liquor to minors, to the children. I did not teach this abstractly, but by questioning drew out from the little ones what they could do for mamma. They told me they could wash dishes, black shoes, sew on buttons, run errands, etc. Then came questions as to the errands they attended to, and side teaching on the fault of loitering, of which the mothers complain so much. To keep the attention, one boy and another was called to the board to write in different colored chalks what children could "go for." At last, to my great satisfaction, one little fellow wrote "beer." How the children's faces showed their sense of shame! But having talked of the butter and molasses, of the use of arnica and the necessity of keeping ipecac on hand if baby is croupy, it was quite natural to begin on this item: "Is this a good thing to get for mother? Is it food or medicine? What shall we call it? Drink? So is tea or coffee, water or milk; but this is not like any of them."

I drew from the children the effect of beer, and then told them how sorry good men were to see this poison taken by their friends and neighbors, telling them of the law which forbids the liquor dealers to sell even beer to children. Was it right to break the law of the land, even if mother told you to? No; you should say kindly: "I can't bring beer, mother, but I'll go for any thing except liquor;" and then be very careful to obey every other wish of father or mother.

A certain little boy named Willy sat in the second row. A boy of eight, but so stunted by want and exposure that he did not look over six. He listened and, as events proved, resolved that he would buy no more beer. On Monday, at noon, according to her usual custom, Willy's mother said: "Take the can and get a quart o' beer, and stop in for Mrs. Flynn's can."

"I mustn't go for beer, mother," said Willy.

The mother, a big burly Irish woman, turned on the child with a startling: "What's that your're sayin'?"

"I mustn't go for beer. Mrs. H—— says its agin the law; I'm too little, and ——"

"Ye just take the can and mind me; Mrs. H—— be ——"

"I can't. Let me get a quart of nice milk. Mrs. H—— says—"

"Shut up, ye little divil," and the mother's hand struck the child full in the face, then snatching up the can she started for her own beer. But in her temper she stepped hastily and tripped, falling heavily part way down the stairs, wrenching her ankle so that she could only hobble back to the room and seat herself in the big rocking-chair. Willy bathed the swollen ankle, got the dinner for the little ones, and waited sweetly and patiently on the angry woman. On her husband's return she told him her grievance.

"And the boy's right," said the man. "It's a shame to send him, and the beer does ye no good, Mary, nor me either. Don't let's be cross with him or the teacher. Do you mind how she helped us when I was out of work, and what trouble she took to get the young ones to the country? No, no, she's doing the children good, not harm."

For a week the mother was fast bound to her chair. On Wednesday, happening to pass that way, I called to see if Willy was at school, for these poor mothers need to be constantly kept up to a sense of the importance of steady attendance at day school. I found the boy polishing the stove, while the mother peeled potatoes, and she herself told me of his refusal, her anger, her husband's words, and Willy's patient, faithful attention to the household duties a boy naturally dislikes.

"There's not been a drop o' beer in the house since Sunday," she said, "and my man was saying that if you'd like it, we might as well sign the pledge with Willy, and kape from it altogether. Truly "a little child shall lead them."—*Hope Ledyard, in Union Signal.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

Of 419 arrests made in New Haven Conn., in February, nearly sixty per cent. were for intoxication.

It is stated on the authority of the North Pole explorers that the men who drank were the first to give out.

Government chemists at Washington have been analyzing samples of beer from various parts of the country, and find all contain an alarming amount of dangerous adulterations.

Rum and murder have certainly mixed quite extensively and expensively over the country the past week. The usual hard drinker, in a fit of rage or jealously or for simple wickedness, has done with revolver and axe what the rum qualified him to do. It is a pretty costly way of running things, the freedom with which habitual drinkers get their maddening "drinks" and the irresponsible recklessness with which revolvers are sold.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MY WONDERS.

I wonder which child left her book in the way
For Rover, good fellow, to capture in play.
He's tossed it, and twirled it, and torn out a page,
It was all done in frolic, though looking like rage.
I wonder who left it? My dear little Prue,
You don't mean to tell me! 'twas surely not you?

I wonder which child of a gay, gleeful four,
Must always be called thus: "Come back, shut the door!"
I wonder who sometimes, thus summoned, forgets,
That people have nerves, which a sudden noise frets?
I wonder! What blushing, my dear little May,
Was it you did that same naughty thing, but to-day?

I wonder which child cried at bed-time last night,
And sulked with a face that quite clouded the light,
And said he thought eight o'clock came before seven,
And wished he was big, to sit up till eleven?
I wonder if such a boy feels very grand?
Why, Jack, was it you? That I can't understand.

I wonder which child made a fuss at the cold
This morning, and shivered till nurse had to scold;
Which hates nice clear water, and fidgets about,
And always get washed with a frown and a pout;
I wonder if Harry will own it is wrong,
And try to do better, and that before long.

I wonder if Aunty, who sits in her chair
And writes this all down, herself thinks it is fair
To tell of these children, when Harry and May,
Dear Jack, and sweet Prue, have assured her to-day
They will turn a leaf over, and presently show
How careful and thoughtful and good they will grow?
—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Youth's Companion.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

How a Sheep Really and Truly Chased a Wolf—A Funny Sight.

Did you ever hear of a sheep chasing a wolf? No, I don't mean a wolf chasing a sheep. Of course you have heard of that; but did you ever hear of a sheep which really and truly chased a wolf?

No, it isn't an allegory, nor a fairy story, and it hasn't any special moral. The only moral is that it is true.

Well, I went one fall to stay with a friend in Canada. My friend had a farm called Swamscot, near Collingwood, a little town at the head of Lake Superior, the station whence the steamers start for their trip through the lake and to the far Northwest.

There was quite a number of wolves in that region when my friend first went there to live; but he had a number of dogs on the farm, and some of them were very fierce and strong; so, after a few years, during which the dogs and the wolves often met, the wolves found it was hardly worth their while to pay a visit to Mr. Noble—who was the owner of Swampscot Farm—because one of those dogs would undoubtedly be disagreeable enough to bark at them, and then in a moment the whole pack would come tumbling out, and the boys would run helter-skelter to see the fun, and away would go Mr. Wolf, with such a shouting and hallooing and barking at his heels that he would think the end of the world was at hand. And very often indeed it was, so far as he was concerned, and he might consider himself lucky if he could reach the safe shelter of the big woods which came down to the edge of Mr. Noble's clearing. For more than once it happened that old Jowler came sauntering back to the house with a grim look, which said just as plainly as if he could talk, "There's another of those rascals out of the way." And soon the boys would come running in, with the wolf's head to nail up on the barn-door; and that was the conclusion of his little visit to Swampscot.

So you see, it didn't pay the wolves to come and see us on ordinary occasions. Only when the little new-born lambs were out in the fields with their mothers, would a wolf now and then find an opportunity to snap up one of the babies and carry it off to his family in the forest.

Oh, you thought I was only in fun, did you, and that I meant to tell you about a wolf chasing a sheep, after all? Just wait a moment till I tell my story. So far I have written only what the story-book people call an introductory chapter.

Now, the year I was at Swampscot, it happened that Mr. Noble's little daughter Annie, a dear little girl with rosy cheeks and curly yellow locks, took a great fancy to have one of the lambs for a pet. So her father had one of the little, white, fluffy baby-lambs brought into the house, and Annie used to feed it and carry it about in her arms as if it were a little toy-animal.

However, the lamb soon grew too heavy to be carried around by so small a girl, and before summer had well begun it was trotting about everywhere after Annie, like Mary's little lamb in that poem which some of you may have heard.

All the dogs were pets of Annie's, as indeed were all the animals in the farm-yard; and at first, when she took her baby-sheep out in the yard, the dogs did not know what to make of it. They wagged their tails and barked "how-do-you-do" to Annie's new friend; but the poor little lambkin did not understand the dog-language at all, and ran frightened to Annie, and hid its little head in her dress.

It was not long, however, before the dogs and the lamb were on excellent terms. They seemed all at once to become great friends, and when the lamb was almost a full-grown sheep it often forsook even Annie for the company of its new companions, and ran about everywhere with the dogs. Mr. Noble declared that he once heard the sheep trying to bark, but I am inclined to think he was making fun of us. I can't believe the lamb went so far as that, though no doubt it admired Rover's great loud "bow-wow!" and felt that its own little "ba-a-a!" was in comparison very mild.

The farmer often wished to take the sheep and kill it, now that it was too big for Annie to play with; but Mr. Noble declared that "Bob"—for so Annie had named it when it was a tiny baby—was one of the family and that it should stay in the yard with the dogs as long as it chose.

One day I was in the snug library writing. It was the beginning of the cold weather, and a few days before there had been a heavy fall of snow—the first of the season—just the time when the wolves are often driven by hunger to attempt a raid on the farmers' poultry-yards. Suddenly I heard a great commotion outside, and Tom and Harold ran past the window, shouting: "Rover, Jowler—here, dogs! Wolf!—a wolf!"

I was putting my papers together, and thinking whether I should venture out in the cold or whether I should leave them to catch the wolf by themselves, when Mr. Noble came in, saying, "Quick, Glaucus; quick! On with your coat! There is the funniest sight outside you ever saw."

Of course I jumped up, hurried into my coat and overshoes, and rushed out into the snow, wondering what new feature there could be in the not unusual visit of a wolf to the farm, and when outside I saw the boys and dogs were running across the open clearing in full chase after two large wolves. But, certainly, there was the strangest sight I ever saw in my life! There, among the pack of dogs, ran "Bob," scampering along with the best of them, and "ba-a-a-ing" with all its might at the astonished wolves.

I don't know what the sheep had planned to do if it caught them, but Bob's actions were so threatening that we wondered whether it would have eaten a wolf for supper if it had overtaken one. Unluckily for our sport, however, the wolves managed to escape for that time, and Master Bob came home with the baffled pursuers, looking as proud as though it had succeeded in securing some wolf for supper and had enjoyed the taste.

I don't know what became of Bob afterward, but I am convinced that a sheep with ambition enough to chase a wolf may have aspired to any thing.—*St. Nicholas.*

CARE OF THE HANDS.

A Bit of Good Advice to Girls, by One Who Speaks From Observation and Experience.

Because you live in the country and do housework, and even some good, honest toil on the farm itself, is no reason why you should neglect certain little niceties of life, such as the care of your hands and teeth. You probably will not be able to keep the former white and soft as if you used them only for dainty embroidery, but a few minutes spent each day in caring for them will show at least that they are well kept, and the signs of toil that can not be eradicated you need not be ashamed of.

The nails can be kept nicely trimmed; they can not be even moderately long, but they may be shapely and pointed. Perhaps you can not afford to buy the outfit of a "manicure," but you undoubtedly have a pair of small embroidery scissors; the file you must replace as best you may with the one in your penknife, or, failing that, with a piece of course sandpaper; and the chamois polisher, costing any where from sixty cents to two dollars, you can make yourself. Take a child's block about an inch thick, and three inches wide by five long—large enough to grasp it firmly—tack a bit of soft cloth for padding, and over that a piece of the chamois you keep for polishing silver on one of the edges, and you have an article that may not be ornamental, but will answer every purpose.

Soften your hands by washing in warm water with some good toilet soap for a few minutes, then with the small scissors trim the nails, rounding them nicely, and cutting the corners very low. With some blunt instrument (if you have not a file) push back the flesh from the base of the nails, and trim away all the dead skin. Now apply your polisher and brush vigorously for a few minutes. Do this once a week, and every day spend a few minutes in the use of the polisher, and your hands will repay you in their neat appearance for the time you have spent. A solution of oxalic acid kept in a bottle with a glass stopper will remove all stains of ink or fruit, and a match or a small stick dipped in the solution and passed under the nails will remove any discoloration that does not come off with washing. There is a pink powder sold by druggists for polishing, but this may be dispensed with. If, however, you get any, be sure that you get the best and not a spurious article. You should have a pair of old kid gloves, or better still wash leather, to wear when you are weeding in the garden, or doing any housework that will admit of it.

I speak with a conviction born of sad experience, for I am a farmer's daughter myself, and never thought of caring for my hands when I was a child. When I was old enough to care it was too late, and I have found out that no amount of after care can make up for the early neglect.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Minister—"And do you expect to be a lawyer when you grow up, like your father, Bobby?" Bobby—"Yes, sir; I expect to be a lawer, but ma hopes I won't be one like pa."—*The Epoch.*

—"It is really very odd, my dear," said an old lady, one very hot day, to a friend. "I can't bear the heat in summer, and in winter I love it."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—It is not every great man's experience that his palmiest days were when he was in the hands of his friends.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—The late Barghash Bin Saed, Sultan of Zanzibar, leaves twenty-seven widows and 232 children. Enough has Bin Saed.—*N. Y. World.*

—A Philadelphia firm of soap manufacturers have a kettle that holds 471,000 pounds of liquids and six kettles that hold 150,000 pounds each.

—Dried shark fins are sold in every Chinese provision store in New York, and are esteemed such a delicacy that they bring nearly four dollars per pound.

—Never in one season was there such a demand for oak to go into house finishing and furniture as the present. Red and white oaks are particularly wanted.

—A lady of Greensboro, Ga., in one night killed eighty-nine snails which had crawled into her kitchen. It wasn't a good night for snails—at least not for those that she found.

—"I hear that General Lightfoot is going to run for Governor," said the Judge. "Glad he's going to run for something," said the Major, with feeling, "he run from everything all through the war."—*Burdette.*

—A St. Louis man says that he once had a chance to buy the patent for the Nicholson pavement for $1,000. A year after he declined the offer the holder of the patent collected $100,000 in royalties from the city of St. Louis.

—The Bank of New York has a check yellowed by fire which was drawn by Aaron Burr, August 14, 1784, and also another check drawn by Talleyrand and Gulian Verplanck. It is now nearly 104 years since the bank was established.

—An English justice discharged a housemaid who pleaded guilty to stealing a cloak, a muff, a fur boa and a handkerchief belonging to her mistress. The judge said that she was only "wearing" the clothes, and that was "a thing that servants did every day."

—A novel way to move a house was adopted at the railroad depot at Orlando, Fla., the other day. The house was slipped upon the railroad track, an engine was backed up and hitched on, and the house pulled along, sliding on the tracks.

—A profound scientist of the nineteenth century living in Boston had a smoking chimney in his house. After he had spent $400 for various devices to cure it a ragged tramp came along and suggested that he build it six inches higher which was done and the evil eradicated.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Considerable numbers of colored people are emigrating to California from the Southern States. One party of twenty-four men and women lately arrived at San Francisco en route to join a colored colony in Shasta County. Another party of 110 laborers, mostly men, have gone to Fresno to work in the raisin vineyards, and 150 more are to follow.

—Song birds being very scarce in Oregon, a number of German citizens of Portland propose to import from the fatherland a number of nightingales, skylarks, bullfinches, chaffinches, goldfinches, greenfinches, black and gray thrushes, linnets, starlings, and other singing birds, in all between 600 and 700, which will be turned loose on their arrival. A fund of over $1,000 has been raised to further the project.

A GIRL'S INVENTION.

How a Veteran's Daughter is Filling a Depleted Family Treasury.

In a remote but decent part of Boston has lived for about fifteen years an English family of rather unique interest. The father served in the war of the rebellion, and, being a partial invalid in consequence, receives a small pension, which does not go far toward supporting the family, and he can do little besides draw his pension and suffer his constant pain. The mother is a small woman, with large brown eyes and pale cheeks. She has had a toilsome life, indeed, and has done all sorts of work to try and eke out the family support. Two daughters, the elder somewhat noted in her neighborhood as a beauty, and a small boy make up the balance of the household. Although desperately poor, the family have been as proud as Lucifer and seemed bound to accept no more charity than was absolutely unavoidable, though there are plenty of well-to-do people around them who would gladly have contributed in their aid, as every member of the family commanded respect. They have come to be known even outside their narrow circle from their constant effort to better themselves, trying now this thing and now that. Every thing failed until a short time ago; but at last the family have struck something that will give them ease and comfort if not comparative wealth. The handsome daughter is credited with the discovery, which is simply a new method of treating photographs in reproduction. Her name has been given to it, and her work is getting more and more circulation every day with of course an increased inflow of dollars to the family treasury. She has secured a patent on her process. All the photographers are puzzled by the work and would like to have it for use in their business, as they see that this girl is getting as many orders as she can fill at the good price of three dollars for each cabinet reproduction. The pictures are the same size as the cabinet photographs, but softer and more pleasing in tone, and are mounted under thick plate-glass with beveled edges. How she makes her copies nobody has been able to find out as yet, but in the slang of the day her work "goes."—*Springfield Republican.*

CUSTOMS OF CAPRI.

Picturesque Scenes On the Island Made Famous by Garibaldi.

They have a strange way in this little place, I found, of betrothing the girls to the young men before the latter leave the town. As very few of them are able to either read or write, long years pass by without a word from the lover or "spoza" reaching the patient girl at home.

It is not a rare thing to meet here young couples who were engaged for ten, twelve or even fifteen years before fortune was sufficiently favorable to allow them to marry.

One can not soon get rich on thirty cents a day, and that is the wages of a man in Capri. This is perhaps the reason why so many men leave the island, leaving the women at home to take care of the vineyards and olive groves.

It is a very picturesque scene, those women, with their gay costumes, rich complexions, bright, flashing eyes, at work in the fields, or leading their flocks of goats up the mountain side to pasture. Their feet are always bare, and become so hard that it is simply wonderful what they can endure. They will walk over the roads covered with sharp, flinty stones, climb the rugged mountain sides, and be quite as comfortable as if walking on the softest carpet. In fact, for hardness their feet resemble hoofs of the Western girl, who, when told by her mother that there was a hot coal under her foot, drawled out, without moving an inch: "Which foot is it under, mammy?" Yet the feet of these women are by no means misshapen, but, on the contrary, are perfect models for an artist.

During my stay on the island I enjoyed the rare treat of witnessing the grand festival of San Antonio, this being the great feast day of the year.

One of the most attractive features to me was the procession of white-robed maidens, wending their way through the narrow streets, lined with white-walled houses. From the top of these walls, friends and lovers showered down the sweet-smelling, golden San Antonio fiori upon the procession below. The girls were wreathed with flowers, and carried in their hands either candles or little wooden images, and chanted as they walked, surrounded by clouds of smoke from swinging censors.

Through the town and up the winding stone stairs cut in the mountain side, they passed to the chapel, where the religious services were held. After that came the feasting, and the dancing, and the music, over which they became greatly excited.

The numberless movements of their favorite dance, the "Tarantata," and the easy graceful forms of the dancers as they swayed backward and forward was indeed a pleasing and exhiliarating sight. The "Tarantata" is danced by three couples only, the men dancing around the women and then kneeling as suppliants at their feet. The women raise them, and with airy movements dance around the men. Then they separate into pairs, advancing and retreating and again dancing together. The figures of the dance are but a small part of its beauties; there is an indescribable fascination in the free and graceful movements of the arms, head, and, in fact, of the whole body.—*Beatrice Presswood King, in Woman.*

BANKING IN CHINA

How Pigtailed Tellers Handle Scraps of Silver and Clumsy Bank Notes.

A curious place that we looked into on our way across the city of Canton was a Chinese bank, where the counterpart of the brisk young cashiers, tellers and accountants of our home banks were sitting in pigtails, and the long blue blouses of gentlemen and scholars, shoveling silver Mexicans from basket to basket, and letting them fall on the stone floor with a deafening ring and clatter. A Chinaman can do nothing quietly, and noise is his necessary accompaniment to every action. Every one of the pewtery-looking dollars is weighed and stamped by the bank, rung on stone slabs and fully tested, and there are baskets full of fragments, halves and chips of silver dollars that pass as smaller coins. These scraps and bits of silver pass current by their weight and their purity is tested by the ring. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking corporation issue paper notes of different values that save one from carrying loads of these clumsy Mexican dollars about with them, but the bank notes are as clumsy in proportion. They are all over six inches long and four inches wide, of a tough, fibrous paper, as thick as blotting paper, and as flabby as so much dirty calico, which they chiefly resemble. Those diploma-sized notes of the Bank of England are small and compact by comparison, and every common-sense traveler cries for Mitkiewicz and his syndicate to come with the great bank and do away with the ugly Mexican and the clumsy English notes. A great proportion of Chinese talent must be employed in counterfeiting Chinese dollars, to judge from the numbers about and the wariness with which every one accepts one of the coins. A most clever counterfeit passed off on me was one that was plainly pure silver and newly minted. An expert rapped it sharply with his pen-knife, and the top fell off like the lid of a box, and disclosed an interior of pure pewter filling in the thin shell of silver. At the American schedule of wages, two dollars of a silversmith's time had been used to plane off in a thin shaving the top of the dollar, dig out the solid part and fill up the cavity with lead, and bring the deceptive seventy-cent dollar down to a silver value at ten cents or less.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

STARTING A FASHION.

How Count D'Orsay Balanced a Tailor's Troublesome Bill.

One day, being caught in his private dressing-room by a tailor, who raged and said he would not leave till he had been paid his bill, Count D'Orsay listened thoughtfully for a time, fixing his eyes upon a package that the irate tailor had deposited upon a chair. This package was enveloped in a coarse sort of canvas.

"Have you much of that stuff in your shop?" said Count D'Orsay.

"What kind—that ugly canvas? If I wanted it I could to-morrow have enough to wrap up all the merchandise in the London docks."

"London docks!" said the Count; "don't talk nonsense. Come to me to-morrow at four o'clock and take my measure for a pair of trousers cut from this canvas."

In vain the tailor endeavored to dissuade the Count, stating that the canvas was not suitable for a garment, and in a short time Count D'Orsay was supplied with the canvas trousers.

At five o'clock one afternoon he climbed the vast staircase of Crockford's, then one of the fashionable clubs of London, and the first person he met was Lord Chesterfield.

"Upon my word," said the noble Lord, "you have a singular garment there—something rare, without doubt. Always the same original and charming D'Orsay!"

The Count received the compliment with some confusion.

"It is perhaps not exactly elegant," he said, "but it is very handy and fresh, especially suited to riding on horseback."

In a few moments a group of dandies had surrounded the clever Frenchman, Lord Chesterfield in the main parlor was expatiating on the originality of D'Orsay's taste, and a few days afterward the tailor found himself overrun with orders for the canvas trousers. Lord Chesterfield himself ordered a dozen pairs. Count D'Orsay had accomplished his purpose, and the delighted tailor came no more with his troublesome bill.—*Illustrated Weekly.*

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Combination Costumes for Summer—Ornamental Hooks and Eyes.

Combinations of woolen and silk remain as popular as ever, and costumes of this class are possibly a trifle more dressy than the all-wool or all-silk dresses, which are naturally more quiet in effect. Polonaise effects are noticeable, and many of the street and yachting costumes intended to be worn without a wrap, have a polonaise front and basque back, with the drapery made so that it can be attached with hooks and loops to the basque, completing the effect.

Plaids are generally used in combinations with self-colors, but the usual fashion of taking one of the colors of the plaids into consideration is not followed in using the beautiful multi-colored plaids, which are most artistic if properly arranged. The immense checks of solid color, such as Gobelin blue and white, or black and gold, are also exempt from necessarily employing one of their colors in combination; blue-and-white check may be used with gray or black, and black-and-gold with gray or Gobelin blue.

Many costumes, especially those of striped camels' hair, are made up in one material throughout, and the stripes often play an important part in their effectiveness. The basque seams can be so arranged by the cutting and fitting of the striped goods that a much greater effect of slenderness can be given to the figure. The same effect is sometimes produced by the use of folds of material or braid put on to simulate stripes.

Small ornamental hooks-and-eyes, covered silk buttons with loops of silk folds, or lacings of cord run through worked eyelet-holes in the edges of the goods, are used to hold opposite edges of the drapery together at the side, for about half the distance down the skirt; where something of this sort is not used, a cluster of ribbon loops is frequently placed at one side.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

RICH, BUT COINLESS.

Ready Money Not Infrequently Absent from a Capitalist's Pocket.

"It would be a pleasure to accommodate you, but the simple truth is I haven't $500 in cash in the world," said a Buffalo Crœsus to the financial man of the firm, who was seeking a purchaser for a gilt-edged $1,300 six per cent. real estate mortgage. Noticing an expression of incredulity upon the face of his caller, Crœsus hastened to add: "It is a common mistake of those having small means to suppose that a millionaire always has $50,000 or more at instant command. It is only on rare occasions that most of us see $25,000 in currency at one time, and for two years I have never once had $10,000 of my own on hand.

"The men of great wealth, are, as a rule, men of large business interests. We own blocks, elevators, ships, telegraph, telephone and railroad stocks, suburban tracts, and many other kinds of property, but none of these can be converted into cash at an hour's notice. Then, again, most of our real estate is mortgaged, because we are able to use ready money in such a manner as to realize more than six per cent. You would be astonished could you learn how large a load of debt some very wealthy Buffalo men are carrying. It is usually the second generation of wealth that buys mortgages, government bonds, and other securities which yield a moderate income and require no looking after.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Alsike clover originally came from Alsike, Sweden, and is said to be a cross between the white and red clovers.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—New silk mills are springing up everywhere, and the immigration of foreign weavers has almost stopped.

—Cavendish in 1766 discovered hydrogen; and between 1774 and 1779 Priestley discovered oxygen, azote and nitrous gas.

—A new attachment to the microscope has been devised, the object of which is to observe the melting points of minerals while under the process of examination.

—It is estimated that the sum spent on new buildings in this country last year was $2,600,000,000, and that the transfers of real estate amounted to $10,000,000,000.

—Careful experiments have shown that waste silk is the most effective of all non-conducting coverings for steam-pipes, and the demand for this purpose is great in spite of the cost.

—The values of the exports of mineral oils from the United States for the year ended December 31, 1887, showed a decrease of $2,584,977 from the values of the corresponding period of 1886.

—The process of manufacturing gas from water at Los Angeles, Cal., is a magnificent success. Its bright, steady light has been pronounced a decided improvement over electricity.

—A simple formula for the preparation of hektograph ink is given by a competent authority. Take one part of aniline, of the color desired, dissolve in about seven parts of water, and add one part of glycerine.

—Meteorites sometimes attain a velocity of 180,000 feet per second. When passing through the air at this rate the friction is so great that the air is heated up to a temperature of 10,800 degrees Fahrenheit.

—The French national printing office employs girls as type-founders, printers, book-sewers, book-binders, etc., the wages ranging from fifty cents to one dollar per day. After thirty years' service both men and women are retired upon a pension.

—Civilization is spreading rapidly beyond a doubt. African rubber is now systematically adulterated with sawdust, bark dust, etc., and after purifying does not contain more than thirty-three to fifty-five per cent. of pure gum. The natives add this substance to overcome the stickiness.

—As a wood preservative naphthaline is now largely used in Scotland, its action being to destroy all albuminoid compounds in the wood, leaving it dry and clean to handle, and with only a faint, aromatic smell. The naphthaline is melted in a vessel capable of being tightly sealed, and in this the wood is saturated.

—Extensive use is now being made in France of the unique article known as wood wool, consisting of extremely thin and slender shavings of wood, that are comparable to paper cut for packing. It weighs some forty or fifty per cent. less than the materials generally used for such a purpose, and its beautiful appearance, fineness, and exceeding cleanness have brought it into great favor.

—A recent chemical examination of several prominent brands of "family lard" showed them to be variously constituted of different ingredients, and in one case not a trace of real lard could be found in the sample analyzed. A prominent lard manufacturer testified before the Senate Committee on Agriculture, at Washington, that so far as he knew the lard thus manufactured is more popular with the people than the genuine article is.

STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.

Twin Brothers Whose Signatures Proved a Puzzle to Patent Officials.

"I heard a good story the other day," said one of the orators, "on a couple of Lewiston men. They are twin brothers and the most remarkable in some respects that ever existed. Both are of scientific, artistic turn of mind and remarkably capable in many ways. The most curious thing to me, however, is the fact that their great resemblance extends even to their handwriting and has been a great puzzle to bank officials and every body else. These brothers are inventive and have lately patented an important device. The story, as I heard it, is that after the specification and affidavits, etc., etc., were made, it was required that both should make oath and sign documents. They did so and the papers were sent to the Patent Office.

"Not long after their attorneys received notification of irregularities in proceedings and soon the specified statement was made, from the United States Patent Office, that the law required that both persons should sign the papers, while in this case, it was very evident that one person had signed both papers. The lawyer smiled. Here was a direct statement. The United States Patent Office experts didn't say that they 'thought' that the names had been signed by the same person, but they deliberately stated, in so many words, that one person had signed both names. He had to make a personal explanation to the Patent Office and relate how wonderful is the wondrous affinity of birth."—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Partial Judgment.

It is difficult to avoid making an exception of ourselves, when we are reflecting upon the errors and frailties of mankind. Said a Quaker, one day, to his wife:

"All the world is queer, excepting thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

Another candid and self-righteous individual, in a moment of confidence, gave vent to the opinion:

"There's but two honest men in this town. Brother B—— and myself; and sometimes I have my doubts of Brother B——."—*Youth's Companion.*

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissione s of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others, Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinney, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Feity, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road,

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by W. Taylor Sines, T. B. Digman and others, leading from Sang Run road, near Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through lands of Israel Spiker, Riley Montgomery, Dennis Ryan and the B. & O. R. R Co., to intersect the Uranesville and Oakland r ad near Isaac Layton s, and examine w ether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FREEMAN W. LEWIS,
JOHN SINES,
4 14 5 Examiners.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 548.

AN ACT

To provide for the appointment of two superintendents to supervise and control the repairs and improvements of a public county road in Garrett county, known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghiogheny river, at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghiogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, and to authorize the County Commissioners of Garrett county to make a levy for the repairs and improvements of said road.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the repairs and improvement and supervision of the public county road known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghiogheny river at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghiogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, be and the same is hereby placed under the charge and care of Joshua M. Friend and George Dunham.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county be, and the same are hereby authorized and required at the time of making the annual levy in the year eighteen hundred and eighty eight, to levy the sum of eight hundred dollars in the hands of said superintendents, provided for by this act for the repair of said road hereinbefore designated and to be expended equally by said superintendent upon said road.

SEC. 3 And be it enacted, That said superintendents shall before entering upon their duties, execute a bond in the same manner that road supervisors in Garrett county are required to bond.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That George Dunham shall have charge of that part of said road which passes through lands supposed to be owned by George H. Williams, that Joshua M. Friend shall have charge of the remainder of said road, and that each shall on or before the first day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, render a specific account to the County Commissioners of their expenditures upon said road, and shall return their vouchers for such expenditures, and said superintendents shall each be allowed as an item of said expense, the sum of two dollars per day for their services whilst engaged upon said road.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That should either of said superintendents fail to qualify as required or should either resign or die, his duties shall devolve upon the other, and should both fail to qualify, resign, or die, the County Commissioners shall appoint two superintendents to take their places with powers obligatory.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That all labor employed upon said road by said superintendents shall be paid at the rate allowed by road supervisors on other county roads in said county.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER.
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

Stray Sunbeams.

The butcher is the one who skins around for a living.

The barber's apprentice is generally a strapping fellow.

"The season's over," said Fogg, as he capsized the pepper-box.

"This is a burning shame," said the man who was smoking a bad cigar.

A young lady who was being stared at too earnestly drew a veil over the scene.

The voting is over but the girls are glad that the courting is not.

Much "adieu" about nothing—the parting of young ladies at corners.

You talk about women being flighty, what do you think of bank cashiers?

It is a long lane that has no turns and a mighty mean one that is full of gates.

Let a woman take the degree of A. B., that is a bride, and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

"Where are the men of '76?" shrieks an excited exchange. O, to Halifax with the men of '76. Give us the women of 21.

We see a lengthy article going the rounds of the papers headed "How to Manage a Wife." We didn't read it; no use.

The difference between a country and a city greenhorn is that one would like to know everything, and the other thinks he can tell him.

One redeeming feature of Mormonism seems to be that it does not throw the burden of the support of a husband on one woman.

An old lady near Midvale says her daughter has just purchased an elegant "cabin organ," and that the "mox vomica" stop is perfectly lovely.

"It's forty years, my old friend John, since we were boys together." "It is? Well don't speak so loud; there's that young widow in the next room."

A young man who was caught straining his sweetheart to his bosom the other night justifies himself on the ground that he has a right to strain his own honey.

We've heard of a secret which was so big that it required all the women in town to keep it and then they could not do so without the help of their husbands.

No wonder they say the Yankees exaggerate. We know one who complained to his butcher that the last piece of steak sent him was so tough his mother could not chew the gravy.

Tompson is not going to have anything more to do with conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

The Nurses of the War.

The ladies, heaven bless them! did all they could to nurse and care for the wounded soldiers. Many noble women devoted all the years of the war to this humane duty, but now and then young ladies would drop into the hospitals and play nurse in an amatuer way for an afternoon, and it must be said such girls were more ornamental than useful.

One of the girls became interested in a good-looking soldier, who was wounded in the arms, and she addressed him in this way:

"My brave friend, can I do anything for you?"

"No, madame, nothing, replied the soldier.

"I should like to do something for you," she persisted; "may I sponge your brow?"

"Well," he said, you may if you want to very bad; but if you do you'll be the thirty-ninth gal that's done that blessed thing this morning."

A girl seeing a soldier lying asleep on a hospital bench, thought him dead, and whispered as she bent over him:

"Poor boy, let me kiss him for his mother!"

To her surprise, the soldier leaped to his feet, and, catching her in his arms, called out:

"Never mind the old lady; kiss me on my own account!"

A Noble Work Carried on by Women.

There is, according to Lady Grey, no part of the British Empire where a Girls' Friendly Society may not be found. In England alone there are 150,000 members of such societies springing from a central institution of which Lady Grey is the President, and which is carried on entirely by women. Temporary lodgings are provided for girls suddenly thrown out of situations, and recreation rooms are established for members settled in towns. In days when, to the credit of the society, the welfare of women and especially the care of friendless girls, are objects of an increasing concern of conscience, facts like these deserve to be made widely known, whether they relate to this particular institution or others founded with similar designs. Girls' homes and girls' friendly societies, a contemporary thinks, might with advantage keep themselves permanently before the public eye by bold advertisement, especially in the railway carriages and other public conveyances, waiting-rooms, the "wanted" columns of newspapers, and in all other places where the persons for whom the kindly aid is intended may learn that it is at hand when desired.

HOMOEOPATHY.—32,655 cases in European hospitals receiving Homoeopathic treatment showed a death rate of 4.4 per cent., while 119,639 cases under old treatment had a death rate of 10.5. (See *Sharps' Tracts.*)

Official figures in Bavaria give Homoepathy a death rate in Cholera of 6.75 against 48.50 of old treatments. (Dr. Rath)

These figures, whose accuracy has never been refuted, should make every one give the matter a more than passing thought, and it would be well to write for a copy of our Book Catalogue, and "Medical Index," also, if interested in live stock, of our "Veterinary Index." We will them free. Many druggists [illegible] medicines or they may direct.

BOERICKE & TAFEL,
Homoeopathic Pharmacists and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., 938 F. St. N W., Washton, D. C.; also, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Established in 1835.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72'87 ly.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 184.

AN ACT

To repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy eight, entitled "An Act to add an addition article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub-title, "Justices of the Peace and constables," and also to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And also to repeal chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled an Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Act of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub title "Justices of the Peace and Constables." And chapter two hundred and sixty three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to repeal section forty-nine of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty-nine of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett county," and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments be, and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 31st 1888.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
4 28 3 Secretary of the Senate.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out

LICENSES,

that they must obtain the same, or renew the same on or before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1888.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit, except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

4 28 td E. E. SOLLARS,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned not to trespass upon my farm. I especially warn all against cutting my timber.

4 28 3 W. Y. WALTZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

THE LEADING

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect November 20th, 1887.

GOING EAST.

No. 2		8.09 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.38 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.09 P. M.
No. 4		11.53 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.57 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.07 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.02 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

4 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

4 7 6 JOSEPH LASHORN,
Mayor.
S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by J. D. Ashenfelter, R. M. Fairall and others, beginning at or near the Northwestern corner of John C. Beckman's land, on the Swanton road, and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright to the spring draines near the Hogan place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
NATHAN CASTEEL,
THOS. R. MCROBIE,
4 14 5 Examiners.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
Tobacco and Cigars,
TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES,
CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address R. G. CHANE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (See Fig. A.) ☞ Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.
For sale by W. C. L. Corrie, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopple Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

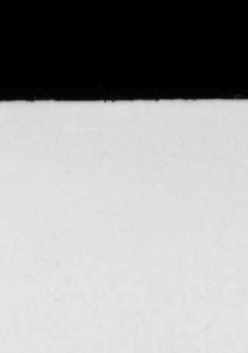
JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888. NUMBER 11.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.

v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,

2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,

Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.

3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply, at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,

2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,

Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so."

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhea, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

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A Wonderful Structure.

Carter Harrison, writing from Delhi, India, to the Chicago *Mail*, describes the many magnificent tombs, morgues and other structures in that region. We quote from Mr. Harrison's letter as follows:

But this and all the things I have named and all the things I have seen, many of which are of wondrous beauty or of lofty grandeur, and will live in memory while I live—all of these pale and dwindle when brought into comparison with the one perfectly beautiful thing, not of India alone, but of the world. I refer to the "Taj Mahal." I had read much of this famous structure. I expected much, but had an undefined impression that it was to be disappointing. There was the feeling that my expectations could not be realized. I almost decided this when I approached it through the great south gateway, itself a magnificent building of red sandstone, 110 feet square and 140 feet high pierced by a portal seventy-five feet to the keystone of the pointed arch. The structure is so relieved by inlaid white marble in arabesques, friezes of vines and flowers, and enbiatures of quotations from the koran that it looks light and cheerful. The gateway alone would be a fit mausoleum for a Queen. Between this and the tomb is a garden 900 feet square, planted in trees of rich foliage. These so hid the mausoleum that I did not see it until I stood before the great arch portal of the gateway. This made a frame work showing only the tomb proper. At first it looked small, for so perfect are its proportions it seemed quite near and so light and airy as to seem a phantom picture thrown before a blue sky. The picture was so beautiful that I paused for some minutes. A man passed along the platform and seemed a mere pigmy, thus showing my eye the distance and causing it to comprehend the perfect proportions of the structure. I soon knew there was to be no disappointment. The "Taj" was even more beautiful than I had anticipated. As I walked forward through the gateway the picture widened until its broad wings and lofty minarets were in full view, and as it widened I could fancy the dome was lowering. Yew and cypress has made a broad avenue partially concealing the lower portion of the wings and minarets. In the middle of this avenue was a broad marble walk, with a long pool of pure water confined between marble walls, and a broad fountain bed half-way down.

I walked slowly along this walk looking at the building before me, dazzling and white in the Indian noonday sun, and still it seemed to be growing lower. But after removing my eyes from it, after passing around the central fountain, this effect disappeared, and as I still approached it grew taller, until standing in front of the great platform on which it is built, I realized the grandeur of the whole. Its whole length, from minaret to minaret, and the height to top of dome, all was fully before me. I looked up to the pinnacle 250 feet. I shall not attempt any further description than to say the entire structure is of white-veined or rather slightly clouded marble, is square, with the corners cut off, and is surrounded by one grand dome, with a smaller one at each corner, and four lofty minarets over 150 feet high at the corner of the wings. In front and on each side is a wonderful doorway, sixty odd feet high, being the segment of a Saracenic arched vault. Flanking these doorways are arched window recesses one above another to the level of the arch of the great portal. The whole is inlaid in beautiful figures and arbesques in dark marble, thereby relieving the structure of too glaring appearance. Under the great dome is a noble vaulted room of polished white marble, the wainscoting beautifully carved in vines and lotus flowers, and above inlaid in costly marbles.

In the centre of this vaulted room, immediately under the apex of the dome, is the cenotaph of "Montaz," called "Taj Mahol," or "crown of the house." It is cut from a great block of snow-white alabaster. A part of it is beautifully carved, and the whole made beautiful by graceful vines and pretty flowers, composed of lapis, lazuli, cornelian, topaz, blood-stone, jasper, onyx, moss-agates, gold-stone, turquoise and other costly stones, inlaid in tiny bits so as to give the blended hues of the flowers. In one small flower I counted thirty seperate pieces. By the side of Montaz is the cenotaph of Shah Jehan of the same pattern as that of his wife. He built this wonderful tomb and buried his wife in it. Afterward he was buried by her side. Around the cenotaph is a guard or fence some six feet high of open lattice work of alabaster, of most delicate workmanship, representing vines and flowers.

Inside of this enclosure we sat leaning against the tomb, and John gave an octave of tones, skipping one and then descending slowly—these were echoed with supernatural precision—the notes were caught and swelled till they would ring, and then died like a far off sigh. A deep bass note was sent back in a terrible musical groan, and then would melt into a dying wail. We could not give a note in so low a tone that it would not return to us in rich volume. We tried them so low that we could scarcely hear each other, though not four feet apart, yet they would swell until they would fill the chamber and come back to us louder by far than we at first heard them. The echo lasts far too long to make any recitation or any song effective. A single musical tone rises and dies away, taking many seconds to die out. We found that a pure round note made a greatly more prolonged echo than a harsh one. I had no admiration for the character of Montaz, she was cruel and crafty; but after listening to those sweet echoes, I almost imagined I had heard her spirit in chastened repentance. I arose, bought some flowers, and laid them reverently upon her beir. Art for a moment sanctified the woman.

To Harness up the Niagara.

If the plans of the Niagara River Hydraulic Tunnel, Power and Sewer company are carried out as arranged at the present time, the mighty power of the Falls of Niagara will be utilized for the general benefit of mankind and for the financial enrichment of the stockholders in the enterprise. The company was incorporated by an act of the Legislature in March, 1886, and since time the efforts of the projectors have been directed toward securing the capital necessary to enable them to execute their designs. It is now claimed that enough money has been secured and that the work of construction will begin in July. The prospectus issued by the company yesterday states that the company was organized for the purpose of utilizing the power of the Niagara river by constructing a subterranean tunnel from the water level below the falls, about 200 feet under the high bank of the river, extending through the rock to the upper Niagara river at a point about one mile above the falls, where a head of 120 feet is obtained. The tunnel is then to extend, parallel with the shore of the river one and one-half miles, at an average depth of 100 feet below the surface of the earth and at a distance of about 400 feet from the navigable water of the river, with which it is to be connected by means of conduits or laternal tunnels.

The scheme is one of gigantic proportions, and includes the establishments of innumerable mills at the point where the power is obtained, as well as distributing the power through electric wires to other centers, where it can be used in lieu of steam or local water power. The power is to be obtained from the conduits leading to the main tunnel, and not from the tunnel itself or from the falls. The conduits will, it is contemplated, lead to wells sunk to the tunnel 100 feet below the earth's surface. In these wells will be placed turbine wheels, which are turned by the weight of the water in the wells. Thus, it is said, the power will be uniform, because the wells will always be kept full, and as the wells are supplied from the river there will be no variation in the quantity of the water available. The river itself being fed from the five great lakes, will always have a uniform quantity from which to supply the conduits. It is claimed that the drain from the river by the conduits and tunnel will not take 1 per cent. of the water in the stream, that is the depth of the river would not be reduced 1 inch. The prospectus states that since the incorporation of the company sufficient land along the river has been secured, surveyed and apportioned into mill sites fronting on the river and on the line of the proposed tunnel, with ample streets and dockage, affording approach by rail or water to accommodate 238 mills of 500 horse-power each, or 119,000 horse-power in all, which is the estimate of the engineers of the capacity of the tunnel proposed to be built.

This power would be greater than all the other water power of the country combined. The land secured by the company is two miles and a half above the falls, and beyond the limits of the Government Park land surrounding them. The tunnel is run under the streets of Niagara village, and all of the conduits will be located on the company's land. The estimated cost of construction is $3,000,000, and enough patronage has already been secured, it is said, to pay a dividend on the investment. The City of Buffalo has agreed to pay $100,000 per annum for power for electric lights and an electric smelting company in Cleveland has made application for 20,000 horse-power to be carried through wires. The mills are to be located so far above the falls that vessels of any draft can come to the wharves, thus insuring cheap water freights from the mills to tidewater. It is claimed that the volume of water over the falls will not be lessened by the construction of the tunnel; that the beauty of the landscape will not be impaired in any way, since the mills will give forth no smoke, and that the drain from the river will be less than half the amount taken from the lakes by evaporation.

If the project proves to be a success it is also intended to use the power in lighting many of the larger cities in that locality by electricity.

Prepared for the Capitalists.

"Are you getting ready for that excursion of eastern capitalists which is coming here when the railroad is completed?" asked a prominent citizen of a new Kansas town of the mayor.

"Oh, yes. We've made arrangements with Metropolis City to borrow its county seat for the day, and will move it down."

"That's good. Anything else?"

"Yes; each merchant is going to put up fifty packages which will look as if they contained sugar, and the farmers will be going out of the stores with them all day."

"Fifty packages won't last."

"But they'll keep sneaking them around in the back door again when the capitalists aren't looking. We propose to sell each bundle twenty times. Then we're going to have two brass bands, and the railroad company will side track a couple of freight trains here all day, and I'm having the creek dammed up two miles above here, and just before they come we'll cut the dam and let her howl all day and call her a river, and I'm going to salt the town well with a barrel of kerosene, and have an expert smelling of it and talking loud about natural gas, and then there'll be two or three men run over with teams, and a lot more will be going around and looking awful deep and sticking stakes around for new buildings, and everything will boom proportionately all day. Oh, you just let me alone to extract the reluctant dollar from the pocket of the eastern investor."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Hypocrisy of a Love Token.

"I have become a hopeless cynic from my thirteen years' experience as a jeweler," said the foreman of a leading firm. "I have learned that so much is tinsel that shines as gold that I can only look on the world's splendor as clinquant, hollow sham. Even when the genuine glittering gold, plucked from the bowels of rich Potosi and set with gems of purest ray serene, adorns fair throat, or rounded arm, or tapering finger, it only produces a sentiment of scorn for the hypocrisy of human nature.

"Let me illustrate: It has been for some time a favorite fad with the young men in society when one becomes engaged to present his fiancee with a jeweled bracelet, which the jeweler rivets on the wrist so that it cannot be slipped off. This is supposed to be a token of the eternal bondage of the wearer to the donor and a perpetual reminder of fidelity. But in a day or two the young lady receives a note from the jeweler requesting her to call. When she does so she is shown a secret spring whereby she can put aside the bond at will." "And I have observed," added the jeweler, "that although the fair lady protests against making use of the spring she is delighted to find the secret of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A SAD STORY.

A queer old creature? Well, yes; that's so;
She is a curious sort of bird;
I used to see her long years ago—
Before her hair was so white, you know—
When she was a girl. Perhaps you've heard.

Her story—no? That's a little queer;
But then you're strange around these parts.
She's always lived just over here,
Behind that hill where the sun sets clear
These fine June nights—there, now she starts.

She is going home, as she's sure to do
When night comes, though she is out all day.
Just mark how sharp she will look at you;
She eyes a stranger through and through,
While never a glance will she throw my way.

As pretty a girl as you ever see,
Was that old crone forty years ago,
And the way she ever came to be
This half-crazed creature seems odd to me,
But I'll tell you, stranger, the best I know.

It was just this same time of the year,
In June, when every thing looks so gay,
That a big ship sailed away from here;
The wind was fair and the sky was clear
When old Kate's lover sailed away.

And they were young, and their life, I s'pose,
Looked like a great, long, sweet June day;
So they said good-bye as the bright sun rose,
And the days went on as all time goes
When one that we love is far away.

The letter she waited for never came,
But instead the news that the brave old ship
Was lost at sea—and never a name
Of those who sailed came back to claim
The welcome that waited from heart and lip

All that was forty odd years ago,
But now, as every June rolls round,
This poor old creature walks to and fro,
With her broken heart and her head of snow,
That will soon find peace beneath the ground.

You have the story, stranger. To me
It's wonderful sad. It's hard to say
Why God permits such things to be;
But the time is coming when we shall see
His reasons, stranger, as clear as day.

—*Emma Lyndon, in Detroit Free Press.*

"THAT YANKEE GAL."

A "Quare Story All Mixed Up Amongst Two Families."

"I never hain't liked them Yankees much," observed the veteran as I sat beside him in front of his little log cabin, in the cool of the evening.

"No, I never hain't liked 'em much sence they killed the best breedin' sow I had when that feller Wilson come through with 'is cavalry, an' jest nat'ly tore up the yea'th. But I tell ye, pard, ther' mus' be some good in 'em, or leastways ther's some uv 'em that's 'bove the averidge.

"Do you see yon house on the hill to the right? Now, look across the level toward the left, an' you kin jest diskiver the chimbleys uv another. Them's both Yankee houses, or leastways they're ha'f an' ha'f. Captain McAlpin lives to the right, and Colonel Imboden lives in the other one. Now, there's a quare story all mixed up 'mongst them 'ere two famblies.

"Ah, how well I rickollect the fust time I ever seed Imboden's wife. We'd gone down to Jonesboro to market, me an' some o' the neighbors, an' while we wer' a knockin' 'round the grocery we seed old man Imboden's carryall driv' up to the station, an' when the train came we seed Mr. Imboden go 'round an' hunt up a little slip uv a gal an' put 'er in the carryall an' drive off towards the settlement.

"'That can't be the new school-teacher?' says Bill Jennings to me.

"'No,' says I, 'tain't noways likely, Bill.'

"But sure 'nough it wus. We foun' that out nex' day when old man Imboden come 'round an' axed us how many children we'd sign fur the quarter.

"'Who's to be the teacher?' says I.

"'O, my little Yankee gal,' says he. 'Didn't you see'er down at the depo' t'other day?'

"'Well, yes, I s'pose I did; but r'ally, Mr. Imboden, you're a-jokin', hain't you? That ere gal look's if she'd better be a-gwine to school stiddier a-teachin'.'

"'O, she's all right,' says he, a-laughin'. 'You know she's a Yankee gal, an' they gits grown quicker'n other gals. They're like young pa'tridges. Soon's the'r wings air dry they're ready to shif' fur theirselves.'

"Well, the school wus made up an' the Yankee gal come out fust rate. The children all jest nat'ly doted on Miss Marian—Marian McAlpin wus the way she signed 'er name. So when the spring quarter wus out, we jest put in an' made 'er up another school fur the fall. This wus 'long in '59, an' times wer' raither ticklish. Everybody wus s'picious uv everybody else, an' 'specially strangers. This created some prejydices ag'in' Mis McAlpin, an' although I wus a leetle that way myse'f, I wus satisfied a'ter'ards that I wus mistaken. All we knowed 'bout the gal wus that she wus a leetle pecked-lookin' thing with great wondersome lookin' eyes—blamed 'f I ever did fin' out what color they wer', and' long brown hair what wus a caution to look at. She wusn't extry purty, I didn't think. R'ally, she wa'n't as purty as Carrie Weldon, the old man Weldon's gal, what used to live over yon way, in that t'other house. You see the Weldon and Imboden places j'ined lands, an' both on 'em were well off, an' both had plenty uv niggers to tend 'em. Jack Imboden was the only child old man Imboden had; an' he had set his heart on Jack's marryin' Carrie Weldon, beca'se that would fetch all the prop'ty into one body. Carrie wus a good gal, too, an' her 'n Jack 'ud bin sweethearts all their lives.

"Jack wus off at collidge when Miss McAlpin come to the settlement, an' he never saw 'er tell winter, when he come home to vacation. I don' know 's he'd a-seed 'er then, but when her school wus out Mr. Imboden axed 'er to stop at his house an' rest tell the holidays wus over, an' promised 'er that ef we could 'ford it, we'd try to git 'er up another school. W'y, sir, I never seed childern l'arn so 'n all my borned days as they did under that little Yankee gal. My Jane, what didn't know the fus' letter in 'er book when she started, went clear thr'ugh an' thr'ugh in the fust three months, an' besides she l'arnt to say the one I ones, too.

"Ther' wus sump'n' 'bout the gal that we couldn't nn'erstan'. She claimed to de f'om Pennsylvany, an' said she wuz an orphant an' had lived with 'er old aunt tell she died, an' that she had a brother sever'l years older than she wus, but she didn' know wher' he wus. He'd went out West afore her aunt died, an' she hadn't hearn nothin' f'om 'im in five year. That's the tale she told, an' it turned out to be true, but we had our s'picions then.

"Well, jest as soon as Jack laid eyes on th at gal he seemed to be possessed. He jest hung 'round 'er all the time he wus there, an' when he started off to finish his eddication at collidge, I've hearn sence ther' was a right smart uv didoes cut up betwixt 'em. Seems he wanted 'er to promise him, an' she jest right out 'n' out an' plainly told 'im that she wa'n't a-gwine to do it. She seed how the 'rangements wus 'twixt Jack an' Miss Carrie, an' she wus jest de-termined not to have nothin' to do with it. A'ter Jack wus gone her an' Carrie got to be putty thick together. Old Mis' Weldon wus er haughty old soul, but she wa'n't overbearin', an' she jest made the little Yankee gal feel at home there. I've hearn 'em say sence that Carrie used to show Marian the letters Jack writ 'er f'om collidge, an' that she even joked at 'er 'bout sich questions as he'd ax 'bout my little Yankee gal, an' so on.

"At last times got so hot they wa'n't no coolin' 'em, an' Jack come home fur good, an' they begun to talk 'bout war, an' call fur volunteers, an' kick up their heels ginerly. Uv co'se school broke up an' Miss Marian packed up to leave. She'd bin a-boardin' at Imboden's, an' when the time cum fur her to hunt a new place, old Miss Imboden found 'er a-settin' in 'er room a-cryin' one mornin', an' she jes' up'n says to her old man: 'Mr. Imboden, it's a sin an' a shame to let that poor thing go off that way. Le's keep 'er here.'

"'Well they had it up 'n' down. The old man didn't s'picion nothin' 'bout Jack, fur he thought that was all safe; so at last they 'greed to ax 'er jest to stay there till times got better. She wouldn't hear to it at fust, but as the po' thing didn't have nowher's to go, she fin'ly concluded to stay for awhile. Well, sir, when Jack come home, he jest laid siege. He done it in such a quiet way tell the gal herself didn't know hardly what to think uv 'im. He'd rattle an' run on with Carrie jest like he al'us did, but he wus al'us on the lookout fur Miss McAlpin. I didn't blame 'im much, fur as soon as she got over her first proud fit she jest dropped right into the fambly as natchul as life. She got so she could manage things jest as well as Mis' Imboden, and a dinged sight better. An' how she did flesh'n' up. She got as red as a rose, an' her arms got to be as plump, an' I never seed sich a come out in anybody.

"Well, the war broke out. Everybody went crazy, an' the men commenced to leave in comp'nies an' r'dgments, an' all was harum-scarum, helter-skelter. I didn't go as long as I could help it, but like a great many others I had to go a'ter awhile. The draft tuck Jack Imboden just as he come uv age, but the old man didn't keer. He had money 'nough to pay fur a substitute.

"Now comes the curiousest part. Jack 'ud jest got to lovin' that Yankee gal to kill, an' she, po' thing, loved 'im back, fur nobody could'nt he'p that. He was just as clever as he could be, an' as handsome as one o' them 'ere pictures you see in history books what reads 'bout the heathens an' the'r gods. So one day Jack jest up'n axed her the question right out. Well, sir, hit like to a-scared the gal to death. She did'n' know what to do. Fin'ly she said:

"'Mr. Imboden, I've bin here at your pay-rents' house a good while now, and it's bin a mighty pleasant home for me. I know that they intend for you to marry Miss Weldon, and it would be wrong for me to step in the way, and I won't do it.'

"Jack begged an' begged, tell fin'ly she told him that ef his people was willin', an ef he hadn't never promised 'imse'f to Miss Carrie, she might study 'bout it. Then she went an' shet herse'f up 'n had a bout uv cryin'.

"Jack he jest went right up to the old man an' told 'im plump out that he loved the gal, an' would have her or nobody. Whoopee! The old man was dumbf'unded.

"'What!' says he. Marry that 'ere Yankee gal when everybody knows hit's as good as settled betwixt you and Carrie! Why, this gal hain't got the wrappin's of her finger, an' Carrie Weldon's got seventeen likely niggers besides the plantation.

"'It don't make any difference to me, father,' says Jack; 'I'll have Miss McAlpin if she'll have me, and there is no use in discussing the matter!'

"Well, sir, there was a storm raised. The old man kicked up a ter'ble rumpus, an' at last it all turned out jest as mount 'a'bin expected. Miss McAlpin got ready to hunt 'er a home, an' Jack, bein' cut out on every side, got on his hoss an' rode to Jonesboro, an' before anybody knowed what he wus up to he wus in Virginny, a-fightin' Yankees like the very dickens.

"Afore he left, though, he went an' told Carrie the whole bus'ness, an' she laughed at his long face, fur she wus his cousin, his father an' old man Imboden bein' fust cousins; an' she got right up an' went over to Imboden's an' tuck Miss McAlpin home with 'er. I al'us liked Carrie, but I never knowed ha'f how good a gal she wus till then. She said a'ter'ards that while she mout 'a' had Jack ef he'd 'a' axed 'er, at the same time she never did love 'im more'n a sorter sister's love.

"The old man sulked 'round a few days, an' talked 'bout Yankee spies an' husban'-hunters an' all sich as that, but he 'peared to be onrestless. Now, this is what I l'arnt a'ter'ards, for you see I was in Virginny, too, 'bout that time, a-livin' on short rashuns an' a fightin' Yankees fur all I wus wo'th. In 'bout a week he rid over to Mis' Weldon's an' axed a'ter 'Manie,' as they called Miss McAlpin. It wusn't long afore he had her pe'suaded to go back to Imboden's, fur old Mis' Imboden tuck on ter'bly when Jack an' her both left 'em. So she sorter settled down thar ag'in. But she wa'n't the same gal no mo'. Hit seemed like she was a-totin' a dead weight on 'er shoulders. I r'ally don't b'lieve she'd agone back ef it hadn't 'a' been that she blamed herse'f fur Jack's gwine off like he did, an' she wanted to sorter make up fur it some way. Once she got a letter f'om Jack, but she never opened it, an' jest answered it with a short note, axin' him not to write any mo'.

"Well, sir, them wus rattlin' times. A feller had to take his life in his haversack up there in Virginny. Grant an' Sherman an' all them fellers wus jest a-shellin' us an' a-bombardin' us an' a-blockadin' us all the time, an' less'n we wer' a-fightin' we wer' a-starvin', an' so what wus the diffunce? But them sort o' things hain't got nothin' to do with my tale, excep' hit's jest to show you the ways an' wher'fo's.

"Bimeby ther' come a desp'rate cavalry fight way up thar in the mountains; hit wus 'long towards the last uv the war—an' who should get hit but Jack Imboden? He was badly wounded, too, I kin tell ye. They sent 'im to the hospittle, an' he stayed ther' awhile, an' somehow his daddy got 'im sent home. When he come home, he didn't look like the same feller what went off so hilariously. He was perished most to death, an' nearly dead with that wound, an' gangrene 'd set in.

"Well, sir, you orter 'a' seed them women folks. They tuck that boy home, an' they sot up night an' day with 'im, an' they doctored on him tell they got 'im started to mendin'. You couldn't tell nothin' 'bout which one thought the most uv him, fur Carrie, an' Mis' McAlpin, an' old Mis' Weldon, stiff an' haughty as she wus, an' his mother, an' all uv 'em, wer' alike. Hit seemed like they didn't take no mo' notice uv the war long as they had Jack back.

"'Bout that time things wus a-comin' to a p'nt, fur all uv a suddint Joe Brown's melish wus called out. This tuck the old man Imboden, as he wus under sixty, an' he had to pack up an' git off. I'll tell you, thar wus a time that 'ud 'a' made you cry. That old peaceable man what hadn't never even whipped a grown nigger, much less j'ined a ridgment, had to shoulder a muskit an' jine. Poor old man! He wus one uv the many what breathed out their last at Kennesaw Mountain. They brung his body home an' buried it, and then they hated Yankees wus'n ever.

"Bimeby, 'long towards the spring uv '65, the raiders came through. Jack Imboden had got able to hobble about on crutches, but he looked like a ha'nt, he wus so poor an' scrawny an' holler-eyed. One day the alarm wus give that the Yankees wer' a-comin', an' in an hour they rid up to the gate. Jack wus grievin' himse'f to death 'bout his daddy, an' he wus weak an' peevish any how, an' when the little squad rid up, he drawed his gun on 'em. They hollered out to 'em to 'surrender,' an he told 'em he'd die fust, an' they wus jest 'bout to fire on 'im when a Yankee officer came gallopin' up an' commanded 'em to stop. He then commenced to try to reason with Jack, an' a'ter awhile Jack seed how foolish he wus, an' axed the officer inside. Well, sir, the feller wus jest as p'lite as a jaybird. He walked into the house an' sot down, an' soon Miss McAlpin come, in an'—jee-miny! ef she didn't stop 'n' look at 'im a second, an' then jest run right up an' commence huggin' and kissin' 'im, I'll be dinged!

"'My broiher!' wus all she could say; an' shore 'nough, when she got so she could talk to 'im an' he got so he could talk to her, they splained the whole thing. But Jack had lef' the house, an' went an' made the niggers git whatever they could fin' to feed the hosses, an' he give the men sump'n' to eat, an' then went back to the house. Ther' sat Colonel McAlpin and Miss McAlpin still a-talkin'. A'ter awhile the Yankee officer says:

"'Sister, I must leave you. I must join my command, but not for long; and once I'm ever out of this we won't be separated any more.'

"Jest then ther' wus a ter'ble [illegible] out in the yard, an' Jack an' the Curnel an' ther' wus Mis' Weldon's carriage a-scared mos' to death, a-tryin' to tell how the Yankees had attacted Miss Weldon's place an' wus a-gwine to burn up everything, an' a whole passel uv nonsense.

"In a minit the Curnel an' his men wus mounted, an' went gallopin' off. They wus jest in time, fur some o' them fu'in stragglers 'ud attacked the place, an' wus a-makin' Carrie git dinner fur 'em, an' a-totin' up ginerlly. But hit wa'n't many minits afore that Yankee Curnel had 'em a-gwine 'ud marchin' in double quick time. Then he made 'imself known to the ladies, and he left a gyard thar, an' sent a gyard back to Imboden's afore he left the settlement. It was them furrin fellers what killed my best breedin' sow, cuss 'em, an' r'all they wa'n't out 'n out Yankees, nohow."

"Jack got well a'ter the war wus over, but it was some time afor he could muster up couridge to talk to Mis McAlpin 'bout the past. 'Twan't till a'ther brother writ to her f'om Savannah that Jack says to 'er: 'Miss McAlpin, you said you would never have me so long as my father's objections existed. He has passed away, and while I honor his name, I believe, if he was here to-day, he would change his mind. You have been so faithful to my mother that she has learned to look to you as a daughter. Will you not consent to be so indeed?'

"She objected uv co'se, an' writ to her brother, an' he come all the way thar to see 'bout the matter, an' finlly hit all wound up jest as I s'pose it would. Jack married Miss McAlpin, an' Colonel McAlpin married Carrie Weldon an' that settled the bus'ness.

"I never han't liked the Yankees much, but I mus' say that our settlement has prospered more'n any in these parts. D'ye see that big house down yander? That's the 'Cademy. He stands right wher' the little old school-house what that Yankee gal teached in useter stand. McAlpin an' Imboden had it built, an' I tell you they've got a crackin' good school thar now. Our settlement mout 'a 'bin like Briar Creek settlement, with its old tumble-down fixments, ef it hadn't 'a' 'bin fur them. An' I 'spose all 'ud 'a' bin diffe'nt ef it hadn't abin fur that Yankee gal."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

DWELLING IN TREES.

Queer Habitations Found in Southern and Central Africa.

A study of the various habitations which do service as the home of man, is at once most curious and interesting. We find them made of almost every conceivable material—of snow and ice, of mud and sod, of the skins of animals, and of the leaves, bark and twigs of trees, as well as of the many other materials commonly considered suitable for building purposes. Quite as varied are the sites selected for dwellings; the caves of the earth, the cliffs of the rocks, the almost inaccessible mountain-side, the lowland swamps, and even lakes sometimes form the site of a pile village.

In thinly populated districts of Southern and Central Africa, where wild beasts abound, the natives dwell in huts which resemble gigantic bee-hives. These huts are firmly fixed among the large branches of the boabab, an immense tree—sometimes more than one hundred feet in circumference—which rises like a dwarf tower from twenty to thirty feet and then throws out branches like a miniature forest. One such tree furnishes ample room for several houses, and it is said that thirty families have been found to occupy a single tree. In many instances, natives who till the soil at any great distance from their tribe, build these huts for nightly accommodation.

The natives of New Guinea are said build their houses in high trees, sometimes upon the narrowest and most inaccessible ridges of the mountains. To these dwellings bamboo ladders yield the only means of access. To give these ladders strength, and to render the ascent and descent easier, vines were cultivated to clamber up them.

The Waraus, a tribe of Indians living upon the banks of the Orinoco, also sometimes build their huts in the tree-tops. The Indian searches through the forest until he finds a tree which suits his fancy, then proceeds to fashion a hut among its branches. When the annual floods come he uses it as a raft, and floats away to some locality which pleases him better.

Tree houses certainly offer some advantages from a sanitary point of view. The dwellers in them are sure of an abundance of good air. "Swinging in the tree-tops," they may enjoy an atmosphere unpolluted by ground air, a damp basement or an unclean cellar.—*Good Health.*

—Wheat Gems: Stir two and one-half cupfuls of fine granulated wheat slowly into a liquid formed of one cupful of water and one cupful of milk, seasoned with a salt-spoonful of salt, then beat rapidly until the arm is weary, and fill very hot iron gem pans well buttered, giving the batter a beating while filling, and bake immediately in a hot oven.

IN A CARPET MILL.

How Brussels and Tapestry Floor-Coverings Are Woven and Printed.

If Brussels carpet is to be made the yarn goes to the dye-room; but if it is to be made into tapestry, then it goes to the printer. When dyed, of course, each yarn is of one color throughout. When printed every yarn is of one color for a certain length, perhaps half an inch, then another for perhaps a quarter of an inch and soon. The dye-house is a picturesque place. It is filled with clouds of steam that roll from the caldrons, over which half naked men are stooping, lifting stout rods covered with hanks of yarn in and out of the boiling dye. When the workman thinks the yarn has acquired the right color he submits a skein of it to the chief dyer. If he passes it the batch of yarn is steamed in order to "set" the dye, and is then washed and dried in another hot room, and then the yarn is at last ready for the loom.

A Brussels carpet usually contains five colors. This is accomplished by filling five "frames" with spools of yarn, each frame being filled with yarn of one color. The threads are carried from each spool through the "heddle" to the loom. Above, the "Jacquard," a part of the machine of intricate construction, determines just which threads are raised at a particular moment so as to appear in the pattern. Thus Brussels is woven, the pattern growing like magic as the shuttle flies back and forth, every part of the complicated machinery of the loom moving at its appointed time and place as if inspired with intelligence.

The printing process is even more wonderful. Imagine a huge drum on which the yarn is wound. Beneath it runs a carriage carring a kind of brush loaded with color. The color is changed as required by a boy. The operator turns the drum to a certain point, and at a signal the carriage rolls across under the drum, painting a narrow strip of color. The drum moves a notch and the color brush flies back again, doubling the width of the strip. The operator follows the pattern before him, and he must follow it neatly. If he makes the strip of color too wide, and if the color be dark, so that another can not be printed over it, the whole drum of yarn is spoiled and the blunderer is fined one dollar.

When the yarn has all been printed it is steamed, washed and dried, and then reeled. Now, it must be "set" according to the pattern. This is a process requiring much patience and exactness, and the nimble fingers of girls are employed to do it. When a pattern is "set," it is rolled on a cylinder and then each thread must be fixed into its proper place in the loom. Then the weaving begins and the carpet commences to grow, every dot of color coming exactly where it should to bring out the pattern clearly and distinctly. The most wonderful thing about the loom is the "wire" movement. The machinery pulls out from a woven carpet a wire, armed with a blade at its end. This blade cuts the wool, and thus makes the "pile." Then the wire is pushed back and again thrust into the warp, the whole movement being accomplished with lightning-like rapidity.

The carpet must then be carefully scrutinized by women, who sew up any broken threads; its surface must be sheared and brushed by machinery, so as to make it perfectly even and bright, and then it is ready for the market.—*Philadelphia Press.*

VERMIN ON STOCK.

A Preventive and Cure Which Has Stood the Test of Twenty Years.

I have noticed several articles on the destruction of vermin on live-stock. We all have a way of our own, which is all right if based upon reason and common sense. My way is to lock the barn before the horse is stolen. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," is an old saying if rightly used and applied. My belief is that no perfectly healthy domestic animal will ever breed or be infested with vermin if properly treated and cared for, and most all diseases may be warded off or prevented by using timely remedies or preventatives. During twenty years of farm experience I used from fifteen to twenty-five pounds of sulphur every year, which can be bought for six cents per pound by the quantity. To prepare it for use, to one part sulphur add two parts salt, one part fine wood ashes, the stronger the better. Place it under an open shed if you have it; if not, in the yard, and put a cover over it, where all can have access when they please, and feed no other salt. During the last twenty years I have kept from one to ten horses constantly, kept and fed hundreds of cattle, hogs and sheep, and never lost by disease or otherwise one hundred dollars, all told. In stall-feeding cattle, I give them a warm stable, plenty of fresh bedding, and use the card freely every day. To guard against lice, take an old tin baking powder can, fill about half full of flour of sulphur, perforate the cover with small holes, replace, and you are ready for business. Take your card in left hand, your pepper box in right; get on near side of steer. Commence at tail and rake the hair toward the head with card, following up with a light sprinkling of sulphur from your box, from tail to horns. Then give the hair a light brush with hand back and forth, to work sulphur down into the hair. Repeat this and in two or three weeks allow them all of the sunshine, but keep well sheltered from the storm. Crowd all of the feed into them that they will take and take clean. My word for it, you will be troubled with no lice and will get good returns for your trouble and feed.—*Cor. Toledo Blade.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Most people neglect the eye," says a medical paper. Please except the prize-fighter.—*Texas Siftings.*

—In seven years the value of the products of South Carolina has increased from $72,000,000,000 to $101,000,000.

—Some of the cable news is made by a New Yorker who puts on his overcoat and then writes letters from an Irishman in Ulster.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—A man never values himself at so small a figure as when sued for breach of promise, and on no other occasion is he rated as high by the other sex.—*Baltimore American.*

—"You are a very large man," said an Avenue tailor to a new Congressman, as he took his measure. "Think so, do you?" replied the M. C. "I certainly do." "Well, you ought to see me when I'm at home."—*Washington Critic.*

—The authoritative statement of a French scientist to the effect that the coming man will be bald before he reaches the age of twenty, indicates that early marriages will be fashionable in the future.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

—Judge—"Have you any thing to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner—"Well, all I've got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

—Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)—"H'm—still flighty."—*Life.*

—Grandfather Totter (to aged wife) "I was a tellin' the minister yisterday, Mirandy, that you'll be ninety-two years old to-morrer." Grandmother Totter (indignantly)—"Well ye had no right to say no sech thing, John Totter; I'll only be ninety-one. Ye ought to be more keerful."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Humane enthusiasts can not agree upon the best methods of putting criminals to death. What is wanted is some gentle, tender method which won't inflict pain nor jar on a murderer's feelings. He must be treated as gingerly as a yearling babe and his character must not receive a stain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—He was assisting her on with her glove. It had already taken him five minutes, and he was trembling in every limb. "Perhaps, Mr. Smith," she suggested, "if I should remove my engagement ring you would find less difficulty." This proved, indeed, to be the case, and Mr. Smith's trembling limbs resumed their normal nervy condition.

A GOOD EDUCATOR.

Lessons to be Learned From Observations Made in the Street.

The world is full of useful information, and no person of active mind can travel far over any part of its surface without learning something that is good for him to know. There is no institution for the diffusion of knowledge like the social system of which we all form a part, with its varied interests, its occupations, characters, achievements, failures and every-day history acted before our eyes. The man who can walk through Broadway, on any day of the year, without receiving an impression capable of being turned to good account either on his own behalf or that of his fellow-men, is little better than a dolt. The streets of a city constitute a museum of inestimable value to observing eyes and thinking heads. The specimens of utilitarian and ornamental art, of inventive genius, of scientific discovery and adaptation, of skill and dexterity in almost every department of human labor, exposed to view in the windows of the stores, constitute an ever open volume of information for the people, that he who runs may read. But he must not run too fast. It will pay him to pause now and then and make inquiries as he goes along, even when in full chase of the golden game we are all supposed to be pursuing. For even in a walk from Union Square to Wall street, he may gather knowledge that will help him to make a shorter cut to his object.

All discoveries and inventions are suggestive. A new labor-saving machine may not be applicable to your special purpose, but the principle upon which it works may be capable of being otherwise applied. Inquire about it. Don't be ashamed to question the inventor. His explanations may give you a hint that you may improve at your leisure. At any rate his conversation may set you thinking, and something valuable generally comes of earnest, well-directed thought. We have known a man to lay the foundation of a fortune by gazing into a mechanician's window, and afterwards spending five minutes in conversation with the mechanician himself. Inquiring eyes, quick ears and a questioning tongue are the *atenniæ* through which the human insect acquires practical knowledge as it moves along. Its brains would be of no more use without them than a head of steam without an engine.

There are lessons in trade, in social and political economy, in moral philosophy, in almost everything pertaining to the business of life, to be learned in the streets. There the great principle of mutual and reciprocal dependence, of community of interests, is illustrated and rendered self-evident. There we are taught the necessity of mutual forbearance, of mutual courtesy, of mutual charity. There we learn the value of honesty, brotherhood, sympathy, and see the consequences of fraud, selfishness and uncharitableness. It imports us to lay such lessons to heart, and to apply them in great things as well as small.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CONVINCING GUARANTEES.

Which are Justified by a World-Wide Experience.

To the Public:

Having branch houses and laboratories in seven different quarters, and therefore having a world-wide experience, we, H. H. Warner & Co., justify ourselves in making the following statement:

First.—For the past decade we have held that 93 per cent. of diseases originate in the kidneys, which introduce uric acid into the system, a poison that is injurious to every organ, attacking and destroying first the organs which are the weakest. We have also held that *if the kidneys are kept in perfect health most of the ordinary ailments will be prevented*, or, if contracted, cured. Other practitioners have held that extreme kidney disease is incurable. We have *proof to the contrary*, however, in hundreds of thousands of cases in every section of the globe.

Second.—The kidneys being the sewers of the human system, it is impossible to keep the entire system in good working order *unless these organs are doing their full duty.* Most people do not believe their kidneys are out of order because they never give them any pain. *It is a peculiarity of kidney disease that it may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or of the practitioner.* It may be suspected if there is any gradual departure from ordinary health, which departure increases as age comes on.

Third.—We do not cure every known disease from one bottle. This is *an impossibility.*

Fourth.—Warner's Safe Remedies have been recognized by the doctors and the people all over the globe *as standards of the highest excellence.*

Fifth.—We make the following unqualified guarantees:

GUARANTEE 1.—That Warner's Safe Remedies are *pure and harmless.*

GUARANTEE 2.—*That the testimonials used by us are genuine*, and so far as we know, absolutely *true.* We will forfeit $5,000 for proof to the contrary.

GUARANTEE 3.—Warner's Safe Remedies have *permanently cured* many millions of people whom the doctors have pronounced incurable. Permanent cures are always convincing *proofs* of *merit.*

Sixth.—Ask your friends and neighbors what they think of Warner's Safe Cure.

REV. J. P. ARNOLD, Camden, Tenn., had fearful abscesses caused by Kidney disease. In 1878 and 1881, other running abscesses appeared. He was fully cured in 1882 by Warner's Safe Cure and in 1888 reported himself sound and well, and he is over 70 years old.

MRS. ANNIE JENNESS-MILLER, editress of *Dress*, 253 Fifth avenue, New York, eight years ago was cured of nervous prostration, when the best New England physicians could do her no good. She cured herself with Warner Safe Cure, and writes in 1887: "To-day I am a perfectly well woman. It is the only medicine I ever take."

E. B. PRICE, M. D., a gentleman and physician of the highest standing of Hanover C. H., Va., four years ago, after trying every other remedy for bright's disease, including famous mineral waters, cured himself by Warner's Safe Cure, and March 24, 1888, wrote: "I have never had the slightest symptoms of my old and fearful trouble."

HERMAN URBAN, of MacNeale & Urban, safe makers, Cincinnati, O., was broken down by excessive business cares. He was fully restored to health four years ago by Warner's Safe Cure and has since been in robust health.

DR. DIO. LEWIS wrote: "If I found myself afflicted with a serious kidney disorder I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

MRS. E. J. WOLF, Gettysburg, Pa., S. C. Farrington, Gotha, Fla., J. M. Long, 43 East 2d street, Cincinnati, O., and the sister of J. W. Westlake, Mt. Vernon, O., were cured of consumption, (caused by kidney acid in the blood, as over half the cases are,) by Warner's Safe Cure.

We could give many thousands of similar testimonials. Warner's Safe Cure does exactly as represented.

Seventh.—Warner's Safe Remedies were put on the market in obedience to a vow made by H. H. Warner that, if the remedy now known as Warner's safe cure, restored him to health, he would spread its merits before the entire world. In ten years the demand has grown so that laboratories have been established in seven quarters of the globe. Warner's Safe Cure is a scientific specific—*it cures when all the doctors fail*, thousands of the best physicians prescribe it regularly, its power over disease is *permanent* and its reputation is of the most exalted character. Can you afford longer to ignore its extraordinary power? Now, in the spring of the year, a few bottles will tone you up and cure all those ill feelings which, unknown to you, are caused by the fatal kidney poison in the blood, which will surely end fatally, if not *at once* removed. For this no other specific is known.

MANY a man gets a reputation for being a knowing man on account of his skill in becoming an owing man.—*Siftings.*

THE success of some of the agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., is truly marvellous. It is not an unusual thing for their agents to make as high as $20 and $30 a day, and sometimes their profits run up as high as $40 and $50—even more. But we hesitate to tell you the whole truth, or you will scarcely believe we are in earnest. Write them and see for yourself what they will do for you.

THE canned article that goes the quickest is a dog's tail.—*Boston Bulletin.*

THE man who drinks is always thirsty. That's why he drinks.—*Chicago Mail.*

MALT drinks were cheap in the old days—they had farthing-ales.—*Texas Siftings.*

A BRIEF engagement—retaining a lawyer.

A RAIN-DROP—storm scene on a stage curtain.

THE cross-cut saw gets dull in spite of its teeth.—*Puck.*

IT is a theatrical maxim that the verb "act" should not be used in the Pass-ive voice.—*Merchant Traveller.*

SOME temperance men are so punctilious that they will never permit themselves to appear in good spirits.—*Boston Post.*

WHY has a chambermaid more lives than a cat? Because she returns to dust every morning.

THE will power of a surrogate is something awful to contemplate.—*Life.*

THE locomotive is a hard-working, useful member of the community, even though it is always puffing itself.—*Toronto Globe.*

HOW TO prevent seasickness—stay ashore.

STRIKING a balance is not a breach of the peace.

GREAT Pomp at funerals began when great Pompey was buried.—*Texas Siftings.*

A GOOD many dough heads are still found among the upper crust.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

DID you ever notice that a man goes to a lawyer and to a physician for precisely the same purpose—to recover?—*St. Albans Messenger.*

THE more faithfully a girl keeps a diary the more religiously she wants to keep it out of the way of every body else in the neighborhood.

A HAND to hand contest—poker.—*Critic.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Where a piece of land is not fit for cultivation, yet produces a growth of some kind, even of weeds, it may be devoted to sheep, as the sheep will eat young weeds readily.

—Horse Radish Sauce: Take stock which has been cooked with a little vinegar, salt, butter, sugar and fine bread crumbs, and mix with it as much grated horse-radish as will be required; the sauce should be quite thick; eat with boiled beef.

—Cocoanut Tarts: Dissolve half a pound of sugar in a pint of water; add a pound of grated cocoanut and boil. Let cool; add the well-beaten yelk of three eggs and the white of one; beat all together and pour in tart tins lined with puff paste.

—Meadows that have ceased to give good crops may be renewed cheaply by turning the sod soon after cutting, then harrow thoroughly at intervals of a fortnight, and before autumn rains reseed with timothy and such other varieties of grass as may be suited to soil and situation.

—Severely cutting back the dead wood on the peach trees will start them into new life. If the tree be dead at the top and the wood near the trunk green, the new buds will soon give a new top. By keeping all the injured old wood cut away the tree will do service much longer than is usually the case with peach trees.

—Apple Snow: Peel and quarter half a dozen apples; stew with a little water, the rind of a lemon and a little sugar. When quite soft, remove the rind and strain the apples through a fine sieve. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, with powdered sugar; gradually add the strained apple, and beat till of the consistency of whipped cream. Heap upon a dish in pyramid form, and garnish with lady fingers.

—Apple Dumplings: These are quickly and easily prepared. Slice sour apples into a round pie dish, or pan, until rounded very full; then take one cupful of buttermilk, a tablespoonful of thick cream or other shortening, one teaspoonful of soda, slightly rounded, a little salt; stir in flour to make it quite thick but do not beat it. Stir lightly and spread it over the apples. Put a spoonful of water in the tin. Bake half an hour, not too brown. When they are removed from the oven spread a little butter over the crust.

THOROUGH CULTIVATION.

A Plan That Has Been Tested with Satisfactory Results.

The farmer is under a strong temptation to attempt to do too much. Every spring many farmers plant more ground than they can properly manure, and put in crops which they can not thoroughly cultivate. Every autumn these men have very light yields per acre, and feel that while they have tried to do a great deal they have really accomplished very little.

If these farmers would make a radical change in their methods, they would certainly secure more satisfactory returns. It pays better to do a small business in a thorough manner than to carry on a large one without the means for its successful prosecution.

In France, the land is held in small lots, and farm business is done on what, to the American, seems a very small scale. Yet the farmers of France are quite prosperous, as is demonstrated by the fact that they loan, in the aggregate, large sums of money to the Government. The recuperative power of France, manifested since the close of the war with Germany, has been the wonder of the civilized world. This power is largely due to the prosperity of the land-holders, and this is secured by the concentration of capital, fertilizers, and labor upon small areas of land.

If examples nearer home are desired, they are furnished by market gardens near all our large cities. These men work on small areas. They manure heavily and cultivate thoroughly. They obtain immense yields. There is no secret about their success. It is largely due to concentration. These men do not cultivate two acres if they only have labor and fertilizers enough for one. Wherever they attempt to cultivate, they are liberal with manure and unsparing with labor. With them this course is a necessity. Land is very costly, fertilizers are expensive, and the labor employed represents a large amount of cash. The circumstances of the farmers are very different. Land is abundant and comparatively cheap, his yards furnish a quantity of manure, and he does not have to pay his help as high wages as the gardener who is near a city. Yet the conditions of success in the production of large and profitable crops are the same in both cases. Whether it is close to a city or far out in the country, whether it is a farm or a garden, a little land well manured and thoroughly cultivated pays a great deal better than a large area which is poorly tilled and to which only half enough fertilizing matarial is applied.

In planning for active work, the farmer will do well to study concentration. It will be far better to keep half of a field in grass, if there is only manure enough for half of it, than to plow the whole and spread the fertilizer over the entire area. Such a method will save a good deal of useless labor, and will yield a much larger percentage of profit than can be secured by following the opposite course. The same rule applies to labor. It will not pay to plant a larger area than can be promptly and thoroughly cultivated.

The plan recommended in this article is not put forth as an experiment. It has been thoroughly tested and proved to be entirely satisfactory.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

WOMAN'S MENTAL STATUS.

Why Dr. Livermore Considers It Superior to That of Man.

Though we were to concede all that is claimed for difference in size of brain between the sexes, still in the home no one discovers any natural inferiority of girls to boys. As a rule, the girls in any community are quite as intelligent as the boys. If we pass from childhood to youth we still fail to discover any mental inferiority of young women to young men. When the two sexes are educated together the female performs her task with the same apparent ease as the male. Young women acquire languages as readily, comprehend abstruse problems as quickly, and are quite as likely to take prizes in mathematics and other studies as male students. In adult age we find the same intellectual equality of the sexes. And yet here we may find an excuse for any deficiency on the part of woman, by remembering that she has not had the same opportunity for mental development that man has enjoyed. The greatest variation of brain-weight is among civilized peoples, where women have never enjoyed equal advantages with men for mental culture, while among the lowest races there is but little, if any, variation in size of brain between the sexes, showing that education has had much to do in the intellectual development of man. Says Maudsley, who is authority on this subject: "Among Europeans the average weight of the brain is greater in educated than in uneducated persons." Now woman has never had equal opportunities with man for intellectual development. The universities and all the best educational institutions of the world have been closed to her, and all the weight of custom and prejudice have been brought to bear upon her, to make her repress all intellectual aspirations as foreign to her sphere of activity, which is popularly interpreted to mean domesticity. If "quality" of brain has no bearing on this question, as Professor Romanes maintains, why, then, should a 37-ounce brain in man involve idiocy, and the same result not follow in woman with a 37-ounce brain? If the brain of both sexes is the same in all respects, why should not idiocy follow in each with the same weight of brain? If the man becomes idiotic with 37 ounces of brain, as we are told, and the woman is in no danger of idiocy with that weight of brain, it is evident enough which has the inferior brain. If the 32-ounce female brain can do better intellectual work than the 37-ounce male brain (the point of idiocy) then the argument from the relative weight of brain falls, or proves the superiority of the female brain. If the 37-ounce male brain goes to wreck and ruin, while the 37-ounce female brain is sound and clear and capable of good mental work, it legitimately follows that the constituent properties of the two brains are in some respects different, or that the female brain is of superior quality, as many scientific writers teach. If both had precisely the same "quality" of brain, both would become idiotic with the same "quantity," viz., 37 ounces. It is because of this higher quality of the female brain that little girls have an excess of refined moral sense over boys, more natural refinement, sweeter natures, and diviner instincts. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but, generally speaking, the finer qualities of the female nature are apparent in early girlhood, so that the instincts and perceptions in girls are of a higher order than in boys. Girls are more refined in their manners and habits of life and thought, and this indicates a higher degree of moral and spiritual sensibility. Words and actions show the quality of the soul, for out of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the speech betrays the quality of the heart. Woman, as a rule, has a better quality of thought and life than man.—*Rev. D. P. Livermore, in Forum.*

PORPOISES AT PLAY.

Playfulness and Agility of the Seemingly Lazy Creatures.

Mr. Colbeck, writing of his cruise upon the Black Sea, describes, in an entertaining manner, the antics of the porpoises as he watched them from the steamer's deck. The playfulness and agility of the porpoise in these seas were very conspicuous.

A shoal tumbling in the distance, to port or starboard, and sometimes far astern, would become aware of the presence of a vessel, and, skimming alongside with incredible speed, dart one over another, and finally reach the bows; then a marine game would begin, beautiful and exciting to behold. Turning from side to side, and sometimes completely over, their white bellies a silvery gleam, the porpoises would dart, now rising above the wave to take in a fresh stock of air, and then diving completely under the bows, and appearing on the other side, apparently as full of frolic as fish could be. With delicate precision they would regulate their speed to that of the vessel, allowing the vessel sometimes to touch the tips of their tails, and then, as if their joy was exuberant, too much to contain, dart away at five times the speed of the vessel, and come skimming back again to meet her. When the porpoise is seen breaking the water from a distance it has all the appearance of a very lazy creature. But when seen in clear seas, completely under water, the gracefulness and velocity of its motion, explained partly by the perfect curve of its body, either way, to the tapering nose and tail, can not be surpassed. It reminds one of the sweep of a gannet when it sights the prey.—*Youth's Companion.*

—In the French press the long persecuted mother-in-law has been superseded by the nimble son-in-law.—*Chicago-Journal.*

DRIED HUMAN HEADS.

A Singular Custom of Many South American Tribes.

In the National Museum are two shrunken heads, with nearly perfect features, long, glossy hair, and having the mouth closed by means of a long fringe of cords. There is a double-braided cord fastened to the vortex for suspension, and others hanging downward for the attachment of colored feathers.

There seems to be some confusion in literature about these heads, and I write this note partly to state what I have learned and partly to ask for light.

Dried heads are preserved by many South American tribes. Fletcher and Kidder ("Brazil," 473, illustrated) say:

"The Tamoyos dwelt formerly in the provinces of Rio Janeiro and Minas Geraes, but, being harassed by colonists, were pursuaded by the eloquence of Chief Jappy Assu to emigrate north. They migrated more than three thousand miles to the mouth of the Madeira. Their descendants are now between the Tapajoz and the Madeira, among the lakes and channels of the Tapinambas. They are now called the Mundrucus, the most warlike Indians in South America. They live in villages, in each of which there is a fortress where the men sleep at night. This building is adorned within by the dried heads of their enemies decked with feathers.

But the Jivaros, who dwell on the Napo river, in Ecuador, do more than dry the heads. They remove all the bones, and shrink the heads until they are no larger than a lady's fist, and are as hard and glossy as polished ebony.

There is an account which says that these people, when they have killed a brave enemy, cut off his head, pounded it with clubs until all the bones within were beaten to a jelly, then removed the bones and smoked the head until it shrunk to its present proportions. This has always seemed unreasonable, because the pounding would destroy the skin.

Mr. Charles H. Knight, an American citizen, went to the Napo country, 180 miles east from Quito, in 1871, and spent five years there in business. He procured one of these dried heads, which is now in the United States National Museum, from the Achualas, a band of Jivaros, through an old Indian who had seen the preparation. The heads thus treated are always trophies taken from a slain enemy. An incision is made quite through the skin around the neck, well down toward the shoulders. The skin is then drawn off over the head, just as one would do in flaying an animal, cuttings being made whenever muscular adhesion made it necessary.

The features are thus left intact. The skin is then soaked in an infusion of some kind of herb, which Mr. Knight did not procure. The second step consists in filling the skin with hot pebbles and sand, over and over, until it is quite shrunken and dry. The soaking in the decoction and the shrinking and drying are alternately practiced until the trophy is reduced to the desired proportions. The mouth is then sewed up, a cord is passed through the top of the head and the specimen is hung up in the smoke.—*Science.*

USE OF DISINFECTANTS.

Some Valuable Hints on the Subject for Housekeepers.

A disinfectant separates the odor into its original elements and makes new combinations, new substances, which are hurtless. Fresh burned lime, called unslacked or quick lime, is the most common disinfectant, dissolved in water until it is thin enough to be sprinkled or used with a brush.

Copperas, called green vitriol or sulphate of iron, is better than lime; a pound, costing half a dime, dissolved in four gallons of boiling water, and thrown into a privy or sink, will remove the odor in ten minutes, to be repeated two or three times a month in warm weather, or as often as any odor is perceptible.

Chloride of lime, sprinkled over damp places, in yards, cellars, etc., cleanses and purifies, but it has an odor of its own, and is supposed by some to be hurtful.

A layer of fresh-burned charcoal in powder, two or three inches in depth, over a heap of decaying offal, absorbs the odor, decomposes it and burns it up.

If this can not be had, a layer of fresh earth, six inches deep, confines the odor of decaying matters, but does not destroy them, and is good for temporary use until better substances can be obtained.

The manganates of soda or potash, dissolved in warm water, are among the best deodorizers and disinfectants.

To disinfect linen, or washing apparel, soak it in a mixture of one ounce of chloride of lime in a gallon of water.

Woolens, beddings, etc., which can not be washed are best disinfected by exposure for three or four hours in a chamber heated to two hundred degrees.

To disinfect rooms, wash the ceilings and walls with quicklime water, and scrub the woodwork with brush, soap, and hot water, and then wash with two ounces of chloride of lime dissolved in a gallon of water.

Glass and stone-ware after being scrubbed with sand and soap are deprived of all ill odor by shaking dry charcoal powder in them.—*Chicago Globe.*

A Long Suffering Man.

Judge—You say you want a divorce from your wife?

Yes, if your Honor please.

But reflect for a moment that you have lived together nearly half a century.

"Well, haven't I suffered long enough?—*Texas Siftings.*

Special Land Excursions.

On May 8th and 22d, and June 5th and 19th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. R'y, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the Government Lands and fertile country of central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and northeastern Colorado, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. Tickets good for 30 days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points; and to all other States mentioned, 60 days. Liberal stop-over privileges will be accorded passengers beyond terminal points of this line. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines, or address, PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

WHO was Cain's wife? Adam's daughter-in-law, of course.

Tourist and Pleasure Travel.

The CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y announces the sale of Round Trip Tickets at greatly reduced rates to points in Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. These sales will continue DAILY during the spring and summer of 1888. Round-trip tickets will also be sold to popular resorts near home, such as Colfax Springs, Spirit Lake, Lake Minnetonka and hundreds of other localities of interest to artist, tourist, sportsman and invalid.

The GREAT ROCK ISLAND assures to all purchasing these Round-Trip Tourist Tickets a choice of routes and the safest, speediest and pleasantest journey that Fast Through Trains, composed of the finest cars that run on wheels, can afford. For further information address E. A. Holbrook, General Ticket and Passenger Agent at Chicago.

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THE girl who won't be won usually remains one.—*Washington Critic.*

THE man who indulges in "horns" may be expected to go on a toot.—*Ottawa Bee.*

Something Worth Reading.

OF INTEREST

TO EVERYBODY.

THALIA THEATRE, New York.

I have been a sufferer from nervousness and nervous prostration for years, and have tried many things, but without the least good. Hearing so much about Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic from my friends and others whom it cured, I at last decided to take it. Its effects are really almost magical, for it immediately takes away that nervous, restless and weak feeling or sense of exhaustion, and restores one to a perfect condition of health. It is a great boon and a wonderful blessing to nervous people. LUCIE WERNER.

This wonderful remedy, whose praise is upon everybody's lips, must be the most marvelous in its curative powers of any remedy ever discovered. Wheaar every day of remarkable cures of nervousness, nervous weakness, exhaustion, paralysis or other nervous diseases effected by this great nerve tonic and restorative. Here a person rescued from the grave, as was Mrs. Annie Donovan, of Attawugan, Conn.; there a case saved from that terrible disease, insanity, as was Mr. W. C. Miles, of 6 Bue Hill Avenue, Boston, Mass.; again, cures of paralysis of years' standing, like that of Mr. Alexander Hom, of the Marine Asylum, Philadelphia, who had not been able to walk before for years; or restoration from the severest neuralgia and rheumatism, like in case of Mr. James Bown, of 27 Market Street, New York City. Cures of sleeplessness, with nervous and physical exhaustion, are very frequent, the wonderful cure of Mrs. W. F. Abbe, of 19 Affleck Street, Hartford, Conn., being only one among thousands. Altogether, the remarkable powers of DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC in curing all forms of nervous diseases like the above and restoring to health sufferers from nervous affections have demonstrated it to be a remedy of wonderful powers and at times of almost miraculous effects in curing disease.

If you are weak, tired, nervous and exhausted, with no ambition to work or do any thing, do not fail to use this marvelous remedy, for it will restore your strength, vigor and energies. It will remove all nervousness and nervous weakness. If you are sleepless, restless and wakeful nights its use will soothe, calm and quiet the nerves and give you sound, natural and refreshing sleep. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite and general dispirited feeling, it will clear your head, give you an appetite, banish that tired feeling and afford you renewed life. It is the best remedy in the world and cures perfectly and completely spring debility, malaria, nervous debility, nervous and physical exhaustion from overwork, strain upon the nerves, or other cause, depression of the mind, neuralgia, paralysis, numbness, trembling, nervous and sick headaches, pain in back and side, hot flashes, palpitation and heart disease, hysteria, dyspepsia, indigestion, opium or chloral habit, etc. It is purely vegetable, and therefore harmless.

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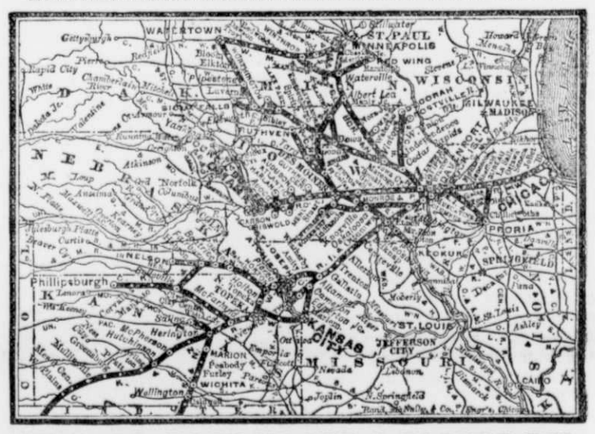
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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

The Republican Convention for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland met in Cumberland Wednesday last at 11 o'clock A. M. Mr. Peter Lugenbeel, of Frederick county was Chairman and Mr. F. B. Noyes, of Montgomery, Secretary. Messrs. George L. Wellington, of Allegany, and Benjamin Miller, of Montgomery, were elected delegates to Chicago, and Messrs. F. B. Noyes, of Montgomery, and J. F. Wheaton, of Washington, alternates. Daniel Chisholm of Garrett was elected elector by acclamation.

Mr. McComas on the Tariff.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—Representative McComas made a strong argument to-day in opposition to the Mills Tariff bill. He spoke forcibly and to the point, showing very clearly the damage that would accrue to the manufacturing industries of this country if the measure under discussion should pass. The House was comparatively deserted when he began, but the interest of his address and the sharp passages between him and Roggers and Hemphill attracted general attention, and the members crowded around and applauded the bright sallies and clever repartee of the Marylander. The admission which he wrung from General Hooks that not a Democrat had said or would say a thing for protection, was considered one of the most significant incidents of the tariff debate. Mr. McComas was very frequently applauded and warmly congratulated on his speech.

Mr. McComas began his address as follows: "If any article of common use which our farmers cannot profitably grow, or our miners or workmen produce, is not already on the free list, I will vote to put it on. If any duty on any home product be higher than the conceded higher wages rate of my country I will vote to reduce it to the protective level, because I believe the tariff is simply a question of wages. If it be clear that any clause fosters only monopoly I will vote to strike it out. If you frame a revenue reduction bill with an eye single to the relief of the treasury and the people from a growing surplus I will vote with you. If you, who are the majority, would suffer the Republican minority to deal for one day only with the problem of the surplus I believe we would in that single day reduce our annual revenues seventy millions of dollars by repealing the internal revenue tax on tobacco, a burden on the farms in sixteen hundred counties and fifteen States, by repealing the internal revenue tax on alcohol used in the arts, manufacturing medicines and drugs, and by reducing the tariff on sugar to a minimum yielding revenue, enough to pay bounties to home producers of sugar from cane, sorghum, corn and beets. The reduction of the surplus is the pretext, but not the motive of this bill.

He then discussed the Mills bill, as it injured the farmers, saying that more than one-third of the free list was the products of lumbermen, quarrymen, farmers and miners.

He insisted the problem to-day was not cheapness, but employment, and contrasted home trade and foreign trade, and contended that for us the market of the world was a delusion under free trade with all Europe protectionists. And proceeded to say: "It amazes me to hear Mr. Mills, who hails from Texas, claim that the tariff has nothing to do with wages, because wages are higher in some States than in others. The tariff wrought its best fruit in New England, and the enterprising North and West. Wages are lower in Arkansas and Louisiana and South Carolina, because slavery condemned the black and poor white people to ignorance, and after the war, under the inherited system, it was too long disgraceful to labor.

"The wages of her men and women are not much more than half the wages paid in New England. It is amazing to hear representatives from the Southern States unite to denounce the tariff when the South most needs protection. New England and Pennsylvania, rich with the fruits of a general system of manufactures, may well smile at the folly of these Southern leaders blinded by prejudice. The war cry of the old South was slave labor and free trade. Slavery has gone, but these leaders of the old South here on the floor fight for the English alliance and free trade once more. Free trade is still the dream of the old South, whose corner-stone was the plantation idea, wide lands, an accomplished few enriched by the ignorant many toiling for bare subsistence. The old South whose old master class can forget, with magnanimity, the bitterness of the war, but cannot forgive the enfranchisement of their slaves. The old South, which appalled at the rule of the ignorant majority, resorts in turn to violence or fraud, convinced that if ever the small white minority yields at the ballot box to the growing black majority, then will be the doom in the cotton States of public and private rights. The old South, which, bewildered by the gravest problem of civilization, blindly keeps solid the black vote by outside pressure, by the denial of full citizenship, which excuses the fraudulent denial of a fair poll or count in communities where there is a black majority by reason of color, ignorance and poverty; convinced that fraud affords the only escape from the supremacy of the poor and ignorant mass. The old South, which passionately forbids massed black ignorance to be counted against its own intelligent white minority, but with shameless inconsistency believes it right to count this uncounted black vote wherever the South needs an offset to as many intelligent workingmen's votes actually cast in the North and West, believes it right to thus quadruple the power of the white minority of the cotton States at an election for President and Congress. This old South, whose old Confederate leaders on this floor now seek by free trade and the English alliance to readjust the old plantation idea to raw products of mines and fields with cheap peasant labor.

"There is hope in the new South with her exultation in her new-found treasures, her inexhaustible mines of coal and iron, her mountains of iron and salt, her copper, lead, her granite, her fire clay, her cement and lime rock, all imperiled by this bill. The new South, with its nascent industrial fire, its gleams of wealth through whirling spindles and looms and molten glass.

"The new South, with its growing impatience with the plantation idea, the growing belief that the Northern township system will not sustain 'Southern booms.' The new South, by slow degrees learning that the healthful growth of Southern towns and cities must be grounded upon the education of the whole mass of the people, by the free consent of all under a local self-government with equal civil rights as citizens. The new South, conscious of the value of its free black labor, beginning dimly to see that this labor, robbed of its dues for two centuries, must be educated if the South would rival the Northern labor, if it wants the factory to raise the value of the farms, and around the shops to grow a village.

"The new South, which believes it must lift its labor above the level of Europe, and that, like the North, it must eventually pay its skilled workers in metal, glass, wool and cotton fifty per cent. more than the old world, if it would transform its towns into cities and diffuse prosperity over countless small farms.

"Upon this new South, thrilling with mighty enterprises, developing her mines, founding her cities, Mr. Cleveland's message against a protective tariff fell like some unwelcome bell knelling a departed friend. This cry of free raw materials is the device whereby to drive the new South back to free trade before the transformation weds her to the tariff which made New England great. John Randolph said he would go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep. He hated the animal which made the farmers protectionists. Like another Tannhauser, the new South has just broken away from the toils of slavery. It has awakened to the industries of the earth, just when it is exploring the seams of earth to extract its ores, just as it stands by the mouths of its new made coal pits, the President's message and Mills' bill summon the new South again to slumber, that the vines may cumber the forests, that bats and owls may inhabit the shafts of deserted mines, that spiders may weave their webs over the mouths of the coal pits, that the grass may grow again in the village streets. Like another Tannhauser, this last cry will break the illusion of free trade that so long has blinded the South. Instead of Cleveland'r curfew, we will set the morning school bells ringing in the South. Coming from seven old slave States, I find on this side of the House seventeen friends of the American industrial system.

"These three things affright the old Bourbon Regime—organized labor, the Blair bill and a protective tariff. Organized labor, which, in the freer lands, by manifold endeavors through blunder and defeat, still is always groping upward toward the light, and destined, under liberty and law, to grandly help the uplifting of all mankind in this favored land; organized labor, so blindly battled with by the leaders of the old South on this floor, will yet prevail, as in this modern world the strength of numbers ever ultimately prevails. If these free trade leaders are statesmen, they should beware lest the black labor of the South, robbed of two centuries of education, self-help, standing with eyes blinded, may not take hold of the middle pillars of our house while our Philistines are making merry with our Southern people, and pull down our house upon us to avenge its two eyes.

"The clamor of the Southern people, the stern protest from the mines and the towns, disconcerted the plan to put coal and iron ore on the free list, but these free traders were not to be foiled. Anthracite coal is on the free list and bituminous coal is not mentioned. They have put on the free list 'all mineral substances in a crude state and metals unwrought not specially enumerated or provided for.' They do not specifically enumerate bituminous coal, which is a mineral substance in a crude state, nor iron which is metal unwrought, and the last section of the Mills bill repeals all laws or parts of laws in conflict herewith. The simple device of omitting to specify bituminous coal repealing the law which did specify it and putting iron on the free list as 'mineral substance in a crude state,' will not long be hidden from the new South conceived for its coal and iron.

"I now charge that since this bill was introduced her our free trade treasury chiefs have by a mere ruling repealed the tariff law which protected coal. For a hundred years since George Washington signed the first tariff act, bituminous and semi-bituminous coal of commerce have been protected. All the semi-bituminous coal of the Atlantic slope, the coal of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, mud of the coal of Pennsylvania, has been protected. Suddenly, in March, our Secretary declared that all coal with less than 20 per cent. of volatile combustible matter is anthracite, and therefore free For the first time the Cumberland coal of my own State and the Pocahontas coal of Virginia are declared to be anthracite by the Treasury, though still called semi-bituminous by all mankind. The bituminous coal of Swansea, Wales, and the bituminous coal of Canada is already coming into our ports, and will not be shipped unless this House shall declare that a free trade Secretary cannot legislate and thus enlarge the free list at will, to give the railroads, the gas and steamship monopolies free trade in coal before the Mills bill has passed. And I would vote to impeach the Secretary of the Treasury who has dared to usurp the functions of Congress, who has boldly put bituminous coal on the free list in defiance of the law.

"I have listened to the lamentations of the other side, who forgot that for eleven years they have controlled this House, and for three years past ruled this country. If the working people of my country can be diverted by these querulous complaints from the greatness of the American protective system and the splendor of its developement, as fashioned by the National Republican party during the recent twenty-five years, then, indeed, are our people 'like the people,' to borrow from an old philosopher, 'who, when they went to Olympia, could only perceive that they were scorched by the sun, and pressed by the crowd, and wetted by the rain, and that life full of disagreeable and troublesome things, and so they almost forgot the great colossus of ivory and gold, Phidias' statue of Zeus, which they had come to see, and which stood in all its glory and power before their perturbed and foolish vision.'

"I believe rather that the vast majority of our people will, with our formest statesmen, again declare for "that policy which inspires labor with hope and crowns it with dignity; which gives safety to capital and protects its increase; which secures political power to every citizen; culture and comfort to every home."

"Gentlemen say this is not an issue between free trade and protection. I take my watch in my hand, and will give a half minute to any member on the other side of the House who will cite one sentence from any one of the supporters of the Mills bill in favor of a tariff to protect American labor."

Mr. Hooker—The gentlemen has not heard, and will not hear, any Democrat utter a sentence in favor of protection.

After Mr. McCamas had been contrasting the old South with another new South, Mr. Rogers, of Arkansas, retorted that the gentleman still had his head in the cupboard.

Mr. McComas—The member from Arkansas has but little head to put in a cupboard, since, in a speech here, he proclaimed that he represents a district which had more convictions of its innabitants for theft, murder, rape and arson than any other State in the Union. I am proud to represent a district of law-abiding peaceful people. [Applause.]

Mr. Hemphill—Was the gentleman ever in the South?

Mr. McComas—Yes. I was born in the South, expect to live and die in the South, and represent a Southern district on this floor.

Mr. Hemphill — The gentleman was never in South Carolina.

Mr. McComas—No; but I would like to go there, to see how one hundred per cent. duty on rice retained there in this bill prospers South Carolina. And I would be especially glad to go there on election day, to see how, with eight ballot boxes, you delude the illiterate black majority. [Applause.]

Mr. Hemphill — The gentleman's eloquence about the South is only equaled by his ignorance. His State does not belong to the South.

Mr. McComas—The gentleman is ignorant of the needs of the South, as he is of the history of his State. In 1861 commissioners from South Carolina appealed to Maryland as a Southern State to come and go with South Carolina on the road to secession, bankruptcy and ruin. Perhaps because Maryland sent 46,000 soldiers to follow yonder flag over the Speaker's chair, with the battle cry of protection to white labor and freedom to slave labor, against South Carolina's cry for free trade and slave laborers, the gentleman has put Maryland further north. [Great applause.] I rejoice that on this side of the house sit seventeen friends of the new South and her industrial interests, who will vote against the Mills bill, and they are all natives of the States they represented—aye, natives, and the peers on this floor, as at home, of any member on that side of the House from the South. And these seventeen men will not, like you, be recreant to their industries, the mines, the forests and mills of the new South. [Applause.]

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 7th, 1888.—Senator Ingalls has been tendered a public reception by the Republican National League of this city. It is in recognition of the service to the Republican party which he performed last Tuesday in the Senate Chamber by showing up the hypocrisy of such copperheads as Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, who, during the rebellion devoted all their energies to putting obstacles in the way of the Government.

So well did the Kansas Senator do his work that Mr. Voorhees completely disgraced himself in the eyes of all respectable people by using language unbecoming a gentleman, such as "liar, scoundrel, dirty dog," &c. Truth very often hurts, but Senator Ingalls has the courage to tell it when occasion demands it, no matter who is hit thereby.

A delegation representing the maimed Soldier's League was before the House Committee on Pensions Friday to urge the early consideration of the bill making an increase in the pensions now paid to persons who lost an eye, arm or leg in the service. Another delegation favored the per diem pension bill.

The Senate committee on Labor have made a favorable report on the House bill to prohibit the employment of alien labor on public works.

The House was the scene of a disgraceful squabble on Saturday last. Mr. Woodburn had just finished his tariff sheech in which he taxed the Democrats with being members of the Cobden club, and stated that the resolution introduced in the interest of American citizens confined in British jails had been suppressed by Mr. Hewitt in the Forty-eighth Congress, and that Mr. Hewitt had gone to the British Minister and apologized for the resolution. When Mr. Woodburn concluded, Mr. Bryce, of New York, got up and said the statement was false. This caused some excitement and brought a dozen Republican members to their feet, and every one of them re-affirmed Mr. Woodburn's statement, Mr. Brumm of Pennsylvania, the author of the resolution referred to, reasserted Mr. Woodburn's statement and added that Mr. Bryce uttered a falsehood if he denied it. Then Messrs. Brumm and Bryce advanced towards each other in a threatening manner, each giving the other the lie direct, while the Chairman had difficulty in securing order.

Two such scenes as this in one week in our National Legislature is entirely beyond all question. If the first had not occurred in the Senate in the case of Mr. Voorhees, the chances are that this would not have taken place in the House, Our lower House of lawmakers is much too easily infected by the example of the upper for the latter to be careless regarding parliamentary rules.

Senator Stewart has introduced a bill to carry out the provisions of the Chinese treaty.

The nomination of Melville Weston Fuller, of Chicago, as Chief Justice has been very well received by the Republicans, but as much cannot be truthfully said of the Democrats. Mr. Fuller was born and educated in Maine, but has been a resident of Chicago for about 30 years. He is in no sense a man of national reputation, but all that is known of him is good. It is said that both the Republican Senators from Illinois are heartily in favor of Mr. Fuller. He has not yet accepted, but he will.

Two new pension bills were introduced last week, one by Mr. Edmunds in the Senate, to increase the pensions paid persons who contracted heart disease in the service, and one by Mr. Burrows in the House, to pension all persons who served 90 days or longer in the army or navy at the rate of one cent per month for each day of actual service.

Representative McKinley, of Ohio, is understood to be at work on a tariff bill which will represent the views of the Republicans. It will be offered as a substitute for the Mills tariff bill.

We Rule the World.

LONDON, April 29.—The *Economist* says: We expect to hear little of American treasury accumulations if the American government maintains the present rate of purchasing bonds.

There will be difficulty, however, which is likely to increase, as the supply of bonds diminish. It is easy to skin the market of bonds loosely held, but it is difficult to reach those held for investment, which will only be surrendered on distinctly advantageous terms.

Commenting on the Presidential election in America, the *Economist* says: "Vast business, financial and railway schemes hang upon the result of the election. Even English business waits. Europe has hardly realized that the growth of America has advanced the President's position to one of immense power and responsibility, so that it is now one of the first importance on earth. American diplomacy is guided by the President's decisions, and affects all countries, The President is now revolving the fisheries question with England, the Sami question with Germany, the emigration question with China, and the consular rights question with Morocco. He may next week decide whether America shall produce financial ruin in Paris, and shake the French Republic by its treatment of De Lessep's Panama canal.

The market was quiet and prices firm under influence of news of the German Emperor's improved condition and absence of any further developement of the Boulanger movement. There was a strong demand for American railroad securities, both for the home and foreign account. A comparatively small amount of American stocks and bonds is now held in Europe, but a large amount of European capital would be attracted to American investments on perceiving satisfactory indication of an improvement in American trade, which would be reflected in an advance in the value of railroad securities.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

For the better protection of deer in Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to chase or hunt deer with a dog or dogs on Winding Ridge, Meadow Mountain, Negro Mountain, or any place East of the Youghiogheny river in Garrett county, and it shall be lawful for any person to shoot or kill any hound or hounds found chasing deer in any of the places above mentioned. And it shall be prima facie evidence to convict under this section if any person shall be found in any of the above named places with a hound unless such person be on his own premises or travelling on some public road.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating any of the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than twenty five nor more than one hundred dollars for each offense one half to to the informer and the other half to the School Board of said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of the constables of said county to see to the enforcement of this Act in their respective bailiwicks and to report to the Grand Jury any violations of the same.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter J. Stephens, John W. Stark and Michael McAndrews, located as follows, viz: Leading from the black-smith shop at Swanger's Mill, and running South through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christ Miller and Patrick McAndrews, to the old Lochiel camp on Barton road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate and change the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
ELIAS MERRILL,
ROSS COMPTON,
5 5 5 Examiners.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter two hundred eighty-five of the Acts of the General Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, title, Attorneys at Law and Attorney in Fact," sub-title, State's Attorneys, so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, providing for the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, that chapter two hundred and eighty-five, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, "title, Attorneys at Law and Attorneys in Fact," sub-title "State's Attorney," be, and the same is hereby repealed, so far as it applies to Garrett county, and re-enacted with amendments, fixing the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county, and to read as follows.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall not receive any appearance fee in case of recognizances except when the same are traversed; nor shall said State's Attorney receive any fee or compensation in any case until the same has been finally disposed of by judgment or otherwise.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall receive the sum of fifteen dollars in each and every case which he shall prosecute for the State by indictment or presentment and trial, either before the Court or a jury, and that said sum shall be in addition to the appearance fee as now fixed by law.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That said sum of fifteen dollars allowed by the last preceding section shall be in lieu of all trial fees to said State's Attorney.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That all Acts and parts of Acts which are inconsistent with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed, so ar as the same apply to Garrett county.

f SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

5 5 3 CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-sections to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session eighteen hundred and eighty six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-section to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

5 5 3t. CARLTON SHAFER.
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 130.

AN ACT

To prevent non-residents of the State of Maryland from fishing and hunting in Garrett county without permission in writing from the owner of the premises upon which such hunting or fishing is done, and to prevent any person from fishing in Bear Creek in said county for two years.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person not a *bona fide* resident of the State of Maryland who shall fish or hunt in Garrett county without the written permission of the owner of the premises upon which he so fishes or hunts shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That any person who shall fish in Bear Creek in Garrett county before the first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That any person convicted before a tribunal having jurisdiction, of a violation of sections one and two of this act shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, one-half to the informer and the other half to School Commissioners.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted. That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed Jan. Session, 1888.

5 5 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief clerk, House of Delegates.

Estate of Noah Harvey, Deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscribers, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NOAH HARVEY,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers on or before the 27th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefits of said estate. Given under our hand this 24th day of April, 1888.

THOS. K. HARVEY,
MICHAEL S. HARVEY,
4 28 3t. Administrators.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
4 28 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Try Little's leading celebrated nickel cigars.

—Dr. B. T. Keller was in town attending court this week.

—We received a letter from Mr. John Shartzer, too late however, for this issue,

--Rev. F. S. Hipkins rented the Perry cottage, near the Court house, and moved into it Wednesday.

—Mr. D. E. Offutt is having a foundation built for the erection of a dwelling house on Mill street.

—Mr. Eugene E. Grannon, chief of the B. & O. detective force, and Mr. M. W. Riordan, an assistant, who are to testify in the train wrecking case, paid us a pleasant call Wednesday. Mr. Grannon is a printer by trade, and like all printers, a jolly good fellow.

—W. C. L. Correll has just opened up a full line of dry goods. Consisting of Muslins, Cambrics, Ginghams, Prints, &c., and also a fine line of Satines, very handsome patterns and latest styles, on all of which I am able to give my customers the lowest prices. Come and examine and be convinced. Corner R. R. and Main streets, Oakland, Md.

—The new Town Council met Monday night, and organized by electing Mr. A. G. Sturgiss President, and Mr. John Hart Clerk A. B. Gonder, Esq., was re-elected Police Magistrate, as was also Dr. S. Townshend Treasurer. Mayor Mason sent in the nomination of Mr. P. A. Chisholm for Bailiff and Collector. The nomination was not confirmed on account of the ineligibility of the nominee, he being Register of Voters for this district.

—The Democratic County Convention to select delegates to the Congressional and State Conventions met at the Court House Wednesday afternoon, and was called to order by Hon. R. T. Browning. Mr. W. H. Barnard was elected President and Mr. J. S. Combs Secretary. Messrs. Edmund Jamison, E. M. Friend and James B. Dorsey were elected delegates to the State Convention, and Messrs. Gilmore S. Hamill, Wm. Hinebaugh and George T. Michaels delegates to the Congressional Convention.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

A Pleasant Occasion.

On the evening of May 23d, in the interest of Anderson Chapel, the ladies will give an entertainment in West's Hall. In addition to the usual refreshments and vocal and instrumental music, will be given an introduction of several bright features—"Peak Sisters," "Sunflower Chorus," "Archery Tree," &c.

Circuit Court.

The May term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county convened Monday morning with Hon. A. K. Syster on the Bench.

Mr. John E. Gnagey was appointed Foreman of the Grand Jury.

As only a few unimportant cases had been disposed of at the time of going to press Thursday Morning, we thought it unnecessary to give any of the proceedings until next week.

Fruit and Vegetable Store.

The Oakland Fruit and Vegetable Store, of Felty & Co., on Railroad street, is now supplied with a full stock in their line, consisting of seed potatoes, seed corn, garden and flower seeds, fruits, fresh fish, canned goods, vegetables from H. Weber's garden, and also a full stock of flower's. Everything in season at the most reasonable prices. 5 5 3

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

Republican County Convention.

The Republican County Convention, to send delegates to the Congressional and State Conventions, was held in the Court House Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

E. H. Sincell, Esq., was called to the chair and Mr. Silas Weimer acted as secretary.

All of the districts were represented.

On motion the usual Committee on Credentials was dispensed with, and the convention entered at once into the election of delegates, as follows:

For the State Convention: Messrs. Daniel Chisholm, George W. Wilson and Jonas E. Gnagey.

For the Congressional Convention: Messrs. George W. Wilson, Silas Weimer and Jas A. Hayden.

The following preamble and resolution were passed by acclamation:

WHEREAS, Hon. L. E. McComas has with signal ability and to the entire satisfaction of the Republicans of Garrett county represented the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the House of Representatives for the past six years, and,

WHEREAS, A Congressman to represent said district is to be elected at the ensuing election; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Republicans of Garrett county in convention assembled, That they heartily endorse the record of Hon. L. E. McComas in Congress; are in favor of his renomination, and earnestly commend him to the Republicans of this Congressional district as worthy of and entitled to their favorable consideration.

Bloomington's Boom.

The Piedmont *Herald's* Bloomington correspondent gives the following additional facts regarding the boom at that place: "The faintest zephyr of a boom noted in a former letter has increased to a very stiff breeze. Col. Crawford is still pushing the work of developing the small vein coal with all the energy and vim that characterizes him as a first-class, thoroughgoing business gentleman. Messrs. Barrick and Ellwood have been employed as miners, and through their exertions the mine is now about 100 feet from the mouth, the red coal is fast disappearing, and about 4 feet of solid black coal presenting. Men have also been put to work in the old mine, the Empire proper, to clear it of faces, etc., which accumulated since it was last worked, some years ago. The outlook is entirely satisfactory to the gentlemen who have the matter in hand, and they do not hesitate to express the opinion, that the investment has turned out more valuable than they anticipated. The Empire Mill, under the same management, has been placed in thorough and complete repair, and is said to be in a better condition now than for many years past. The company own some two million feet of No. 1 oak timber, and are only waiting for a satisfactory adjustment of some perliminary arrangements before they start to saw.

Henry J. Spencer Sentenced to Death.

CUMBERLAND, MD., May 8,—Henry J. Spencer, convicted at the October term of the Circuit Court of murder in the first degree in shooting W. Scott Dawson at Rawlings July 28, 1887, was sentenced to death by Judge Hoffman to-day. Spencer went to Dawson's house, called him out and, after a few minutes' talk, shot him, death resulting immediately. Spencer always admitted the shooting, and on several occasions detailed just how it was done. He gives as a motives the desire for revenge for a criminal assault made by Dawson over eight years ago upon his cousin, Rachel Dawson, who afterwards became Spencer's wife, and who died four years ago.

Leg Broken.

Thomas O'Boyle, an unmarried man about 30 years of age, residing with his brother in Deer Park, and employed on the B. & O. R. R., had his left leg broken Friday of last week, by being struck by a cross-tie which fell from a car that was being loaded, It was a compound fracture and the bones were forced out through the flesh. Drs. H. W. McComas, of Oakland, and J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park, reduced the fracture, and the patient is now doing well.

Remember! Remember!

That M. L. Scott is selling Corsets at 35 cents, worth 75 cents.

Big Stock

Of Summer Millinery Goods, just received, at M. L. SCOTT'S Baltimore Store.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public sale on Friday, May 11, 1888, at 4 o'clock P. M., in "Lumber Yard," one Buggy, one 1 horse Spring Wagon, two 2 horse Wagons, one Sleigh, Bob S ed, lot of Harness, &c. Terms of sale made known on day of sale.

D. I. TOTTEN,
JAS. A. BROWN,

Wilson's Mills, W. Va.

MAY 5th, 1888.

MR. H. H. VAN METER—*Dear Sir:* Yours in this week's REPUBLICAN is before me, and furnishes another example of the adage that it is the unexpected that happens.

You seem to possess all the attributes of a first-class fault-finder, with scant inclination to praise, even where credit is due.

It certainly was foreign to my purpose or expectation to be drawn into a controversy on the Local Option question, especially with so staunch a friend of the measure as you profess to be; and the astonishing part of it is, that I, who did all in my power to protect the law in question, should be the recipient of your displeasure, while others, in equally responsible positions, using their influence in the opposite direction, go scot free.

Gratitude has, not inaptly, been defined as a sense of favors—expected.

Now the truth of the matter is, I was left alone, for a long time, in a most trying and difficult situation, without a word of council or encouragement from the Local Option champions of the county, and when I finally succeeded in saving the law, you published your circular, sending it broadcast over the county, claiming for yourself and the dear ones who laboriously signed the paper, praises and honors, but for me who stood in the breach, nothing but a cold-blooded reprimand.

My position on the temperance question is too well understood to be successfully misrepresented by one so recently coming into the county.

The liquor people all know that I am no friend to their business, and with this knowledge in full view they have acted.

I believe the saloon is an unmitigated, unqualified curse, that blights and degrades, and demoralizes wherever its influence extends; and I have taken no pains to conceal this opinion; but there are other men, perhaps, as worthy and as intelligent as myself, who think differently, and I can differ with a man's honest opinions without blackguarding or misrepresenting him before the public.

When you mailed me your hallelujah circular, you wrote me at the same time that you knew I could explain my position satisfactorily. I therefore concluded that your strictures, though personal to an unseemly degree, was not really meant for me, and had a mind to pass it by unnoticed; but now, when you follow it up with an open letter, with hints and inuendoes which you know to be dishonest, and misleading, it is time to speak out in plain English.

In my capacity as delegate from my county, I have never forgotten that I was servant, and not master; that I was to represent the will of the people, and not my own will. Whatever the people of the county or a majority of them desired, that I felt under obligation to advocate.

When Mr. Friend introduced his bill to repeal the Local Option Law for Garrett county, there had been a number of petitions forwarded to him containing, I believe, some 600 or 700 names.

His bill not only repealed the present law, but it went back and repealed every vestige of legislation that had ever been enacted for Garrett county since its organization, on the liquor question. The provisions requiring liquor dealers to be recommended by twelve freeholders, to bond, and making them responsible, &c., were all swept away. The present law was to be repealed, and the sale of liquor under the State law was authorized after the first of May, 1888. The bill was to be voted on at the general election this fall, and, if adopted, was to go into effect the first of May, 1889.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, I wrote home explaining the character of the bill, and saying I should need all the moral support they could send me. The Local Option people had not, as yet, shown any sign of action. One of the best and most sensible temperance men of the county wrote me that a great many Local Option people refused to sign petitions, as they considered the question settled at the special election held for that purpose, and it looked for a time as though I was to be left alone, to my own devices, entirely unsupported by any temperance sentiment from the county.

Under the then existing circumstances, I had very little hope of being able to prevent the pasage of the bill, and accordingly did what seemed the only thing possible, which was to so amend it as to eliminate some of its most objectionable features.

One of my amendments provided that the present law should remain in force until the bill was voted on. Another restored some of the repealed restrictions, and provided that the fee for a license should be $500 if for Oakland or Deer Park, and $300 if for any other place in the county. This was extra of the State license and was to be paid over to the school commissioners of the county.

But, stimulated, allow me to presume, by my "appeal for moral support, the temperance people began to perceive that they had a duty to perform in the premises, and I began to receive letters from different sections of the county every day, showing that after the efforts of the liquor people had subsided, the temperance cause had gathered itself up, and with a rush and roar, had rolled across the county like a great tidal wave, and the report came in that over a thousand signatures had been obtained, and only for the want of time it looked as though as many more might easily have been secured. Mr. C. S. Otto wrote that with another day he could have gotten a hundred more names. Hon. Geo. L. Michaels wrote that he could obtain 75 signatures in his section, only it was so near the end of the session it seemed useless.

This began to look like public sentiment was becoming aroused in the county, but too late! The bill had passed the House, and had gone to the Senate where it would encounter no opposition.

But by some means, and for some purpose, the bill was amended in the Senate and came back with two amendments; one of which was adopted, and the other rejected.

I was informed also that several hundred dollars had been raised by the liquor men in the county to secure the repeal of the Local Option law, and began to canvass the sentiment of the House more thoroughly, and found that the bill as amended could be defeatd, which accordingly was done as stated in my dispatch.

The letter I sent you on the 3d was a private dispatch written hurriedly in the confusion of packing up to leave a place of which I had grown heartily tired. But it was not the publication of the letter to which I so much objected, but the unfriendly comments which accompanied it.

Now, a word in reguard to my supposed tardiness in presenting the petitions and I have done.

The first intimation I had of any petitions being sent me, was the presentation by messenger of a special delivery package just about the time the House was to be called on the last day of the session. I was compelled to use the time of prayer and also of the roll call, putting the proper endorsements on the petitions, as I knew they would be first in order and it would be difficult to get the rules suspended at that stage of the session.

You will observe there was not much neglect or tardiness here, as within 25 minutes after they arrived in the mail the petitions had become the property of the house.

When I had time I read your letter directing attention to the registered package forwarded some days before and without a minutes hesitation or delay I went to the postoffice and inquired for them and also why I had not been notified. The postmaster said he had sent me the notice which some how escaped me.

Finally as the "reasons" of my absence from Annapolis at the time the first petitions went, is "but known to myself"—though not unknown to you—and as it is not especially or particularly anybody's business, I pass it by without further comment.

And now, having explained the situation as I see it and understand it, and having no inclination to bother or be bother any further about it, "Let us have peace."

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WILSON.

Pipes, Pipes.

I have just received the largest line of pipes that ever came to Oakland. Call and examine them before you go elsewhere.

THOS. LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 58.

AN ACT

To repeal section two of sub-chapter two and sections one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, chapter three hundred and seventy-seven entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland so far as said sections apply to Garrett county and to repeal all laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof so far as they apply to Garrett county, and to provide for the appointment of School Commissioners for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section two of sub-chapter two, sections one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-two chapter three hundred and seventy-seven entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland, be and the same are hereby repealed so far as said sections apply to Garrett county, and that the following sections be enacted in lieu thereof so far as said sections apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the Governor shall by and with the advice and consent of the Senate at each regular session of the General Assembly appoint three competent persons, residents of Garrett county who shall continue in office for two years from the time of their appointment and until their successors are appointed and qualified who shall be designated "School Commissioners" and who shall when organized be and constitute the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county, and shall have control of all educational matters affecting said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the School Commissioners appointed under the preceding section shall meet in Oakland for organization on the first Monday in July next succeeding their appointment or as soon thereafter as may be, and elect a person not a member of the Board who shall serve as Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, and notice of such election signed by the President of the Board shall be transmitted to the Comptroller of the State Treasury. The Board shall meet whenever the School interests of the county require a meeting and shall receive for their services when occupied by the duties of their office, the sum of three dollars per day; provided that no School Commissioner in said county shall be paid for his services more than one hundred dollars in any one year.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That in case a vacancy shall occur in the office of School Commissioners of said county by resignation death, removal from the county or otherwise the Governor shall appoint a competent person to fill the vacancy during the remainder of the unexpired time.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act shall perform all the duties required of him by law and shall receive such compensation as the Board of County School Commissioners shall direct not to exceed the sum of eight hundred dollars in any year.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That the Board of County School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner who shall be in office in Garrett county on the last day day of June in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, shall turn over to the School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act, immediately after they organize and qualify according to law, all books, papers, money, effects, goods, chattels and property belonging to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county under existing laws.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and that the School Commissioners of said county be governed by the Public General School Laws of the State, except so far as said laws are modified by this act.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 7th, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January Session 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
5 12 3t Secretary of the Senate.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

ANNUAL REPORT

—OF—

RECEIPTS & DISBURSEMENTS

—OF THE—

CORPORATION OF OAKLAND,

For year ending May 1st, 1888.

RECEIPTS.

Amount of taxes collected	$1,096 76
Received from county commissioners,	200 00
Received from town scales	146 35
Received from platforms laid	15 51
Received for fines	54 95
Received for licenses	16 50
Total	$1,530 07

DISBURSEMENTS.

Am't paid Bailiff for lighting lamps,..	180 00
Paid Bailiff ½ receipts of scales	73 17
Paid Bailiff ½ fines	27 48
Paid Bailiff 5 per cent commission on taxes collected	54 84
Paid Bailiff for care of paupers	5 00
Paid Bailiff for boarding prisoners	9 50
Paid Bailiff for making 8 assessments	2 00
Paid Bailiff serving platform notices.	2 75
Labor on streets, crossings and sewers	298 34
Stone	143 39
Oil, chimneys, nails, coal, &c.	42 20
Att. fees, counsel to board	71 00
R. R. ticket for paupers	11 35
Printing	37 90
Extra police	3 75
Lumber	6 50
Repairing lamps, &c	23 20
Witness fees at County Court	8 00
Fees to county clerk	12 40
Fees to clerk Allegany county	2 50
Sheriffs fees	11 55
Stationery	3 00
Election expenses	10 00
Mayor's salary	50 00
Treasurer's salary	25 00
Councilmens salary	69 00
Clerk's salary	40 00
Total	$1,223 82
Excess of receipts over disbursements	$306 25

INDEBTEDNESS.

Am't due on year ending May 1, 1888..	$1,153 83
Interest on same	69 23
Total	$1,223 06
Excess of receipts over disbursements for year ending May 1, 1888	$306 25
Total	$916 81

ASSETS.

Am't uncollected taxes	$435 34
Am't uncollected platform bills	68 45
Total	$503 79
Balance of indebtedness after all collections are made and distributed	$413 02

OWEN HART,
Mayor.

Attest:
J. W. HART, Clerk. 5 12 1

Reqistration Notice.

(MAY SITTING, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for two successive days in the month of May, commencing with and including the second Monday of May, that is to say on

The 14th and 15th days of May,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at Sang Run.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, at Elkins.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at ———

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

Estate of Marion S. Hauser, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

MARION S. HAUSER,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of May, 1888.

ALMEDIA S. HOYE,
5 12 3t Administratrix.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

☞ Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinney, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. F. A. Kilbourn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Delawder's and Mt. Lake Road,

GEORGE D. WHITE,
R. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Beachey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intersect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
5 5 5 Examiners.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

There are so many days! We scarce can bear
The ceaseless, dreary round of care and pain;
There is so much we lose, and can not keep,
And it is hard to smile when we would weep.
The hours are often dark with cloud and rain.
We find at eve our hearts are weary,
There are so many days.

There are so many months! Swift o'er the waves
Of life's great changeful sea they countless creep.
Whether we laugh and sing, or toil and pray.
The nights are long from June to the next May.
We clasp their mem'ries in our restless sleep.
'Tis sad to find our hopes are fading,
There are so many months.

There are so many years! Ah, yes, they seem
Each time an echo of the one before.
We strew our daisies, white and gold, in waves
Of sunny glory, over new-made graves.
We greet a friend or bid farewell once more;
And bear our grief in helpless silence.
There are so many years.

The days, the months, the years! When all are told,
And we have reached, at last, our Father's home,
Where His dear hand shall wipe away all tears,
And give us rest from pain, and loss, and fears,
We shall forget the rough road we have come,
And smile to think we ever murmured
At days, or months, or years.

—*Edith Stowe, in N. Y. Examiner.*

NIMBLE-FINGERED MEN.

How the Artful Dodgers Get Their Start in Life.

A Talk With a Detective About Professional Pickpockets—The Various Degrees of Expertness—Tricks to Which They Resort.

"How do professional pickpockets make a start?" asked a *Star* reporter of a detective the other day.

"He begins," answered the detective, "by robbing small stores or candy shops; by sneaking into the stores and robbing, or attempting to rob, the till. Before he becomes an expert he is usually picked up by the officers for petty offenses. The first time he is arrested he probably gets off by paying a small fine. The next time he is sent to jail, and then he becomes hardened, While in prison his associates, or many of them, are old offenders, and from them he receives advice and learns a great deal about professional work. When he is released from jail he thinks he knows as much as any of the older members of the profession, and he then makes a start toward the penitentiary. Then he will follow ladies about. He will pick out those who carelessly carry their purses in their outer pockets or on their arms.

"In a short time," the detective went on, "he joins a 'gang' or 'mob.' Those 'gangs' usually are composed of four or five men known as 'stalls' and 'wires' or 'tools.' The 'stall' is the man who gets the 'mark' or victim in position. He is usually the heaviest man in the 'gang.' When his work is finished and the victim is in position the 'wire' comes along and works from behind the victim or the 'stall.' In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred where the victim discovers that he has been robbed he seizes the 'stall' and hands him over to the police. Of course when the 'stall' is searched nothing is found on him, for he has never had the 'swag' in his possession. The victim grabs the 'stall' because he can not see the 'wire.' After the robbery is committed the proceeds are turned over to a confederate, who goes to a convenient place, cleans or empties the purse and then disposes of it, keeping only such portions of its contents as can not be easily identified. A favorite thing with the pickpockets is to take a gang of five or six and start out on the day of some celebration to go through street cars. Two of them will enter a car at a designated point and pick out a 'mark.' Then as the car passes along the street the others enter it, and the first two give the signal and step off the car. When the 'mark' attempts to get off the car he is hustled at the door by members of the gang while the 'wire' goes through him. If they have a chance several pocket-books are secured before they leave the car, and in this way they frequently make a good haul.

"Another favorite place for a mob to work," continued the detective, "is at a railroad junction. A swell mob of first-class men will meet, lay their plans and then go to the junction. Each will go alone and take his position. When the car arrives a rush is made, and passengers are prevented for a minute or two from getting off the car. While pressing past each other the 'wire' gets in his work, and when the car on the crossing road moves off one or more of its passengers discover the loss of a pocket-book. The man who got it is on a car going in another direction, and the chances for catching him are very slim. Some first-class workers prefer to travel alone, and work with a newspaper or light overcoat. They will carry an overcoat on their left arm, and, when doing a job, will throw it across their right arm, hiding their hand. These fellows can easily take a 'prop,' as a pin is sometimes called. Such a job takes but an instant, and in very few cases are the thieves caught.

"The pickpocket," continued the detective, "is in his glory at the country fair. There is usually a large crowd at such places. A member of the 'mob' will get into the crowd and cry: 'Look out for your pocket-books!' In an instant every countryman has his hand on his pocket-book. This gives the mob a chance to locate the pocket-books, and saves them the time and trouble of 'fanning' or feeling about to locate them. If an attempt is made to get the pocket-book and the pocket, as countrymen have them, is too deep, one of the gang will either accidentally knock the intended victim's hat off or pull it down over his ears. In either case he is surprised, and while recovering himself his money is taken. He calls thief, but not being able to pick out the right man from the crowd, and fearing that he will pick the wrong one, he walks quietly away, and afterward looks to the Fair Committee for his money.

"I remember, continued" the detective, "that at a country fair a countryman was seen putting his hand on his hip-pocket every few minutes. The thieves thought he had something, and one of them knocked his hat off. The countryman stooped over to pick it up, and while stooping over two of the gang found it convenient to shake hands across his back. When the countryman started to get up he was held down until his pocket-book was taken out of his hip-pocket.

"Some years ago at a country fair in West Virginia the thieves reaped a harvest, but found no convenient place to throw the empty pocket-books, There was a politician speaking from a small stand, in front of which stood a countryman with a green cotton umbrella. One by one the empty books were dropped into the old man's umbrella. Finally a shower came up, and when the old man hoisted his umbrella there was a shower of pocket-books. Through the fair ground was a gully, and after the rain had continued some time it was almost impossible to cross the small stream. One of the thieves procured a plank, which they placed across the gully. While one of them assisted persons across the others robbed as many as they could, and many persons who crossed the stream were relieved of all the money they had and were unable to make any more purchases.

A good mob will never let business get dull while working a city, for they are always ready to raise some excitement and cause a rush, which will enable them to go through the crowd. They usually reap a harvest after some celebration is over and persons are making a rush for the cars. They are always ready to misinform persons as to where the different cars take them. Then, when the train is ready to start, one of them will enter a car and inform the passengers of the mistake. Then there is a rush to get on the right train. During the rush and excitement persons are unable to take care of their pocket-books, and the pickpocket takes advantage of the opportunity.

"I remember several years ago," continued the detective, "when McGlade and Collyer fought at Goldsborough, Pa. They stopped at different hotels, and the friends of the principals in the fight followed them. Early in the morning a farmer drove up in front of one of the hotels in a sleigh. Several young men ran out and kindly covered the horses with blankets and arranged matters generally for the visitor, and while so doing relieved him of his pocket-book. Then they invited him into the hotel to take a drink. Several treats were passed around, and when it came the farmer's turn he found he had lost his pocket-book, but instead of accusing any one of the theft he went out to his sled and searched it thoroughly. Not finding it, he started to return to the hotel. A smile came upon his face as he saw his pocket-book on the cellar-door. A moment later his countenance fell again, for when he picked up the lost book it was empty. It is wonderful how expert these fellows become. They can rob a man in broad daylight so neatly and quickly that the victim sometimes knows nothing of it for an hour or more afterward. It makes no difference in what pocket a man carries his pocket-book to the thief; it is only a matter of getting an opportunity to get at it.

"After they have acquired the knack of taking pocket-books," said the detective, "they go a step higher in, and become members of the gang who only wring or steal watches, which are known to the profession as white and red 'supers.' The chain they call 'slang.' These watch experts pay no attention to pocket-books, and they are too high in their profession to tap store-tills. They devote their entire attention to taking watches, White supers are seldom taken now, because there are so many cheap and nickel-plated ones that it does not pay to run the risk.

"The older members of the profession usually pick up young converts and make them do the work, while they watch and give instructions, and then hold the property. There was once a fellow known as 'Johnny, the Greek.' He was a good worker, and never had any trouble in securing confederates. He once went to a country fair, and, being alone, he employed a couple of countrymen to assist him, paying them $2 each. All they had to do was stand in some passageway and prevent persons from passing. The countrymen thought they were having lots of fun, but when they tumbled to their employer's racket they demanded an increase of pay. Instead of increasing their pay he got rid of his 'swag' and discharged them. In taking watches all a thief has to do is to snap the chain in two or break the ring, which can be done in an instant. An expert finds no difficulty whatever in taking a watch.

"What effect does it have on one of these professionals to send him to the penitentiary?" inquired the reporter.

"It usually has the effect of making him a better thief," replied the detective, "for while he is in prison he does nothing but concoct new schemes. When released he imagines that there is no such thing as getting caught again, and will be back to his old habits before he is outside the prison walls twenty-four hours.

"Crime," said the detective, "has always appeared to me as a disease, because there are many young men having all the luxuries of life at their command who prefer to follow the life of a thief and travel with thieves rather than associate with respectable persons. There was once a man who lived in one of our large cities whose relatives spent thousands of dollars to reclaim him. He had plenty of money and never wanted for any thing, but still he preferred stealing to living honestly. At the death of one of his relatives he fell heir to an immense brown stone building worth more than $100,000, which he deeded over to his sister, as he had no use for it, because he could get all the money he wanted by following his profession. There is another man who was well-to-do. He is now serving a long sentence in the penitentiary for attempting to rob a collector of about $8,000. The collector was on a street car when the man entered and knocked him over with a piece of gas-pipe. He was arrested before he could get the money, and now he is paying the penalty. There are many men now in prison who have no excuse in the world for leading dishonest lives, but who have been brought there through keeping bad company. When behind the bars they will make good promises but when released the promises are soon broken and they fall back into their old habits."—*N. Y. Star.*

ST. FRANCIS' FRIENDS.

A Saint Possessed of That "Perfect Love Which Casteth out Fear'

In a walk through Rome we saw a monk in the robe of a Franciscan seated at the open window of a convent with a little bird perched on his finger. Observing our attention was attracted by his favorite, the good father placed some seeds on his lips, which the bird fearlessly pecked. It seemed a picture of St. Francis six hundred years old, and recalled many legends of the tenderness of that wonderful man for the animal creation.

St. Francis had the power of that "perfect love which casteth out fear" over the furry and feathery inhabitants of woods and fields, and he called them his brothers and sisters. According to tradition, they understood his language, and on one occasion, when a large number of swallows disturbed his congregation on the hillside by their twittering, he said: "My sister, it is now time for me to speak, for you have had your say; now, be silent until the sermon is ended." It is needless too add he was obeyed. At another time a live leveret was brought to him with other provisions. The sight of the trembling creature touched him. "Come to me, little brother leveret," said he; "why hast thou let thyself be taken?" The small creature hid himself near the great heart; and when St. Francis at last took him from under his robe and set him free, the leveret returned to the shelter of the brown robe. We could repeat many other legends which connect St. Francis with these his trusting friends. But he was not the only saint whom animals loved. It is recorded that when St. Columba drew towards the close of his remarkable career, and he knew his last hour on earth was at hand, he sat down to rest on a stone near his monastery at Iona. An ancient and faithful servant, the old white horse which had been employed to carry milk daily to the monastery, approached and laid his head on his master's shoulder as if to take leave of him. The eyes of the old horse had an expression so pathetic that they seemed bathed in tears. The attendant of St. Columba would have sent the animal away, but Columba forbade him. "The horse loves me," said he; "the Creator has revealed by this poor animal what he has hidden from thee, a reasonable man," upon which, still caressing the faithful creature, he gave him his last blessing. That night a company of angels bore away the soul of Columba.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Crows in Nebraska.

An Omaha letter says that the chief features of Nebraska, next to blizzards and heroic schoolma'ams, is crows. These crow colonies are well organized and evidently know what they are about. The wonder is that their instinct, which in crows and ravens borders close upon intelligence, does not send them farther south during the cold season. With the regularity of the sun they come across the river from Council Bluffs, filling the air with their hoarse calls. They are tame and feed with the poultry in private premises, and try titles with the dogs for the bones, in which contest they are usually victorious. They are the street scavengers of the city, and as numerous as the children in populous districts. They gather like committees on public improvements in unoccupied districts, and with their crow pantomime look as though they were staking out corner lots. In the late afternoons their preparation for returning to their night haunts is evidently no haphazard operation. Some winged sentinel that evidently takes notes of time sends down from the upper air his hoarse signal as the Mussulman from his turret, and in a twinkle all heads are turned toward the east, the black mass moves and flies off, and, as far as the eye can see stretches in flapping clots across the sky.—*Albany Journal.*

—Old gentleman (to boy on twelfth birthday)—"I hope you will improve in wisdom, knowledge and virtue." Boy (politely returning compliment, totally unconscious of sarcasm)—"The same to you, sir."

—Most farmers can keep a few hives of bees to advantage. Honey, like fruit, should be found on the farmer's table.

LITTLE JACK HORE.

The Only White Boy Who Has Ever Seen the Lakes of Central Africa.

Little Jack Hore was an English baby and he was three months old when he landed on the east coast of Africa. His father was a missionary and Jack and his mother were on the way to the home that had been prepared for them in Central Africa. Thejourney was eight hundred miles long, up hill and down, through jungle, forest and plain, and it was a serious question how little Jack could be carried comfortably over the rude native paths to Lake Tanganyika. His father thought that a wheelbarrow was likely to be the best vehicle for Jack, and so arrangements had been made in England to have Jack trundled in a barrow all the way from the coast to the big lake where he was to live.

A deep and commodious basket was provided for the baby. On the bottom of the basket was as soft a little bed as could be made, and the entire inside was padded so that Jack could not easily hurt himself. The basket was placed in a steel wheelbarrow frame. An awning above the basket was supported by iron rods, and, when required, mosquito curtains could be let down. This was to be Jack's carriage on the march, and when in camp at night the basket was to be placed in Mrs. Hore's tent to serve Jack as a bed.

Jack was asleep in his father's arms when he landed on the coast of Africa at Saadani, near Zanzibar. He was tucked away in his little basket, and one of the porters trundled him along in his wheelbarrow near the head of the caravan. Close behind him rode Jack's mother on a donkey. Once in a while the baby was lifted out of the wheelbarrow for a change and carried a mile or two in his mother's arms. Usually Jack rode along in the little vehicle very quietly, and he seemed to take as kindly to his wheelbarrow as other babies do to the most comfortable of cradles. Even when the road was hummocky Jack did not seem to mind it, and the jouncing he got only seemed to put him in good humor for a nap. It happened, however, that Jack was not destined to travel all the way to Central Africa in a wheelbarrow. After they had climbed the coast mountains and were a hundred and fifty miles on their way it was found inexpedient on account of unexpected difficulties on the road for Mrs. Hore and the baby to go any further that year. So Jack was wheeled back to the coast again and before long he turned up in England none the worse for his jaunt of three hundred miles in a wheelbarrow.

Early in 1884, when Jack was a little over two years old, he landed again at Saadani. There were stories from up country of widespread drought and famine, but nothing daunted Mr. Hore, who had come all the way from Central Africa to meet his family, decided to set out with them at once on the long journey to the beautiful lake, which, though narrow, is one of the longest fresh-water lakes in the world. This time the wheelbarrow was discarded. The willow body of a baby carriage was turned into a tiny palanquin for Jack's accommodation. It was suspended by stout ropes from a couple of bamboos. Along the bamboos was stretched a canvas awning, impervious alike to sun or rain, with movable sides, that could be fastened up or down at pleasure. Four natives were assigned to the task of carrying Master Jack in his unique little conveyance. The bamboos were supple, and as the carriers trudged along there was a delightful springiness about the rig that greatly pleased Jack. His mother was carried in a bath chair rigged up in a similar fashion.

Jack got along famously until he was stricken with fever, and then he insisted much of the time upon traveling in his mother's lap. When the long caravan halted for the noontime lunch the first duty of the men was to pitch a tent in which to shelter Jack and his mother from the scorching sun. The little fellow's great delight was in crossing rivers in the big canoes the natives keep for ferrying caravans. He usually sat in state in his little armchair, and sometimes used a string and a bent pin to fish for crocodiles, with invariably poor success. One day a porter ran away with a canvas bag containing a large part of Jack's wardrobe. In a land where caravans use a great deal of cotton cloth to pay their way there was of course plenty of material at hand to repair Jack's loss, which he bore with more equanimity than the rest of his family. Sometimes they traveled for hours through grass that was high above their heads, and in the early morning Jack liked to listen to the dew drops as they fell like rain upon the top of his palanquin, while the carriers plodded along through the luxuriant growth of grass. Many of the marches were very wearisome, and Mrs. Hore wrote that she and Jack often presented a very draggled appearance when the halt was made for the day.

The journey lasted ninety days. At last the beautiful waters of Lake Tanganyika came into view, and little Jack was delighted when his family embarked in a big boat for the long journey to the island of Kavala. He thought the songs of the crew as they bent to their oars were particularly jolly. He is now living on Kavala Island, and, though he is the only little white boy in Central Africa, he seems to be thoroughly enjoying his boyhood. Friends in England have sent him many toys, which he shares with his Waguha playmates, and he does not now remember that he ever had any other home than Africa.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The man with clean stables and fields, well-housed cattle and implements, and who has dollars for books but not a cent for rum, is a desirable debtor. But he does not borrow often.

TEMPERANCE READING.

ALCOHOL'S DEADLY WORK.

How It Affects the Nervous System—Some Original Experiments by Dr. Hammond—The Stages of Intoxication—How the Brain May Be Impregnated with the Poison.

Several years ago I undertook a series of experiments for the purpose of arriving at conclusions, as nearly exact as possible, relative to the direct effect of alcohol upon the nervous system. These were performed upon dogs and rabbits, and consisted of two series. One series, performed upon dogs, to which alcohol, in quantities of from one to three ounces, diluted with equal amounts of water, was administered by the stomach, gave these results:

1. Period of excitation—Uncertainty in the movements of the limbs, acceleration of pulse and respiration, contraction of the pupils.

2. Period of perversion—Muscular paralysis beginning in the posterior extremities, irregularity of pulse and of respiration, dilatation of the pupils.

3. Period of collapse—Complete paralysis of motion, anæsthesia, feebleness of the pulse and of respiration, stoppage of respiration and of the heart's action, death.

Now, I was desirous of knowing how much of each of these conditions was due to the presence of alcohol in the blood circulating through the brain, and how much to disturbance in the quantity of blood normally present in this organ. I therefore made an opening in the skull of a dog, and secured in it an instrument, by means of which any increase or diminution of the amount of blood contained in the brain could be exactly determined. I then gave the animal an ounce of alcohol diluted with an equal quantity of water. In fifty seconds I detected alcohol in the air expired from the lungs. In four and a half minutes the respiration was accelerated, the action of the heart became more rapid and strong, and the pupils were beginning to contract. Still there was no increase in the intracranial pressure, and I therefore knew that, up to this time, the amount of blood in the brain had not been augmented. In six minutes and a half the dog's gait was staggering, and, though its movements were uncertain, as if from vertigo, there was no paralysis. The intracranial pressure was still unaltered.

The fluid remained stationary in the tube of the instrument for seventeen minutes. Then it began to rise slowly, and with this increase in the intracranial pressure paralysis of the posterior extremities supervened. As the amount of blood contained in the cranium became greater the paralysis extended, the pupils dilated and stupor ensued. I repeated this experimented twice with similar results.

The deductions to be made are that the first symptoms which results from the taking of alcohol into the system are due to the circulation of this substance through the blood vessels of the brain, while the later phenomna are, in part at least, the results of cerebral congestion. In man a like sequence is observed. A single glass of wine induces an exhilaration and activity of mind before there is any evidence of an increase in the amount of blood circulating in the cerebral blood vessels. Thus we have as the immediate effects of alcohol upon the nervous system a certain degree of poisoning of the brain from the direct action of alcohol upon its substance, and in the next place an increase in the amount of blood circulating through this organ.

We are hence able to study with a considerable degree of exactness the phenomena of alcoholic intoxication so far as they relate to the nervous system. We have, in the first place, the stage of excitement which is characterized by a sensation of heat in the skin of the whole body and by redness in the face. The eyes appear to be larger and more brilliant, the ideas flow more readily and are of better quality than are natural to the individual. The tendency to talk is generally increased, but the articulation is usually not so distinct and exact as is natural. The disposition becomes more generous, and there is, perhaps, more recklessness as to consequences, although the bounds of propriety relative to conduct and conversation are not exceeded. Occasionally a different set of symptoms results. The individual, from being naturally talkative, becomes taciturn and stolid, and a generous disposition is changed to one of which churlishness, selfishness and a tendency to quarrel are the chief features. If the quantity of alcohol taken has been small, or if the individual now ceases to drink it, the subsequent stages of intoxication do not supervene and the equilibrium is soon restored without the occurrence of any abnormal condition. But if the amount imbibed has been large, or if the potations are continued, the second stage, that of perturbation, ensues.

There are now vertigo, disturbances of sight such as result from paralysis of one or more of the muscles of the eyeballs and giving rise to double vision, contraction of the pupils, noises in the ears and increased redness of the face. The sense of taste becomes weakened, the voice loses its natural inflections and is rough and monotonous, and the articulation is indistinct from partial paralysis and defective co-ordination of the muscles of speech. The gait, from like paralysis of the muscles of the lower limbs, becomes weak and uncertain, and hence, if the individual attempts to walk, he staggers. The movements of the upper limbs are irregular and often exhibit marked tremor like that which constitutes so prominent a feature of paralysis agitans, or shaking palsy, as it is called in the vernacular.

Still greater alterations from the normal standard are shown in the mind. The most striking change occurs with the emotions which generally assume an undue prominence and dominate over other of the mental faculties. And it not infrequently happens that the feeling which is most conspicuous is the very opposite of that which is natural to the person affected. Thus the brave man becomes cowardly, the timid courageous, the peaceable quarrelsome, the modest shameless, etc. Usually, however, the emotions which the subject in his normal condition is able to control and to keep in proper subordination to the intellect and will become exaggerated and are no longer held in subjection. It therefore happens that when this stage of alcoholic intoxication is reached the person who, while in his natural state, is high-toned and spirited, is now ready to take offense and to engage in quarrels upon the slightest provocation, and often when no cause for his emotion and conduct exists. It is in this stage that outrages against the law are most apt to occur.

The more purely intellectual part of the mind does not escape. The judgment is weakend, the memory impaired, the imagination exalted or perverted and delusions, often having their origin in disordered sensations and often arising in the mind without any accompanying illusion or hallucination, may assume the government of the thoughts and actions. The ability to grasp the details of a subject and to comprehend them is greatly impaired or even altogether destroyed, and hence study or continuous and systematic thought is no longer possible.

In the third stage the full action of the alcohol is attained. The mind, the special senses and the power of motion are more or less completely abolished; the heart and other important organs of the body are greatly disturbed in their action, and death, generally the direct result of suspension of the respiratory movements, may ensue. When this degree of alcoholic intoxication is at its height the person is dead to all external expressions. Boiling water may be poured on his body or his legs may be burned off in a lime kiln, but he feels nothing; speech is impossible; the pupils are largely dilated; the breathing is slow, heavy and stertorous; the face is swollen and purple from the circulation of non-oxygenized blood through the vessels, and the power of thought is extinct. Should the poisoning process go a little farther, so as to involve the nerve centers which preside over the action of the heart and lungs to a slightly greater extent, life is very soon abolished.

Such are the immediate effects which follow the taking of large quantities of alcohol into the human stomach. No one can fail to observe that most of the remarkable phenomena mentioned are connected directly or indirectly with the nervous system. Indeed, experiments performed upon animals with reference to this point, as well as careful observation of the effects of alcohol on the human system, show that the substance has a signal affinity for the nervous tissue, and that it is even capable of acting powerfully on the brain, the spinal cord and the sympathetic system, before there has been time for it to be absorbed from the stomach and to act through the medium of the blood. Instances are on record, and I have myself witnessed one such, in which a large quantity of alcohol taken into the stomach has produced death in a few minutes. Orfila cites a case in which a man died immediately from the effects of an overdose of brandy. In the instance that came under my own notice, a man drank somewhat over a pint of whisky without stopping. He immediately became deathly pale, staggered a few steps and fell dead. I have several times killed rabbits in less than a minute by introducing an ounce of pure alcohol into the stomach. In such cases the action is not excited through the medium of the blood, but directly on the sympathetic system. Indeed, if, as I have frequently observed, a like amount of alcohol be injected into a vein, death does not ensue with as great rapidity.

I have not the space to do more than mention the conditions known as delirium tremens and chronic acoholic intoxication. The first of these is an acute form of alcoholic poisoning, the last, as its name implies, is a more chronic manifestation. Both are especially the result of the absorption by the brain and other parts of the nervous system of the alcohol which has been taken into the stomach. I have shown, by many experiments, that the nervous substance of animals poisoned with alcohol, if cut up into small pieces, soaked in a little water and then distilled, yields alcohol in very considerable amount. The brains of habitual drunkards treated in this manner give like evidence of the actual presence of alcohol. It is impossible for this substance to be in such intimate contact with the nervous tissues without effecting radical changes in their structure. Experiments upon animals, as well as post-mortem examinations of the bodies of habitual drunkards, show this without the possibility of a doubt to be a fact. It is not strange, therefore, that at least twenty diseases of the nervous system, as well as every variety of insanity, may be produced by the excessive use of alcohol. The crime, the mental and physical degredation, the social misery and the destruction of life that result more or less immediately from the abuse of this powerful agent are simply incalculable.—*William A. Hammond, in N. Y. Mail and Express.*

They Are Responsible.

We believe it has been heretofore considered as a mere matter of course that the keeper of a saloon is not to be held legally responsible for any outrages committed on his premises in which he does not personally have a share. Time out of mind, it has been a common-place incident for the saloon-keeper or low tavern-keeper to make men drunk and then throw them out into the street or permit outrages upon them by others present who might be only on the road to a like stage of intoxication. One is gratified to find evidence that such brutality is beginning to have attention on the part of those whose business it is to see that the laws of the country are not set at naught by those for the due constraint of whose scoundrelism such laws are especially made. The Pennsylvania Supreme Court has decided that "where one enters a saloon or tavern, opened for the entertainment of the public, the proprietor is bound to see that he is properly protected from the assaults or insults of those who are in his employ, as well as of the drunken or vicious men whom he may choose to harbor." This "puts the saloon-keeper in exactly the same category as the hotel-man." The announcement of such a decision is almost like the proclamation of a new era; so much of the saloon-keeper's "occupation" will be "gone" when he begins to find himself responsible for murders and other outrages committed by those whom he makes it his business to turn from men into brutes.—*Chicago Standard.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

DR. MOIR, of the British Medical Temperance Association, has found the mortality of small-pox reduced from eighteen to thirteen per cent. without alcohol.

THE Legislatures of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have provided for the introduction of Scientific Temperance instruction into the public schools of those provinces.

KING LEOPOLD II., of Belgium, has ordered that all dealers in intoxicants above the Iukissi, a branch of the Lower Congo, must pay a license of five hundred dollars, evidently hoping by high license to undo the evil of "free rum on the Congo."

A FEW drinks of bad whisky can do more deviltry than any other decoction invented by man. It only took a moderate amount of this stimulant and a few moments for a drunken teamster to mount a Northwestern locomotive Sunday evening and start it wildly spinning through the city, only to stop when it went to pieces against an opposing engine and result in a damage bill of $15,000. Two drinks for fifteen cents can accomplish great things in the way of damages.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

A GRANDMOTHER WANTED.

I've the dearest of papas and the sweetest of mammas,
And a darling little birdie that the finest songs can sing,
And a cunning dog and cat; but I've wanted something else
Ever since the time I knew enough to wish for any thing.

And that's a silver-haired dear old lady, who to all
The children, whether rich or poor, says pleasantly: "My dear,"
Who can lots of stories tell, and a lot of rhymes repeat,
And *never* is too busy all the news I bring to hear.

Oh, how lovely it would be in the summer time to see
Her sitting in the garden when the sky was bright and blue,
Or in winter by the fire, humming hymn tunes very softly
While knitting scarlet stockings for—I guess you can guess who!

It really don't seem right that I never should have one,
When almost all the girls I know have two, and some have three;
So if there should be any dear old grandmother a-wanting
A loving little granddaughter, why, let her come to me.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

TEDDY'S GARDENING.

Why He Planted Canary-Bird Seeds, and How He Got His Wish.

Last spring Teddy was as busy as a beaver helping grandpa make the garden. He helped grandma sort over the little packages in the seed-box, too; and he asked a good many questions while he was about it.

"What're these, gramma?" he asked once; "these funny black ones?"

Grandma put on her spectacles. May be Teddy bothered her more than he helped, but she wouldn't have said so for any thing.

"Those are watermelon seeds," she answered. "We'll plant them and raise some melons, dearie."

Pretty soon Teddy came to another little packet he didn't know about. The seeds were not a bit like any he had found before.

"Oh, what are these ones?" he cried, holding out the tiny package.

"Why," said grandma, after she had looked a minute, "that is some of your Aunt Ellen's canary-bird seed. I don't know how it came in here, I'm sure; but I guess we won't plant any of it."

Grandma laughed, but Teddy looked down seriously at the small handful of shiny seeds. He thought of Robbie Gray's pretty yellow canary. In a minute his eyes began to sparkle.

"May—may I have 'em, gramma?" he asked, eagerly.

"I don't care," said grandma, kindly; and she thought no more about it until, by and by, five o'clock came, and she called Teddy in to eat his supper.

"What has my little man been up to all this afternoon?" she asked, smiling down at him. "You mustn't work too hard, dear."

"No'm, I won't," answered Teddy, his happy blue eyes shining. "O gramma, I—I've been planting my canary-bird seeds, and—and I just hope there will be one yellow one, like Robbie Gray's, gramma!"

"What *do* you mean?" asked grandma; and then, all in a minute, she knew. She couldn't quite hide the twinkling smile in her eyes, though she tried, because she knew, too, that Teddy didn't like to be laughed at. "Dear child," said she, taking the small gardener on her lap, "I didn't mean that you could raise canaries from the seed. It was what your Aunt Ellen used to give her birds to eat."

"O-oh!" said Teddy, hanging his head. He felt the least bit ashamed, but there were tears in his eyes all the same. "I—I wanted one like Robbie's," he said, "and you said 'bout the watermelon seed, you know, gramma, and the canary-bird seed, and I didn't think—I thought—I"—

"Well, never mind," said grandma, kissing him. "We won't think any more about it, anyway."

But she did think more about it, for the very next week, when grandpa went to town with butter and eggs, he brought back a pretty cage, with a yellow canary in it which looked so much like Robbie Gray's that you couldn't tell them apart, unless you knew. And grandma wasn't a bit surprised.—*Youth's Companion.*

RAIN CLOUDS.

The Phenomena of Evaporation and Condensation—How Water Is Drawn into the Air and Why It Descends.

Did you ever stop to think, when you looked out of the window and saw dull, gray clouds from which the rain was so steadily pouring, and which seemed to shut in the world all around, that, in reality, they extended over a very small part of the country; that somewhere else, perhaps only twenty or thirty or a hundred miles away, the sun was shining, and all was bright and beautiful? This is really the case. For storms, however long and dreary, do not extend over many miles; and though it always is raining at some place in the world, yet always and at the same time it is pleasant somewhere else. Now, let us see why this is.

Suppose that on a warm summer afternoon we were to bring a pitcher of clear, cool water, fresh from the well, and to place it on the table in the dining-room. Now, no matter how carefully we may have dried the pitcher before bringing it in, we shall discover, if we watch closely, that the outside soon becomes wet or misty; and that the mist grows heavier and gathers into drops and perhaps even runs down the pitcher to the table.

Now, where does this water come from? Not through the sides of the pitcher, that is impossible; but from the air. We can not see it, perhaps, but still it is there in the state of vapor. How came it there? Did you ever notice, after a rain, how in a short time the puddles became dry, and how the moisture disappeared from the grass and leaves, as soon as the sun shone out and the wind blew? Or, did you ever notice that if you left a pan of water out-of-doors the water each day grew less and less, until all was gone and the pan dry?

All the water that was in the puddles, on the grass and leaves (except that which soaked into the ground) and in the pan, was taken up as vapor into the air—has "evaporated," as we say. The same thing happens when water boils, only it then evaporates more rapidly, and we can see the vapor arising as steam. If you live near a river, or in a country where there are brooks, perhaps you can see this evaporation actually taking place. Get up early some morning, before the sun rises, and look out toward the river. You may see a long line of mist or fog, like a big, white cloud, hanging over the water. Now, this mist is only the water evaporating from the river and is just now visible as fog because the air is cool. And the sun has shone, the air becomes warmed and the fog disappears, but the evaporation goes on, nevertheless. Indeed, it is going on continually, and all over the earth; so that if the water were not returned to us as rain, snow and dew, all the oceans, lakes and rivers would in time dry up and disappear. All the trees, grass and plants would then wither, and our beautiful land would become as dry and parched as the great desert Sahara. * * * * *

Having learned how the water is drawn into the air, let us see how and why it comes down again as rain or snow or dew.

There is a singular thing about this moisture, which is this: the air will hold only a certain quantity of it, and that quantity depends upon the temperature of the air. But warm air always holds more than cold; so, however warm the air may be, or however much moisture it may contain as invisible vapor, we have only to cool it enough and the vapor *condenses*, as we say; that is, it becomes visible, first as fog or mist, and then as drops of water, such as we see on the pitcher. And the reason we see a white fog rising at night, after the sun goes down, is only because the water, which has been evaporating all day and going up into the air as invisible vapor, becomes condensed to fog by the cooling of the air when the sun's heat is withdrawn. When the sun rises, the fog disappears; but the vapor still ascends, and when it reaches the altitude where the air is always cool, it becomes condensed again as fog, only it is then called "clouds." And if it becomes condensed enough to form in drops of water, they fall, and it "rains;" or, perhaps, it snows, for snow is but frozen rain.—*George P. Merrill, in St. Nicholas.*

A NEW CURE.

Carrie's Fright and Her Promise—A Successful Remedy.

Carrie had a very bad habit of crying. Not a bright, quick flood of tears, such as leave baby faces shiny and sunny as wood anemones after an April shower. It was a long, howling, November storm—wailing and whining about the house till we were all unhappy and indignant by turns.

Expostulation was in vain until grandma came for a visit and tried the New Cure. Now Carrie loved grandma dearly, but stood somewhat in awe of her. She had been known to withdraw promises of rides or stories, and to recapture sweetmeats when children had been very bad, indeed. So it was two whole days before Carrie had a cry in grandma's hearing. When she did have one, however, poor grandma could hear nothing else.

"Carrie," said she, "if you don't stop I shall pull all the hair off my head." Carrie looked amazed, but was not seriously alarmed, and kept on howling. "Carrie," said grandma again, "I shall surely tear my hair all out by the roots if you don't stop that distressing noise. You know they tore their hair in Bible days when any thing very dreadful happened that they could neither help nor get rid of."

Carrie was crying to go out in the rain. She gave a little longer, louder h-o-w-l, and took a peep from under her hat-brim to see what grandma would do.

The old lady looked desperate. In an instant she raised her hand—thin and feeble from a long attack of fever—to her pretty lace-cap. In another instant she sat straight in her chair with a head as bald and shiny as the baby's!

You ought to have seen Carrie's face! "O Grandma! Grandma!" she screamed. "Sew on your hair! I'll never cry so any mo-o-o-re if you only will!"

Grandma made sure that the promise was a serious one. Then she carefully readjusted her wig and cap. The wig remained a mystery to Carrie; but after that grandma had only to raise her hand to her head to check the loudest cry. Carrie never forgot her fright and her promise.—*Mrs. Frances Smith, in Our Little Ones.*

—Could any thing be neater than an old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady who he offered to lift over the gutter: "Lor, missus," said he, "I's used to lifting barrels of sugar."

—The calendar spring begins March 1, the astronomical spring begins several weeks later, the real spring begins when it gets ready.—*Omaha World.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—There is a big difference between a tried and trusted man, and a trusted and tried man.—*Life.*

—Out in India it is "the man or the tiger," but the man got ahead of the tiger last year. Hunters killed 1,400 tigers, and tigers killed only 1,000 men.

—If there is any person who wants copy-right it is the editor. So much copy wrong is what is wearing out his life.

—A Swiss watch manufacturer has just invented a watch for the blind, on the dial of which the hours are indicated by twelve projecting pegs, one of which sinks every hour.

—It is said that in some parts of Africa there are birds with bills a yard in length. If the theory of transmigration of souls is a correct one, these birds must be the spirits of departed plumbers.—*Yankee Blade.*

—It was a wicked old bachelor who propounded the conundrum, why are ideas like whiskers? and when asked for a solution said: "Because men only get them when they are grown up and women never have any.—*Warren Mirror.*

—The temperate zone is so called because in summer it is so hot that a man can exist only by sitting in ice-water, and in winter it is so cold that if he happens to touch a silver dollar, he freezes to it.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Insurance agent (to agriculturist) "Mr. Heysede, don't you want to take out a policy on your life for $5,000?" Agriculturist—"Naw, sir; old Jim Bullard took out one of them things las' summer, an' I'll be durned if he didn't die next day."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Omaha man—"What was that woman's congress at Washington for, anyhow?" Female advocate—"To secure equal rights for all, irrespective of sex." "I'm in favor of that; haven't dared to call my soul my own since I was married."—*Omaha World.*

—"Mrs. Dexter, did you put up these preserves?" "Yes, sir, I flatter myself I did." "Quite a task, I should say, madam!" "From present observation I should infer that it was much more of a task for me to put them up than it is for you to put them down."

—About $40,000 a year is received by an officer of the British Government for pulp, mostly made out of over-issues of public documents. To that extent the public treasury saves something, but it might save a good deal by not printing the tedious stuff in the first place.

—An actress who was christened Mary Ann when she was too young to apply to the courts for an injunction, has changed the name to Marianne, and the style is becoming quite popular. It won't be long before we'll have Lucijanes and Rosevlizans. As a gentleman whose address has been mislaid once remarked, this is a progressive age.

—Although there is and old saying that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, an old walnut tree near Baltimore, Md., has been struck five times. The first time it was struck sparrows that were taking shelter in it from the storm were killed. In the tree was a nest of three crows, and they were saved only because their nest was blown out just before the tree was struck.

—A spectral brakeman has appeared on the Illinois Central railway, much to the embarrassment of passengers. Since it refrains from slamming car-doors or calling out the names of stations, the ghost should be a valuable acquisition. If a phantom passenger could be secured to take the place of the man who tries to cover two seats at once, traveling on that road would be quite a luxury.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Eighteen hundred girls are reported to have received a good education in cooking in the Boston schools of cooking during the year. Of 700 families represented in one of these schools, 692 expressed themselves very much in favor of the school, eight families only being indifferent or unfavorable. This was the first public school kitchen in the United States.

—A young lady who has been reading up on agriculture writes to an exchange as follows: "I am not a farmer's daughter, and I don't wish to be, I prefer the city to the country any day. I presume it is nice enough in summer, but in winter I don't imagine it to be very pleasant harvesting the winter wheat and picking the winter apples. I don't think any of you country girls can deny that.—*Maine Farmer.*

—A little girl was playing "tea-party," and a gentleman who was present objected to several of the imaginary viands which she brought him, complaining that they were poorly cooked, too salt, stale, etc. After several efforts to please him the small hostess lost all patience, and, laying down a plate of mythical dainties before him, exclaimed in a petulant tone: "Eat what's that and you'll get more a while ago." This rather equivocal offer is now a dinner by-word.

How to Clear Wood Land.

It is not enough to go into the woods with an ax to clear woodland as it should be. Long ago the practice of burning and logging ceased, and since then forests have only been thinned by the annual removal of wood as it was needed. The disadvantage of this was that the best was always taken, leaving only the less valuable kinds of timber. Thus the value of the wood lot constantly decreased until in many places it consists only of scrubby and gnarled trees not worth the cost of working up. The far better way is to make an entire clearing each year, and then either replant with valuable timber or use the cleared land for other purposes. In this way much more valuable wood can be grown on a smaller area than now.—*American Cultivator.*

MOISTURE IN AIR.

Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Parts of the Country.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it, instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and the east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually become cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain, while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach Western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western States are often very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it leads upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side, while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Allegheny, the Rocky and the Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual raintall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.—*George P. Merrill, in St. Nicholas.*

COURTSHIP IN ZULULAND.

How the Kaffir Girls Put Suitors on Their Mettle.

When a young Zulu gains his "gum ring" (which is a ring worn upon the crown of the head, and is obtained by performing some deed of valor, or by special gift of the King, and which stamps him a man as distinguished from a "boy"), his first duty is to get married, and if he has not the necessary cows to purchase a wife, he must raid some enemies' kraal and steal them. When he has chosen the lady, he makes his intentions known to the family, and they commence operations by praising him when she is present as he never was praised before—and never will be again until he wants another wife. The girl, after some coquetry, consents to see him and he, washing and oiling himself, dons his lightest, finest dancing dress, and sending a messenger to announce his coming, presents himself with shield and assagai to the family, who will be squatting in a circle near the house of the lady. He squats amongst them, and presently the lady of his dreams appears, attended by two or three female friends about her own age.

She looks him over for some time and finally requests him, through her brother (it not being etiquette to speak to him direct), to rise and turn round and round, displaying his proportions under a running fire of mischievous comments from the girl friends of the fiancee elect; she, keeping a discreet silence, awards him permission to squat again and retires. The family rush to hear her decision, but she is not inclined to be hasty or seem too easily won. "I have not seen him walk; he may jump!" she says, and so the poor fellow has to come again next morning, when he will probably be accepted.

The idea that the Zulu or Kaffir girl has no voice in the matter of choosing a husband is a mistaken one, and, although powerful moral reasons may be brought to bear, no conscientious Zulu would dream of raising his hand to beat a woman or girl into submission; he may kill his wife, for she is his, he bought her, but he will not ill-treat her. Of course there are exceptions, but such a husband would find a difficulty in procuring more wives.—*W. F. Pond, in Woman.*

—What is it that can be taken from land and leave it better? The answer to this riddle, says an exchange, is in one word—clover. And its advice is to sow clover whenever there is a chance—sow it liberally. It is the farmer's only opportunity of making, under all circumstances, a clear profit getting a valuable crop without leaving his land poorer thereby.

THE WEST AND EAST.

Two Pictures From Real Life Which Need no Explanation.

A passenger train was snow-bound in the West. The weary and hungry passengers, having hushed the songs and jests which follow such misfortunes, settled down in silence and brooded over the cheerless prospect of having to remain there for days without food.

"Don't you hear voices outside?" said a man addressing an acquaintance.

"I thought so just now. Look—lights flashing. Hello! a number of people are coming to our relief."

Rough-looking farmers, carrying baskets, boarded the train.

"Here, folks, come up all han's an' git a bite to eat. We'll put the coffee-pots on the stoves an' sorter wa'm up the occasion. Here, Miss, you shall have the first cup. Don't look like you are so mighty stout, nohow. Look at that little boy, will you? Hungry as a wolf, I bet. Bless his little heart, we'll fix him. Fetch that bread and butter this way. We was mightily afraid that we wouldn't reach you before old man Hungry got in a good many pinches. Under a big drift here, you see. What did you say, sir? What, pay your share! Why, darn your hide, do you think we want pay? Do you take us for a lot of wolves? Here, help yourself, but don't let me hear you say any thing else about pay."

* * * * *

A passenger train was snow-bound in the East. "If we only had something to eat," some one said, "I wouldn't mind it so much. To hear those little children cry for bread sends a pang through me. Hello! here come a lot of men."

"Sandwiches, sandwiches fifty cents apiece. Want a sandwich, mister? Only fifty cents apiece. Nice fresh bread and excellent beef. We are farmers in this neighborhood and wouldn't take advantage of people in your perilous position. Madam, your little girl seems to be hungry. You'd better buy her one of these fine sandwiches. You never would regret it, I assure you. No money, eh? So goes the world. Some people have money and some haven't. As the old fellow in Shakespeare—forget his name—said: 'Put money in thy purse.'"

"My dear sir," said a miserable-looking man, "won't you please give me a sandwich? I am almost famished and haven't got a cent of money."

"Give you one! Why, I don't know you."

"But," said the famishing man, "in this case acquaintanceship is not necessary. I was hungry before I got on the train, and now I am positively starving. Can you not summon the pity of a Christian and relieve my awful distress?"

"You do look bad, for a fact," the honest farmer replied, "and while no doubt you brought misfortune upon yourself, I will not wave your folly in your face, but will help you out. Haven't a cent, you say. Well, here's a damaged sandwich you may have for a quarter. What, can't trade? Well, now, I warrant you here's a lady that will buy it for her little boy. Damaged sandwich, madam—misfit sandwich for half price. You will take it? Thank you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE NEW BOOTBLACK.

How He Was Received and Honored by His Colleagues.

A new kid came on the street yesterday and took up his stand at the post-office corner. He was from Toledo, and a bootblack. He hadn't yelled "shine 'em up" over four times, before the gang was on to him. No one knew him and no one had given him permission to set up in business. The small boys walked around him and criticised his kit, and the big boys drew off to hold a caucus. In about five minutes they came to:

Whereas, We don't know him, and he is an interloper; now, therefore

Resolved, That one of our number be delegated to punch his head."

The big frog in the puddle was accordingly deputized, and he gave his box in charge and sauntered up and walked around the stranger.

Stranger was very cool.

Delegate jumped at him to see if he would scare.

Stranger didn't scare.

Delegate knocked his hat off.

Stranger picked it up and put his back to the building.

Cries of "Sick him, Jack!" from the gang, and a few side-bets made among the smaller boys that the Toledo chap would fight.

Jack rolled up his sleeves, spit on his hands and made a rush. Stranger received him with two heavy thumps, and they clinched and went down, with Toledo on top.

"Lemme-up!"

"Don't have to!"

"Lemme up, I say!"

"Will you give up?"

"Yaas!"

"All right."

Jack was licked. He acknowledged it, but had something to say about a lame back, a sore thumb, a sprained ankle and loss of sleep. Convention convened again, and

Whereas, He's got grit and kin lick any of us; now, therefore

Resolved, That he's all right and shall be received as one of us."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Marvelous Progress.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—You have read Haggard's stories, of course, Mr. Wabash?

Mr. Wabash (Western)—Er—Haggard?

Miss Waldo—Yes; the great African writer.

Mr. Wabash—No. I have not; but I certainly shall. It is wonderful, Miss Waldo, the gigantic strides that the colored race has made since the terrible yoke of slavery was removed!—*N. Y. Sun.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The manufacture of orange wine is becoming an established industry in Florida. The factory at Clay Springs has just closed its season, having made 1,000 barrels. For this quantity a million and a half of oranges were pressed. The price paid for oranges delivered at the factory was $8 a thousand.

—Prof. Poel, of St. Petersburg, has found fifty per cent. of petroleum in the cod liver oil sold by one druggist, the adulterated article having the taste, smell and appearance of the genuine. Mineral oil is also frequently found in olive oil.

—A Paterson, (N. J.) machineit has completed a silk loom which occupies less space than a typewriter, and weaves silk handkerchiefs of a pretty pattern, four inches square. A child can operate it. Silk manufacturers of Paterson it is the smallest working loom ever made.

—In the early forms of electric incandescent lamps the filament was of platinum, and it was noticed that a thin film of the metal soon formed on the inside of the glass bulb. In recent investigations Dr. Alfred Berliner has found the phenomenon to be due to the tearing away of solid particles by the violent emission of gases the platinum had absorbed.

—Curious effects are known to be often produced by colors on persons and animals. The sight of an obnoxious color may induce an attack of hysterics, nausea, or a headache, or it may cause a violent fit of ill temper. The offending color is sometimes blue, sometimes yellow, but oftener red or scarlet. Scientific attention is being directed to these phenomena.

—Fifteen years ago there were only two shoe manufactories in Portland, Me., where now are several, employing 775 persons. For the current year these factories have turned out 841,000 pairs of boots, doing a business estimated at $3,580,000. There have been no threatened strikes, and only once or twice in the history of the trade has there arisen disagreement between employer and operatives.

—According to various practical tests, the gradual loss of elasticity frequently observed in articles made of vulcanized India rubber is due to the slow formation of sulphuric acid by the action of atmospheric moisture on sulphur present in the rubber. This action of the acid may be prevented by occasional prolonged washing of the article with water, or with water rendered slightly alkaline. In this way drainage tubes may be maintained in a supple condition for a considerable time.

—A very good quality of artificial ivory can be manufactured from the bones and hides of animals. The bones are macerated and bleached in chloride of lime for two weeks; then heated by steam, together with the hides, until a fluid mass is formed, and to this a small quantity of alum is added. After filtering and drying in the air it is hardened in an alum bath, and yields white, rough plates, which closely resemble ivory and are more easily worked than the natural product.

—An effort was recently made in France to prove to a number of peasants that a piece of "solid iron" is not in fact perfectly solid, but only relatively so. The iron was hammered in the presence of spectators until it became of perceptibly less dimensions than it contained before the hammering began. The experimenters considered this a triumphant proof of the elasticity and condensability of the iron; but the peasants explained the lessening of the iron's dimensions by saying that "some of the substance had been hammered out of it," and would not believe that it was a bit more solid after the hammering than it was before.

THE JEWELRY TRADE.

A Large Retailer Tells Why He Does Not Employ Women.

"You wonder why jewelers don't employ women as saleswomen more than they do? Well, there is a variety of reasons why they shouldn't.

"In the first place, customers won't rely upon a woman's judgment in the matter of gems. Suppose, for instance, you came into my store to buy your wife a $500 pair of earrings. Behind one counter is a pretty young woman—for, of course, if we employed women they would have to be pretty—and behind the other is a young man. Now, which of the two would you go to? Why, the young man, of course. When making such a purchase you would naturally prefer to be guided by his judgment than by that of a woman.

"Then another and very serious objection to the employment of women is that, as a rule, they wont stay with us long enough. We value our employes for the length of time they have been with us. All of our salesmen have been in our employ for a long time, some of them for over a quarter of a century. How many women would have stayed with us that long? Very few. Most women employed in stores marry after a few years' service.

"No, women are not suited to the jewelry business. It is true that they take a great interest in gems and jewelry, but the popular idea that they have a better knowledge of them than men is a mistaken one, and I do not know of any cases where they have been successfully employed as either buyers or saleswomen.

"One might suppose that the manufacture of jewelry was work in which women would succeed, but experience shows that such is not the case. In the factories the women perform what may be described as almost menial work, such as polishing and burnishing, and no matter how long they remain at the trade they rarely make any progress toward the higher branches, nor indeed do they show any inclination to do so."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinney, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that application will be made to the County Commissioners of Garrett county, Md., after thirty days from the first publication of this notice, for the appointment of viewers for the purpose of viewing and determining whether the public convenience requires the location and opening of a Public County Road, beginning at the end of Church street, Oakland, and running thence through the lands of Mrs. E. A. Kilburn, Mrs. Maria Davis, F. & C. Felty, S. L. Townshend, Mrs. Max. Kline and James R. Bishop, to intersect the Ryans Glade Road at a point between John A. Deinwder's and Mt. Lake Road,

GEORGE D. WHITE,
B. REYNOLDS,
4 14 5 JAMES SEABOLD.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by W. Taylor Sines, T. B. Digman and others, leading from Sang Run road, near Deep Creek bridge, and running thence through lands of Israel Spiker, Riley Montgomery, Dennis Ryan and the B. & O. R. R. Co., to intersect the Cranesville and Oakland road near Isaac Layton's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 17th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
FREEMAN W. LEWIS,
JOHN SINES,
4 14 5 Examiners.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 548.

AN ACT

To provide for the appointment of two superintendents to supervise and control the repairs and improvements of a public county road in Garrett county, known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghiogheny river, at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghiogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, and to authorize the County Commissioners of Garrett county to make a levy for the repairs and improvements of said road.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the repairs and improvement and supervision of the public county road known as the Legislative road leading from the West end of the covered bridge over Youghiogheny river at Friendsville, in Garrett county, along the West side of said Youghiogheny river to Selbysport, as now traveled, and thence with said county road by Guard's store to the Pennsylvania line, be and the same is hereby placed under the charge and care of Joshua M. Friend and George Dunham.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That the County Commissioners of Garrett county be, and the same are hereby authorized and required at the time of making the annual levy in the year eighteen hundred and eighty eight, to levy the sum of eight hundred dollars in the hands of said superintendents, provided for by this act for the repair of said road hereinbefore designated and to be expended equally by said superintendent upon said road.

SEC. 3 And be it enacted, That said superintendents shall before entering upon their duties, execute a bond in the same manner that road supervisors in Garrett county are required to bond.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That George Dunham shall have charge of that part of said road which passes through lands supposed to be owned by George H. Williams, that Joshua M. Friend shall have charge of the remainder of said road, and that each shall on or before the first day of September, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, render a specific account to the County Commissioners of their expenditures upon said road, and shall return their vouchers for such expenditures, and said superintendents shall each be allowed as an item of said expense, the sum of two dollars per day for their services whilst engaged upon said road.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That should either of said superintendents fail to qualify as required or should either resign or die, his duties shall devolve upon the other, and should both fail to qualify, resign, or die, the County Commissioners shall appoint two superintendents to take their places with powers obligatory.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That all labor employed upon said road by said superintendents shall be paid at the rate allowed by road supervisors on other county roads in said county.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

4 28 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

How to Iron Shirts.

You will need two rough-faced polishing irons, which can be procured for you by your hardware dealer. With these in your posession proceed to dampen your starched clothes. For collars and cuffs have about one yard of muslin, dip this in clean water and wring out as dry as you can by hand. Place the collars in alternate layers, two thick across the cloth, fold over and continue placing them until they are all in. Have only one thickness of cloth between each layer, as more than this will make them too damp. Now roll up tight and place under a weight of about twenty-five pounds for thirty-five minutes, take out of the fold and put them in lawers together, roll again in the cloth and put under the weight for several hours. They will then be ready for ironing. Have a little common wax for the irons to make them smooth and have them hot, not too hot so as they will scorch.

Should the irons have a tendency to stick, place some table salt on a smooth board and rub the face of the iron over it until smooth. The shirts should be dampened like the collars. Instead of using muslin use the lowest part of shirt, which fold over the bosom and interfold the wristbands. Let the neckband be covered in the fold, now lay them one on the other in a pile for several hours with no weight, and when you are nearly ready to iron them, roll up tight seperately; let them remain thus for about an hour and they will be in fine condition for ironing. To do good work use plenty of pressure—the more the better—as one of the first requisites of a good ironer is strength. Now, with these instructions and practice you can get your shirts, collars and cuffs just as stiff and glossy as the finest new work.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Pettifer, an intelligent English worker in electric plating and secretary of the Workmen's Association for Defense of British Industry, after experiencing the evil effects of free trade in his own country and observing at length the benefits of the American tariff system says:

"Any person who has to earn a living in America as a producer must first become crazy before he becomes a free trader, and the farmers must be the craziest of the whole lot to think of such a thing. Before any of your workingmen (either engaged in manufacturing or agriculture) talk about free trade, let them send one of their number over here to see what it is doing for this country; let him walk about for six months looking for a job, until his coat gets ragged and his shoes get thin, and he gets the thinnest of all, and everywhere he asks for work he will be told that the Germans and Belgians are doing the work cheaper than he can do it; then let them send for him home again and hear what he says about free trade. If it is the surplus revenue that is causing the trouble, send it to some free trade country. You never knew them to have a surplus; or if you don't like to do that, take it out to sea and sink it, or bury it, or do anything, in fact, rather than adopt free trade; that is to say, if you do not want foreign competition to ruin your manufacturing industries, and by so doing ruin your farmers by robbing them of their home market."

Wise Words.

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.

Time and adversity are two powerful destroyers.

The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood.

Vice stings us even in our pleasuses, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the atmosphere under which all things thrive.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, by deeds, not years.

Any one who has any one of the virtues strongly developed has a coloring of them all in his character.

There is many a heart that dwells in its soul, like a hermit in his cell, its own sad and sorrowing confessor.

A jest is often a weak and silly thing; a witticism, a cold and cruel thing; but a joke is ever the fun of humor.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of Time, with suns for lamps, and Eternity for a background.

Success don't impose itself on any one. Those who win must reach for things, and at the same time cultivate their grip.

All the real wits and humorists are a sedate people; their wit and humor is worked out soberly with line and plummet.

He who decides in any case, without hearing the other side of the question, though he may determine justly, is not therefore just.

Those who excel in strength are not most likely to show contempt for weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

All that we posess of truth and wisdom is a borrowed good. You will be always poor, if you do not posess the only true riches.

The living get credit for what they might be quite as much as for what they are. Posterity judges a man by the best rather than the average of his attainments.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.

To be a good critic, a man must have all the intrinsic elements of a good author, and yet while we have but few good authors, even the solitudes and waste places teem with critics.

We seem to have four kinds of people—those who are moving forward, those who are on the move backward, those who are standing still and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures, and we are well or ill at ease as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small obstacles and frequently observations.

"How glad you must be that your husband has quit visiting saloons!"

"Yes, indeed. He promised me when he went into business for himself that he would never go inside a saloon again, and he has kept his word. It must be a struggle for poor George, but he bears up heroically."

"What is his business now?"

"He keeps a drug store."—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOMŒOPATHY.—32,655 cases in European hospitals receiving Homœopathic treatment showed a death rate of 4.4 per cent., while 119,630 cases under old treatment had a death rate of 10.5. (See *Sharps' Tracts.*)

Official figures in Bavaria give Homœopathy a death rate in Cholera of 6.75 against 48.50 of old treatments. (Dr. Rath)

These figures, whose accuracy has never been refuted, should make every one give the matter a more than passing thought, and it would be well to write for a copy of our Book Catalogue, and "Medical Index," also, if interested in live stock, of our "Veterinary Index." We mail them free. Many druggists keep our medicines or they may be ordered direct.

BOERICKE & TAFEL,
Homœopathic Pharmacists and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., 938 F. St. N. W., Washton, D. C.; also, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. Established in 1835.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 2 '87 1y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 126.

AN ACT

To prevent the destruction of fish by the use of dynamite or other explosives in the waters and streams of Garrett county.

SECTION 1 Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland. That any person who shall destroy or attempt to destroy any fish by dynamite or other explosives in any of the waters or streams of Garrett county shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction before any tribunal having jurisdiction in the premises, shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars, one half to the informer and the other half to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January Sesson, 1888.

5 5 3t. CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Beachey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intersect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
5 5 6 Examiners.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.
Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

is without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.30 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

5 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

NOTICE!

To all Whom it May Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREAY GIVEN, That application has been made to the Mayor and Common Council of the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland, praying for the opening and laying out of a street in said town, through the lands of D. Annan, Roger Perry's heirs, Mrs. Chas. Perry, Davis & Bro., and the Garrett County School Board, beginning at Church street, near the Union Church, and extending to the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Paugh, in said town. Action will be taken by said Mayor and Common Council upon said application thirty days after the first publication of this notice.

176 JOSEPH LASHORN,
Mayor.
S. C. HOYE, Secretary.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by J. D. Ashenfelter, R. M. Fairall and others, beginning at or near the Northwestern corner of John C. Beckman's land, on the Swanton road, and thence through the lands of J. R. Anderson, J. B. Friend, Ira E. Friend, H. Glover and Wm. H. Wright to the spring dranes near the Hogan place, thence through the lands of J. H. Wilson & Bro. to Wilson's Store and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
NATHAN CASTEEL,
THOS. R. McROBIE,
4 14 5 Examiners.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
Tobacco and Cigars,
TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES,
CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

OUR HOME OFFICE. THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) ☞ Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with reference,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 13 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoopole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch. 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees "so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888. NUMBER 12.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

IS THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main Street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST, OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schramm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equipping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER, 2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, Props

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 20, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 71 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge.

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE, 2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

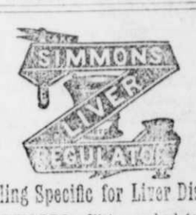
WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland Garrett county, Md.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

(PURELY VEGETABLE)

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints,
Dyspepsia, Sick Headache,
Constipation, Biliousness,
Kidney Affections, Jaundice,
Mental Depression, Colic.

Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1.00.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEBP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Historical Facts.

[From the Cumberland Courier.]

CUMBERLAND, MD., May 3, 1888.

In recent years there has been considerable written and published in the newspapers and periodicals in reference to the old Braddock's road, and its successor, the National road, but such writings have been rather of a sketchy than historic character. They did not appear to be sufficiently strong in research and authenticity to have made them valuable to readers in search of real information. There would seem to be room, and even necessity for something more on the subject, if carefully abstracted and collected from reliable sources, which have been and now are rapidly disappearing so far as any human recollections and traditions are concerned. It shall be the purpose of this paper to contribute something, however small, to history; perhaps more accurately speaking, material for history; and if the general reader should find additionally something of a retinisic and entertaining character, so much more accomplished.

Braddck, or Braddock's road, takes its name from Gen. Edward Braddock a veteran officer of the British army—a man of more faults than virtue, but he was a thorough and successful sodier in European tactics, and that was sufficient for military reputation in that part of the world. He disembarked his little army of two crack regiments at Alexandria, Va., early in the spring of 1755. This royal force, with some Virginia, Maryand and North Carolina levies took up its line of march from this base (Alexandria) in the latter part of April for some distance over the same road the Union army gallantly marched to the now historic field of Bull Run with the same disastrous and humiliating results. As to the first campaign three years were needed to repair and become ready for the successful one of 1758, and in the latter four long bloody years such as history knew not of before. From this scene over the subsequent route of Gen. J. E. Jackson's army, reversed to Fort Loudon (now Winchester) then bearing North to the Upper Potomac, with or close to it till the great Cacapon was reached, then over to Maryland, and up by way of "Skipton" the fortified abode of Col. Thomas Cresap, in after times greatly rated as a frontiersman of the defensive and offensive kind. Fort Cumberland at the confluence of Wills creek and Potomac was reached 19th of May. This fort was built in 1754 upon the site of an earlier and weaker work then known as Mount Pleasant, upon a stragetic hill in the basin in which the city of Cumberland was subsequently built. It was named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland, the Capt. Gen. of the British army, a very popular man in his day, as shown by the many places in this country that still bear his entitled name.

On the 10th of June Braddock, with his army of 1,400 men, started upon his ill-fated, or rather ill-conducted, expedition from Cumberland to capture the annoying and menacing Fort Duquesne, now the great city of Pittsburg. In the start from Cumberland the natural and best route up Wills Creek was ignored, and a more Westerly deflection, by way of Sandy Gap in Wills mountain, adapted, or rather followed. Up Jennings Run through a gap in Dan's mountain, onward to the "Savages," "The Shades of Death," "Little Meadows," a place already familiar to Washington, now one of the most charming in all the Alleghanies; next the "Little Crossings" were reached, then "Bear Camps" in the mountain heights, then downward to "Squaws Fort," next "Big Crossings," "Great Meadows," "Rock Fort," "Gests," "Yohogheny," "Great Swamp," "Jacob's Cabin," "Salt Lick," "Thickety Run" and "Monongahela camp." Only so much of the route as lay beyond Fort Necessity was his own choice and engineering. All, or nearly so, the line from Alexandria to Cumberland had been gone over by Washington and was familiar to him. Only a year before he had raised and led a military expedition in the nature of a daring recognizance, with artilery and wagons in the direction of Fort Duquesne, and lost all but honor and youthful reputation. So in reality there was not much after all in what has been known as Braddock's route, or road of his own original choice, or engineering such as was practiced and understood in those days. It has been said by eminent authority that trained engineers in traversing mountain ranges, scientifically follow the depressions and gaps, instinctively found and pursued by the wild beasts. No doubt such was the origin of the route of Braddock's road, at least mainly so westward of Fort Cumberland.

For some reason not now understood this route as a military road, though open and passible, fell into military disfavor after Braddock's disaster, as Gen. Forbs in his movement in the autumn of 1758 upon Duquesne, selected a new route by way of Raystown, Bedford and Loyal Hannan, at the expense of loss in time and treasure. This way not having been opened before. But the former road, especially in later years, grew in public favor for civil use; and was also the natural and best way from Fort Cumberland for expeditions to check Indian forays, notwithstanding the fall of Fort Duquesne, continued for a number of years to annoy the hardy people living on the belt between partial civilization and savagery pure. After the close of the Revolutionary war and the establishment of a national government, the more densely populated districts east of the mountains began to send their surplus, or migratory people, to the new and rich lands beyond. Most of the early migrations from the Middle States passed over this road. The cry then was, ho for "the Ohio" and "Kentuck." However many emigrants from Maryland, Northern Virginia and Eastern Pennsylvania settled upon the fertile lands of Southwestern Pennsylvania.

The Iron Chancellor.

Bismarck as an orator has been compared to Cromwell. Though he makes no pretense to being a speaker yet his practice does not always comport with his theories, as is shown by the fact that on important occasions he holds the floor for several hours at a time. Bismarck, however, would in all probability prove his consistency by claiming that what he says is not mere idle words. It is more interesting to watch Bismarck when making one of his great speeches than to listen to him. His words are far stronger and make more impression in cold type than when they fall from his lips. This shows their inherent force and weight. His delivery slow; he always uses the exact word he wants and his facts are marshaled in clear and lucid order. When he first rises to speak a great silence falls upon the Reichstag; not even a whisper is heard, and the deputies of all shades of political opinion crowd as closely as possible around him, fearful lest they might lose a single syllable of what he says. Bismarck has little or no rhetorical action. His motions are not graceful, his voice is husky and unmusical, and some of his sentences are as long as those of our own Evarts. During a debate he makes notes in a coarse, scrawling hand. When attacked by some keen opponents he grows nervous, shifts in his seat, his pen shakes between his fingers and very often his hand goes menacingly to his sword-hilt, for Bismarck, while he is the first civil officer in the Empire, is at the same time a General of cavalry, and always wears the undress uniform in the Reichstag.

When aroused his ebullitions of passion are frequently terrible. His great frame quivers with emotion, and his gray-blue eyes flash fire as he turns toward the benches of his adversaries and demands to know who it was that hissed him. Scenes of this character, however, are of rare occurrence in recent years. He is merciless in retort, unsparing of persons, no matter their age, their personal services to himself or to the Empire. He posesses a caustic humor which he uses with great effect. A master of invective, his coarseness of speech very often defeats his own object. One of his countrymen, speaking on this point, has described him as "an Achilles in courage, he is a Thersites in debate as often as the candid censure of friends or the vicious taunts of foes goad him into the loss of his temper." Bismarck has in an extraordinary degree the art of facility of embodying in a terse phrase some great national aspiration which throws his immediate audience into raptures of enthusiasm, and thenceforth becomes a battle-cry from one end of Germany to the other. "God is with me," will, in all probability, outlive the Empire, as Seward's "higher law', and "irrepressible conflict" survive the great anti-slavery agitation and the civil war.

Prince Bismarck is seen to best advantage in his celebrated informal receptions and in his home life. He is a man of striking personal appearance. He is six feet two inches in height and of splendid proportions in every respect. His head is very large, of great breadth, well shaped, and rests on a great neck, which rises firmly above his giant frame. The forehead is large and bold, the lower half seamed and furrowed; the upper portion smooth and shiny. The eyes are full, steel blue in color, and protrude far out from the brows, which are covered with great bunches of hair. The nose is large and aristocratic looking; the mouth firm, covered by a heavy grizzly moustache; the jaws which appear to have the solidity of iron converge in a massive, finely cut chin. The expression of the face is solemn, earnest, inexorable, implacable. Paul Lindau once visited the studio of Prof. Shaper, and saw there the busts of Bismarck, Moltke and Richard Wagner, which he described as "three of the most marvelous heads that one can see anywhere, and beside which all others look more or less insignificant." Mr. Lowe, Bismarck's biographer, made inquiries afterward of Prof. Shaper, and says that of the three heads Wagner had much the largest; that Moltke's is remarkable for its beautifully symmetrical and perfect poise, while Bismarck's is remarkable for its rugged bulk and strength, and for its abnormal breadth above the ears, which, according to phrenologists, would indicate cambativeness. At any rate, a Berlin hatter says, as the result of his cranialogical examinations, that of all German tribes the Mecklenburgers have the broadest heads, but that no Mecklenburger wears so large a hat as the hero of Varzin.

Didn't go Dry.

A man who had gone to Tennessee to buy a stock farm, after looking at a place which seemed to suit him, said:

"Does this spring go dry?"

"No, sir," said the owner of the place. "I have been living in this neighborhood for thirty years and have never known that spring to go dry."

The prospector bought the farm. Six months afterwards he sought the man who had sold it to him, and asked:

"I want to tell you that you are an old liar."

"I bought a stock farm from you about six months ago."

"Yes, sir, that's a fact."

"I asked you if a certain spring ever went dry?"

"Yes, I believe you did."

"And you told me that it did not?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But, sir, it is as dry as a powder horn."

"Wait a minute. I told you that the spring didn't go dry?"

"Yes, you did."

"And you say there's no water there?"

"Not a drop."

"Well, then, it's not a spring. When any thing goes dry it's not a spring, but simply a hole in the ground. Webster tells us that a spring is a stream of water flowing out of the ground, and if there is not water flowing out of the ground at the place which you designated, why, it is not a spring. If you had asked me if the water gave out I might have told you yes, but as it was I was compelled to yield to an impulse of truth and say that the spring did not go dry. Sorry you are dissatisfied with the farm. You ought to be a little more explicit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

HOMOEOPATHY.—A good Homœopathic book—a "domestic physician"—is a medical missionary in many families and a trusty adviser in all; to one of these add a case of Homœopathic medicines and the family is as well prepared to meet sudden emergencies and sickness as human foresight can provide. The cost is not great, and when compared with the advantages sinks out of sight. Catalogue and price list mailed free on request. Our medicines are kept by leading druggists who will give also our valuable little *Medical Index* free. It is safest to buy medicines bearing our labels for they are known to be strictly reliable by the medical profession of America and Europe. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic pharmacists and publishers, 212, W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., and 938 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Business established in 1835.

Daniel Webster and Henry Clay both died in 1852,

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WE DON'T KEEP THEM LONG.

While others sing of the coming spring,
Mine is a sadder song.
Of the children sweet around our feet—
O, we don't keep the children long!

Not far the day till they'll fly away,
Away from this home of ours,
Just as the snow in spring will go,
Just as in fall, the flowers.
The babies we bless, with fond caress,
And love still deeper, fonder,
Like birds will sing, like birds will wing,
Like birds the wide world wander.

The laddie wee, upon my knee,
A man shall meet my vision,
While other feet as swift, as sweet,
May tread the field elysian.
The little girl whose hair you curl,
Her sweet rose-mouth soft kissing,
Away will trip, away will slip,
And you shall do the missing.

We'll still be near and still be dear,
But oh, with eyes grown clearer,
We'll surely see that there must be
Another nearer, dearer.
We know that best is God's behest
And thank Him for the giving
Of each soft dove, whose nestling love
Makes life more worth the living.

For if I could name sound most good
And cheeriest to a mother,
'Twould be the shout when boys rush out
And rush back with another.
Though sweeter than this and deeper bliss
Is to dream when day is dying,
And on your breast in sleepy rest,
A tired little head is lying.

O, men we shall see, oh, women to be!
Some day we shall love you duly.
But now when you're small and our all in all
Most tenderly and most truly.
So while you stay we'll thrust away
Silence, sorrow, sadness,
And fill to the brim from dawning dim
Every day with gladness.

Let others sing of the joys of spring,
Mine is a gladder song.
Of the children who meet around our feet,
Their laughter loud, their kisses sweet,
Their love which makes all life complete—
Though we don't keep the children long!

—*Kate M. Cleary, in Good Housekeeping.*

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

Miss Dolly's Lesson in Love and How to Manage.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter?"

Time: Four of a summer afternoon. Place: A pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of to-day, modeled on the style of Louis Quinze, with a dash of "Liberty" thrown in, and modern accessories, such as crystal flower vases, three-volume novels, and photograph-stands, juxtaposed with Queen Anne silver and knicknacks ancient and modern. Dramatis Personae: a graceful figure in white, flung with an air of desolation on the floor beside a sofa, her charming neck visible beneath delicious little rows of golden curls, her frame shaken by sobs; an older woman standing a few yards distant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good-looking enough for any thing" without being distinctly handsome, aged somewhere within the right side of thirty, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sorrower. Anger is often akin to sorrow as pity is to love, and the voice which responds to the question when reiterated is decidedly petulant.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone."

"I shall not do any thing of the sort," returns the other. "I am going to talk to you and I do not care in the least whether you are angry or not, although I had much rather you would take my remarks in good part."

"O," responds the voice, still smothered in the sofa-cushions, but losing nothing of its resentful quality. "I know how clever you are, and that you think that you can manage every one's affairs a great deal better than themselves."

She intends this to be a "nasty one," and, as a matter of fact, it does not fall very pleasantly on the ears of her interlocutor; but she sits down on the sofa, and replies with good humor: "Well, my love, I may confidently say that I could manage your affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you, I would have Mr. Clement Lascelles at my feet in a very short time."

"Perhaps you have him there now!" says the prostrate one, ceasing to sob and trying to sneer instead.

"Well, Dolly dear, to tell you the truth, I fall myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe he has for—for some people; indeed, I do consider him a poser, with an exasperatingly good opinion of himself. If you ask my candid opinion, I think that he would be all the better for being kic—"

Dorothy flounces up in a moment. "I will trouble you not to insult my friends," she cries, with flaming cheeks. "And it is not very easy to believe your sincerity when he was sitting in your pocket all last night, and you were out walking with him for two hours this morning."

"In any case," replies Mrs. Dalton coolly, "your remarks prove that I have had time and opportunity to form an opinion of his qualities. I don't deny that he is good-looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. I admit that he is not without a certain amount of cleverness, and has been fairly well educated; but I violently object to his thinking himself able to sit in judgment on people a good deal older and cleverer than himself."

"On you, for instance!" cries Dolly.

"No, I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment (the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by—by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better."

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with an assumption of dignity which sits indifferently well upon her: "If you will excuse me, I should prefer not discussing Mr. Lascelles with you. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion of him, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, her majesty, suddenly, toppling over, she says vindictively, in quite a different tone of voice: "Perhaps you think I am such a fool that I don't see through your mean abuse of him!"

"That I may win and wear him myself?" suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-humoredly. "No, my dear and acute child, believe me, you have not fathomed and unmasked my baseness this time. I know your dear and sensitive little heart is set upon this fascinating young man. I don't think there is really any harm in him, and I am magnanimous enough to be ready to show you how to obtain his affections, and to make him the suppliant instead of you."

"Suppliant!" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.

"Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—he most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is indifferent or capricious."

Wrath makes Dolly absolutely speechless. If looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton would, etc., etc.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visible injury from the lightning glances to which she had been subjected. "Keep your temper, and reap the advantages of my superior age and experience."

"Keep them to yourself!" retorts Dolly, tartly.

"The first I must, whether or no, but the latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, you know I am fond of you; believe me when I say I would not have your enchanter as a gift, and also that I am desirous so see him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

Dolly seats herself on the sofa and allows Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as the first prize in the marriage lottery, and is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract; to worship him with her body, and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though he is not destitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains, and good manners, when he is not egged on to taking liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sulkily, "Well?"

"You must take the vow first."

"What vow?" with latent irritation.

"The vow never to tell any human being—Mr. Lascelles least of all—that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act toward him."

"O, of course, I promise."

"Promises are like pie-crust," replies Mrs. Dalton; then, with an air of great solemnity, she goes to a small bookcase at the end of the room, and comes back with a Bible. "You must kiss the book," she says.

"O, no," cried Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath which she may break in spite of herself, a few hours later.

"Well," says Mrs. Dalton, firmly, "do you want him or do you not?"

"Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in her eyes, "I do."

"Then kiss the book."

"But how do I know there is any thing in what you are going to tell me?" says doubting Dolly.

"Because I say so. Do I not know the world and men?"

Dolly takes the book, trembling. "What am I to say?" she falters.

"Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marian Dalton advised me how to win his affections.'"

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly kisses the book and repeats the formula. "Now then!" she cries, excitedly.

Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable. "Clement is really fond of you—he would be exceedingly fond of you, if you only allowed him."

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.

"Yes," repeats her adviser. "By allowing him. I don't mean throwing yourself at his head, and showing him that you adore him; but by making him doubt your love and his own capacity for pleasing you. Different men want different treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see and know that a woman cares for them—it adds ten-fold to their devotion for her; but I am bound to say these men are in the minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears—the woman becomes more dear as she seems more distant, and, as a rule, when a man is literally crazy about one of our sex, it is because she has worried and tormented and kept him on a perpetual balance between hope and fear. Now you, and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelles' looks and words, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, a lofty intellect, a rival to Apollo, that it is not likely that he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshipers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship; to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not really in earnest, after all."

"It is very easy to talk," pouts Dolly.

"It is very easy to act, too," returns Marian, "if you are positively certain that your plan of campaign is going to be successful."

"How do I know that it will be?"

"Try it for twenty-four hours and see how it works."

"But I don't know what I am to do."

"You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own responsibility."

"I dare say it will turn out all wrong," says Dolly, ungraciously, and that I shall lose him altogether."

"All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it matter to me whether you are happy or miserable? Go your own way."

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marian, don't go; don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me."

"Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to-night. You know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him only, all the evening. Do not glance in Mr. Lascelles' direction; I will keep my eye on him and report to you how he takes it, if he approaches you in the evening, look bored and distraite, and reply to him by monosyllables."

"I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.

"Not with such a big stake to win?" (a little sarcastically.)

"Ah! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.

"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marian, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is not acute enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles' aesthetic taste or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a genuine contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawn-tennis and polo, though he rides fairly straight and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and its cause have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty-four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of a delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before, (he is a great connoisseur of dress;) if he could only catch her eye, he would beam on her one of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul. But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up various sneering and savage quotations on the theme of *souvent femme varie*. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some one besides herself has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high, good humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!"

Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sulks.

In reality, Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying: "Pay me what thou owest." Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and, as he sits smoking after the ladies have retired, he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he had been absolutely certain of winning; but now this is the first time he has a rival—a rival that is progressing by leaps and bounds in the lady's favor—he sees that something must be done. He can not have been befooled. She loves him or—or he, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long broken ere he courts repose.

"Marian!" cries Dolly, a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room while that lady—no early riser at the best of times—still nestles among her pillows, "read this!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excitement, whilst Mrs. Dalton languidly peruses the letter thrust into her hands.

"I call it great impertinence," she remarks, returning it to Dolly.

"Impertinence!" with wide-open eyes.

"Certainly!" and Mrs. Dalton, taking it back, quotes from it:

"'Though I can not pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mortals have tarnished the pure luster which once surrounded my soul as with a halo—yet, if you will take a heart weary with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness.'"

"Is it not beautiful!" cries Dolly, in an ecstasy. "I wonder what he means! I suppose some horrid woman threw him over once!"

"I think it is exceedingly impertinent, and I hope you will resent it."

"Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly. "Why, it is a declaration!"

"Get me my blotting-book off that table," commands Mrs. Dalton, resolutely. "Now," she says, beginning to write, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again."

She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened color, reads the draft aloud:

"Dear Mr. Lascelles—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with some one else than you are with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No! I must have an undivided heart, or none at all. Your sincere friend, D. S."

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marian triumphs, Mr. Lascelles does not appear to breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within her, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they are playing lawn-tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his life, seeks counsel from Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile she alternately pricks him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the nonsense out of him. He confesses that he adores Dolly. How, oh how, is he to win her! Has he the ghost of a chance?

Mrs. Dalton, looking solemn, declares her inability to reply to this. She hints, too, at Dolly's youth and love of amusement. She hints, too, at Dick's unflagging good spirits and temper. And the upshot of it is that when Dick returns crestfallen, from his afternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir on pretence of wanting to be shown something, and, replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering airs of young Lovelace, takes her in her arms, swears he has been a fool, and has never really loved any one but her sweet self, and that if she accepts him her life shall be one round of pleasure.

Twenty minutes later, Dolly has passed on all his embraces and more to Marian.

"How clever you are, darling!" she says, admiringly.

To which Mrs. Dalton replies: "Now you know how to manage him, make good use of your knowledge."—*London World.*

A Moving Dialogue.

Tenant—This house to rent?

Landlord—Yes'm. Don't it say so in the window?

Tenant—Humph! Any sewer gas?

Landlord—I don't understand you, ma'am.

Tenant—Is the plumbing good?

Landlord—You can see for yourself, ma'am (insinuatingly). You look as if you could appreciate a good job of plumbing when you see it.

Tenant—Thank you. Did anybody ever die in any of the rooms?

Landlord—I don't understand you, ma'am. Mrs. DeSmith Jones has just moved out.

Tenant—Oh! did *she* live here?

Landlord—Yes, ma'am; those marks on the walls are where she hung her extra dresses.

Tenant—I'll take the house.—*Detroit Free Press.*

WINNING SUCCESS.

How Any Healthy Man Can Hew Out a Fortune on a Farm.

There are thousands of mechanics, laborers and farmers who are poor, and many of them suffering for some of the necessaries of life, who are so from their own fault, not for want of opportunity or the frowns of Providence. It is not luck. It is because they will not work, and economize and save. In every township and in nearly every neighborhood in Iowa can be found men and families in good circumstances who a few ago years had nothing, except an honest determination to win success. The writer can count up any time a dozen men who are worth from $10,000 to $25,000 who came to him years ago with empty hands to work by the month on the farm. They were inspired with the true ideas of living and prospering, and some of them now are taunted by their shiftless neighbors as oppressive capitalists. We care not how cruel some may consider the remark, but when you see men with families starving themselves on a rented farm for a score of years, it is safe to class them as poor white trash, who deserve no better fate. There are better things for them if they will only win them. And any person can do so. But not by spending more than they earn, not by loafing in town, in fishing and hunting—in idle visiting—not in selling a calf when it should be raised to a noble beef.

Our patience is frequently aroused when we reflect how many thousands all about us are in poverty and who probably imagine Providence is against them and that they are the unfortunate subjects of bad luck, when in fact it is their own perversity. It is not luck, but unthrift and laziness. Any man with health can hew out a fortune by hard working, vigorous enterprise. Look at this taken from an exchange:

Nelson Crane, Jr., of Union township, this county, or "Little Dick," as he is familiarly called, commenced farming nine years ago. He was in debt for his land, had no horse and no money, but he bought on credit two old mares for $120. He has sold at different times $1,000 worth of horses, has paid the debt on his land, has a good house, stables, etc., and at his sale on the 21st sold over $1,200 worth of property, of which $986 was horses to-wit: one six-year-old-mare, $210; one eight-year-old-mare, $239.50; one four-year-old mare, $247; one two-year-old-mare, $96.50; one yearling filly, $93; one yearling filly, $100.

This is not luck, but industry, economy, with an unwavering determination to win, and all can win who deserve it.—*Des Moines Register.*

PALESTINE'S FLORA.

Bible Plants Whose Beauty Lies Chiefly in their Hallowed Association.

It must not be supposed that the flora of the Holy Land is meager. On the contrary, it is strikingly rich and diversified. There are twice as many species of plants native to Palestine as there are in the very much wider area of the British Isles. But it is only on account of their economic utility, or because of their suitability for moral and spiritual illustrations, that they are mentioned by the inspired writers. The geographical conditions of Palestine are so varied and its climate is so favorable to vegetable growth that no botanist will feel astonished at the richness of its flora. Of Oriental types there are the splendid acacias, and their brightly colored parasite, the loranthus; the denizens of the mountain include the oak, the maple, the magnificent cedar and the pretty oxyria; among the trees are the carob, the terebinth, the olive and pistachio, the bay, the myrtle and the oleander; crowds of orchids and anemones, lillies and pinks, cyclamens and echiums, and many other snowy flowers occur in such profusion as to lead Canon Tristram to compare the scene with the Garden of Eden; while everywhere are seen most of the blossoms that ornament the English wayside and hedgerow—the buttercup and daisy, the campion and corn-poppy, the dog-rose and bryony, the willow-herb and germander speedwell, the herbrobret and stitchwort, the wild mint and selfheal, the groundsel and dandelion, and others familiar to us. The chief attraction, however, of the Palestinian flora does not lie in its profusion, nor even in its beauty, but in its hallowed associations. We can not help feeling impressed even by the simple daisy and buttercup of those pastures over which Abraham walked when, by Divine direction, he pitched his tent in the land of Promise. The beautiful tulips and orchards shine with added charms when we reflect that it was flowers like these, and growing where they now flourish, that David, the ruddy-faced shepherd lad, plucked while guarding his father's flocks. These charming anemones and tinted or spotless lilies that transfigure the plains and ponds of Judea seem to speak to our very soul as they re-echo the sweet and oft-needed lessons of trust and contentment which the Saviour drew from them.—*The Quiver.*

Let Your Motives be Good.

It is the motive that, more than any thing else, renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming, or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also on the same terms? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake, because the principles give their value to the actions, not the actions to the principles, for they are but dross. The principles are the gold on which is to be placed the stamp, and if the gold is not good, the stamp, though it often deceives the people, gives it no real worth.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Paper is now used in the construction of chimneys. It is made into blocks, which are joined with cement.

—One of the new industries in Maine which are springing up over the State is the extraction of oil from cedar boughs.

—A German paper says that a company has been formed to manufacture watches to be run by electricity instead of a spring.

—Vermont derives a large income from her sugar maples. One hundred trees will on an average yield twenty-five gallons of syrup.

—A new attachment to the microscope has been devised, the object of which is to observe the melting points of minerals while under the process of examination.

—Chinese firms doing business in New York City during the last year paid the government $250,000 in customs duties. The celestial merchants complain because there is no one in the custom house who can talk with them properly either in "pigeon English" or Chinese.

—Chloride of zinc, so much used in soldering iron, has the drawback of being unwholesome when employed for soldering the iron tins for canning fruit, vegetables, etc. A soldering mixture, free from such defects is now made by mixing one pound of lactic acid with one pound of glycerine and eight pounds of water.

—An Austrian has patented a process for getting a thread that can be spun and bleached from wood, which is cut in long lengths and boiled till it will cleave apart in fibrous bunches by shaking in water. It is then shredded by hand or by machinery, and spun like hemp. This gives a very fine thread, and less boiling gives a coarser one.

—The remarkable finish of American papers places them ahead of any made elsewhere in the world. The excellent properties of the paper are imparted by the addition of a mineral called agalith. It is a silicate of magnesia, and is fibrous, resembling in this respect asbestos. Large amounts of it are found in the United States. This substance does not seem to be found as yet in other countries.

—It is estimated that the amount of petroleum produced in Pennsylvania since Drake's well was drilled in 1859 to the year 1887 was 330,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each. This amount of oil would be sufficient to make a good-sized river or lake if collected in one body. It would make a stream ten feet deep, 100 feet wide and about 350 miles long, or a lake or rectangular pond about three miles long, two miles wide and ten feet deep. Still the supply is not exhausted.

—By means of a high box attached to the wall of a house, the outside of the box being made of slate or corrugated iron to absorb the heat, and so connected with openings in the wall as to act as a flue, the heat of the sun can be called in to assist in warming a room. A heater forty-two feet long and six feet wide was formerly attached to the Athenæum in Boston, the work done by it being estimated to be equal to that obtained from the consumption of fifty pounds of coal a day.

—A paper that resists the action of both fire and water has, it is said, been recently invented in Germany by a Herr Ladewigg. The manufacture is accomplished by mixing twenty-five parts of asbestos fiber with from twenty-five to thirty parts of aluminum sulphate, and the mixture is moistened with chloride of zinc and thoroughly washed in water. It is then treated with a solution of one part of resin soap in eight to ten parts of a solution of pure aluminum sulphate, after which it is manufactured into paper like ordinary pulp.

The Ways of Nature.

In the universe every thing is changing and every thing is in motion, for motion itself is the first condition of vitality. The firm ground, long thought to be immovable, is subject to incessant motion; the very mountains rise or sink; not only do the winds and ocean currents circulate round the planet, but the continents themselves, with their summits and valleys, are changing their places and slowly traveling round the circle of the globe. In order to explain all these geological phenomena it is no longer necessary to imagine alterations in the earth's axis, ruptures of the solid crust, or gigantic subterranean downfalls. This is not the mode in which nature generally proceeds; she is more calm and regular in her operations, and, chary of her right, brings about changes of the grandest character without even the knowledge of the beings that she nourishes. She upheaves mountains and dries up seas without disturbing the flight of the gnat. Some revolution which appears to us to have been produced by a mighty cataclysm has, perhaps, taken thousands of years to accomplish.—*Science.*

Just the Wife He Wanted.

She—I confess, William, that your proposal gives me pleasure. It would be foolish to pretend that it does not, yet——

He—Yet what? What possible objection can you have to becoming my wife? You know that I love you, that I am able to provide for you——

"Yes, but I fear I would be but a sorry housewife."

"Why so?"

"Because I have never been to a cooking school."

"All the better, dearest; all the better."

"All the better?"

"Yes. You will stay at home and attend to the cooking instead of wanting to go out and lecture on the culinary art. You are just the kind of wife I want."—*Boston Courier.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The rainfall in California has been increasing ever since the country was settled.

—Strawberries never are good until they are cheap. Any boarding-house keeper can tell you that much.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Bacon probably had his next door neighbor's piano in his mind's eye when he wrote, "Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

—An impecunious negro in Savannah, Ga., stole a watch, and with the advance given him on it at the pawnshop took out a marriage certificate.

—Young bachelor—"I see Mrs. John Sherwood says American men are the most indulgent husbands in the world." Married man—"Humph! We have to be."—*Omaha World.*

—"Discrepancies in my accounts?" repeated the bank cashier indignantly; "not a bit of it. The accounts are all right to a mill. The trouble is with the cash."—*Somerville Journal.*

—Dr. John Hall, of New York, is worth a million, and preaches to a congregation worth $400,000,000. Let the camel be greased and have the needle's eye reamed out.—*Alta California.*

—It is a curious thing that so many people who sell goods below cost manage to use pure cream in their coffee and keep two base burners in operation.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—Washington hostess (giving an evening party)—"James, are the ambulances at the door?" James—"Yes, ma'am."—"Washington hostess—"Then you may announce supper."—*Life.*

—Minister"—I understand that you do not believe that a person is sufficiently punished on the earth for his misdeeds?" Neighbor—"O, yes, I do now; but I didn't until I heard you preach."—*Yonker's Statesman.*

—A scientist says that the reason why people blush in the face is because that is the only portion of the body which is exposed to view. This scientist is not in the habit of attending balls.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"I wish I knew what to preach about next Sunday," said Rev. Mr. Smoothtext. "Preach against the evils of riches," suggested the elder; "there isn't a man in our church worth over $3,000."—*Burdette.*

—"I think an egg would make that coffee settle, Mrs. Scadgers," said the impecunious boarder heedlessly. "If the recipe is a sure one, pray let me offer you an egg, Mr. Sloapa," responded the landlady severely, and then the conversation languished.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

—Miss Marlboro—"I had such a misfortune to-day, professor. My parrot escaped and I haven't seen it since." Professor (of mathematics)—"Indeed? How sad! And yet, do you know, Miss Marlboro, your affliction could be beautifully diagrammed." Miss Marlboro—"Ah?" Professor—"Yes; it's a poly-gone."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SLAUGHTER OF TRAMPS.

A Brakeman Tells How the Gentry of the Road Steal Rides.

Statistics of the number of tramps killed annually in railroad accidents are appalling, but no attention is paid to this wholesale slaughter of an undesirable element of society. However, for the amount of traveling done by the worthless gentry of the road, the accident rate is very small. Scarcely a passenger or freight train makes a trip but one or more tramps ride on the trucks or "blind baggage." Should an accident occur they are very liable to be injured, but the number of marvelous escapes they make causes one to imagine they lead charmed lives. I was on a train two weeks ago when I saw a tramp escape in a way that was simply marvelous. Our train ran on a switch and into a freight. The two engines were badly smashed, and the first passenger car was piled on top of the freight engine. The engineer of the former and both firemen were killed. When everybody had rushed out and the true state of affairs was discovered, there emerged from under the cars piled on the engine, a badly-scared tramp who was not injured at all. He walked away very calmly after shaking himself, and no doubt left on the trucks of the next train. These fellows become very expert at riding in difficult places. As the cars are examined at most stations, they have to hide between the trucks or get off. In the latter case they run under the car and resume their place while the train is moving. "Blind baggage" is another method of stealing a ride. This is a technical phrase to designate the platform of the baggage-car that is coupled to the engine. There is no entrance to the car, and hence when the train starts at night the tramp runs and jumps to the platform, where he can remain unseen until the next station, where he jumps off as the train slows up. He is safe from the conductor and brakeman, and is only in danger of discovery from the engine. The fireman and engineer if tender-hearted will not disturb him, but otherwise they pelt him with coal and threw water upon him until he is glad to leave when the train stops. If he has luck he can ride all night more safely than on the truck, but he gets a dose of cinders and smoke from the engine.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Photographic Feat.

A.—Photography is making wonderful strides. The other day a man took a photograph of a bullet shot from a gun.

B.—While it was in the air?

"Why, certainly."

"I'd like to see that photographer. I believe he could photograph the sudden disappearance of my week's salary when my wife buys a new spring bonnet. I'd like to see him try it, anyhow.—*Texas Siftings.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE KIND WANTED.

There's a junior partner wanted
By Will Succeed & Co.,
Who do a rushing business
'Way up on Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisement—
"No capital required;"
But boys with pluck and courage
Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear
Of steady, plodding work,
Who does not wait for luck or fate
Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely digs his way
Through problems hard a score,
And still has grit and courage left
To try as many more.

Who can view a two-foot column
Of figures undismayed,
And through a tough analysis
Or conjugation wade.

Who takes each schooltime lesson
And makes it all his own,
Thus laying up his future
On good foundation stone.

Who does not wait for help to come
From fairy, witch or elf,
But laying hold on "fortune's wheel,"
Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will not move,
With all his care and toil,
He rubs each shaft and gearing well
With 'perseverance oil."

Who knows that luck is but a myth,
And faith is but a name,
That plod and push and patience
At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind
For Will Succeed & Co.,
We are wanting junior partners
'Way up on Fortune Row.
—*M. E. Sandford, in Golden Days.*

WINNIE'S ADVENTURE.

How She Was "Losted," and How She Was Found—A Good Lesson.

Little Winnie was full of importance. She was going to the city for the first time in her life, and she naturally felt happy. It was the day before they were going to start, and mamma was packing. Winnie was trying to help, but I am afraid her help was not very acceptable, for she wanted to take all her toys, and when mamma wasn't looking would run and throw a broken doll or some other old plaything into the trunk, and then mamma would have to send her away, she bothered her so.

At length the next morning came, and then they were fairly in the train and on their way to the city. Winnie was a very active little girl, and so full of mischief that mamma had to watch her pretty closely. She would persist in walking up and down the aisle between the seats, vainly trying to keep her balance, much to the amusement of the passengers.

Arrived at the city, all was bustle and noise, and great crowds at the depot, so that Winnie was almost frightened and kept tight hold of mamma's hand. They took a hack and went to Uncle Fred's. Winnie was very much pleased with the city and wanted to go out sight-seeing almost as soon as they got into the house. Mamma was too tired to go with her then, but she gave her leave to go out on the lawn and watch the people go by.

Winnie watched them some little time, standing out by the gate, and then she thought she must take a little walk herself. She said to herself: "I dess mamma won't tare, 'sides, she won't know I'm doing', an' I tan det bat, and her not know, at all." So she opened the gate and went out. She walked along a little way, until she came to a cross street, down which a procession of soldiers were marching. The band was playing, the soldiers were all dressed in uniform and the plumes in their hats were nodding in time to the music.

Winnie thought she had never seen any thing so pretty in all her life, and in her excitement forgot every thing but how she wanted to see more of the pretty soldiers, and followed them for a long time, trying to keep step with the music, and spatting her little hands together in great glee.

She was so taken up with watching them that she did not notice how many street corners she had turned, till she happened to think if it was time to go home. Then she turned around, going, as she supposed, the same way she had come. She walked and walked a long time, trying to find the great white church she remembered passing, but she could not find it. At last she could not stand it any longer, and bursting into tears, she sobbed, "Oh dear! O mamma! I'se losted!" So she wandered about the streets, hungry and tired, and sobbing very pitifully.

At Uncle Fred's they had just discovered Winnie's absence. Mamma was nearly frantic. Aunt Sue sent messengers in all directions, and told the policeman to look for her.

In the meantime Winnie, so tired and frightened she could go no further, sat down on some steps that led to a large public building. Pretty soon a gentleman came along, and seeing her sitting there and crying, stopped and spoke to her.

"What is the matter, my little girl, why are you crying?"

"I'se losted, and I can't find my way home," answered Winnie, crying all the harder.

"Well, well, don't cry! We'll find home if you'll tell me where it is," said Uncle Fred, for it was he. Winnie had never seen her uncle to remember him, so she didn't know who it was. "I don't know," was her reply; "I'se comed to see my Untle Fred an' Aunt Sue, an' my name is Winnie Earle."

"Why, bless me!" said Uncle Fred, "it's my little niece, Winnie, as true as I'm alive. How in the world did she come here?" And he took Winnie up in his arms and carried her home.

Such joy as there was in the house when he came! Mamma and Aunt Sue nearly kissed her to death, while Uncle Fred was explaining how he had found her when he was coming from his office. It was a good lesson for Winnie, for while she staid in the city, not once more did she go out alone. She always wanted mamma to go with her, and take close hold of her hand. "'Tause," she says, "I'se 'f aid I s'al det losted adain."—*Lewiston Journal.*

KITTY AS A COOK.

She Tries Her Hand at Making a Custard —Not a Complete Success.

"Everybody's talking about cooking. Mamma reads books and things all about Miss Parloa and Miss Corson, and says I'm to be a good cook when I'm older. Papa wants me to be a useful woman, and says every girl ought to learn to cook.

"*I* think I'm old enough now. I'm eight years old. I can cook some already. Bridget gave me some dough the other day, and I made lovely little biscuits with it. They were as light as could be.

"And I helped her make a custard for tea. I mean I was going to beat the eggs for her, but I broke the bowl they were in, and she thought she'd better finished it up herself.

"It was a beautiful custard; yellow down in the glass dish, and foamy on top, just like snow heaped up.

"Susy Pratt came to spend the day with me, and in the afternoon we thought we'd go to the kitchen and help Bridget. We went, but it was Bridget's afternoon out, and the blinds were all shut, and the floor was scrubbed up clean.

"I said: 'Let's make a custard all by ourselves!' But Susy laughed, and said I couldn't. As if she knew any thing about it! Of course I knew I could, and I knew papa'd be very much pleased if I made a custard for tea.

"I found a pan of milk, and set it on the stove. Bridget had shut all the dampers, but there was plenty of coal in, so I opened them to make the stove hot. I got some eggs.

"They didn't seem to be the same kind of eggs Bridget takes, for they splashed about like every thing when I broke them. They went on the floor and on the table and on my apron when I broke them, and I know Bridget's eggs didn't do like that.

"I couldn't find the egg-beater, but there was a thing that looked very much like it, so I took that. I let Susy beat the eggs, and they splashed just as bad as when I broke them.

"Then I went to get the other things. I got sugar and butter and cream tartar and molasses, for I meant to have it good.

"I asked Susy if they put vinegar in custards, but she didn't know, but she knew their Kate put vinegar in a good many things. I heard papa say he don't like things too sweet, so I put a little—not more than half a teacup. We put all the things in milk, and me and Susy watched. It didn't seem to look like Bridget's custards. Susy said their Kate stirred hers. I said, 'Oh, yes, so does Bridget.'

"I put in a spoon, but it wouldn't stir nicely at all. It was all hard and sticky on the bottom, and when I tried hard it splashed on the stove. And the stove was red-hot, and it went spht and sizzzz, and made a most *dreadful* smell.

"Then Susy said: 'Stop; it's getting foamy now.' It was. It bubbled and foamed beautifully, but the next minutes that custard went right up to the top of the pan and ran all over the stove. It sizzzed worse than ever, and hopped about and sputtered, and a great black smoke went up to the ceiling.

"I heard a great noise on the stairs, and mamma saying: 'Is the house on fire?' And grandma saying: 'Bless us! What's the matter? what's *is* the matter?' And sister Lucy saying: 'Phe-e-ew, what a smell!' Then they rushed into the kitchen, and Lucy opened all the windows, and mamma pushed the custard onto the back of the stove. It had been running over all the time, but when she did that it went right down in the pan and there was hardly any custard left.

"Then mamma took a cloth and took the pan and went to the door. I said, 'You're not going to throw it out, are you, mamma?' She said, 'You can have it if you want it, Kitty.'

"I got a spoon and tasted it. Susy tasted it, too. Then we didn't want any more custard, but we both went and got a drink of water. And I didn't care a bit when mamma threw the custard out.

"Lucy said it was the lamp-chimney cleaner I took to beat the eggs. But she said it wasn't a bit of difference."
—*Youth's Companion.*

—Every morally reprehensible action involves an infinite series of fatal consequences, partly through the relaxation of the strength and purity of the sinner's own soul, partly through the influence of the bad examples on others, and the breaking of the spell which knits the uncorrupted by a strong bond, all to each; nor can any thing be of avail in such a case except a genuine penitence accompanied by a complete removal of the cause of the offense.—*Heinrich Ewald.*

—During the first three months of this year 5,000 more immigrants arrived at New York than in the same time last year. There were 28,945 arrivals in March.

—"I declare Mrs. Squildig is as pretty as a picture," remarked Mr. McSwilligen. "No wonder," replied his wife, "she is hand-painted."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Nine tailors, it is said, will make a man. Whoever started this sentence ought to have finished. They will make a man a pauper.—*Burlington Free Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Farmers' Cake: Take one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, two small cups of flour, one egg and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water and stirred in last very briskly. Flavor with nutmeg.

—Oatmeal Cookies: One cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of cold boiled oatmeal, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one tablespoon of butter; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

—Meat Salad: Chop fine one or two pounds of corned beef, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar and one egg. Beat all together and pour into a frying-pan and let boil; then pour into a dish to mold. Serve in slices when cold.

—Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor; but if done when growing or in leaf it checks growth, and therefore a feeble tree should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy, strong growers may be lightly pruned at either season.

—Chocolate Meringue: Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacup of butter, one teacup of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding, dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

—Sheep should be assorted into a sufficient number of flocks to enable the keeping of each grade separate—that is, the lambs, the old and weak sheep, the breeding ewes and the big wethers should be kept in separate flocks. This would give each grade an equal chance, and the sheep would do better in consequence.

—Lemon Tarts: Line pans with paste. Squeeze the juice from four lemons, grate the rind of two; add the yelks of six eggs and the whites of two; add a pound of granulated sugar; place in a small pan or a kettle of boiling water; stir until a thick paste is formed. Fill the shells and bake in a quick oven. Cover with meringue and set in the stove three minutes.

—Farmers must realize that they can not expect to reap a rich harvest unless the crop is supplied with feeding material from the soil in which the seed is planted. How each one's particular soil is to be fed in the best and most economical manner is a question for individual determination. Farm manures are always reliable and should be the main dependence, supplementary with special fertilizers.

—Do not put even the knife blades into boiling water, as the heat of the metal may cause the shank to expand and crack the handle. Set the knife blades down in a little pitcher with warm water until you are ready to wash and dry them. Merely wipe the handles with a damp cloth. After drying the blades rub on a little powdered rotten stone, moistened to a paste with a few drops of water, and polish with a clean, soft cloth. In this way they will not want cleaning every day on a board or in a machine, both of which processes wear the blades very much.

CROPS AND PROFITS.

Decrease the Average and Increase the Yield the Secret of Success.

There is but little question that in raising small crops farmers lose the larger part of the profits that might be secured. The raising of a crop of wheat that only yields ten bushels, can hardly be made to pay expenses, if indeed it does not prove a loss, while if the yield is increased to twenty bushels per acre a fair profit may be realized. This holds good with nearly all kinds of farm products. To this may be added the fact that small yields almost invariably imply low quality, and this in turn generally means low prices that still further cut down the profits. If a certain number of bushels are necessary to pay running expenses in raising the crop for market, the difference of a comparatively small quantity in the yield and quality will make the difference between raising the crop at a profit or suffering a loss.

In a majority of cases a better result can be secured if we are more careful to make the soil richer; to properly prepare in a good tillable condition; to use the best quality of seed and to give more thorough cultivation. Each of these effect the yield and the quality more or less, and if all are given in a thorough manner, it will only be in exceptional cases, when a sufficiently larger yield will not be secured to make the crop profitable.

In very many cases the work of preparing the land, securing the seed, planting and cultivating, is very little less when a small yield is secured than it is with a good crop, and often a small amount of additional work will very materially increase the yield.

A little more time spent in harrowing, or an additional working with the cultivator, will often make a considerable difference in the yield; better a less acreage of almost any crop, with a thorough preparation of the soil, careful seeding in good season, and with thorough cultivation given at the right time and in a proper manner, than a larger acreage less thoroughly prepared and less care taken in the selection and planting of the seed, and with the cultivation less thorough. It is an important item with all crops to have the seed sown in good season. But when you are attempting to plant a larger acreage than you can be able to properly manage, there is considerable risk of at least a portion not being planted as it should be. Decrease the acreage and increase the yield, will in a great majority of cases increase the profit.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—"You don't call this mock turtle soup, do you?" Waiter—"You has de genuine mock turtle soup, sah, I can insure you, sah. We buys de best mock turtles dar am in de market, sah!"—*Town Topics.*

A Wonderful Phenomenon!

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

AN auctioneer can not expect to have his own way. He must follow the bidding of another.—*Siftings.*

DON'T Wheeze and cough when Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will cure. PIKE'S Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A MAN may expect to be bitten in a dog trade.

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago.

A BOY who was kept after school for bad orthography said he was spell-bound.

HARD to sharpen—poor pencils and dull boys.

NO MATTER how big the job the printer will always stick it out.—*Drift.*

A NEAT story—a farmer's lie about a crop.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE surest "fix this up for your paper" means that the editor shall substitute his own brains for the other fellow's.

THE toboggan is clear out of the ring and the public is now obliged to fall back on the orang and banana peel.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE youth who spreads out the wings of his fancy and swears he is twenty-one for a marriage license lays aside all minor considerations.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

A DRY subject—an Egytian mummy.

THE time for one to strike—sixty minutes after twelve.

TRUE to his trust—the big corporation president.

A MAN of mark—one whose signature looks like the end of a hawbuck.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

"I WON'T last long at this rate," said a promissory note to a twenty-five per cent. interest.—*Washington Critic.*

SHOULD earthquakes be referred to as "real estate movements," or "matters in connection with ground rents."—*Boston Courier.*

A GRAVE offense—body snatching.

A GENERAL advance agent—the pawnbroker.—*New Haven News.*

AN awkward waiter frequently plays the deuce with the tray.—*Hotel Mail.*

HE (ardently)—"I'd give a million pounds to win your love, Adelaide." She—"Cash!" *Rare-Bits.*

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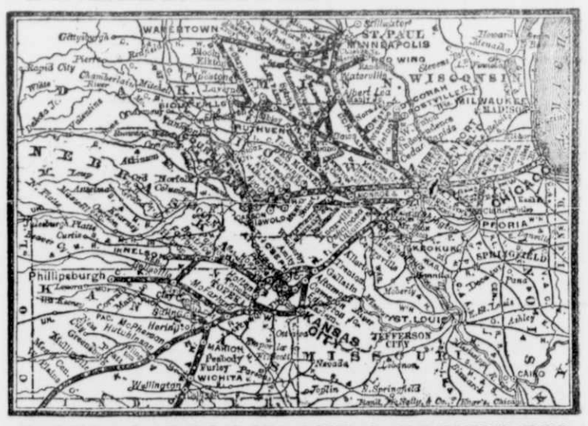
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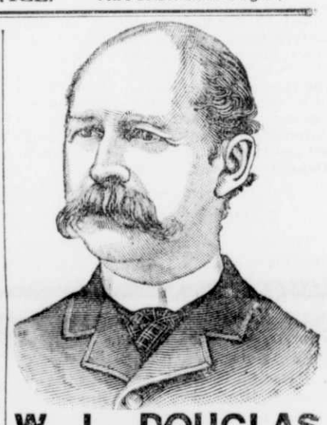
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SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

Doubtless the impression prevails generally that the race of the red man is fast dwindling away and will in a few decades quite disappear, but according to Gen. Crrok this is a false impression. He says that the Indian population in this country is steadily increasing.

The great Presidential battle of 1888 will be fought on the tariff issue. All other points of difference between the two great parties will be subsidiary to the great question, whether our economic system shall be changed and this country be made a mere producer of raw material for Europe, or whether the policy which has made her a great nation, industrially independent of the world, wealthy and prosperous, shall be continued.

Following is the comment of the *Herald*, a Democratic newspaper published at Hinton, Summers county, W. Va., on the Dependent Pension Bill:

The grand free-for-all, go-as-you-please, sweepstakes Pension Grab Bill passed the Lower House of Congress last Friday. This bill brings joy to the hearts of tens of thousands of bomb-proof patriots, who never saw the white of a rebel's eye or listened to the gentle sighing of the festive minnie ball. At the same time the average American citizen stands aghast when he contemplates the enormity of this grab. Just thing of it! $80,280,000 of the people's hard earnings to support only one class of American paupers. Enormity, thou art put to the blush, and thy name is Dependent Pension Bill.

Cannot Carry New York.

The New York *Sun* publishes an interview with Washington politicians in which it is asserted that Cleveland cannot carry New York, and intimates that Whitney could were he the nominee, because he is not in sympathy with the President's ultra tariff ideas. One man is made to say that there is some unwritten history back of that which is bound to come out before long. "The relations between Vilas and Whitney," says he, "are not similar to those which existed between David and Jonathan or Damon and Pythias. I believe the President himself has doubts of his ability to carry New York, but believes that by his tariff ideas he can make inroads on the Republican column in the Northwest that will offset the loss of the Empire State. He is so stubborn that it would be ridiculous to say that he was under any man's influence but his own, but it is certain that he leans towards Vilas' idea. His selection of a Democrat from Illinois as his choice for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was a part of his bid for Northwestern support. Vilas believes that the Republican Northwestern column is not impregnable. The idea is delightful to the President's mind.

He would be pleased beyond measure if his Administration could receive the indorsement that would be given it by his re-election. He would be delirious with joy if that indorsement could be obtained, notwithstanding the objections of New York. There is no sentimentality in his composition. He does not value old friendships. He has changed his friends about as often as he has changed his suit of clothes. Those who were most eager for him to be made Sheriff of Erie county were not his most enthusiastic supporters when he was a candidate for Mayor of Buffalo; and those who hotly desired him to be the Chief Magistrate of that city were rather lukewarm when he was a candidate for Governor of that State. Men who furnished the sinews of war to make the fight in Ohio and in New York in his behalf when he ran for the Presidency, with possibly two exceptions—one in Western Pennsylvania and the other in New York City—would see him as far in shoel this time as a pigeon could fly in a week before they would put up a dollar to help him. No one knows this better than Cleveland. He has made sure of the South by giving it all that it has asked for and by offering free-trade doctrines to its delighted theorists. He would like to punish his old State because it has not, in his estimation, given him the enthusiastic support he thinks he is entitled to. If he cannot have the crown of Cæsar, then welcome the example of Samson. I fear that in his defeat will fall the pillars of the Democratic temple. No party can afford to have its fate so indissolubly bound up with the fortunes of any one man, and the Democratic party can least afford it of all."—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 14th, 1888.—"Dictator Cleveland" will be his title, if by a chain of accidents similar to those which elected him in 1884, he should be re-elected this year. He is already the autocrat of the Democratic party. The Democrat who refuses to obey his slightest nod is sent to the rear at once, no matter how high he may have stood with his party.

Samuel J. Randall, who has more than once saved the Democratic party from going to pieces, incurred the ill will of the Democratic boss, because he would not support the Mills tariff bill. Cleveland sent out orders that Randall was to be deposed from the leadership of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. With the assistance of the Federal officials in that State the orders were carried out to the letter.

But Cleveland is not yet satisfied. He wants to have Randalll defeated for renomination to the House. Cleveland's nearest friends openly boast of this sort of work, and say that he intends to snub every man who refuses to vote for the Mills tariff bill and that he also proposes to use the entire power of the administration to defeat their renomination for Congress.

Last week the President vetoed a public building bill for Allentown, Pennsylvania, because, (it is stated) Mr. Snowden, who represents that district in the House, had refused to vote for the Mills bill, and now his friends say that he has Mr.Snowden's defeat for renomination to Congress assured. These are not merely Republican charges against Mr. Cleveland, they are the openly made boasts of his nearest friends and advisers. This country never before had but one President who descended to such politics, and that was Andrew Johnson. Let Cleveland beware of his fate.

Senator Ingalls is to be given a public reception this week by the Republican National League of this city.

The Democrats of the House are in a terrible muss over this same Mills tariff bill. They have caucused several times without being able to determine just what they will do. The last caucus decided that all who desired to offer amendments to the bill should first submit them to the Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee for consideration and report to another caucus. The result has been a deluge of amendments. The average member is willing to take away the last vestige of protection from some other member's district, but he wants all he can get for his own.

How they will settle the thing is hard to say, but one thing is now quite sure, it would be absolutely impossible to pass the bill as reported from the committee, and it is doubtful if it can be tinkered up sufficiently to get the Democratic vote of the House. The general debate on the bill has, by mutual consent, been extended to next Saturday,

The House committee on Military Affairs haye made a favorable report on the bill authorizing the President to nominate for retirement with the rank and pay of Major-General such ex-Army officers now in civil life as were promoted for gallantry or good conduct to the grade of Major-General and commauded departments or divisions. The list of those affected by the bill is very small,and includes Gens. Rosecrans, Schenck, McCauley, Palmer and Buell.

A bill has been introduced in the House to prevent convict labor from competing with organized labor. It provides that all convicts employed within the jurisdiction of the United States shall be employed at such labor as they may be best suited to perform and semi-monthly shall be paid the same rate of compensation as is paid to organized labor in the locality where the convict is confined. No convict is to be required to work more than eight hours a day. The bill carries with it an appropriation of $1,000,000, to be expended by the Secretary of the Department of Labor in giving it effect.

The Senate has passed the bill forfeiting all unearned railroad land grants; also the International Copyright bill, and quite a number of bills for public buildings. It has also ratified the Chinese treaty.

The $20,000,000 River and Harbor bill passed the House by more than a two-thirds majority.

Senator Voorhees finally concluded that he was indebted to the dignity of the Senate to the extent of an unqualified apology for his recent bad language, and paid the debt.

The nomination of Mr. Fuller to be Chief Justice of the United States is now in the hands of a sub-committee of the Senate committe on the Judiciary, for investigation. Their report will probably be made inside of two weeks.

There will be special memorial services held on Decoration Day at the tomb of Gen. John A. Logan, under the auspices of the G. A. R. Gen. Logan was the originator of Decoration Day.

Wrought Iron Ranges.

Every thrifty city is constantly adding new and important industries to those already in operation. One of the recent additions, as well as one of the most important, is the manufacture of wrought-iron ranges for domestic and hotel service. Before 1881 there had been various small establishments, but their work was only of limited extent and had not assumed proportions sufficient to warrant any extended notice. In 1883, however, the Wrought-Iron Range Company, of St. Louis, assumed such proportions as to make it one of the most important business enterprises of the city, and the most extensive of its kind in the entire country.

The success achieved by his company is something phenomenal in the manufacturing industries. They now employ a capital of $800,000, and give directly and indirectly, employment through their own and various other concerns which are engaged in making its special castings and patterns for constantly new-devised improvements to nearly 1,500 people. In 1883 the sales of the company exceeded $800,000, and the year 1884 will show totalsales of $1,400,000. All the city trade is done through the Simmons Hadware Company, and the trade for the rest of the country remains in the hands of the manufacturers.

The advantage posessed by the range manufactured by this company arise from two principal causes; the quality of the material used in construction, and the arrangement of the completed work, in its relation to heat and draught. Every one is of course aware of the superior advantage posessed by wrought over cast iron, in its power of resisting the destructive effect of fire. In constructing these ranges nothing is used but the very best quality of refined charcoal iron, either wrought or malleable, and in 1883 there were used by them 1,500,000 pounds of wrought and an equal quantity of malleable iron, together with cast-iron for non-exposed parts, nickel-plated work, and rivets and bolts in proportion.

In 1884 the weight of material used will be doubled. In the manufacture of the wrought-iron, before it is delivered to the factory for use in making the various parts of the range, the utmost advantage is taken of the best scientific and practical knowledge in producing a material of close fibre, thoroughly annealed and tempered by various processes, so as to make it perfectly homogeneous and practically indestructible; but, beyond this, all the parts of the range, which are exposed to the direct action of fire, are lined with asbestos, and thus made still more unassailable to the action of great heat, or its opposite sudden cold. The fire boxes are, moreover, lined with adjustable iron tiles in sections, and the draught is so arranged that there is a constant flow of fresh pure air from the outside of the tiles, and thus combustion is kept up to the maximum without any possibility of injury to the structure of the range.

These being the facts, it is not surprising that the public at large have shown their appreciation of the wonderful improved ranges placed at their disposal, and it cannot fail to be the fact that the business will grow in proportion much greater than in the last two years, and thus make St Louis the great center of the United States for the supply of the best wrought-iron ranges the world has ever known.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, June* 15, '84.

The above company will canvass this neighbornood for the sale of their ranges, commencing next week. They have rented a wareroom in the REPUALICAN building and will run teams in every direction for the delivery of ranges sold by traveling salesmen. These men come here from Fairmont, W. Va., where they have been stationed for the past five months, and where they are highly spoken of as perfect gentlemen.

Explosion on the Track.

RAWLINGS, MD., May 13.—A most distressing accident happened at Rawlings' Station, Md., this morning. As freight engine No. 497 was coming east from Keyser, the boiler exploded with a terrific report, blowing the boiler to pieces and killing the engineer, S. A. Woodruff, and fireman, Harry Kitzmiller. Woodruff was literally blown to pieces, part of his body being found 300 yards distant. He lived in Martinsburg, and leaves a family. Kitzmiller lived in Cumberland, and was unmarried. The force of the explosion tore the engine all to pieces, wrecking almost half of the train. The brakeman made a narrow escape, being buried in a car of bran. The road was blocked for eight or nine hours. Passenger trains used the track of the West Virginia Central Railroad.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 8.
AN ACT.

To repeal section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, in Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, and to add additional sections thereto to be known as sub-sections one and two, respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted to read as follows:

SECTION 10. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council may provide by ordinance to preserve the health of the town; to prevent and remove nuisances; to prevent, restrain, and regulate the running at large of horses, cattle, swine and geese, within the limits of said town; to prohibit and disperse the tumultuous or disorderly meetings of idle, dissolute or drunken persons; to provide for working and mending the public streets and alleys of said town; to provide for the making and repairing of sidewalks and gutters; and generally to provide for the regulation, good government and improvement of said town, and may enforce the observance thereof under such penalties, fines and forfeitures as they shall deem proper, not exceeding ten dollars for any one offense; and all fines, penalties and forfeitures may be recovered before a Justice of the Peace by warrant and judgment, and in case of failure or refusal to pay the same, the party so fined shall be committed for a period not exceeding ten days, to the Jail of Garrett county, in the same manner that commitments are made for fines imposed by the Circuit Courts of this State on conviction of misdemeanor, provided that all the expenses of such commitment and imprisonment shall be paid by the Mayor and Common Council of Deer Park; but said Mayor and Common Council, or a majority of them, shall have power at all times to remit or release the fines, penalties and forfeitures or any part thereof, at their discretion; but any party fined, or subject to any fine or forfeiture, may within five days after the same shall be imposed and judgment recovered, supersede and stay the same for thirty days, by giving ample personal security to the Justice of the Peace, and the fines and forfeitures imposed and collected by any of the provisions of this act may be paid by the Mayor and Common Council to the Bailiff as compensation for his services, or the said Mayor and Common Council may make such other disposition of said fines and forfeitures as they may deem best.

SUB-SECTION 1. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council shall have power to provide by ordinance for the laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley or lane in said town, or of any proposed street, alley or lane in said town, which in their judgment the public welfare or convenience may require, to provide for ascertaining whether any and what amount in value in damage will be caused thereby, for which the owner or possessor of any property through which said street, alley or lane may pass ought to be compensated, by the appointment of commissioners, the manner of whom to be determined by said Mayor and Common Council, to assess the same; to provide for assessing and levying either, generally or the whole assessable property within the town, or specially on the property of persons benefited, of whole or any part of the damages and expenses which will be incurred in laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley, or lane, or grading the same, to provide for collecting and paying the compensation awarded to any person before any street shall be opened, laid out, widened, straightened, extended, or closed, and to enact all ordinances from time to time necessary or proper to the exercises of the powers granted in this section; provided that before they shall proceed to execute any of the powers vested in them by this section, at least thirty days notice shall be given of any application which may be made for the passage of any such ordinance by advertisement in two newspapers printed in Garrett county; and provided further that upon the return of any assessment of damages or benefits or both, made under any ordinance passed under this section, the clerk of said town shall cause a copy thereof to be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in at least two newspapers printed in said county; and provided further that whenever the said Mayor and Common Council open, lay out, widen or extend any street, lane, or alley, they shall establish the grade thereof, and if in their judgment proper so to do, they shall grade the same.

SUB-SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That if any person shall feel aggrieved by the decision of the commissioners appointed to lay out such streets, alleys, or lanes, as to the amount of damages allowed him or benefits assessed against him, may appeal therefrom at any time within thirty days after said commissioners shall have made their return to the Circuit Court for Garrett county, which said appeal shall be taken by filing written notice thereof with the clerk of said Common Council, who shall thereupon without unnecessary delay, transmit to said Circuit Court a record of the proceedings of said Mayor and Common Council, and of said street commissioners in said matter, and said appeal shall be docketed upon the trial docket of the next succeeding term of said court, the party taking said appeal to be docketed as plaintiff, and said Mayor and Common Council as defendant, and said party appellant shall thereupon be entitled to a jury trial to assess the amount of damages payable to, or amount of benefits chargable against him as the case may be, and the amount assessed as such damages or benefits by said jury shall stand in the place and stead of the assessment thereof by said commissioners, and upon said appeal it shall be competent for the Court to quash the proceedings upon the motion of the appellant, for errors or omissions rendering the same fatally defective; and upon the trial of said cause in said Circuit Court either party may take bills of exception to any rulings of said Court upon matters of law arising in the progress of such trial, and either party appeal to the Court of Appeals of this State from any such ruling, or from the action of said court in quashing or refusing to quash such proceedings.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

5 19 3t

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Beachey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intersect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
555 Examiners.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 184.
AN ACT

To repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at January session, eighteen hundred and seventy eight, entitled "An Act to add an addition article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub-title, "Justices of the Peace and constables." And also to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And also to repeal chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January session, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled an Act to repeal section forty nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Act of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assemoly of Maryland, That section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled "An Act to add an additional article to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county," sub title "Justices of the Peace and Constables," And chapter two hundred and sixty three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty-nine, of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace." And chapter fifty-nine, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty six, entitled An Act to repeal chapter two hundred and sixty-three, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled An Act to repeal section forty nine of chapter one hundred and eight, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at the January Session of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, entitled An Act to add an additional section to the Code of Public Local Laws, to be entitled "Garrett county," and to re-enact the same with amendments, limiting the Jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace, and to re-enact the same with amendments be, and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 31st 1888.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

4283 W. G. PURNELL,
Secretary of the Senate.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 58.
AN ACT

To repeal section two of sub-chapter two and section one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, chapter three hundred and seventy-seven entitled an act to repeal an act passed at at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland so far as said sections apply to Garrett county and to repeal all laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof so far as they apply to Garrett county, and to provide for the appointment of School Commissioners for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section two of sub-chapter two, sections one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-two chapter three hundred and seventy-seven entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland, be and the same are hereby repealed so far as said sections apply to Garrett county, and that the following sections be enacted in lieu thereof so far as said sections apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the Governor shall by and with the advice and consent of the Senate at each regular session of the General Assembly appoint three competent persons, residents of Garrett county who shall continue in office for two years from the time of their appointment and until their successors are appointed and qualified who shall be designated "School Commissioners" and who shall when organized be and constitute the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county, and shall have control of all educational matters affecting said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the School Commissioners appointed under the preceding section shall meet in Oakland for organization on the first Monday in July next succeeding their appointment or as soon thereafter as may be, and elect a person not a member of the Board who shall serve as Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, and notice of such election signed by the President of the Board shall be transmitted to the Comptroller of the State Treasury. The Board shall meet whenever the School interests of the county require a meeting and shall receive for their services when occupied by the duties of their office, the sum of three dollars per day; provided that no School Commissioner in said county shall be paid for his services more than one hundred dollars in any one year.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That in case a vacancy shall occur in the office of School Commissioners of said county by resignation death, removal from the county or otherwise the Governor shall appoint a competent person to fill the vacancy during the remainder of the unexpired time.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act shall perform all the duties required of him by law and shall receive such compensation as the Board of County School Commissioners shall direct not to exceed the sum of eight hundred dollars in any year.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That the Board of County School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner who shall be in office in Garrett county on the last day day of June in the year eighteen hundred and eighty eight, shall turn over to the School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer, and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act, immediately after they organize and qualify according to law, all books, papers, money, effects, goods, chattels and property belonging to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county under existing laws.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and that the School Commissioners of said county be governed by the Public General School Laws of the State, except so far as said laws are modified by this act.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 7th, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January Session 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
51234 Secretary of the Senate.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
28 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter two hundred eighty-five, of the Acts of the General Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, title, Attorneys at Law and Attorney in Fact," subtitle, State's Attorneys, so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, providing for the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, that chapter two hundred and eighty-five, of the Acts of Assembly, passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and eighty-four, entitled an Act to repeal section twenty-two, of article eleven, of the Code of Public General Laws, "title, Attorneys at Law and Attorneys in Fact," sub-title "State's Attorney," be, and the same is hereby repealed, so far as it applies to Garrett county, and re-enacted with amendments, fixing the compensation of the State's Attorney for Garrett county, and to read as follows,

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall not receive any appearance fee in case of recognizances except, when the same are traversed; nor shall said State's Attorney receive any fee or compensation in any case until the same has been finally disposed of by judgment or otherwise.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the State's Attorney of Garrett county, shall receive the sum of fifteen dollars in each and every case which he shall prosecute for the State by indictment or presentment and trial, either before the Court or a jury, and that said sum shall be in addition to the appearance fee as now fixed by law.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That said sum of fifteen dollars allowed by the last preceding section shall be in lieu of all trial fees to said State's Attorney.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That all Acts and parts of Acts which are inconsistent with the provisions of this Act are hereby repealed, so far as the same apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

553 CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

AN ACT

To repeal chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January session, eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-sections to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That chapter five hundred and seven of the Acts of Assembly passed at the January Session eighteen hundred eighty six, entitled An Act to add additional sub-section to article fifty-six of the Code of Public General Laws entitled "License" be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed January Session, 1888.

553t. CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 130.
AN ACT

To prevent non-residents of the State of Maryland from fishing and hunting in Garrett county without permission in writing from the owner of the premises upon which such hunting or fishing is done, and to prevent any person from fishing in Bear Creek in said county for two years.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person not a *bona fide* resident of the State of Maryland who shall fish or hunt in Garrett county without the written permission of the owner of the premises upon which he so fishes or hunts shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 2 And be it enacted, That any person who shall fish in Bear Creek in Garrett county before the first day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That any person convicted before a tribunal having jurisdiction, of a violation of sections one and two of this act shall be fined not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, one half to the informer and the other half to School Commissioners.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted. That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed Jan. Session, 1888,

5 5 3t CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief clerk, House of Delegates.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter J. Stephens, John W. Stark and Michael McAndrews, located as follows, viz: Leading from the black-smith shop at Swauger's Mill, and running South through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christ Miller and Patrick McAndrews, o the old Lochiel camp on Barton road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate and change the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
ELIAS MERRILL,
ROSS COMPTON,
555 Examiners.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—The Oakland Hotel is to be heated by steam this season.

—Fresh shad, herring and rock at White & Co's.

—An entertainment will be given in West's Hall, Swanton, next Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Anderson Chapel.

—The greenest grocers in town. White & Co. "Plain case."

—Mr. John Shartzer desires us to say that the reports that members of his family are unwell are without foundation. He has removed to 217 Sixth street.

—At a meeting of the Town Council Monday night the Mayor nominated Mr. James Painter for Bailiff and Collector and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Council.

—We keep the finest line of canned goods in town. A trial will establish the assertion. White & Co.

—Married, at the M. E. Parsonage, in Oakland, by Rev. J. W. Sharpes, Tuesday, 15th inst., Mr. Spencer K. White and Miss Laura L. Loar, both of Grafton, W. Va.

—Dr. D. T. E. Casteel has removed to Buckanan, where he will practice his profession. The Doctor is a clever gentleman and will no doubt build up a good practice. He has our earnest wish for his success.

—Messrs. Offutt and Alderson have commenced the manufacture of brick at Lake View, two miles east of Oakland. They expect to burn 200,000 this summer, for general sale. They expect to sell at a much lower figure than has been prevailing in the past.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church — Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Heavy Frost.

A heavy frost visited this section Thursday morning. The fruit, which is in bloom, is in all probability injured, to what extent cannot be ascertained at present.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of F. & C. Felty, either by note or book account, will please call and settle the same on or before July 1, 1888, otherwise all claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Yours Respectfully,
F. & C. FELTY.

Sale of Furniture and Household Goods.

On Friday, May 25th, sale to commence at 10 A. M., I will sell at auction my household goods, consisting of Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, China and Glassware, Tinware, and many other goods. Terms cash on sums of less than $10. A credit of three months on bills of $10 or over, secured by note, and a discount of 5 per cent on all bills over $10 for cash.

J. A. GRANT.

The Garrett County Bank.

At a meeting of the stock-holders of the Garrett County Bank, held at Mr. G. S. Hamill's office Tuesday, the following directors were elected: D. E. Offutt, John P. Jones, John M. Davis, J. R. Bishop, C. T. West and C. M. Bishop. The directors then elected Mr. D. E. Offutt President. The election of Cashier was deferred. At a meeting of the directors to be held May 19th, a lot will be selected on which a substantial building will be erected at once for the use of the bank.

Free Sleeping Car Excursion to California, Oregon and Colorado Points.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will run its last Free Sleeping Car Excursion this season via. St. Louis and Kansas City. Train leaves Wilmington, Del., May 28th, 5:40 P. M.; Baltimore 8:20 P. M., and Washington 9:45. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this Excursion will please write to H. A. Miller, Pass. and Tkt. Agt. B. & O. R. R., Wilmington, Del., or D. Bride, Pass. Agt. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., for full information and reservation of berths.

Circuit Court.

The criminal docket was taken up Wednesday, when the following cases were disposed of:

State vs. Michael Donot. Larceny. Jury trial and guilty in two cases. Sentenced to Penitentiary for five years.

State vs. George Grim. Obstructing railroad. Jury trial and verdict guilty. Sentenced to Penitentiary for eight years.

State vs. Isaac H. Kooken. Larceny. Jury trial and verdict not guilty.

State vs. Nora Wiseman. Assault and battery. Guilty. Fined $25.00 and costs.

State vs. Elizabeth Wiseman. Assault and battery. Guilty. Fined $25.00 and costs.

State vs. James Wiseman. Violating Local Option law. Guilty in eleven cases. Fined $275.00 in each of two cases, and sentenced to jail for 60 days in each of nine cases—in all eighteen months.

State vs. James Tuhill. Violating Local Option Law. Guilty in four cases and sentenced to 60 days in each case—8 months in all.

State vs. M. J. Miller. Violating Local Option law. Guilty in two cases, and fined $50.00 and costs in each.

State vs. —— Simmons. Violating Local Option law. Guilty. Fined $50.00 and costs.

The following is the report of the Grand Jury:

To the Honorable the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

The duties devolving upon us the Grand Inquest of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, have been performed to the best of our knowledge and ability.

We have carefully and impartially examined each witness who came before us, and after carefully and impartially weighing the testimony of witnesses in each case, have found presentments or failed to do so according to our judgment, without malice, hatred, love or affection. We have also examined the Jail and Court House and would recommend as follows:

That a building be erected on the Jail-house lot for the purpose of storing away grain, &c.; also that the lower ceiling in the lower story of the Jail be repaired, and that the lower and upper stories have a coat of alabastine.

We also find that the roof on the Court House is in a bad condition, liable to be blown off at any time, and would recommend that it be attended to at once. We would suggest that the roof be fastened by iron rods from the roof fastened to the foundation of the building; we also find that the wall of the Jail is giving away and should be attended to at once.

All of which is respectfully submitted Believing that we have discharged the duties devolving upon us, we ask now to be discharged.

JOHN E. GNAGEY,
Foreman.

COURT NOTES.

The Grand Jury adjourned Saturday, after finding a very large number of indictments, principally for violating the local option law.

Judge Hoffman came up Monday and took his seat on the bench. Judge Syester left Tuesday morning for Hagerstown.

The petit Jury was discharged Thursday.

A number of persons indicted for violating the local option law have gone to parts unknown. It is to be hoped that they will never return.

Accidently Killed.

On Friday of last week, in a struggle between Patrick Foley and John Bohan, his father-in-law, a short distance above Bloomington, on the B. & O. R. R., Bohan went over the bank, and fell a distance of about 100 feet into Savage river, sustaining injuries which resulted in his death on Saturday. Foley immediately made the fact known, and gave himself up to Squire Moody, of Bloomington, who committed him to the Oakland jail. Foley states that they were struggling and that both came near going over the bank; that Bohan got loose and went over, seizing the branch of a tree as he fell; that he (Foley) told him to give him his hand intending to help him up, and that the old man tried to reach up the hand with which he held the tree, thus, of course, losing his support and falling down the precipice. Foley was discharged from custody on Monday and returned to his home, the unfortunate circumstance appearing to be purely accidental.

Fruit and Vegetable Store.

The Oakland Fruit and Vegetable Store, of Felty & Co., on Railroad street, is now supplied with a full stock in their line, consisting of seed potatoes, seed corn, garden and flower seeds, fruits, fresh fish, canned goods, vegetables from H. Weber's garden, and also a full stock of flower's. Everything in season at the most reasonable prices. 5 5 3

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

California Letter.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., May 1, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you please give me room in your paper for the following letter, which I wish to have published in fulfillment of a promise I made my friends in Garrett county. In this letter I wish to give them a description of our journey, and of this land of sunshine. I would have written sooner, but I wanted to know something about the country more than I could gather in a few days, and, even now, after spending one month here, I am not prepared to say whether people in Maryland ought to come here or not; but I am going to tell the plain truths as far as I know, and then my friends can form some better idea of California. I do not desire to do this country any injustice, nor to mislead any one by any statement I make.

After our parting at the depot at Oakland, a parting I shall never forget, we started feeling sad to leave so many warm and dear friends. Next morning we reached Cincinnati, O., and we all felt quite well and bright. The evening of the same day we arrived in St. Louis, where we got a good warm supper. On Wednesday morning we were in Kansas City, where we had a splendid breakfast and felt quite well. Here we spent three hours, which gave us time to see much of this great city. I took my family, and boarding the cable cars, we saw some of the best streets, went up some of the great inclines, and had a grand view of the city. On returning to our train I found our friend Mr. E. Boyer writing a letter, which he went away to mail, but before he returned, our train pulled out, and left Mr. Boyer behind. I suppose she was very glad to receive the letter, but we were very sorry to loose our companion, and it cast a gloom over our party to think that he was left behind. On telegraphing we were informed that he would be one day behind us for the remainder of the way. Our friend Cheap John (Jno. O. Michael) became a cripple at this place, and had to buy a cane to assist him in his moving about. On Thursday morning we reached Denver, Colorado, and having some time to stay there we started out to find our old Oakland friend Mr. Wm. Arnold, but found that he had gone to Colorado Springs. This is a beautiful city, and if any one wishes to locate in the mid-weather states, they should look at Denver. Kansas is the state for farming, and the ground is rich and productive.

After leaving Denver we crossed the Rocky Mountains, then the great desert which no man can understand. It is different from any other land I ever saw. We next passed through a portion of Utah, and then over the Siera Nevada Mountains. This is one of the most magnificent views in the world, and we crossed the mountains about nine o'clock on Sunday morning. Here we found plenty of snow, and we snow-balled each other and had lots of fun with our bald-headed fried, "Cheap John," and his bald head became the grand attraction as a mark to throw at. We then commenced going down the mountain, and in sixty minutes we had gone from the eternal snows into a wilderness of flowers, grass, and trees, in full summer garb, with bright sunshine all around, and I felt as though I could live there forever. Another hours' ride brought us to where the grass was being cut and hay making going on.

We arrived in San Francisco Sunday evening about six o'clock, feeling very well; even the little ones were as lively as could be, and did not seem to mind the trip one bit. But on Monday my little daughter was very sick, and for a week there was no change for the better and we feared she would never recover, but a change for the better came at last, and now she is well,

The country along the Sacramento river is lovely, and if I had one of the farms along its banks and all my Maryland friends around me, I think I would be the happiest man in America. The fruit trees are one size having been planted about the same time, and they stand in rows as straight as a line can be drawn. Large vineyards meet the eye in every direction and everything is bright and green. Sacramento City is very fine and is a large place. Oakland is another beautiful place, and the name sounded very dear to us, as it brought to our minds the little town of the same name on the other side of the continent. But this Oakland is a far larger and finer place than the one in Maryland, and here we have no winter, no snow, but sunshine and flowers the whole year through.

San Francisco is a city only about thirty-six years old, and is full of great buildings and lovely homes, surrounded with the comforts and beauties of this grand country and climate. With 400,000 people it also has 60,000 Chinamen who are a curse to the place. If the people of the East could see them as they are here, they would join in an effort to rid the country of them. The city is growing fast, and will some day be a second New York. Work is plenty and wages good. The climate is the same all the year. Stoves are not known, and no place to put them, as there is no need for them. The weather here just now is cool and pleasant and I put on my overcoat every evening, and yet it is summer, and we have plenty of strawberries and new potatoes. Cherries are just in season. I have not been in the Southern part of California and have no desire to go there, as land is too high for any poor man to buy it, and no demand for workers of any kind and no chance to go into business. Mr. Michaels went down to see and was to send for me if prospects were good. He spent a week and went to the great city of Pomona and this is what he wrote to me about it: "I am disgusted with the business here. All the merchants are doing nothing. You did more business in Oakland than all of them here put together." It is a good place for a rich man to go to spend the winter, and that is all there is in it. If I had money to invest would put it into land in the Northern part of the State, and around this city as I feel confident it will double in value in a short time. But I would stay away from every town that has a "boom," or in other words that has been built up in one or two years.

I find some good men in this place, as in all places, but religion is a form in most cases and don't touch the hearts of the people. They go to the theatre on Sunday then to church. Stores and saloons are open all day Sunday, and I am told that *ministers* go to see base ball played on Sunday.

If anyone wants a farm, this is the place for them. If they want work on a farm or work around at anything, this is the place because wages are good and people can work more days in the year than anywhere else, as there are no rains for six or seven months at a time. If anyone wants to come here and engage in business, move slow, as they will find things pretty well taken up, and I think business is in bad shape, but I will write more about this in my next.

If anyone in Garrett thinks of moving to California, come before you sell out, and see the country for yourself, and you will never regret having spent the money, because this trip is worth all it costs. Don't be afraid about the climate. You can have any kind you desire. Some places are so warm no one could live in them, others where the snow remains all winter, and other places like the East. Here it is delightful and towards afternoon the wind is cool and I feel like wearing a light overcoat. And don't forget that California has counties twice as large as the whole State of Maryland. J. S.

Letter From Iowa.

CEDAR RAPIDS, May 14, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—Many of my Garrett county friends asked me to write to them, giving them information about this city and State, and by your permission I will use the columns of your paper for that purpose.

It is now a little more than two years since I left Cedar Rapids and returned east, during which time it has been dull here and still continues so. When I say dull, I mean what they call dull in the West. Real estate has come to a fair value; lots range in the most desirable parts of the city from $1,000 to $2,000. In the suburbs they can be bought from $300 to $600. The following is a list of the city improvements during the past two years: About fifteen miles of street has been payed, with cement sidewalks; two lines of street cars have been added, and a sewerage cistern has been constructed at a cost of $76,000. In the way of public works there have been erected a large grain elevator, boiler and engine works and milk condensing establishment. There have also been erected two large brick and terra cotta blocks and a number of private residences. Building prospects for this summer are good.

A number of our citizens went to California, but nearly all have returned not at all pleased with the outlook there.

The weather here has been pleasant during the months of March and April. May set in with cold rain and last Saturday night we had a heavy frost.

There are no saloons here. No beer and no whiskey, and consequently no drunkards. I have seen but one intoxicated man since I came here. The large brewery has gone dry, and it is reported that the building will be used as a locomotive works. Moody and Sanky gave our people a warming up.

JOHN AULT.

Pipes, Pipes.

I have just received the largest line of pipes that ever came to Oakland. Call and examine them before you go elsewhere.

THOS. LITTLE.

Elkins, Md.

James Beswick was killed Sunday evening, May 13th, one mile north of here, by train No. 6, running over him. On Saturday night and Sunday he had been drinking excessively. About half an hour before he was killed he was seen staggering down the railroad. The engineer said he was lying across the track on his stomach when he saw him, but he could not stop the train till it ran over him. He was terribly mangled and cut up. Deceased was a young man of 23 years, and no known relatives in this country. An inquest was held on Monday by Justice Browning.

To-day, (Tuesday,) finds it snowing and quite cold.

The little boy of Mr. Charles Jamison is still very sick.

Mr. G. W. Moon is also on the sick list.

Mr. J. F. Nydegger is erecting a new store house opposite the depot. Success to our new merchant.

Mr. Beckman, we understand, intends closing his store out this summer, and will leave Elkins. He and Mrs. Beckman will be greatly missed by their many friends, should they leave us.

The store room of the depot will be changed into a waiting room, which will make it much more convenient for passengers.

Mr. Lyons, of the Elkins House, has been making considerable improvement on his premises.

Miss Fannie and her cousin Miss Sue Beckman are visiting relatives and friends here.

Miss Della Savage is with us again. Hope she will remain all summer.

Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Mrs. Dust and family, of Keyser, W. Va., moved into the Hamill cottage last Wednesday, and on Thursday Prof. Armstrong, of Wheeling, W. Va., moved into the Baumgardner cottage.

The long pending suit against the Association was non-suited at Cumberland a few days ago on account of the claimant not having an indisputable title, which strengthens the deed held by the Association. Then it has been in lawful possession for over sixty years, by the Hoye heirs, from whom the Park Association bought it.

Kemphfer & Jamison have completed a well for Rev. W. J. Sharps at his cottage here. They are now sinking two for Major J. C. Alderson.

The material for Miss M. A. Sherman's cottage has arrived. Mr. Jas. Anderson, of Keyser, has the contract.

Dr. Davis is cleaning up the grounds and has commenced grading on Deer Park Ave. and H. street.

Work has commenced at Lake View to burn two kinds of brick.

We have been having some splendid growing weather, but this morning the snow is falling again.

J. A. E.

Flatwoods.

Fine growing weather.

The west weather somewhat retarded the farmers in planting their corn.

The winter grain through this section looks favorable.

A good appearance of abundance of fruit.

Mr. J. E. McGettigan reports business in Oakland last week brisk.

We are sorry to learn that R. M. Alexander, one of our most practical teachers of Garrett, has gone to Frankville. He will be much missed in the community.

Mr. Fries, our miller, left for his home on Saturday last.

Quite a number of our citizens attended court last week.

Mr. J. F. let us hear from Cherry Tree Meadows.

Success to the REPUBLICAN.

—All kinds of fruits and flowers, at bottom prices. A full supply of vegetables, as low as the season will permit. White & Co.

The Cigarette Evil.

A great many people are disposed to laugh at the cigarette as a weak imitation of a cigar, and on indulgence in cigarette smoking as something too trivial for sober talk. The fact is brought out, however, by the recent discussion in the United State Senate, that cigarette smoking is "a very great and very serious evil," to quote the words of Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, who presented a petition from 257 Washington physicians, praying for the passage of the bill to prohibit the selling or furnishing of cigarettes, or of tobacco in any of its forms, to any youth under 16 years of age, in the District of Columbia. Senator Stewart declared that "cigarettes are destroying more youths than any other one thing that is affecting the prosperity of the country."

It is a fact that the cigarette habit has been added to the causes of death among American youth. The newspapers each week chronicle instances, and it may readily be understood that the vast majority of the cases never get into the papers. They are chronicled under the head of "heart trouble," "nervous disease," or something similar, rather than as the result of over-indulgence in cigarette smoking. Not long ago the estimate of a number of New York physicians was published that there were in that city at least 3,000 cases of impaired health, chiefly among boys and young men, as the result of the cigarette habit. In chicago the habit became so general among schoolboys, and girls as well, that the teachers petitioned for a state law against the sale, which the legislature passed.

It may be asked, why the smoking of cigarettes is so particularly harmful to youth, and whether it is any worse than the smoking of full-sized cigars. The testimony of those of the medical profession who have made a study of the tobacco habit is that it is particularly harmful to all persons during the period of growth, stunting their physical development, destroying the tone of the nervous system, and laying the foundation of obstinate lung and throat diseases, dyspepsia, heart disease, etc., which do not develop until later in life. The cigarette is worse than the cigar, because the cheaper grades are made up of tobacco of the cheapest quality; old cigar stumps, loaded with nicotine and the dried saliva of their former smokers; and then the whole abominable mess doctored with opium of other drugs to mask the nauseous taste and render palatable.

Altogether there seems to be strong reasons why the law should interfere and protect the rising generation from the physical evils which come from the use of cigarettes. If people wish to smoke, let them wait until they have reached maturity, when the harm that can be done is reduced to a minimum. The sale of cigerettes has become something enormous in this country. There are 1,200,000,000 made every year at home, and 50,000,000 more imported, which gives an average of 50 a year to evry male person in the country. Several states have already passed laws forbidding the sale or furnishing of tobacco in any form to miners under 16 years of age under heavy penalty, including Ohio; and the general public should be aroused to the extent of the evil in order that the law may be properly enforced.—*Toledo Blade.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 126.

AN ACT

To prevent the destruction of fish by the use of dynamite or other explosives in the waters and streams of Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That any person who shall destroy or attempt to destroy any fish by dynamite or other explosives in any of the waters or streams of Garrett county shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction before any tribunal having jurisdiction in the premises, shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars one half to the informer and the other half to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January Session, 1888.

5 5 3t. CARLTON SHAFER,
Chief Clerk, House of Delegates.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinsey, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R. and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE WATERFALL.

Not far away, in a quiet spot,
Where oft I go when my head is hot
And my feet are tired, is a waterfall
That dashes over a garden wall,
And this is the song it sings to me:
"True, true to eternity."

Sometimes I go in the winter snow,
When the icicles hang like coral row,
Chiseled and planned by a master hand,
Greater than any magician's wand:
And then, as ever, it sings to me:
"Pure, pure to eternity."

Sometimes when meadows are fair to see
And the bride of the zephyr, anemone,
Is nestling under the leaves of spring,
With the violets blue as a bluebird's wing,
'Tis then the waters sing sweet to me;
"Hope, hope to eternity."

And oft in summer at sunset hour,
When the soul communes with a higher power,
And the foaming waters are gold and red,
Taking the hue of the heavens o'erhead,
Then softer than ever it sings to me:
"Peace, peace to eternity."

I should like when I go to the world above,
Where the birds will sing, and the trees I love
Will shade me ever, to hear the song
Of the waterfall, as it glides along,
Unchanging ever, the same to me:
"True, true to eternity."
—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Cleveland Leader.*

DANIEL BOONE.

Biographical Sketch of This Remarkable Pioneer.

This hero of the wilderness was born a Quaker. His grandfather, George Boone, with his nine sons and two daughters, emigrated from England in 1717, and settled upon a farm in Buck's County, Pennsylvania, upon the banks of the Delaware, near where the city of Bristol now stands. The family joined the ruling religious denomination of the region, and thus became Quakers.

One of the sons, named Squire Boone, married a fair Quakeress of the wilderness, and in the records of the vicinity may still be read the names of their children, and the dates of their birth. From one of these entries we learn that Daniel Boone was born on the 22d of "eighth month" (August), 1734.

That was about the time when Benjamin Franklin was beginning to thrive in business at Philadelphia, as printer and editor, Philadelphia being then little more than a pleasant, shady village of five or six thousand inhabitants. Indians were continually seen in its street, and bears, wolves, wild turkeys and deer were shot within ten miles of the State House. Where Daniel Boone grew up, twenty miles above Philadelphia, the country was still almost a wilderness, in which were to be found panthers, wolves and bears, as well as abundance of smaller game. He was wholly a child of the woods. He lived and died a pioneer.

By a fortunate chance an Irish school-master came into the neighborhood during his boyhood, and his father engaged him to teach his own and his neighbor's children to read and write. Daniel must have improved this opportunity, for the letters which we have from his pen are very well written and composed. But it was in the lore of the woods that he became most deeply versed. He was an excellent shot. He learned to track the panther to his hiding-place. He became an adept in all the arts by which life is maintained in the wilderness against savage men, savage beasts and wild nature.

It is a strange thing, and fortunate for the development of the country, that a pioneer becomes discontented when the first difficulties of the situation are overcome, and neighbors begin to gather about him. He then has an unappeasable desire to break up his home, move westward, and go again through the hardships of creating a farm.

When Daniel was fourteen years of age the mania to remove seized his father, and they went seven hundred miles to the southwest, and settled upon the Yadkin river, in the northwestern part of North Carolina. The party consisted of father, mother and nine children, most of whom must have been transported on horseback, and all of them maintained on the way by the rifles of the father and his elder son. There was a considerable movement of emigrants in that direction at the time, the lands in that region being extremely fertile and attractive, as they remain to this day.

It was here, in the wild woods of Western Carolina that Daniel Boone grew to manhood, and, at the age of twenty-one, built his own log hut, established his own farm, and married the daughter of his father's nearest neighbor. This happy event occurred just as he had begun his twenty-first year.

But now again neighbors began to be unpleasantly numerous, and they were of a kind by no means congenial with this family of Pennsylvania Quakers. Most of them were Scotch-Irish, and among them were the relatives and ancestors of Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun. They brought with them a strong Scotch accent, and various habits and notions offensive to the Boones, besides introducing a more expensive style of living than that to which the pioneers were accustomed.

From the door of his log hut Daniel Boone could see the peaks of the Alleghany mountains, six thousand feet above the plain, a barrier which had yet been seldom crossed by white men. Of the regions beyond, the Indians brought glowing accounts; and, at length, John Finley and two or three companies crossed the mountains, and brought back such a description of the land beyond (Tennessee and Kentucky) that Daniel Boone determined to see it with his own eyes, and select a home for himself in that garden of the world. With five companions he set out and spent several months in leisurely traversing the country, in the course of which they had all the usual adventures, including a week's captivity among the Indians.

In due time he led forth a little band of emigrants, consisting of four families, twenty-six men, four women, and four or five children, who settled at a place on the Clinch river, which they named Boonesborough. Here he lived for several years, defending himself and his family with admirable vigilance, courage and tact against the wiles of the Indians. During the Revolutionary War all the Indians on the continent were in agitation, and for the first three years of the contest, British influence being paramount, the Western settlements were never safe from attack. Only a few days after the Declaration of Independence a daughter of Daniel Boone and two of her playmates were paddling in a canoe opposite Boonesborough, when five Indians sprang from an ambush and carried them away with them into the wilderness. Boone being absent at the time, it was not until daybreak the next morning that he and three friends could start in pursuit. But by ten o'clock they came upon the party of Indians while they were halting for breakfast. They gave one fire, rushed upon them, put them to flight, and recovered the terrified and sobbing girls.

During that bloody time two of his sons and a brother fell under the rifles of the savage foe, and he himself spent considerable time as a prisoner among one of the tribes, escaping just in time to conduct the defence of Booonesborough against a most formidable attack. For about ten years the settlers of Kentucky waged almost incessant war against the Indians, and wherever the danger was greatest, there Daniel Boone was sure to be, conducting the defense or heading the attack.

He stood six feet two; his chest was broad, his limbs muscular, and his whole form powerfully and symmetrically developed. His temperament was tranquil and cool, incapable of worry, anxiety, or fear; a man of few words and quiet demeanor, who never could be disconcerted or pertubed. He could stick a nail into a board, and at a distance of forty paces drive it home with a bullet. He could bring a squirrel down from a lofty tree, without hitting it, by the mere shock of the bullet passing close to its head.

In a dark night he could snuff a candle at a distance of forty paces, three times out of seven—a peculiarly difficult feat. He was equally expert in all the ways of capturing game, tracking Indians and guarding against surprise. At the same time he had a constitution that could endure incredible fatigue and privation. On one occasion he walked a hundred and sixty miles in four days and nights, upon only one meal.

The last years of this heroic man were at times clouded with misfortune. When he and his brave companions had rendered Kentucky a safe and inviting dwelling place, he was astounded one day by the sheriff coming to his cabin and telling him that he had no legal right to the lands upon which he had lived so long. And so, indeed, it proved. He could not understand how any man could have a right to his farm superior to his own.

"My footsteps," he wrote upon this subject, "have oft enbeen marked with blood. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness."

All true. And yet the case went against him in the courts, and he lost his farm. After this he went to Virginia, and lived some years a hunter's life in the woods. But, by and by, the spirit of the pioneer revived within him, and, at the age of sixty-one he traversed the whole breadth of Kentucky, and joined his son who had opened a farm near the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, not far from the village of St. Louis. He was now a subject of the King of Spain, and the Spanish Governor made him commander of his district and gave him eight thousand acres of land.

But ill-luck pursued him, A few years after, when all this country was ceded to the United States, he lost his land through not having complied with some formalities; and, of course, he lost his office as well. Congress, however, some years later, when he was seventy-nine years of age, made him a grant of eight hundred and fifty acres of land in Missouri, upon which he lived in peace and plenty, surrounded by affectionate grandchildren.

Audubon, who visited him in Missouri, speaks of him as a magnificent specimen of manhood; and another son of the wilderness who visited his cabin when Boone was past eighty, testifies to his venerable and winning appearance, neatly dressed in garments woven and made in his own cabin.

"His countenance," says this friend, "was pleasant, calm and fair; his forehead high and bold; and the soft silver of his hair was in unison with his length of days. He spoke feelingly and with solemnity of being a creature of Providence, ordained as a pioneer in the wilderness to advance the civilization and the extension of his country."

To the end of his days he repaired rifles, carved powder horns, made moccasins and snow shoes, and liked no feast so well as a slice of venison toasted at the end of a ramrod. He even made his own coffin, and kept it under his bed for several years. He died in 1820, aged eighty-six. His remains now repose at Frankfort, in Kentucky, where a monument marks his last resting-place.—*James Parton, in N. Y. Ledger.*

AMERICAN EXPLORERS.

What They Have Done and the Wonders They Have Revealed.

Explorers from America are in every land and on every sea. Already she has contributed her quota of martyrs in the frozen North, and has led the way to the torrid regions of Africa. The people of Europe, through Columbus, opened up a new world for us; and we, through Stanley, have discovered a new world in the old for them.

Much has been done on land, little on the other three-forths of the earth's surface. But here Americans had laid the foundations of a new science—the geography of the sea.

Our explorers have mapped out the surface of the ocean and discovered the great movements of the waters. They have traced the southward flow of the Arctic waters to temper the climate of the torrid zone. They have followed the northward set of the heated waters of the equator and have shown how they form these wonderful rivers of warm water that flow, without walls, through the colder waters of the sea until they strike the western shores of Euope and America, and how they render habitable the almost Arctic countries of Great Britain and Alaska. They have even followed these currents further and shown how they penetrate the Arctic Ocean to lessen the rigors of the Arctic cold. Bravely but vainly have they sought for the ignis fatuus of explorers—the open polar sea—produced by the action of the warm waters from the south.

American explorers have sounded the depths of the ocean, and discovered mountains and valleys beneath the waves. They have found the great plateaus on which the cables rest that bring us into instantaneous communication with the rest of the world. They have shown the probable existence of a vast submarine range of mountains, extending nearly the whole length of the Pacific ocean—mountains so high that their summits rise above the surface to form islands and archipelagoes in the Pacific, and all this vast region of the earth, which, a few years ago, was considered uninhabitable on account of the great pressure, they have discovered to be teeming with life. From the depths of the ocean they have brought living things, whose lives were spent under conditions of such pressure that the elastic force of their own bodies burst them open before they could be brought to the surface; living creatures, whose self-luminous spots supplied them with the light denied them in the deep abyss from which they sprang—abysses so deep that the powerful rays of the sun could only feebly penetrate to illuminate or warm. —*Prof. G. G. Gardiner.*

TOWERS OF SILENCE.

How the Parsees of India Dispose of the Bodies of Their Dead.

Much has been told of the "towers of silence," and very much of exaggeration. One writer speaks of the dismal surroundings and death-like silence; another of the fetid atmosphere; and still another of his having climbed up on the wall and accidentally dropping his hat and then following it, ending with an amusing account of his escape from the birds and the watchful eyes of the keeper. All pure imagination and pretty writing. The towers are five in number, twenty-five feet in height, and the largest from seventy to one hundred feet in diameter. These dimensions may be all wrong, but they will convey a true idea of these singular structures. Within the outer wall, some five or more feet below the top, are three tiers of a sort of trough—the outer tier for men, the next for women, the inner one for children. Within the inner tier is a large well-like chamber covered by a grating. Leading from this well are drains into outside wells. The dead, whether high or low, rich or poor, approach these solemn precincts on a perfect equality. All are borne by mourners afoot, no pageant or evidences of worldly vanity being displayed. Two men regularly employed for this purpose (none others ever enter the tower) bear the body through a small opening into the tower. All garments and ornaments are then removed. "Naked you came into the world, naked you must go out," said Zoroaster.

The garments covering the corpse are then at once burned. "Fire cleanses from all impurities," said Zoroaster. The bearers then retire, and in one hour every vestige of flesh is removed from the bones by the mouruful birds. The bones are afterward dropped or are washed down to the grating, and, falling below, are under the action of the sun and water and chemicals, in a year or two dissolved into lime, and flow out into the outer wells. "The earth is a good mother to all and should not be contaminated by the fetid remains of her children." Thus taught Zoroaster. The lime which flows into and becomes a part of the earth-mother does not contaminate. There can be no noxious odors, for the dead are brought here before decay sets in. There are about five hundred vultures hovering about the locality. The average burials are four to five a day, but small food for so many voracious birds. There is nothing awful about the premises more than about an ordinary graveyard. But to the contrary there is a beautiful garden, bright with cheerful and sweet flowers and many trees. No traveler could climb upon the wall, for it is as smooth as any plastered piece of masonry, and there is nothing close to them to permit any one to mount upon. No Parsee even, other than those employed for the purpose, ever enter the towers. Which tower the dead of any day will enter is decided by the regular committee, and simply on sanitary grounds, so as to enable each one to take care of its proper proportion.—*Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.*

LACK OF ADAPTABILITY.

The Cause of Many Failures in Business and Private Life.

We see it on every side the lack of adaptability; in the professions, in business, in the home; and the cry is echoed at failures in the different channels which are open to the use of energy. "Why did that one fail with all his ability?" In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred perhaps it would be found that the one who missed success was not able to adapt himself to the conditions of his field of labor.

Sometimes it is an overestimate of one's self, sometimes it is simple modesty that holds one from adapting his ability to certain conditions. A friend oftentimes with true insight has been able to make this adjustment for another, and help him into a channel from which his lack of self-confidence would have kept him.

George Eliot would have missed her great literary mission in life if the far-seeing Lewes had not discovered it for her and advised her to try her powers as a novelist. It surely was not that Marian Evans lacked the quality of adaptability that she did not find her instincts pointing to this field before her friend opened her eyes; it was that she was not fully conscious of her own resources, and dared not to hope for the wide and true success that she afterwards won in her works.

The world would have never known so much of the genius that now graces the different departments of art, if some one had not discovered it for its owner, or rather inspired him with the courage to make it available. We would not say that genius is not in a sense very vague, it may be conscious of its undeveloped gift. Its possessor feels its stirrings but can not understand or use it. So he blindly beats the air; happy is he if then the friend puts him in the way of expression.

Business men who lack the essential quality—adaptability—are inclined to lay their lack of success to fate, when it usually belongs a their own door. Shakespeare was a wise man surely, and spoke with an all-comprehensive philosophy when he wrote:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

It surely is not alone in the professions, in public affairs, in business, that we need this adaptability. Perhaps nowhere is it needed more than in the home; its loss here is a calamity, and creates confusion and much of that alienation that arises from what seem to be very slight causes. If a man marries one who in her girlhood's home was attractive in dress and manners, who could talk entertainingly and wisely of books, and of the affairs of the day, who could appreciate and even interpret the finest things in music and in art, and if in taking her as a wife he finds that as mistress of his home she seems entirely out of place, that she can not put herself to the conditions and surroundings of a humbler home than was formerly hers, he may chafe and mourn as he will, but so long as this wife lacks the power of fitting herself to this sphere, she lacks an essential quality for the creation of home-happiness. This leads us to say that young men had better clear their vision of love's illusions, so that they may discern before it is too late whether the divinity in the richly appointed parlor of the home of her maidenhood would become a divinity through the years of small things in a struggling man's experience.—*Christian at Work.*

THE CANDY HABIT.

Girls Have Excuses for Indulging in It for Every Day of the Year.

"American girls eat more candy than the girls of any other nation," said an observing traveler recently. "They commence on New Year's Day and then continue until New Year's eve. Always candy, sometimes because it is birthday, sometimes because they meet a friend, sometimes because it is sent to them. They have as many excuses for eating candy as a man has for drinking whisky."

"Don't foreign girls eat candy?"

"O, yes; they are learning very fast to follow the example of the fair sex on this side of the water. In this country the Yankee girls were the first to start the fashion or habit, as it should be more properly called, and from the East it has spread all over the country. Now I think the Western girls can hold their own against all comers. In Europe Germans, Italians and Spaniards are great eaters of pralines, chocolates a la creme, sugared almonds and crystalized fruits. French women eat fondants, and there a man, when he escorts a lady to the theater, must carry with him a packet of douceurs. In England, candy-eating started with sucking caramels or nibbling cremes. Now the well-to-do Briton eats sweets with his wine after dinner. They are fond of fondants, nougat, candied mandarins or tangerines and other kinds. Butterscotch, barley sugar and chocolate are the ordinary everyday candies. Soldiers suck almond rock while doing sentry duty, the policeman on his beat usually has a bull's-eye or brandy ball in his mouth, and the British tar chews an American caramel instead of the quid of pigtail that used to distend his swarthy cheek in the good old days of England's 'wooden walls.'"—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—A will filed at Washington, D. C., Thursday was as follows: "In the name of God, amen! I, John A. W. Waters, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of human life, do now make and publish this my last will and testament, that is to say, that all my property I give to my wife."

TEMPERANCE.

RIGHT PLACE FOR A SALOON.

A Problem Difficult of Solution—A Few Pertinent, Practical Questions.

The right place for a saloon is evidently not an easy matter to determine. Those who have been attempting a solution of the problem are met with even more difficulties than the judges of Pennsylvania who are now engaged in searching for honest and reputable saloon-keepers. The legislators of Minnesota assumed the authority to determine the question by passing a license law which confines the saloons in cities to a certain defined area. But this provision has not given general satisfaction, particularly to the unfortunates who live within the saloon limits. The new license law in Illinois has a clause which forbids the opening of saloons within two hundred feet of churches and schools. In this State, as well as many others, the license laws contain no provisions concerning the location of saloons, this matter being left wholly to the discretion of the licensing authorities. In this city the Excise Commissioners have exercised their discretionary powers so far as to refuse licenses in some cases to saloons opened in the immediate neighborhood of churches and schools and have also attempted to draw a line of discrimination between the localities where liquor licenses, in their opinion, might properly be granted and those where they should be denied. A case of this kind has recently occurred which has attracted more than usual attention. A short time ago a man applied for a license to open a drinking place on the corner of Fourteenth street and University place, in the very heart of the fashionable shopping district. When the fact of the application became known a perfect deluge of remonstrances and petitions from the business men and property owners of the neighborhood came flowing in upon the Excise Board. It was represented that the opening of a saloon at that point would be nothing less than a public outrage. Nothing, it was declared, could be more obnoxious and injurious to the reputable business interests of Fourteenth street than the establishment of a resort for loafers in that vicinity. Several large mercantile firms located in the block where it was proposed to open the saloon declared that if the license was granted it would practically ruin their business. In view of this opposition the Excise Board refused a license. The applicant, however, has carried his case before the courts, demanding a mandamus compelling the board to grant his petition.

A case like this is full of suggestion. It brings many question to the lips. The merchants of Fourteenth street were undoubtedly right in resisting the opening of a new drinking resort in that quarter, and the reasons urged against the granting of a license were strong and just. But would it not be easy to find reasons fully as sound and and just against the opening of saloons in a thousand other places in the city. It would be impossible, of course, in most cases to back up a remonstance against a saloon with as much capital and influence as were brought to bear in the case on Fourteeth street; but there are many other things to be considered in the determination of such questions besides capital and influence. Where is the right place for a saloon? Where is the saloon wanted? If not the fashionable mercantile establishments, what other kinds of business are likely to be helped by the proximity of gin-mills? Let some one name them. Is it the baker, the tailor, the shoemaker, the butcher, the milliner, the bookseller? Do any of these find it any particular advantage to their trade to have a grog-seller come and open shop beside them? What surroundings are necessary in order to justify the opening of resorts for loafers, of drunkard-mills, of dens for the propagation of vice and crime? What neighborhoods shall be selected for the establishment of places for the debauchment and ruin of men, for the destruction of families, for the making of paupers and felons? Which is worse, to open a saloon within two hundred feet of a church or a school, or to open one next door to a home, in front of a home, over a home or under a home? What is there that should make a grog-shop a stench in the nostrils of the public on one street and a sweet-smelling savor on another? What should make it an ugly blot on the landscape in one locality and a thing of beauty in another? Is a saloon on Fifth avenue calculated to do greater harm than a beer dive on Mulberry street? If the wealthy and the powerful can not endure the presence of the grog-shop, will they help to thrust them on the poor and the weak? Are the tenement districts—the homes of those who are already deep down in poverty, squalor and misery—are these the proper places to set the saloons? Are they needed here to help men live purer lives, to make happier homes, to strengthen the weak, to cheer the downcast, to guide the erring? Who shall take upon himself the responsibility of declaring where the people shall be cursed with the presence of the grog-shops and where they shall not be cursed? These, it seems to us, are practical questions, and we should like to have them answered.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LET there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout this country during the period of a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion without oxygen.—*Horace Mann.*

A STRIKING CASE.

From Affluence and Honor to Vagrancy, Poverty and Degradation—The Fate of Thousands Every Year.

A few days ago the New York dailies chronicled the arrest of what the policeman called a "bum." This is not an occurrence worthy of record, of itself. There is not a day but there is a less or greater number brought before every police judge in any city of the land. The only reason that we refer to it here is because it is one of the, alas! too numerous instances of the fall of a man from affluence and an honored place in the estimation of his fellow-men, to vagrancy, poverty and want through his slavery to the devil of rum.

* * * * * * *

Edward E. Palmer was at one time one of the most honored private citizens of Brooklyn. He was a capitalist, a man of excellent business abilities, trusted and honored by his friends and the public generally. For several years he was the president of one of the city's banks. He transferred his investments to the De Kalb Avenue Street Railway Company, of which corporation he became president. He had a charming wife and pretty children, and a home of which any man might be proud, in De Kalb avenue. All things were prosperous, and he was one of the favored ones of earth apparently.

He was a companionable man, with hosts of friends; but he, like thousands and tens of thousands of others, dallied with rum. The wine-cup sparkled at his board. He testified his good fellowship by inviting his friends to the saloon, or by accepting similar invitations. The path of life was strewn with flowers; in the sun of prosperity all things were pleasant; his business prospered, and he was accumulating still greater wealth. Under the stimulus of rum, he made the mad resolve to take a short cut to becoming a millionaire. Safe and conservative in his business methods up to the time he began to become the slave of rum, thereafter his business acumen deserted him, and he plunged boldly into the sea of speculation, selecting the cotton market as his field. The speculator is like the gambler. He must have a cool head. Rum worked his ruin by depriving him of his judgment. The market went against him, and he failed.

Rum, hitherto looked upon as his inspirer, now became his solace. It had destroyed his mental energy, and all those powers which he needed at the time of adversity. Instead of seeking some occupation whereby he could maintain his wife and children, and endeavoring to regain the wealth he had lost, he became a sot. Rum had undermined his moral nature, made him its slave, and he could not shake off the chains which bound him. He removed to an obscure suburb, where, amid the direst poverty, his heart-broken wife essays to provide enough to care for her little ones, while her husband is a saloon loafer, arrested on the street as a vagrant!

It is all well enough for others to point the finger of scorn at this man, and show up his shortcomings in the hour of his adversity. But the fact remains that rum was responsible for it all. He is but one of the thousands of examples of the fact that when rum gains dominion over a man, it destroys every manly quality. It deprives him of courage, destroys his self-reliance, dulls his brain so that his business sagacity is destroyed, and renders him a weak, vacilating creature, unfit to cope with the world, doomed to failure in every undertaking.

So long as rum can be had, so long will man fall, and the history of this one man be repeated over and over again, ten thousand times. The case of this man is no worse than that of the humblest working-man who becomes the slave of rum. It is only because there is so mighty a contrast between his former and his present condition that makes it so striking. The fate that has overtaken him is the fate of thousands every year, whose degradation is unnoticed because the distance traversed is not so great.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

ACCORDING to Dr. Richardson there are one thousand deaths every week from alcoholism in England and Wales.

THE Bishop of Liverpool attributes the deplorable increase of drunkenness among English women to "grocers' licenses."

IT is estimated that $78,200,000 is spent every year for liquor in Pennsylvania, while the output in anthracite coal, their greatest industry, amounts to only $69,995,000.

THE Chief Constable of Liverpool lately said that if the public houses were shut on Saturdays there would not be provisions enough in the town to meet the extra-purchasing power of the people.

NEWS comes from Berlin that sixteen young men of the university, some of them Americans, some English, and some Scotch, have formed themselves into an International Total Abstinence Society. An American, J. Warren Forbes, of New Mexico, is president. Prof. Bunge's pamphlet, "Die Alkohol Frage," is their hand-book of Temperance doctrine.

THE Excise Board of this city has invited suggestions for a proposed revision of the excise laws of the State. Would it not be just as well to drop out that clause which requires that a liquor dealer shall be a man of "good moral character?" The joke was a good one originally, but it is getting a little old now, and besides that, jokes are out of place in a statute book.—*N. Y. Observer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Good-bye is the contraction of "God be with you. When you say good-bye, you always say "God be with you."

—A Vienna tailor has stamped upon his bill-heads a picture of the forget-me-not. Many others might well adopt this suggestive vignette.

—The late J. W. Drexel paid at the rate of $14,000,000 per acre for the lot of land on which stands the Drexel building, corner of Wall and Broad streets, New York, and yet it proved a remunerative investment.

—A darky preacher from Bath, recently admonished a Geneva audience against the sin of bribery at election, as follows: "Dis ting of getting $100 for a vote is all wrong. Ten dollars is as much as it is worth.—*Palmyra Democrat.*

—Tailor (taking his measure)—"Will you want one or two hip-pockets, sir?" Customer—"Two, of course." Tailor—"All right, sir; and how are things moving in prohibition matters, deacon?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—According to the Rev. Dr. De Costa, "the commander of the Pinkerton force can gather in a day's notice a larger number of armed men either in New York, Pittsburgh or Chicago than the General commanding the army of the United States."

—The *Railway Engineer* gives a list of all the English tunnels over 1,000 yards (940 metres) in length. The list contains thirty-seven tunnels. The longest one is the "Severn," which is 7,664 yards long. The shortest is the "Rotherfield," which is 1,020 yards in length.

—Prodigal Son—"Father, I have spent my substance, and have arisen and returned to thee." Practical Father—"What did you spend all that money on?" "Amateur photography." "Kill the fatted calf and send it to the nearest idiot asylum. My son will dine there to-morrow."

—The Western minister who in announcing a hymn at a funeral added: "It was always a favorite with the remains," resembles somewhat an undertaker near this town, who usually remarks at a funeral, upon removing the cover from the casket to give the attendants an opportunity to take a last look at the deceased: "Friends who desire can now look at it."—*Oneonta Herald.*

—Governor Gordon and several other prominent Georgia men have on foot a scheme for converting about 3,000 acres of land in Twigg County into a national hunting ground. They propose to enclose the entire tract with suitable fencing and stock it with deer, turkeys, partridge, rabbits, 'possums and coons, build a hotel and club house, and make it the great hunting park of the United States.

—Irate customer (to shop-keeper)—"You tole me dis bedticking 'ud hold fedders, an' bress Moses! every single fedder done cum right fru, an' I's fotched it back to you!" Shop-keeper—"Now, mein frint, dond you make no fluviating in my shtore. Ven I told you dem goods vould hold fedders, I meant de tail and wing fedders, ain't dot so? You musht be a fool if you don't understand dot."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A big dry good house in New York City has arranged that all its women clerks shall appear in their places at the store dressed in black. The store has furnished the material for the dresses, and the style of each will be left to the wearer. The clerks are satisfied with the arrangement. The idea of the firm is to have them dressed uniformly and neatly. The material of the dresses will be black cashmere of fine quality.

—"Papa, what is a conflagration?" "It is a big fire, my son." "And what do they call a little fire?" "There is no special name for a little fire. O, they sometimes call it an incipient fire, and—let's see—well, it is sometimes called an inconsiderable fire. Why do you ask?" "Well, I see your coat-tail is on fire, and I was wondering whether it was a conflagration or an incipient fire." In a few minutes the young man had reason to think it was a conflagration.—*Golden Days.*

—During a heavy rain storm at Milledgeville, Ga., a frog of enormous size was seen to fall, apparently from the clouds, and strike the sidewalk in front of a store. It remained motionless for a moment, and then, with a couple of leaps, bounced upon the showcase in the store, and danced over the counters, showcases, etc., to the great consternation of all who saw its antics. A clerk in the store declares his belief that the frog descended from the clouds.

A Chapter on Taste.

Taste is the power to perceive the beautiful. Experience is needed for this, and, therefore, the formation of taste is not only varied, but gradual. No one would be content to adhere to his childish judgment, for in most cases it would be but an imperfect one. In the period of youth all is novelty and the estimate of every thing is naturally exaggerated. A young man goes to the theater for the first time; the actors are by no means talented, the scenic arrangements are any thing but realistic, but it is of no consequence, the youth is enchanted—it is a new world to him and he is, therefore, so carried away that he is absolutely incapable of forming a sound judgment; it is not that his taste is bad, but it is simply unformed.

But besides experience, cultivation is required. To acquire a good style in composition, and, therefore, to thoroughly appreciate the best writers, it is by no means sufficient to have written a great deal, experience is not enough here; there must be a careful study of the best authors, and this study will be a great assistance to the acquirement of a sound literary taste.—*London Queen.*

AMERICAN SAILORS.

Where the Few Now in Active Deep Water Service Came From.

"Deep-water sailors? Why, we have none. There are plenty of tailors and shoemakers to be found on board ship, but mighty few of the old-style sailors," said a shipping agent of New York to a reporter. "Steam has revolutionized the duties of seamen. In old times a sailor could make a sail, shape a block and make his own spun yarn or mats for chafing gear. Nowadays all a sailor need know is how to scrub paint or holystone the deck.

"Half the crew of a steamship are landsmen, who ship as ordinary seamen, and they are very ordinary seamen. A fast mail steamship seldom carries more than two or three trysails, and that only when there is a favorable wind. There are always a few able seamen shipped who can direct the 'land lubbers' in case an emergency arises. Tramp steamers set more sail, as they endeavor to burn as little coal as possible.

"I tell you it is very different now to what it was twenty or thirty years ago, when fast American clipper ships were to be met in all ports, and American sailors were the boast of the country. There are a number of these last named still to be found before the mast, but when they die out the genuine American deep-water sailor will be only a memory.

"What are the causes of it besides the practical stoppage of American ship building? Well, one cause is that boys in this country are too shrewd to go into business that has so little future to it as that of being a sailor. Life ashore has too many pleasures to permit this. Another reason is that ship owners can get Italians and Scandinavians for wages that an American would not look at, and, moreover, the former can be fed much cheaper, and that is an important item in a vessel's expenses. Scandinavians make good, reliable, sober seamen, but they lack the enterprise and energy of a Yankee sailor.

"Most native seamen come from the Eastern States, the nursery for American sailors. They come here on lumber schooners or fishing smacks, and take a fancy to make a long voyage. The best school at present for would-be sailors is whale fishing. The whalers are cruising all the time, and the men all given a chance to learn every part of a seamen's business. Every voyage a number of green hands are shipped, and he must be a very green one indeed who could go through a three years' cruise, without learning all there is to the business. An attraction for American boys about a whaler is that every one on board is part owner of whatever profit may result from the cruise, so that there is united work and an independence that is very alluring to Yankee boys, especially from the vicinity of New Bedford and Cape Cod.

"A singular thing in connection with whaling is that the record of every sailor that has shipped for that purpose is kept by the captains of whalers, and when one of them applies for a place in a few hours his character and ability and past history will be in the hands of the owner or shipping agent.—*N. Y. Telegraph.*

WASHINGTON CHURCHES.

Some of Those Which Great Men of the Past and Present Have Attended.

"To the memory of General Winfield Scott, who was for many years a member of the vestry of this church."

That was what I read on one of the windows of St. John's Episcopal church of this city, as I passed out with the congregation that had been packed within that grand old church edifice alongside Lafayette Square. On other windows were similar inscriptions commemorating other distinguished officers of army and navy, who had been connected with the church. One of them indicated that it had been erected to the memory of Mrs. Arthur by her husband, Chester A. Arthur, who was a regular worshiper at this church during his Presidency. This suggested a query as to whether or not the prominent people of the nation, those who make and administer the laws, are church-goers. Looking about I saw in the congregation Senator Edmunds, with his white beard and the black skull cap which he always wears in the Senate Chamber; Senator Evarts, with his hands clasped behind his back; Congressman Blanchard, of Louisiana, who had sought a seat in the gallery but had been unable to find one, and a number of grizzled old army officers. A look over the records of the church shows that President Madison and a number of other occupants of the White House between his term and that of the present incumbent. There are a half-dozen or more churches in Washington which boast one or more Presidents among their members or regular attendants at various times. The oldest church in the city of Washington, "Christ Church," Episcopal, which, by the way, is as old as the city of Washington itself, having been built in 1795, five years before the seat of government was transferred here, was the religious house of President Monroe, as it was of other Presidents of early days. Its cemetery was known as "Washington Parish Burial Ground," but when it had been used as the resting place of many Congressmen who died here, it was rechristened "Congressional Cemetery." The Presbyterian church, where the President now attends, was attended by Presidents Jackson, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan. Another Presbyterian church, nearer to the White House, was President Lincoln's church. President Grant attended the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church. Hayes attended the Foundry Methodist church, nearer the Executive Mansion.—*Washington Letter.*

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.

A Body Found in Perfect Condition Eight Years After Burial.

In 1880 the Mexican man-of-war Mexico left San Francisco—having put into this port for repairs—for a cruise along the coast of Lower California. She was commanded by Captain Ascuerega, as true a gentleman and as good a sailor as ever trod a deck, who is yet well remembered here among the Spanish residents. Added to his other good qualities, he was a kind commander, and was the idol of his crew. But whom the gods love die young. Captain Ascuerega was only twenty-eight years old when he left here, and about a month later he was killed by a strange accident.

The Mexico was lying off Port San Bartalome, from where a little bay runs in at a distance of about thirty miles south of the Cerros Islands. The weather was warm and the captain was enjoying his daily siesta on deck, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch and sent a heavy gun out of its place backward on top of the unfortunate commander, crushing him terribly. He lingered for a few hours, but never spoke again, and at nightfall his soul took its flight.

The next day the vessel put into the little bay, and the remains of the beloved captain were borne ashore, followed by the sorrow-stricken crew. The surroundings were well calculated to inspire feelings of reverence and regret. There were no signs of civilization to be seen, except the vessel which lay in the stream. The beach on which the little procession landed was one of sand, which stretched back in its dreary waste to a low chain of mountains on which nothing grew but a small shrub. The nearest habitation to this lonely spot is a settlement of Chinese fishermen, which is fourteen miles away to the north.

A grave was dug in the sand several hundred yards away from the beach, and the last that was mortal of Captain Ascuerega, wrapped up in a shroud, was laid therein. A wooden cross, with his name inscribed thereon, was placed deep in the sand to mark his last resting place. A parting salute was fired over the lonely grave, and his companions in life wended their way back to the ship. The anchor was weighed and the vessel was soon out on the ocean heading for home. Captain Ascuerega was unmarried, but he was the pride and joy of his aged parents, who were bowed with grief on learning of their loss.

In Mexico the laws do not permit the disinterment of a body until five years after burial. In due time the circumstances of the death was nearly forgotton, but to passing vessels the grave of San Bartalome had become a legend. A short time ago the friends of Ascuerega determined to remove the remains and have them placed in the family vault in the City of Mexico, which place had been his home. A vessel was chartered for that purpose, and the grave was visited for the first time in eight years. And now comes the remarkable part of the story.

The grave was opened, and instead of finding the captain's skeleton as the seekers expected, they found a perfect form with the skin closely drawn to the bone. The hair and teeth were found in a perfect condition, although the skin was drawn in such a manner as to render the features unrecognizable. The shroud and clothes in which Ascuerega was buried had fallen into decay. The shoes were still in place, but fell off upon lifting up the body, and the bones were found inside them. The body was "varnished" so as to prevent decay in its removal, and the remains were closed in a hermetically sealed casket and taken to Mazatlan. Here the strange occurrence was reported, and the remains were exposed to the view of medical men and others who had curiosity enough to look upon them.

The cause assigned for this curious phenomenon is that the atmosphere on the beach is very dry and the ground contains no moisture.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SIGHT AND MOTION.

Two Examples of the Illusions to Which Our Senses Are Subject.

The senses are subject to illusions in proportion to the remoteness of the information that they give from the immediate necessities of the organism. Touch, the most immediate and least inferential of the senses, is least subject to illusions; while sight is so very much so, that the blind often say they have an advantage over the seeing in being free from visual illusions. The illusions of bodily motion are much nearer to those of touch than to those of sight, and yet they can under certain conditions be induced through visual impressions. Of this the writer has recently had two interesting examples. He was standing upon the floor of a railroad depot, the boards of which were laid with a considerable open space between them; and the shadow of an electric light was moving up and down by the swinging of the light in the wind. Looking at the floor, it seemed as though the shadow were stationary, and the floor-boards moving. From this it followed that the person on it was moving, too, and the writer distinctly felt the swinging sensation; in fact, his attention was called to the phenomena by this feeling of motion. The other observation was as follows: while riding in the cars and looking out of the window, the trees and all are seen to move in the opposite direction. If, now, one looks in a mirror so situated that it reflects the passing landscape, which, however must not be visible except in the mirror, one has the illusion of moving in the opposite to the real direction of motion, owing to the reversal of the image in the glass. In both these cases an immediate bodily sensation is induced by a more or less unconscious inference through visual sensations.—*Science.*

BABY'S REQUIREMENTS.

Valuable Suggestions for Young Mothers and Inexperienced Nurses.

When baby begins to creep, which it ought to do at seven or eight months old, its white skirts will get very much soiled unless they are protected. The most effectual method of doing this is to provide creeping dresses which can be worn over the other clothes. They are straight slips made of pretty calico, not too light. The skirt is about a yard long, finished with a broad hem in which a band of wide, flat elastic is run. When it is put on this elastic is brought up under the petticoats so that the skirt of the creeping dress encloses them in a bag as it were. This keeps them perfectly clean and can be slipped off in a moment in case of need, leaving the baby in a fresh white frock instead of the begrimed one which would certainly present itself if it had been scrubbing the carpet, uncovered. Some babies have a comical habit of pushing themselves along the floor in a sitting position; in this case it is well to protect the napkins with a square of flannel.

It is a waste of money to buy expensive toys for a baby. A string of empty spools, an India rubber rattle, a knitted doll, will give as much real pleasure and amusement as far more valuable toys. The smooth handle of a broken knife, on which it can bite with comfort, or some equally trifling article picked up at haphazard and given to the baby, is often adapted as the favorite plaything and prized far beyond some costly toy. It is natural to wish to lavish on very best on these little darlings for whom nothing seems too good, but if the money thus foolishly spent were put away for the child, either in a savings bank or some safe receptacle, it might be of substantial use to it in after years. At least it would then be spent for something that would give it conscious enjoyment.

A delicate baby, of a nervous temperament, should be kept as quiet as possible; never started by loud noises, nor excited in any way. A healthy, robust child should be talked to and played with; taught the cunning little tricks that are so amusing in the tiny natures, and its faculties developed in every way possible. Some mothers, although devoted to their children and scrupulous in giving the necessary attention to their bodily wants, never seem to remember that a baby has a mind, although in a rudimentary condition. Nursery songs and stories, the baby plays in which it soon learns to take its part, all help to exercise its intellectual faculties. While a baby should not be smoothered with kisses and overwhelmed with caresses, nor indeed be permitted to be kissed by everyone indiscriminately, these tokens of love should not be withheld from it on the plea put forward by some Spartan mothers that they are bad for the child. Babies bring love with them; tenderness is their natural atmosphere, the [illegible] in which they can grow and thrive properly. Undemonstrative mothers should remember this and not spare these outward signs of affection, lest in after years they long in vain for them from their children.

If a child can be trained to obedience and truthfulness, all the other graces and virtues can be reared on this foundation. Wise parents do not need advice as to the education of their children in these matters, their own common sense has taught them these fundamental truths. Unwise ones will not profit by any advice, however sound, being confident that they know how to manage their own children better than any one else.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil, in Good Housekeeping.*

A STATESMAN'S JOKE.

An Amusing Anecdote of General Sibley and Stephen A. Douglas.

I heard a new story on General Sibley the other day which loses none of its force because it happens to be authentic.

In the early days when he was a Territorial delegate, the naming of the capital for Minnesota came up in Washington and General Sibley prepared the proper bill, in which St. Paul was duly nominated as the future seat of government. He carried it to Stephen A. Douglas to be put through the Senate. The Little Giant was a good friend of the General and took the bill with a sly twinkle in his eye. It had its reading in due course of time and was referred to the Territorial Committee. Here General Sibley happened to get hold of it once more. Horror! The elegantly engrossed "St. Paul" had been erased and "Mendota" written in its place. The work looked suspiciously like Senator Douglas'. The General hunted him up and asked why the change.

"You ought to have some benefit from this," replied Douglas. General Sibley owned considerable land at Mendota, be it understood.

"Well change it back to St. Paul," replied the General. "It would never do for me to go back to my constituents with the capital at Mendota."

The Senator yielded to urging and the change was made, which was a close shave for St. Paul.

A year or so later there was an excursion down the Potomac. Most of the Senators were on board; also General Sibley. Soon Senator Douglas sought him out.

"Come into the cabin and let me introduce you, General."

Within sat the most eminent members of the American house of lords. Standing before them with his hand on the General's shoulder, Douglas solemnly said: "Gentlemen, this is General Sibley of Minnesota, and the biggest fool of my acquaintance. I wanted to make him rich once and he would not have it."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

CULTURE OF ROSES.

How Refined Farmers May Propagate These Beautiful Flowers.

Florists who propagate roses by the ten or hundred thousand plants a year endeavor to have every facility for the work, but the farmer who has no greenhouse and requires only a few more roses each year to keep up his stock, must have recourse to ruder means of increasing his plants. All sorts of rose bushes root freely from layers; that is, from shoots forced into the ground so as to bury the edges two or three inches deep with soil, holding it in place there with a peg. This had better be done in July or August. If at a joint near the elbow a break or slanting cut is made half through the shoot, but no deeper, it will assist in the formation of roots. Let the layers stay as they are for a year before you sever them from the parent stock, and treat them as independent plants. Moss roses or Persian yellow roses have to be propagated in this way, or by budding them in other roots, as they will not readily strike from cuttings. A good many varieties of our bedding roses, as Baroness Rothschild, root from cuttings with such difficulty that we should also layer them; but what sorts root easily and what with difficulty can be ascertained only by individual practice.

The great mass of bedding roses can be propagated from cuttings. In November select strong, ripe wood, and cut it up into pieces about six inches long, and preserve these in the cellar in moist sawdust or earth as you would apple or pear tree cions. In early spring plant them out in rows six inches apart and one or two inches between the cuttings in the row. One or two eyes above ground will be enough. Pack the earth very firmly about the cuttings. Shade them a little by laying a few evergreen branches over them, and never allow them to get dry. In five or six weeks a good many will begin to root and grow. But you must expect a good many to die.

Cuttings of roses may also be cut off in the spring and put in at once; many will grow. They may also be secured and put in at any time between spring and winter. The important thing to observe in propagating roses from cuttings is never to allow the cutting to shrivel or become dry in the least before it begins to root; and for this reason summer cuttings had better be put in shady places.

In the case of tea and china roses and others of that type which we grow as pot plants, we can clip them at any time; merely cut off a bit with two or three eyes and the leaves attached, remove the lower leaf and stick the slip into the ground, be that out of doors or into a pot in the house.

While we florists use sand for rooting rose cuttings in, I would not recommend it to farmers because it gets dry so quickly; sandy loam is all right and keeps the moisture better and holds the cuttings firmer. Keep the cuttings moist and shaded enough to prevent the leaves from wilting.

All points considered, the Mannetti is the best stock for budding on, but any vigorous-growing, hardy rose is good enough. Every kind of rose can be propagated by budding. Insert the buds close down near the ground. But on account of the persistent efforts of the stocks of budded roses to throw up suckers, I would advise farmers to stick to layering and cuttings. Grafting roses is a method in common practice by florists, but not to be recommended to any one not having suitable greenhouse accommodation.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CURING OF GRASS.

The Relative Value of Hay Made in July and September.

I once laid up a mow of timothy and redtop, with a small percentage of clover. One part of the hay was cut as soon as the herdsgrass was in bloom; the rest in the same field was allowed to ripen. The early-cut hay produced milk and growth without meal. When it was half gone we changed to the late cut hay, and fed the whole mow. The stock survived the change, but when the early cut hay was resorted to again, began to show signs of life, and the growth and milk produced was all in favor of the early cut hay. I have often regretted that the figures were not preserved, but I have had the experience and shall not soon forget it, and shall never doubt the value of hay cut in the early part of July, nor the almost worthlessness of September grass. An important matter to consider is the condition of the field after the hay is removed. That portion of the mowing which I cut early, started a heavy aftermath, and held out to several good crops of hay in subsequent years, while the latter-cut portion failed much sooner. Hay may be cut too soon, but had I only one piece of grass to cut, that would be cured as soon as the stalks had attained the natural growth and begun to show by blossoming that the further efforts of nature would not be in the making of hay, but in the reproduction of plant life, by perfecting seed. Hay seed is good feed, but costs too much by the bushel. All grasses native to our soil and all weeds and other coarse matter in the hay is of far greater value cured before the deposit of bitter matter in the fodder.—*E. C. Bailey, in Farm and Home.*

—Increasing demand for *good* butter with the certainty of its continuance, is the best assurance a farmer can get for engaging in dairying. It also gives steady employment throughout the year, is a constant source of income, rapidly enriches the soil, may be carried on with small capital, and is profitable on high-priced land.—*Prairie Farmer.*

WORKING WOMEN'S PAY.

Difficulties in the Way of Adjusting Piece Work.

When work such as sewing is done by the piece, the rate paid depends on the sample maker. If she is very expert in point of time her standard is good for the employer, but very hard on the girls. There are only a few in every work-room who can equal the sample maker. The slower workers are degraded in consequence, although the work done may be equal in quality. As a rule the sample maker is not loved. A conscientious sample maker, the sewing women say, will consider the average speed practicable.

Piece work is one of the most difficult matters to adjust in the labor market. It is conceded that it is greatly in the employer's interest. It is certain that the nervous strain produced by it tears down the health of women. A woman confesses to working from eight in the morning until midnight, lifting her eyes anxiously every little while to the clock. In factories the strain of competition carried to excess is one of the dangers. Notwithstanding these admitted evils, the system is upheld by women workers, for they always have the possibility of earning more than by weekly wages, whether they avail themselves of it or not, and trades unions in England have made an effort toward establishing a weekly wage based on piece work. One method of relieving the strain of piece work is by limiting the hours of labor, forbidding night work, and by prohibiting the slow workers from working for less than a living wage. This can be done through organization, and of course does not apply to the idle and incompetent, who doubtless would and ought to be discharged.—*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

What's the Matter With Your Blood?

Cleveland Press.

As much blood goes through the kidneys as goes through the heart.

There is nothing startling about this fact except it be a revelation. Many people have but a dim idea of the real work of the kidneys. They not only drain the water from the system, but also the poisonous matter which that water holds in solution to carry out of the system. Over half the time, however, the kidneys fail to do this work.

What is the result?

Gradual failure of strength and health and eventually death by Bright's Disease or some unexpected kidney disease.

But particularly in the spring of the year, when one's blood is filled with poisonous waste, as it invariably is at that time, you feel depressed, tired, languid, do not seem to have any disease, but your system does not respond to the genial warmth of summer and spring as formerly.

You had better look out!

The kidney poison is accumulating in the blood. Tonics won't do any good, they simply treat effects. You can only secure a radical, thorough renovation of the system by the prompt use of Warner's safe Cure, which is the only reliable, scientific specific for the blood, because it is the only known specific in the world for the kidneys, which are the only great blood purifiers.

GEO. F. RIDGEWAY, 94 Murison St., Cleveland, O., Ex-Deputy Sheriff, from uric acid poisoning of the blood became, at times, totally blind, and was troubled with great giddiness. In 1883, after suffering for many years, and being distressed beyond measure, he thoroughly purified his blood by means of Warner's Safe Cure, and says: "I have never had a day's trouble since, and have fully recovered my health. Warner's Safe Cure saved my life."

REV. J. P. ARNOLD, of Camden, Tenn., in '78 and '81 was grievously afflicted with many abscesses, caused by kidney poisoned blood. The abscesses were alive for many months and caused great distress. After thoroughly purifying his blood with Warner's Safe Cure in 1882, he reported that in 1883 he was strong and well, over 71 years of age, and able to preach regularly.

CAPT. W. D. ROBINSON, United States Marine Inspector for the chain of lakes, residence Buffalo, N. Y., in 1881 had a slight eruption on his hands. It soon spread to his face and he was almost blind. His body was covered with light, flaky scales. His skin itched excruciatingly. For two years he gradually grew worse, trying almost everything imaginable. In 1883, after having given up hope of recovery, he began using Warner's Safe Cure. "Twenty bottles," he says, "completely cured me, and to day I am strong and well as ever."

JAMES WIGHT, 295 Fifth Ave., New York, suffered for years from inflammatory rheumatism—a blood disorder—but in 1883 was fully restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure and remains well to-day.

The four above cases are as good as a million. They prove what is stated, that the organ that removes the impurity from the blood most effectually is the kidney, and for this when impaired there is but one sound, rational method of treatment.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who was opposed to the use of medicines in general, thought so highly of this remedy that he said if he had a serious kidney disease, he should use it.

Ask your friends and neighbors what they think of it.

In the spring of the year, when debility is so prevalent, and the seeds of disease are sown that may have a fatal blossoming before the fall, the prudent man and woman will give the system a thorough cleansing and purification.

If is a little funny, isn't it that draught causes a cold, cures a cold and pays the doctor's bill?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Special Land Excursions.

On May 8th and 22d, and June 5th and 19th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. Ry., at greatly reduced rates. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the Government Lands and fertile country of central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and northeastern Colorado, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. Tickets good for 30 days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points; and to all other States mentioned, 60 days. Liberal stop-over privileges will be accorded passengers beyond terminal points of this line. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

OUR musical sharp says the biggest thing in music is grand opera, because it has the most aria.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A Thrilling Experiment.

OAKDALE, NEB., April 17.—Special.]—The people of Oakdale and Neligh and their vicinities during the last three days have been intensely excited over an accident which happened on Saturday last to a family by the name of Detwiler. Living on a farm three miles north of of Oakdale, Mr. Detwiler had occasion to draw out the wooded tubing from a deep bored well on his place, and had drawn out seventy feet of it, leaving an unknown number of feet of tubing set in the well. This left a hale about a foot in diameter. During last Saturday forenoon a 3-year-old boy of the family was missed, and a search being made for him, his hat was found near this hole. The mother called down, and the child from an immense depth, finally replied, The extreme horror of the situation can now be better imaged than described. Appeals for help were at once sent to Oakdale and Neligh, and though all possible haste was made, all the appliances for sinking a shaft down alongside the bored hole could not be got onto the ground and the work of digging begun, until late in the afternoon Saturday. Stenson & Stratton, wellborers and diggers from Oakdale, and a firm of men in the same line of business from Neligh undertook the job, and there was no lack of helping hands. But, as the supply of air down in this deep narrow hole might be insufficient to supply the child with air, an iron tube was sunk down and a hand-bellows was inserted, through which fresh air was constantly pumped down during the forty hours while digging was going on.

From time to time the child's cries could be heard, and often during Saturday afternoon it called for 'mamma," and for food and water. The process of digging went slowly during Saturday night on account of lack of light, and rapid diggers had at times to give place to slower workers, All this time the father and mother were enduring untold torture of mind; the former sometimes raving, and gray hairs momentarily increasing on the heads the distracted parents. About three o'clock the child seemed to lose all patience and filled his narrow, circular tomb with his loud crying. It was a hard matter for strong men to endure the extremely distressing condition of affairs with anything like composure. All the time, day and night, crowds of men, women and children, were standing around with horror, and the hearts of the men digging in the shaft and those on the windlass on top were bleeding at the cries of the helpless babe imprisoned below. During all Saturday and Sunday nights perhaps half the people who knew of the affair slept little or none.

On Saturday morning an unfortunate experiment was made in the way of grappling for the child with a "wormer," It is supposed that the wormer caught onto the tubing below and raised it a little when its hold released, and something was heard to drop. Then there was a new distress in the minds of the waiting crowd lest the wormer had caught onto and lacerated the flesh of the child or had inflicted bruises on it, for its voice thereafter was less often heard, and much weaker. As the diggers down in the shaft went deeper, they heard the child moaning in pain.

By Sunday noon they had dug to a depth of about fifty feet, and the child yet twenty-five feet, at least below them. By night-fall the work was necessarily going on slower, for more time was being consumed in hauling up the dirt. Besides, the most delicate and dangerous part of the job was now at hand, and Will Stenson and James Strallen of Oakdale, both experienced men in underground operations, were sent down, and they remained there from 11 o'clock Sunday night until 9 o'clock Monday morning, when the awful scene was ended. Stenson, as a miner and well digger, had many narrow escapes in his lifetime, and as he was now down sixty-five feet in a partially dry shaft, with treacherous walls of earth above and around him, his situation was very perilous, for no time could be spared to construct and sink down wooden curbing in the shaft. Soon after Stenson and Shallen went down into the shaft, at 11 o'clock Sunday night, they struck loose sand and gravel. A few of the impatient crowd above urged Stenson to dig on down through the gravel the remaining seven feet supposed to be yet intervening between him and the child, but he withstood them and began to tunnel in toward the circular hole right on top of this gravel bed, so he could have a firm clay roof to his tunnel. He was then about eight feet to one side of the circular hole. He tunnelled in a few feet and then dug another shaft, closer to the circular hole, down to where he thought the child might be lodged. His object was to strike a spot underneath the spot where the child was lodged, for it would have been fatal to have disturbed the earth wall of the circular hole above the child. Finally he tunneled toward the circular, and tapping it was surprised to find himself yet above the child. He was able then to reach down and tie a rope around the feet of the child and by the same device hold him secure there, but he dared not yet risk an attempt to draw him up for fear he might break down the crumbling walls of the hole and of his tunnel and thus bury both himself and the child alive. So he sank another and second small shaft down a few feet yet further until he knew he was below the child. Under these circumstances the work had to be very slow. Stinson worked like a mole with trenches of sand all around him, passing dirt out by handsful to Strallen in the first small shaft, and Strallen doing the same to Sheriff Elwood, who was out in the main shaft. The extreme peril of the situation at this time can be better imagined than described. Victor Hugo might describe it, but no ordinary pen can do it. All this time Stinson burrowed like a mole and literally working like a mole through so treacherous an element, could hear the child moaning faintly. Whenever a loose board rattled overhead he could feel the shock, and he did not known but that the walls of the shaft were coming in on him, and whenever the furious wind which was then, on Monday morning, raging over the earth's surface, rattled down loose earth and pebbles on top of the child, it seemed to feel it. Indeed, the child seemed to be as sensitive to the least jar as Stinson was, for it would moan the stronger and more piteously. The three men, unnerved by the horror of their situation, worked and wept and the sun arose yet Monday morning with these men handing out dirt by handfuls—practically burned ashes, and with no hand but that of God to trust to, to ever bring them and the child to the earth's surface again. Finally, by the most delicate manipulations, Stinson was at last able to grasp the child, and let himself and the precious burden into the main shaft. At 9.20 Monday morning, after the child had been in the well forty-eight hours about, Stinson was hauled up to the top of the shaft with the child in his arms. A hasty examination of the child was made, when it was found to be not only alive, but bright of the eye and conscious though very weak. Apparently it had slid down the circular hole slowly, rumpt first, but was found with its rump wedged into the top of the circular tubing set in the hole, its feet a little above its head and its hands extended upwards and some six or eight inches above its head.

When the child was brought up to the surface, the scene was indescribable. Stinson staggered unnerved and exhausted, but very many of the 200 people there sank to the ground prostrated by emotion. There were no noisy demonstrations; the hearts of the crowd of lookers-on were too full for utterance.

Although all the parties who helped so faithfully are worthy of unstinted praise, yet under the circumstances, it is natural that Stinson especially, and his partners in the depths of what might have been their tomb should now be the heroes of the hour. While Stinson is lying at his home exhausted, his fellow citizens are contributing to a fund for a testimonial to be given to him.

The Truth of Weather-Lore.

The persistent survival of weather-lore in these days of intellectual emancipation is not at all remarkable when we consider the extent to which the vulgar sayings embody real truths. A few years ago Messrs. Abercromby and Marriott embarked on an extremely interesting inquiry and with the view to determine, by actual comparison, how far the popular proverbs express relations, or sequences which the results of meteorological science show to be real. The investigation proved that something like a hundred of the more popular sayings are, under ordinary conditions, trustworthy. Such being the case, we need not be surprised that simple country folk prefer familiar couplets to all the "isobars," "cyclones," and 'synchronous charts' in the world. "If hills clear, rain near," means the same as "the presence of a wedgeshaped area of high pressure, accompanied by great atmospheric visibility, is likely to be followed by the advance of a disturbance with rain and southernly winds, which for all practical purposes it does, the preference is justified on the mere ground of breath economy. The thirty-one words demanded by science stand no chance against four.

But it is unfortunate that along with the limited number of folk-sayings founded on truth, there has survived a very large number founded on the grossest error. These latter have borrowed credence and respect from the proved credibility of the others, and apparently they are all destined to sink or swim together. Hammer as we will at certain favorite proverbs which we know to be based upon error, it is all in vain. The reverence for tradition is too much for us. And of all the superstitions, pure and simple, which defy our attempts at destruction, the most invaluable are those ascribing certain effects to the influence of the moon.

"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I your canoe?" "No, my child; why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe, and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out the door with more reference to speed than grace.

They Belong to History.

The Reformation began in 1517.

Magna Charta was signed in 1215.

The Suez Canal was opened in 1869.

The first watches were made in 1746.

Organs were first used in the year 1755.

The War of the Roses occurred in 1455.

The first musical notes were used in 1328.

The first newspapers were printed in 1494.

The first postoffice was established in 1516.

Printing was introduced in England in 1474.

The total railway mileage of the world is 319,152.

Joan of Arc, the sainted Maid of Orleans, died in 1431.

The first cotton was raised in the United States in 1621.

The farms of the United States are valued at ten billions.

There are nearly 300,000 Chinamen in the UnitedStates.

The United States have received about 14,000,000 emigrants.

The cotton crop of the United States in 1886 was 5,550,000 bales.

The salt product of the United States was nearly five millions in 1880.

Aaron Burr died in the year before Queen Victoria's accesaion in 1837.

The oldest city in the United States, St. Augestine, was founded in 1565.

In 1885, 307 persons were killed and 1,530 were wounded in railway accidents.

The United States has paid out over ninety millions for public buildings.

Public Occurrences, the first American newspaper, appeared in Boston in 1690.

The value of the real and personal property of Illinois in 1880 was $3,092,000,000.

Shakespeare died in 1616, four years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.

Of the twenty-six barons who signed the Magna Charta only three could write their names.

The modern needle came into use in 1545, and five years later the first knives were used in England.

Printing was known in China in the sixth century, but it was not introduced into America until 1536.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles, 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72'87 1y,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of Marion S. Hauser, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

MARION S. HAUSER,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of May, 1888.

ALMEDIA S. HOYE,
5 12 3t Administratrix.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaunents and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation		10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A.M.
No. 82—Accommodation		5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11 45 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		1 49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation		9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation		5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD.
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $3 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

☞ DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

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The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

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VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888. NUMBER 13.

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Is known by these marked peculiarities:

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2. Bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, and furred tongue.
3. Constipation, with occasional attacks of diarrhœa.
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A natural flow of bile from the Liver is essential to good health. When this is obstructed it results in

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which, if neglected, soon leads to serious diseases. Simmons Liver Regulator exerts a most felicitous influence over every kind of biliousness. It restores the Liver to proper working order, regulates the secretion of bile and puts the digestive organs in such condition that they can do their best work. After taking this medicine no one will say, "I am bilious."

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HIS LAST.

[George Alfred Townsend in American Home Journal.]

Some years ago, when marriage licenses had to be paid for, the Marylanders and Virginians rode across the narrow frontier in the valley and were married for nothing in Pennsylvania. Of course, they gave something to the preacher for his trouble. The consequence was that all the preachers on the Maryland side of the line became as lean as geese, and the preachers across the line in Pennsylvania grew as fat as turkey gobblers. But there was one preacher near Waynesboro, who did not grow fat. Garrick Howton, who did the largest business, became leaner and leaner the faster he married people. He was so lean, the people said, to enjoy life like a good Methodist, itinerant or a rubicund priest. No chicken coops were agitated at his approach. No little pigs squealed and got under their anxious mammas when Garrick aned over the sty and surveyed them.

Noddy knew just what sect or church Garrick belonged to there where everybody was his own theologian.

He ciled his church The Zionskites all was the only one of it—the bishop itself—except his son, Weasley Howton, whom he called "the deacon."

The church building did not exist, though ranches of the Zionskite body were said to be "furder west" by both the bishop and the deacon.

Inquisitive people hinted that there never would have been as many as two Zionskites except for the fat marriage fees which were to be had along Mason and Dixon's line; and that Bishop Garrick Howton only ordained his son Weasley into the priesthood reluctantly that he might occasionaly take some recreation himself and not miss any runaway couples which should arrive between midnight and morning.

All people far or near understood that the Howtons would marry anybody, the delivery of the certificate being conditional on the payment of the fee, and pains were taken to impress strangers that in The Zionskites discipline the certificate was a part of the ceremony itself.

A story was started and grew that old Howton married children tor the sake of his fees.

This story came up from sorrowing and broken-hearted parents in Virginia and from the rich manors and hamlets of Frederick in Maryland. The Pennsylvanians never verified these reports because it was none of their business.

That was the golden age, when the people of every state did to the people of every other state just what they pleased, and the boundary line made outrage justice or simplicity criminal.

Nobody crossed the line to call Bishop Howton to account. All licensed clergymen could marry; the bishop had a license signed by the deacon, his son, and the son had a license signed by the bishop of "The Zionskite Purified Order, Garrick Howton, First Temple-fungus."

If any preacher of a large church dared to inquire into the subject he was told that there had been a "laying on of hands," and this sent him to the right-about, to be followed by the cruel insinuation that his sole motive in questioning "liberty of conscience" had been envy and covetousness of Bishop Howton's marriage fees.

Still, that idea of marrying children to designing men had a bad sound. It gave a superstitious name to Bishop Howton's "parsonage." The runaway slaves from the old slave states knew and avoided that house, for they remembered how little Missy This or That had been spirited away by a reckless cousin or a designing overseer and made a wife in her early teens by "dat bad ole Bishop Howton."

If we could only get at him!" was muttered in many a proud, awed, humiliated homestead along the Shenandoah or Monocacy.

But they could not get at him for the same reason he could not get at them nor interfere with their privileges and abuses. We had no common country; we were inviolable states secure in our own venerable violations.

As times advanced Bishop Howton became a widower, and his mind was set on marrying again.

It may have been the example of marrying children under age, torn from their parents by their own disobedient impulses or the powerful sinister influence of man, or it may have been the childish beauty of Eunice Howton, his distant relative, which doomed her to become the bishop's wife when she should be old enough to receive his orders and not bring the laws of Pennsylvania down upon his head. The bishop bided his time.

Eunice was hardly fifteen, a slender, gray-eyed blonde, whose feet, touch the ground as they would, turned into lines of grace, and music seemed to be playing as she walked or moved, to such harmonies did she bend; while in the action of her head upon her delicate neck and even in the motion of her lips there appeared to be violin music whistled by her spirit as the upland zephyrs played upon it and her heart desired to dance.

The country people said that this was because her mother had been an actress and a dancer.

Somewhere back in the undiscerned past and vagueness of a larger world it was said that Bishop Howton had been a show manager and that his orphan cousin had married a French dancer who was in his strolling company.

This cousin had been left to Garrick, who had kept him down and nearly starved him, repressing his spirits by an avarice and superstition which lay across each other, and finally retired Garrick from the show business a complete failure, whilst his ward, set free by matrimony, made a nice little fortune keeping a dancing academy with his wife.

When the parents died something of the husband's inherited tenets caused him to repent, though he had never done anything bad, and in the weakness of dying he gave his child to his relative to be her trustee of a respectable little fortune.

The poor dancing teacher thought the word "bishop" covered a regenerate heart.

The bishop was merely a capitalist in marriage fees.

Some of the schoolboys called him Old Yoke fi-noki, because he yoked so many couples.

What education he had picked up avarice and illiterate associations had chased out of his head; like an old country Dutchman, he could spell joists for his barn joyce and talk about the breechman on his horse when he meant breeching.

This is considered reasonable humility.

As time advanced Garrick grew deeply in love with Eunice, and forgot to give spiritual restraint to his son.

"At seventeen sharp," old Garrick Howton often repeated to himself, looking at Eunice with the threefold passions of love and superstition.

Often when an old man falls in love it seems to him like holiness, when it is only foolishness.

In that way Garrick threw himself back into his natural state, before he became an avaricious scoundrel or a self-frightened hypocrite. He got to believing in the religion he practiced upon. He feared night solitude and ghosts. He believed that his monstrous passion was a sacrifice on his part for the sake of securing Eunice's soul.

"I should be the devil's prize without her," mused Garrick Howton. "The children I have tied in wedlocks of despair, the unformed souls I have manacled to selfish fiends, the headstrong schoolgirls I have made the legal slaves of hideous skinflints, and who have in a few months awakened to everlasting repentence and horror, would troop into my lonely home amongst these mountains and drive me crazy with their curses. I shall go mad! But Eunice, Eunice, she will guard my door and warm my heart and bring other angels like her from heaven to my relief."

It was plain the bishop was becoming slightly hysterical.

Weasley Howton had become notified by his father that he must go West and establish his own congregation of the Zionskites.

He was sent to the garret to study the discipline and scriptures.

One day Eunice stole up into the garrett, while the bishop was marrying a one-eyed man of sixty to a mountain maid of eighteen, and she met a different scene there from the penance and prayer she had expected.

Weasley was rigged out in a suit of theatrical clothes taken from Eunice's parent's trunks, and was executing a jig.

The bishop had told Eunice that in the said trunks was the devil's wardrobe. The young people locked the door and examined it.

What places are garretts for rain and love! How it drops upon the roof! How it goes pit-a-pat in the heart! How the heart is raining suddenly through the eyes and the roof is beating with the palpitation of the wind!

Old men seldom go to garrets. Bad old men like Garrick Howton never do.

Next week Weasley Howton was to start for Indiana, and be an apostle on the Wabash.

His trunk was packed and his ticket for the stage was to be paid for over the great National road from Hagerstown.

"Fifty dollars fare!" exclaimed the bishop, as he walked his upper porch, "what a sum of money! But the next week it shall be made up out of Eunice's fortune, which will then be mine, with her fadeless beauty, till death do us part."

As he looked there came a cloud of dust up the Leitersburg road from the South, where somebody was driving hard.

"It looks like a runaway couple," exclaimed Garrick Howton, reaching for his eye-glasses. But the shade of the North mountains, where the sun was going down, put a belt of blackness upon the landscape, like the moon's total eclipse. When the sound of the wheels came to the door and Garrick heard a knock, he descended and found a strange man in the parlor, which had no lights.

"Sare," the stranger said, "I have ze honair to say zat I am in love. But ze lady is too leetle; she haf not ze grand age. It will be all ze same; because she loves me and her fathair have so much shame he nevair will say nothing. I give you fifty dollaire to make me her husband."

"Fifty dollars!" the bishop's avaricious heart responded. "It is Weasley's whole fare, The good demon must have sent this man here."

Then the business piety returning, the bishop spoke aloud:

"What are the names of the parties? Marriage, my brother, the apostle says, is honorable in all—Hebrews xiii, 4. I see not that it may not be honorable in thee."

"Ze names are on certificates we have filled. Ze fee I pay you is extraordinary, monsieur. For ze fifty dollaire we make two demands: *Au premiere*, zat you marry ze bride veiled! *Au seconde*, zat you sign two certificates for us, to protect ze lady and *moi meme*."

"The age of the bride?" asked Garrick Howton,

"What mattair zat? You have made many ze wife at fourteen, many a time. My bride is sixteen. Come, ze money.

He felt the bankbill in his hand and it dried up his compunctions of heart; he felt a quill put in his fingers and the stranger, with something like a fusee, made a flame that contained brimstone and seemed yellow and blue.

"Eternally be mine, as zis papair you sign," the strange man exclaimed—"I mean ze lady child, 'ze lady, *parbleu*."

The voice had a deep sepulchral tone in it, and by the foreboding flame, Garrick saw a person whose forehead was all in patches, with French moustaches under his nose and blackened eyebrows drawn nearly through the temples to the edge of a colorless inky wig.

'You must give me some name," spoke the bishop, as he signed, "although I cannot read by such a light."

"I am ze Marquis Bellsbub."

"Bring in the lady!"

Low laughter seemed to be circling around the apartment as the uniting words were said by the bishop's faltering tongue.

Loud laughter broke from the carriage windows as the scoundrel drove away.

"Here, Weasley! Eunice! Lights! Lights!" exclaimed old Garrick Howtan. "I have got my last marriage fee."

No voice replied; the dark mountains through the windows showed bridal wreaths of stars upon their forbidding brows, like the awful presence of the marquis who had but now departed with childhood's purity in his false black eyes and wig.

The bishop took fire and lighted a candle. He saw a paper lying upon the floor with his signature to it. He read with horror that he acknowledged the sale of his soul to Beelzebub for a thousand years.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, "Satan has dropped the contract he entrapped me to sign. To the fire—to the fire with it!"

A voice seemed to sound from the garrett on the wailing of the wind:

"You signed two such certificates. You have married Eunice to the devil!"

"Father," cried Weasley Howton next morning, "Eunice is not to be found. Will you forgive her if she has married—if she has married me?"

Bishop Howton lay on the floor dead.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HOUSE OF HATE.

Mine enemy builded well, with the soft blue
hills in sight;
But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a
house for spite;
And the name thereof I set in stone-work over
the gate,
With a carving of bats and apes; and I called it
The House of Hate.

And the front was alive with masks of malice
and of despair,
Horned demons that leered in stone, and women
with serpent hair;
That, whenever his glance would rest on the soft
hills far and blue,
It must fall on mine evil work, and my hatred
should pierce him through.

And I said: "I will dwell herein, for beholding
my heart's desire
On my foe," and I knelt, and fain had brightened
the hearth with fire;
But the brands they would hiss and die, as with
curses a strangled man,
And the hearth was cold from the hour that
the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power: "Make ye
merry, all friends of mine,
In the hall of my House of Hate, where is plenti-
ful store, and wine;
We will drink unhealth together unto him I
have foiled and fooled!"
And they stared and they passed me by; but I
scorned to be thereby schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank
in the topmost seat
Choice grape from a curious cup; and the first it
was wonder-sweet;
But the second was bitter indeed, and the third
was bitter and black,
And the gloom of the grave came on me, and I
cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were
each a fear,
And thinly I laughed, but once, for the echoes
were strange to hear.
And the wind on the stairway howled, as a
green-eyed wolf might cry;
And I heard my heart: I must look on the face
of a man, or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked,
and I saw it grown
(By the light in my shaking hand) to the like
of the masks of stone;
And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my
torch and fled;
And a fire-snake writhed where it fell, and at
midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was a
ruin, despoiled of flame,
I fell at mine enemy's feet, and besought him to
slay my shame,
But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his
eyes were calm and great:
"You rave, or have dreamed," he said: "I saw
not your House of Hate!"

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

OLD MR. NICKLEPOD.

How He Provided for Flossie's Wedding Dowry.

"I haven't the slightest objection to Jack, my dear, and when he has saved money enough to provide for you in case of sickness or misfortune, I will gladly give my consent to your marriage."

"How much money, papa?"

"Really, Flossie, you are incorrigible. Say five thousand dollars."

"And that, with his present salary, would take five years at least."

"And you would have reached the advanced age of twenty-three."

"Pretty old, papa."

"Yes, in the neighborhood of 'the sere and yellow.'"

"I've a good mind to marry Mr. Nicklepod."

"Excellent idea. He would doubtless settle a million on you, and be accommodating enough to die in a month or two."

"He's most old enough to die, isn't he!"

Judge Somerton looked up from his pile of papers, and gave his daughter's speaking countenance a quick examination. There was something in her manner of asking this question a little different from usual, and the judge was an expert in detecting shades of this kind.

"Mr. Nicklepod told me one day that he would give any thing if he could have me about his house all the time," the girl went on, half laughing and half pouting.

"You would make a splendid trumpeter, Floss."

The judge's suspicions were quite allayed now, and the easiest way out of these annoying love complications was to treat the matter as lightly as possible.

"O, my lungs are good," said Flossie; "and I wouldn't mind singing into the trumpet. Papa Somerton, what a lark! Think of how many edifying things I could say with my back to the poor old gentleman. I could abuse him to all the furniture in the house, and he'd never be the wiser. I'll consider it, papa."

"When a woman considers, she is generally safe."

At this point the judge resumed his search among the intricacies of chirography, and his daughter went on with her dusting and putting to rights. After awhile the silence was again broken by the latter.

"You were poor when you married, papa?"

"As a church mouse, Flossie."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I didn't know any better."

"But you and mamma were very happy."

"Florence," and now the kindly, middle-aged man brought his hand down hard upon his desk, "if I had waited until I had saved some money your mother would be alive now. It was hardship and poverty that sowed the seeds of a fatal disease. In three years, Flossie, there were two children born to us. My salary was quite inadequate for all the added expenses. Then came frettings and heartaches, and a six-months' illness of my own. We suffered as none can understand save those who have had similar experiences. Your mother was eighteen, Flossie. She should not have married at that age. Our love was all right, but our marriage at that time was a fatal mistake. Now you know why I advise you as I do."

Long after the judge had left the house the saddening effect of his words remained, but youth is unable to remain very long in the shadow of another's grief, and so after awhile Miss Florence doffed her sweeping-cap, put away her sad thoughts, and went out into the garden. It was a warm April day, and shrubs and grass were responding in their brightest manner to Nature's caressing invitation. Such a day was too much for Flossie. She could scarcely have been sad under any provocation, but a look at the bright, sunny face and sparkling brown eyes was enough to convince one that the spirit of mischief was exceedingly strong within her. Her coquettish garden hat was posed at the exact angle for becomingness, and her plump little figure, arrayed in a dress she had cut and made with her own fair hands, was one to be looked after and admired by every lover of harmony. There was a gate leading from the judge's garden to that of his millionaire neighbor, the latter being possessed of that genial and generous disposition which likes to share its pleasures with others. Mr. Nicklepod, who was fond of working with his flowers, spent much of his time in his large hothouses, and thither the young woman, humming and smiling, betook herself. Mr. Nicklepod's ear-trumpet reposed by the side of a bed of carnation-pinks, while its owner busied himself with some orange-trees further on.

"I wonder how long I could stand it to yell into an ear-trumpet!" the visitor soliloquized. "Of course I could hide it when I didn't feel like talking. But then I suppose he'd be making signs and faces at me, and I should have to make faces and signs at him, and that would be worse than the trumpet." With this the judge's daughter seized the somewhat formidable-looking instrument and went to meet her friend.

"Why, Blossom, good-morning," said the millionaire, heartily. "Nobody but you ever thinks to bring me my trumpet."

"And nobody but me would ever think of hypothecating your trumpet," said the naughty girl, under her breath.

"How's your pa?" Mr. Nicklepod continued.

"Quite well, but a little cross," said Florence, bending over the "porringer" as she called it. "I hope *you* are not cross, Mr. Nicklepod?"

The smile deepened about the girl's mouth as she wondered what must have been her expression of countenance when giving utterance to these words. She felt it to be the most designing speech of her life.

"Cross with you!" protested the old man, gallantly; "impossible. I can't believe the judge is ever cross, Blossom; but if he is, you can run right away to my house any time, and you shall have any thing you want as long as you live."

"I seem to be traveling by lightning express, and on the locomotive at that," said the minx, *sotto voce*. "But what would papa do?" she asked of the trumpet.

"You will be leaving him some time, I suppose, Blossom?"

"Yes, in about fifty years," said the girl to herself.

"And you see, child," Mr. Nicklepod went on, "it would be very handy for your pa if he only had to come next door to see you."

"I never thought of that," said Flossie; "and I guess I'll come," she said aloud, and then to herself; "I wish I dared ask him how long he *thinks* he is going to live."

"I've a good mind to take you at your word, Blossom. I'm a pretty old man, but hearty yet, and there is one thing I haven't forgot, and that's how to treat women folks. I'm a very lonesome old duffer, too, with all my money, child.

"The back gate would be real convenient for papa, wouldn't it?" said Flossie into the trumpet, and in a tone which was just on the edge of a sob. "But by what gate could Jack come in?" was the next thought, and now the sob was softly shattered, and the April tears fell in a blinding mist.

"Blossom, what's the matter?" said the old man, with real concern. "It can't be possible that the judge has really been cross enough to make you cry?"

"O, no, indeed!" said Flossie. "I was thinking how nice it would be to have all the flowers I wanted."

"You could have had those at any time," was the somewhat disconcerted response.

"Yes, Mr. Nicklepod"—Flossie was determined to be honest even in the hour of her greatest deceit—"and all the money."

The seamed and wrinkled face took on a grave expression, and the old head shook a little at the mention of this word.

"Money isn't every thing, Blossom," he said. "Money won't provide me with ears, or keep the rheumatism out of my knees, or the loneliness from my heart. But you shall have money. Now go and tell John to cut all the flowers you want, and then run home and tell your pa of my offer. I think you had both bettter come in and take dinner with me to-night, and we'll talk it all over."

"He doesn't act particularly hilarious, seems to me," said Flossie, as she turned away. "But I'm engaged, anyway—plighted to an octogenarian, or a centurian, or something of that kind. Jack'll hate me, of course; but when he finds I have done it for his sake he'll have to relent. If I don't have but a million, that will be better than scraping and twisting for years to save five thousand dollars. Papa always said that riches would be very becoming to me. Poor papa! Poor Jack!"

When the judge returned to his home, about three o'clock that afternoon, he was much surprised to find his daughter reclining upon the library-lounge with her head tied up.

"What's the matter, Flossie? What is it smells so?"

"Vinegar, papa. I've had hysterics, and this is the reaction."

"I hope you are not getting cranky, and weak, and nervous, like the girl of the period, Floss."

"I am not getting any thing, papa; I've got—I've got all I want, and more than I want; and nothing that I want. I've got old Mr. Nicklepod and his car-trumpet for my future husband, papa, and there's millions in it; but where—oh, where is Jack?"

For a moment the judge stood as if petrified, and then burst into a perfect torrent of laughter. At this point the vinegar bandage was discarded, and the prospective millionairess came to a sitting position.

"Isn't it funny? Isn't it *very* funny?" she remarked, with flashing eyes. "But you are responsible for it, with your talk about five thousand dollars. I went deliberately into Mr. Nicklepod's, and made him propose to me. I was bound to settle it to-day. And now, papa, will you break the news to Jack? We are to dine with the ear-trumpet to-night, and then *exeunt* parties and dances, with Jack so handsome and lovely in his full-dress suit, and enter long-sleeved gowns and old age without ears."

"You'll have ears enough for both," said the judge. "They seem to have grown longer since morning."

"But, papa, Mr. Nicklepod is certainly over eighty, isn't he?"

"Flossie, what have you been doing?"

"Truly, papa, just what I said. O, dear me, how my head aches. Mercy! how my heart aches!"

"Upon my word I thought better of Nicklepod," said the judge to himself awhile afterwards. "But I pity the man—young, old or middle-aged—who gets my Floss!" and then the judge laughed again, though there was a touch of something besides merriment in his heart.

That evening the millionaire was at his best. Carefully dressed and "valeted," as Flossie remarked, he looked much younger than when in his garden or on the street.

"Good for forty years, I should say, Floss," whispered the judge, wickedly.

"He is real handsome," was the astonishing reply, "and I shall live to be proud of him."

"I suppose Blossom has told you of our compact," Mr. Nicklepod began, when at dessert, the servants having left the dining-room.

The judge nodded, the ear-trumpet being on Flossie's side.

"Are you agreed?" was the next direct question put by the old gentleman.

"Nod up and down," said Flossie. "Don't you dare do it sideways."

The judge reached for the trumpet and yelled into it:

"We'll talk about that later."

"Very well," said Mr. Nicklepod; "I am, as I told Blossom, an old man, and perhaps not very good company; but I know how to treat women folks—let 'em have their liberty, and give them plenty of money—eh!" and now the millionaire's face was fairly radiant.

"That ought to be satisfactory," said the judge; "but there are those who would abuse such broad privileges—and one of them is not so very far off, either," he added under his breath.

"Perhaps! but Blossom wouldn't be one of that kind. No, indeed; I am sure of Blossom."

The judge shook his head "sideways" that time. It seemed an involuntary movement.

"Can't you circumlocute to how old he is, papa?" said naughty Flossie.

"I was telling Neighbor Davis this morning," the host began as if in answer to her question, "that I really look older than I am, being only seventy-two last week."

"You are in for it," the judge remarked, as the speaker paused a moment to fill his glass. "Feel of your ears, Floss, and learn for yourself if they haven't grown."

"My father," Mr. Nicklepod resumed, "lived to be ninety-six, and then died from an accident. My mother was in her ninetieth year when she passed away. In fact, we are a *very* long-lived race, though we seem to age early."

"According to precedent, twenty years at least," said the judge.

"The reason I haven't married again," the millionaire went on, "is because I could never bring myself to believe that anyone whom I cared for could ever care for me; and to have a wife whose constant wish was for my death would be rather hard lines—eh, Blossom?"

"Blossom" managed to nod her head but her face was turned away from her host, and her father was surprised to see how red it was.

"Why, are you like Cæsar's wife?" the latter managed to ask, in his old jokingmanner. If Flossie lost her grip at this crisis the consequences would be more dramatic than he cared to contemplate. But apply the change from the dining-room to the beautiful library caused a change in the conversation, and the victim of her own folly had a chance to recover herself. It was a long, strange evening, and one to be remembered while life lasted. The two men played checkers, while the girl guest wandered about among the books and pictures, stealing occasionally into the great drawing-rooms, and coming back again all white and scared as if she had seen a ghost.

"Will it be lonely for you, Blossom?" the old gentleman asked, as she returned from one of these excursions. "I've been thinking," he added, without waiting for an answer, "that it'll make things about right if I can persuade your pa to come, too. He has no one but you, and then I need some business help, and it would be a heartening thing to have a true friend's hand."

"O, dear! he is going to marry us both," muttered Flossie.

"What do you say, judge?" Mr. Nicklepod went on. "Suppose you try it for a year? There is no reason why this house can not be a home to you both in the truest sense of the word. Do take pity on my neighbors, for I believe I am the lonesomest old vagabond in the whole world."

"Judge Somerton, I wish I was dead," said Flossie; and then, seizing the trumpet, she said, in broken tones: "Mr. Nicklepod you are an old angel, and papa don't know what to say, and I am in just a bad a state. I'd love to live here with all these beautiful things, and with you, so kind and generous, and so would papa—that is, if he has a single sense left. And I made up my mind I would live here just because I loved Jack—you know Jack—and he hadn't any money, and he couldn't marry me it about ten ages."

"For mercy's sake, Floss," the judge put in, imploringly, "don't be a simpleton."

"It's begun, and it has got to come," was the girl's quick answer. "And, Mr. Nicklepod, I thought some time I could take Jack a lot of money—that is, if he would wait for me—and I didn't see how I could really do you any harm—that is, if you were truly fond of me."

"You are an honest, blessed girl," said the old man, brushing away a tear, "and I am truly fond of you, and truly desirous to promote your best interests. But, Blossom, I would no sooner marry you than I would kill you. Such a wicked thought has never crossed my mind. You shall have two fathers, Blossom, and you shall have Jack, too; but not to marry him now, because you are not old enough, and Jack hasn't had a chance to show what kind of stuff there is in him yet. Five years from now, if he proves worthy, you shall go to him with a dowry. Then we will have the jolliest wedding that ever was, and I will dance with the bride."

For a moment there was utter silence in the room, and then Flossie lifted her right hand, and with a characteristic movement of her little forefinger, said into the trumpet:

"You two men have had your heads together. That is as plain as the nose on your face," giving her father's nasal organ a little tweak. "But, Papa Nicklepod, Judge Somerton and his daughter will be with you anon, and the way you will have to stand round and mind the housekeeper will be a caution."

"All right," said Mr. Nicklepod; "give me a kiss; and I do wish I could tell you how happy you have made me!"

The kiss was given, and it was no disgrace to Flossie that her eyes overflowed with tears.—*Eleanor Kirk, in Leslie's Weekly.*

HOW TO GROW MELONS.

Description of a Most Successful Method of Cultivation.

Select a plot of moderately rich land, old meadow or newly-cleared preferred, inclining slightly to the east. Break deep and harrow thoroughly; furrow eight feet each way, by throwing the soil in opposite directions with a heavy breaking-plow, making a deep furrow. At the intersection of the cross-furrows make the hills, with a compost of half a peck of hen droppings and one bushel of well-rotted manure, rounded up with earth from the sides of the furrows. Into these plant three or four seed, after they have been soaked three days in warm water containing a tablespoonful of chloride of lime and a few drops of carbolic acid. Neither striped bugs nor mice will ever molest seed after this preparation.

As soon as the plants have begun fairly to run, take the same plow and throw the furrows toward the one that contains the hills. In a week or ten days do the same thing crossways, and two weeks later complete the plowing where the first was done, leaving a deep furrow for drainage, and two weeks later complete it the other way, leaving the vines on a beautiful rounded mound, with deeply and freshly-stirred soil under and all around them, needing nothing but just enough hoeing to keep intruding weeds down to warrant the lovers of melons to gather an abundant crop, which will be as sure to come as the sun shines, as neither the extremes of wet nor dry weather will disturb it. Cucumbers can be treated in the same way most successfully.—*S. D. Ingham, in Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE MODERN OFFICE-BOY.

A Being of Transcendent Importance and Unmitigated Gall.

Can it be that this pachyderm, this swaggering hobbledehoy, this pestilential, noisy nuisance, is the same boy who, a few months back, came into the office a sensitive, bashful, quiet and unobstrusive creature? Yes, he is the same in one sense, but in another he is an entirely different personage.

In the early days of his sojourn among us, he used to doff his hat ere he entered the door; he never spoke unless spoken to, and when he was addressed he blushed like the red, red rose, and and answered with fear and trembling, although he never forgot his "Yes, sir," and his "No, sir." In a word, he was all that an office-boy should be.

But how is he now? Quite the reverse. When he now comes in, it is in a breezy, boisterous manner, with his hat reposing jauntily on one ear, and he would be whistling were it not for the cigarette which parts his lips and prevents their puckering. He is affability itself, and he greets all alike with an easy, devil-may-care indifference that is really charming. He makes no invidious distinction against the men of mature years, but addresses them with the same sang froid and sprightliness that is accorded to those of tender years.

His voice is seldom still. Indeed, it is generally held that it goes on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. It is never dull where he is. He can (at least, he does) talk on any subject, and he never waits for others to start topics for conversation. He inevitably takes the initiative, and whatever subject he condescends to treat, he approaches it with an easy confidence that is most engaging, and he is never floored by it, however potential it may be in the opinion of people who have been made cautious by the weight of years.

And then his conversation is so inspiring? It is made up of the most recherche slang; it contains the very latest echoes from the prize ring and the base ball field, and it discovers a familiarity with the esoteric life of theatrical people which is wonderful in its comprehensiveness, as well as in its freedom in the matter of detail.

He naturally looks down upon the people in the office, although he tries to hide his contempt—remembering, no doubt, that if he shall be spared, he will probably become as big a fool as the average human being of mature years—and by his easy familiarity and touch-and-go affability he succeeds—or ought to succeed—in making everybody feel comfortable and contented.

And then his personal relations are so interesting! He covers up nothing, but freely tells to all the story of his adventures of the previous evening, together with full particulars in regard to such engrossing matters as the number of cigarettes he has burned within the last twenty-four hours, and the quantity of tobacco he has masticated, and he never fails to mention, with becoming pride, that glass of beer which he tossed off last night, with manly nonchalance, in some third-rate basement saloon. He is, in short, so frank and ingenuous that, but for the fact that such a thought were treason to his abounding good nature, one might suspect that he told these things merely out of a spirit of boastfulness, or with a desire to instil envy in the hearts of his auditors; but clearly this can not be. It is, on the contrary, from a wish to improve others and instruct them in the ways of the gay world that he takes so much pains to detail his achievements.

And this is all the more kind in him because of the fact that the burden of the affairs of the office weigh upon him with unfair heaviness, for it is known to him, even though it be unsuspected by the others, that without his intrusive oversight nothing could go rightly, or indeed go at all. But spite of the cares which press upon him so weightily, he still finds time to instruct and give counsel to those who, being older than he, have presumably forgotten all they ever knew; admitting that they ever did know any thing.

The office boy, as he now is, is, in brief, a rare blessing, and when one reflects upon what he was, and sees how he has developed, one can not be too thankful for the privilege of associating with a being of such transcendent importance. The only fear that presses upon the mind is that he may be cut off in the flower of his youth, or grow too big for his unmentionables.

But he is a daisy.—*Boston Transcript.*

Five Ways to Cure a Cold.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in a warm room.
2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour.
3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water every three hours.
4. Inhale ammonia or menthol.
5. Take four hours' active exercise in the open air.

Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Any thing that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be drugs or the use of a bucksaw.—*Medical News.*

—Charley Hammond, of Spalding County, Ga., who is ninety-five years old, plays a fiddle for country dances which he has rosined up for eighty-five years.

—A Vermont woman broke her jaw, and her husband facetiously called her the "ex-speaker."—*N. Y. Star.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There are in all seven species of parasites known to prey on the Hessian fly. Miss Ormerod, an English woman, famous for her insect knowledge, has hatched them out and classified them.

—Dr. Henocque, of Paris, has invented a new spectroscope for investigating the changes in the blood. It is expected to prove of importance in studying nutrition.

—It is estimated that over 30,000 pianos are in use in the city of Brooklyn alone. In the opinion of some people the time is fast approaching when a piano will become a necessity instead of a luxury.

—Prof. W. Mattieu Williams offers as a better explanation than the old one of the zigzag course of lightning that, owing to variations of moisture, the conducting power of different portions air is variable, and the electric discharge follows the course of least resistance.

—There are 337 blast furnaces in operation in the United States, producing 125,539 tons per week, and 313 idle, with a weekly capacity of 122,042 tons. The anthracite capacity has increased from 33,602 tons weekly a year ago to 85,278 now.—*Public Opinion.*

—The bacillus of cancer is hard to find, and Dr. Senger reports to the Berlin Clinical Society that he has been unable to verify observations claimed to have revealed the organism. Cancer appears to be peculiar to man, as it has never been inoculated in the lower animals.

—A new kind of glass has been invented in Sweden which is asserted to possess wonderful microscopic power. While the highest power of an old-fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the 1-100,000th part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish 1-204,700,000th part of an inch.

—Picture frames are now made of paper and colored like walnut, and are so perfect that no one could detect them without cutting them. Paper pulp, glue, linseed oil and carbonate of lime or whiting are mixed together and heated into a thick cream, which, on being allowed to cool, is run into molds and hardened.

—The trade in birds for women's hats was so enormous last year that a single London dealer admitted that he sold two millions of small birds of every kind and color. At one auction in one week, there were sold 6,000 birds of paradise, 5,000 Impeyan pheasants, 400,000 humming birds, and other birds from North and South America, and 360,000 feathered skins from India.

—According to General Tilo, the continents average 3 deg. C. (54 deg. F.) colder than the oceans between the latitudes of 90 deg. N. and 50 deg. S. The New Continent is 3 deg. colder than the Old; and the Atlantic 26 deg. colder than the Pacific. The northern hemisphere contains 14 per cent. of the cold regions, 35 per cent. of the temperate and 51 per cent. of the hot.

—"An automatic safety engine," burning kerosene oil, is said to be all that its name implies. The several parts are so well designed that a hot bearing has never been known as yet. The fuel is kerosene oil, at the exceedingly low fire test of 110 to 115 degrees, which makes a cheaper fuel than hard coal at $1.50 per ton. These engines are adapted to a great variety of work, from running sewing machines to driving elevators. They will never fail where fair usage is granted them.

—Celluloid has recently been used as a substitute for copper in sheathing the hulls of vessels, and has been found to answer the purpose admirably. Plates of this substance have been applied to a number of vessels and allowed to remain six months. At the end of that time the parts of the hull left uncovered were found to present abundant collections of marine vegetations, while the celluloid was intact and free from any such vegetable masses. It is said that it can be applied to the hull in very thin plates and yet answer all demands for solidity, resistance to chemical action, etc.—*Iron Age.*

THE BAD RED DOG.

He Starts a Fight and Then Runs Away Like a Coward.

There were seven or eight boys and a dog fight in an alley off Second street yesterday as a policeman happened along, and after clubbing the dogs apart he said to the largest boy:

"Now, then, I want to know all about this."

"Well, you know," replied the boy, "I was coming up the alley with my spotted dog. That boy there was coming down the alley with his black dog."

"And you knew the dogs would fight, of course."

"O, no, sir. When we came up to each other the dogs began to play. We were talking about going a-fishing, when that boy over there came along with a little red dog."

"Where is it?"

"Run away, sir. His red dog began to pick a fight with my dog, and then the black pitched in. This let the red dog out, and away he went."

"But why didn't you separate them?"

"Then who'd get the money?"

"Money! So you had money up?"

"Why, after they got to fighting each of us bet on our own dog, of course."

"Then I want——!"

But he didn't get one of them, and while he halted at one end of the alley to breathe after his run the mob appeared at the other and the referee announced:

"Being as this mill was interfered with by the police, I shall decide it a draw, and the stakes will go to buy oranges for the crowd.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The judges are now nearly as well paid as the base-ball players, but the game is not nearly so interesting.—*Toronto News.*

—Here lies a lawyer cold in death,
With all paid up that's due him,
He lies at ease in peaceful rest,
For lying's natural to him.
—*Washington Critic.*

—If one would have a good picture of public opinion he must take it by the new instantaneous process. It does not keep still.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The difference between a square man and a group of dudes in front of a hotel is, that the former pays as he goes and the others gaze as they pose.—*N. Y. World.*

—"And so your father has gone to a missionary station?" "Yes; we are quite alone now." "Don't you miss the directing hand of your household?" "O, mother didn't go."—*Tid-Bits.*

—A bride sneezed twice at the church ceremony the other day, and the old nurse said it was good luck. Other people said it was because her dress was cut too tropically for the temperature of the edifice.—*Boston Gazette.*

—The men who will never die are the men who voted for Washington, the oldest Freemason, the last soldier of the Revolution, Jefferson's body servant, and the man who originated the idea of the Pacific railway.

—A Congressman on receiving his hat from the cloak-room, asked the waiter how he knew it was his hat, and was promptly answered: "I didn't know it was *your* hat; I only knows it wuz the hat you gub to me."

—Enthusiastic Bonapartist—"Eet ees coming, eet ees coming, the papers off m' chere Paree already call him 'Boulanger I.'" Level-headed American—"Historians will refer to him, not as Boulanger I., but as one Boulanger."—*Omaha World.*

—Mistress (severely)—"Marie, didn't I hear you make use of the expression 'you little brat' in the nursery just now?" Marie (a French bonne)—"Yees, Madame, but Mess Flossie do wexes me so!" Mistress (less severely)—"O, I thought you were speaking to Fido. Send Miss Flossie to me at once."—*The Epoch.*

—Landlady (to applicant for board)—"Have you children, madam?" Applicant—"No." Landlady—"You are fortunate, for we never take families who have children." Applicant—"Have you any children?" "Landlady—"Yes; two." Applicant—"Well, you are unfortunate, for we never board with famlies who have children."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—"You can tell whether a man is lazy or industrious just by the way he asks for work," observed a business man who just dismissed an applicant with regret that he had no opening for him. "Indeed! I should like to know how." "Well, some men ask for a 'position,' while others want a 'situation.'"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Freddie (to his eldest sister, who has been watching the clock impatiently): "Isn't time mo ney, Lucy?" Lucy—"Yes, Freddie, and I am very glad that you have such sensible ideas." Freddie—"Then I'd like to know how Captain Corkscrew can waste so much time with you every day, when father says he hasn't got a red cent."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Str anger:—"Pardon me, sir, but I heard you complain to a friend of a feeling of lassitute, which is peculiar to this season." "Well?" "I am agent for a preparation which will make you feel like a new man." "What is it?" "Dr. Balsam's Magic Potion," "O, I guess I won't try it." "Why not?" "I am Dr. Balsam, the inventor of the medicine."—*Lincoln Journal.*

MOSE'S DILEMMA.

A Dealer in Umbrellas Explains Why He Objects to Rainy Weather.

The rain was coming down by the barrelful as Gilhooly stepped into Mose Schaumburg's store. Mose wore a very gloomy look.

"Why, Mose, what makes you look so blue?"

"No wonder I looks plue, Mishter Gilhooly. It rains so much all de dimes and I has got a pig stock of umbrellas on hand."

"I should think that the rainy weather would be the very time you would sell more umbrellas than at any other time. I should suppose that rainy weather would be the very time for you 'to make hay while the sun shines,' so to speak."

"No, sir; dot vas a great mistake. You see it rains so steady dot peebles can't put their umbrellas long enough down for them to be stolen."

"Well?"

"Vell, don't you see, if de peebles don't put down dose umprellas on the corner der vas no umprellas stolen, den der vas no new ones pought."

Just at this moment the sun shone out from behind a cloud, and its rays fell on the head of the smiling Israelite, who looked like one of the pictures of a saint with a beatific smile, and a halo about his head by one of the old masters.—*Texas Siftings.*

System in Housekeeping.

More depends upon system in housekeeping than many people know. In order to have a well-kept house the mistress must be orderly and methodical. These qualities do not come naturally to all, but watchfulness and constant effort will make them possible even where they are foreign to one's nature. I know a woman who, being well aware of her deficiencies in this respect, wrote out a list of daily work for herself, with the order in which certain daily tasks should be performed. Of course there was the liability to interruptions, but she was satisfied that her plan saved time, labor and worry.—*Good Cheer.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The peach trees that were planted last spring should be properly shaped with the shears. The first year is the most important one for trimming the trees, as any injury received will be permanent.

—A churn should be scalded with boiling water, made alkaline with washing soda. Every particle of milk or cream should be removed. After being well washed the churn should be rinsed by again using boiling water. The work can not be too carefully done.

—Pigs should be weaned gradually, and have to be taught to eat before they are weaned. Give them a trough where the sow can not reach it and furnish a little food four times daily, consisting of a mixture of bran, ground oats and corn meal, scalded in hot water.—*Farm and Home.*

—Curried Veal: Fry four or five onions in two ounces of butter. Rub two spoonsful of curry powder over a pound and a half of veal cutlets, and fry in butter; add the fried onions, a pint of hot milk, a pinch of salt, and two or three cloves; stew gently until the liquor is boiled low. Just before serving add the juice of half a lemon.

—Ten dollar's worth of tilling may redeem some swamps that will be worth a hundred dollars a year afterward. A few days' work straightening up a water course may give the use of an acre or two of better land than can be found elsewhere on the place, which has previously been occupied by the bed of some winding stream.

—Fish Pie: Take any firm-fleshed fish, cut in slices, and season with salt and pepper; let stand in a cold place for two or three hours, then put the sliced fish in a baking dish, with a little cream or water, and butter and flour rubbed to a cream, with minced parsley and hard-boiled eggs sliced; line the sides of the dish half way down, and cover with a nice paste. Bake in an oven, quick at first, but gradually growing moderate.

—If the horse is not at extra fast or hard work, it is best to pasture it when convenient through the growing weather, unless flies and mosquitoes are quite annoying; then it should be stabled during the day and turned out during the night. If the grass is abundant and of a good quality, the horse will eat enough during this time to support it well, with the addition of hay and a few quarts of meal at noon in the stable.

—The remedy for pear blight consists of one part of sulphur to five parts of lime, with a small amount of carbolic acid added. Sufficient water is used to make a thin whitewash. This mixture should be sprayed upon the trees at intervals during the season, commencing as soon as the leaves appear. An application shonld be made at the time the trees come into blossom.

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

Certain General Rules to Be Observed by Those Engaged in It.

The interest in poultry is increasing in this section of the country, and as it becomes better understood is one of our most important branches of farm production. No business on the farm has been so fluctuating. There are in this section many abandoned poultry houses that have cost their owners many hundreds of dollars each, yet there are others who are erecting more sensible houses and who are more certain of success.

There is something queer about this poultry industry. When a man keeps a little brood of fowls, say ten or twelve, and makes them profitable, he thinks he can increase his brood to one hundred or two hundred with equal profit. His reasoning seems perfectly logical. If ten fowls will pay a net profit of $1.50 apiece annually, why should not 100 fowls pay $150, and 1,000 fowls pay $1,500 annually? Whatever the figures are, however, these large broods do not pay the same proportionate profit as the smaller ones.

The trouble consists in supposing that 1,000 fowls can be made as profitable in proportion as ten, and perhaps they could if one would give them the same care, the same room and range, and the same relative feed. The ordinary poultry keeper will not do this unless he makes it his business to attend to his poultry yards and houses as he would to any other branch of business. It requires intelligent management and extra care in every department to achieve success.

Thus if the beginner decides to take the fancy breeds and make his profit from the sale of fancy birds, that is one thing. If he decides to take some standard variety, and depend on the value of eggs for hatching, that is another thing. Again, if he decides to raise chicks for broilers for the early market, he must make his arrangements accordingly; and finally, if he decides to raise poultry and eggs for the general market and for family use, he must select his fowls and arrange their quarters with that intent.

Whichever branch of the business one may take up, there are certain general rules to be observed. The three essentials are pure air, pure water and proper food. There is no animal that will pollute ten cubic feet of pure air as rapidly as a full-grown fowl. There is no animal that needs so much pure water according to its size, and there is no feature which excites so much discussion as the proper food for fowls.

For the first four weeks the young chicks need but very little food, and that should consist of bread-crumbs or crushed crackers, boiled eggs or boiled eggs or boiled rice, and this should be given sparingly. Many a fine brood of young chicks has been killed by kindness or over-feeding. After the fourth or fifth week there is no better feed for a regular diet than the whole grain of every variety. In cold winter weather a hot mash in the morning is beneficial, especially for laying fowl.—*Boston Budget.*

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

The Importance of Using One's Privileges to the Best Good of Society.

The truth that every new right secured involves new obligations and new duties needs much more emphasis than it at present receives. The desire to gain rights is strong enough and sufficiently manifested, but the desire to fulfill worthily the trusts they impose is comparatively weak. A man chained hand and foot is certainly deprived of the right of free motion, and justly demands release. But directly he is set free a multitude of duties and obligations spring up. Where shall he direct his steps? How shall he use his hands? What good thing is he to bring out of his liberty that was impossible before? If he uses his newly-found power only to abuse and maltreat his fellowmen, it may well be doubted whether, after all, his former state of restraint were not preferable. So with all other rights—free thought, free speech, free press, free labor—they are blessings in proportion as they are exercised for good; when they are used in the interests of selfishness and greed, or to destroy the rights of others, or to break down law and order, they cease to be benefactions, and if carried in such directions beyond certain limits society justly retracts the boon. Rights used in the cause of wrong certainly forfeit their claim to recognition, and render their very name an absurdity. It is time that more emphasis were laid upon moral obligation, both as between man and his fellow-man and between the man and the community. Too many people are developing a keen insight into what they suppose others owe them, while maintaining a dullness of perception truly alarming as to what they owe to others. Clamoring loudly for their own rights, they forget how many rightful claims of others they are constantly withholding. It is, of course, only the few extremely pronounced cases of this injustice with which the law can deal. By far the larger proportion are beyond the reach of law courts. The father of a family, claiming the right to order his own household, robs his children of the most sacred rights, and through avarice, or selfishness, or ill-humor, wrecks their happiness and prospects. Or an avaricious manufacturer, who claims the right to manage his own business without interference, so manages it that his workmen must labor at starvation wages, and his customers must pay full price for an adulterated article. Or the laborer eagerly claims his right to labor at pleasure, and to cease when he will, yet utterly disregards the same right of his fellow-laborer, and compels him, by threat and penalty, to abstain from working at his command. Thus, in the name of liberty, many an act of tyranny flourishes; in the name of freedom, many a feeble one becomes enslaved; in the name of human rights, many a man and woman is cruelly wronged; in the name of free speech, many a fair reputation is ruined, many falsehoods disseminated, many errors taught. What is needed among us more than the insistence of rights is the enforcement of duty. It should be impressed upon the minds and hearts of all that a right is not something merely to secure, to rejoice in, and to use at pleasure, but that it is a solemn trust to hold, an obligation to fulfill, a power to wield, a responsibility for which each who possesses it is accountable. The question so often asked: "Am I receiving all the rights to which I am entitled?" should be coupled with the more important and searching one: "Am I using all the rights with which I am invested for the best good of society? Am I giving to others all the rights which belong to them, as far as my power extends?" It is this attitude of mind which gives breath and dignity to life, and raises justice and generosity to their rightful places in society. Only as men live for something higher and nobler than self can they attain their true value, and only as this is done habitually by individuals can we hope to see an elevated and prosperous community. A movement in this direction is being made by the formation of societies, whose object is said to be "the dissemination of a knowledge of the principles of good citizenship and the promotion of the observance of the duties imposed thereby." We gladly welcome all such endeavors, hoping that their influence may be widely diffused and may help to place the whole doctrine of rights upon the firm and sure basis of righteousness.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Sensitiveness of Tea.

The extraordinary sensitiveness of tea to odors was shown in New York the other day. The ship brought a cargo of tea—and nothing else—from China, and, upon testing the tea, it was found to be sweet. The ship had brought a cargo of sugar from Manilla on the previous voyage, and though not a bit of it was left in the vessel, yet the odor was sufficient to impregnate the tea. A case somewhat similar to this occurred twelve years ago, when tea was packed in the same hold with camphor. It is known that butter will absorb odors equally as well. The odor of kerosene, for instance, and tobacco and vanilla beans, are fully as sensitive as any thing that is known to borrow odors.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—A Concord lady who recently sent fifty cents for a box of ribbons "warranted all silk," in answer to a Maine firm's glowing advertisement, received a small lot of worthless cotton ribbons and a printed card, which "added insult to injury" by the inscription: "Some folks expect the earth for ten cents."

A good many women who have married dry-goods clerks have got two yards of illusion as a premium.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harrassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly spirits that, under the name of the "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" torments the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, vanish when attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

A HANGMAN can not be a teetotaler, because an occasional drop is necessary in his business.—*Texas Siftings.*

How My Throat Hurts! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WATER from the river Styx should be good material for mucilage and manufacturers.—*Puck.*

THE man who wears no collar is never troubled with a tie-up.—*N. Y. Journal.*

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Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is prostration of the physical strength, a tired feeling and no inclination for exertion, and the power to work is diminished; the patient wakes mornings tired and unrefreshed; there is an extreme nervous WEAKNESS and irritable condition; a NERVOUSNESS, dull, cloudy sensation, often accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander easily; there will be gradual failure of strength, with weakness and pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth mornings; the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and face is frequently flushed. DEPRESSION of the nerves become so weakened OF MIND, that the least excitement or shock will flush the face, bring a tremor, trembling, or palpitation of the heart. There is often gloom and depression of the mind. For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic is a certain and positive cure. Under the use of this wonderful restorative, which is purely vegetable and therefore harmless, the dull eyes regain their brilliancy, the pale look and hollow cheeks show renewed health and vitality; the DIM VISION, weak and exhausted IMPAIRED MEMORY, feelings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves strong and steady, the gloom and depression are lifted from the mind and perfect and permanent health is restored. It is an absolute specific for nervous debility. Young A WONDERFUL men whose wakened nerves REMEDY, and exhausted vitality can regain their strength by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the organs of life in old and young. No one need despair of a cure. Don't fail to use this remedy, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century, and an absolutely certain cure will result. All druggists keep it. Price, $1 per bottle. Be sure and get DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. Your present doctor does not have it, he will send it for you. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, 35 West 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. Use his GREAT REMEDY AND WRITE HIM ABOUT YOUR CASE.

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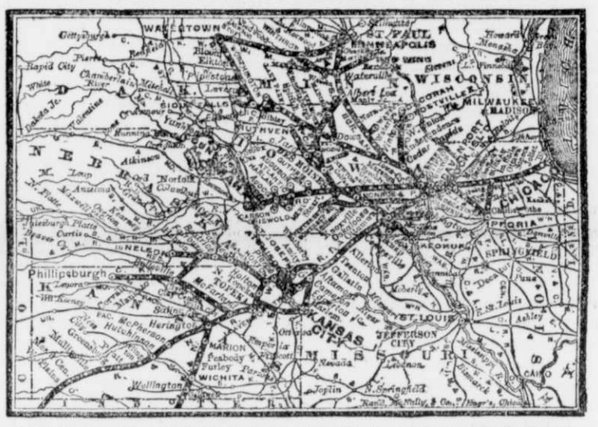
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THE REPUBLICAN.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church began the election of bishops Tuesday. Five ballots were taken, resulting in the election of Dr. J. H. Vincent and Dr. J. N. Fitzgerald. The conference extended the pastoral term to five years.

The Maryland Republican State Convention.

Following was the platform adopted by the Maryland Republican State Convention Tuesday :

The Republicans of Marvland, in convention assemb'ed, reaffirm their devotion to the principles of the National Republican party, and declare :

1. That in the free trade movement inaugurated by the Democratic party we recognize a renewed effort to aid foreign manufacturers to displace the products of American workmen with those of pauperized labor. We believe that the protective system, which has made this nation great, and its people prosperous, is the best means for maintaining that greatness and prosperity, and denounce and oppose the unpatriotic assault upon the independence and prosperity of the American workingmen.

2. That, recognizing the undesirability of a large surplus revenue, we favor the abolition of the internal taxes on tobacco and alcohol used in the arts and sciences, and the modification of the duty on sugar, and we declare that, in justice to the American interests involved, any necessary readjustment of the tariff should be made by its friends, and not by its enemies.

3. That the open and flagrant violation of the true principles of civil service reform by the present administration merits the unsparing condemnation of all patriotic citizens, and stamps the Democratic party as a self-confessed conspiracy for plunder and spoils.

4. That we commend the course of the Republican Senate in the matter of pensioning the disabled veterans of the Union armies and those dependent on them. We urge the representatives of this State in the National Convention to favor greater liberality in dealing with the just claims of these defenders of the Union.

5. That the violation of the reform pledges made by the Democratic party in this State by the majority of the Legislature recently in session, emphasizes the necessity for a change in the political administration of the State.

6. That we approve the action of the Hon. Louis E. McComas, the representative of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, and the other Republican members of Congress in opposing the "Mills Tariff bill," so called, and we urge them to persevere in defeating every device intended to place upon the statute book the free trade theories of Mr. Cleveland's annual message.

7. That, without expressing any preference among the eminent Republicans mentioned for the Presidency, we hereby pledge the hearty support of the Republicans of Maryland to the nominees of the next National Republican Convention.

Resolved, by the Republicans of Maryland, in Convention assembled, That we are in favor of an unqalified franchise and equality of men before the law.

The Tariff Debate Closed.

The great tariff debate on the Mills bill closed on Saturday last. Mr. Reed, of Maine, and Speaker Carlisle, of Kentucky, closing the argument. The Democratic party comes out of the struggle much the worse for the wear, while the friends of protection find themselves in a very comfortable state of mind. In speaking of the condition of the Western farmer, for whom it was claimed that the Eastern vampire had mortgaged his farm and "injured" him in other ways, Mr. Reed said :

In the fullness of time I traveled West myself. You may well imagine my astonishment, who had never seen ten acres together in corn, to behold fields of that great staple stretching away out to the horizon's edge ; to see tracts of land which seemed to have no boundaries but the visable sky ; land so rich that if we had an acre of it in Maine we would have sold it by the bushel, while on every side were the great brick houses,such a one as only the Squire lives in in our villages. After some days of this I became sulky. I said : "Gentlemen, of course we have robbed you. Your own Congressmen will not lie about trifles like that. But what disgusts me is that we do not do it more thoroughly. The gleaning looks bigger than the harvest." Then they confided to me that Western Congressmen were great orators and did this for practice. Since then I have not been so much moved by it.

Here is another unshotted gun called "the markets of the world." The markets of the world. How broad and cool these words are. They stretch from the frozen regions of the Northern pole across the blazing tropics to the ice bound shores of the Antarctic continent. All this we can have if we but give the little hand's breadth called the United States of America.

What are the markets of the world? To hear these rhetoricians declaim, you would imagine the markets of the world a vast vacum, waiting till now for American goods to break through, rush in and fill the yearning void. Will your goods go to Austria? to Italy, Germany, Russia or France Around all these benighted countries are the Chinese walls of tariff taxes. Britain herself is protected by vast capital, accumulated through ages, the spoils of her own and other lands, by a trade system as powerful as it is relentless. All these nations will contest with you the other countries which they already overflow.

Does your mouth water over the prospect ? What market do you give up for all this ? Where is the best market in the world ? Where the people have the most money to spend. Right here in the United States of America, after twenty-seven years of protectionist rule. And you are asked to give up such a market for the markets of the world. Why the history of such a transaction was told 2,400 years ago. It is a classic. You will find it in the works of Æsop, the fabulist. Once there was a dog. He was a nice little dog ; nothing was the matter with him except a few foolish free trade ideas in his head. He was trotting along, happy as the day, for he had in his mouth a nice shoulder of succulent mutton. By and by he came to a stream bridged by a plank. He trotted along and, looking over the side of the plank, he saw the markets of the world and dived for them. A minute after he was crawling up the bank the wettest, the sickest, the nastiest, the most muttonless dog that ever swam ashore.

Republican Duty.

Mr. Mill's proposition that there shall be a single test vote upon his bill, is, we are glad to see, unlikely to be adopted. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Reed, to whom the chairman of the Ways and Means made his offer, have not thought it of sufficient importance to present to their Republican colleagues. Judge Kelley even had not heard of the proposal until he read of it in the newspapers, and when he asked Mr. McKinley about the dispatch, he learned precisely what we have stated, that Mr. Mills's suggestion was not seriously considered. The Republicans in Congress will do what they can to secure a reduction of the revenues and surplus. To this end they will present a scheme of their own, which will surely decrease the income of the government and will relieve the taxpayers of a burden, but they will not rest content with that. The Mills bill is before the House for consideration and action,

The general debate upon it has been of great advantage and importance.

It has been indeed, the most interesting discussion of many years. Congress has seldom heard such admirable speeches as those which Mr. McKinley and Mr. Reed made on Friday and Saturday. Mr. McKinley's speech absolutely demolished the Mills bill in all its details, and answered conclusively the points made by Mr. Mills in his speech. The attack upon the existing tariff law was met and repulsed, and the proposed substitute was shown to be crude, illogical and inadequate to accomplish the desired reform of the tax laws. On Saturday Mr. Reed discussed the general principle underlying the two systems which are opposed to each other—Republican and Democratic,protective and free trade. Incidentally he showed that the accusations made against the present law are false, and especially the untruth of the charge that the Western farmer has been ruined by it ; but his principal contention was that pratection means prosperity and free trade means ruin.

Now that the debate is finished the work of attacking the bill by amendments will begin. Naturally the Republicans will endeavor to defeat it by offering a substitute which will show to the country precisely what they will do for the relief of its business interests, which are threatened by the accumulated surplus. If the substitute is voted dewn, the efforts of the protectionists must not end. The avalanche of amendments that the Democrats sent to the ways and means Committee, as a result of the action of the caucus, is very superficial. In the first place it has alarmed Mr. Mills and his free trade associates, and it is to avoid the necessity of acting upon them that the Ways and Means chairman has proposed that the question shall be settled by one vote on the Mills bill and one vote on whatever substitute may be prepared and offered by the Republicans. In the second place it indicates that, even if the bill should eventually pass the House, it can be shorn of some of its worst features during a consideration under the five-minute rule. The result may not be all that can be desired, but if taxes cannot be reduced in a manner that would be advantageous to the public interests, the evil that might be worked by the Mills bill should be reduced to the minimum. We have no doubt that the Senate will so amend the bill, if it should get to it from the House, that it will be a satisfactory and salutary measure, and then the question will be whether the free traders will bow to the inevitable ; whether, when they discover the impossibility of securing the adoption of their economi heresy, they will assent to the only practicable measure for the relief o the people from the admitted ardens of overtaxation. They will, of course, do precisely what the President directs, for if they adopt the Republican scheme, on finding the only remedy that can be applied to the fiscal difficulties, he will srely interpose his veto. But, whatever the free traders may do, it is he duty of the Republicans to give them an opportunity to make a law that will really reduce taxes and the revenue. The nearer that the House is brought to adopting such a measure as the Senate will send back to it, the greater the chance that the later will be agreed to.

These views of the duty of the Republicans seem so clear and unanswerable that we are not surprised that the Mills proposition has not even been presented to their colleagues by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Reed. The Republicans are not engaged in making an issue, but in trying to relieve people of unjust taxation. The Democrats have made the issue. It is not the Mills bill at all, but free trade, and it was formulated not only in the President's message, but in the history of the party before and since the war of the rebellion.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Real Issue.

The real issue between the protectionists and the free traders was presented yesterday by Mr. Butterworth. The manufacturers do not now ask for protection against the skill or the capital of Europe. We have the skill, Our machinery is, as a rule, better than that made abroad. Our capital is sufficient for all our industrial enterprises. The cost of production, however, is greater in this country than it is in other countries because wages are higher here. The protectionists are now engaged in an effort to uphold the tariff under which the country has become prosperous in order that wages may be maintained at their existing high rates. This is not entirely a work of philanthrophy. It is sound economy for the country to maintain high wages. A well ordered, peaceable, civilized community like that of the city of Lawrence, in Massachusetts, is of great advantage to the country. The well-paid workingmen support schools, churches, savings banks, lecture platforms and all that go to make up the civilization of which the country is justly proud. The prosperity of the wage earner increases the average prosperity of the country. It is better to have Lawrence, Lowell, Pittsburg, Philadelphia and the hundreds of similar cities which are the centres of our protected industries than smoke-grimed, drunken Manchester, the squalor and poverty of the iron and coal mines of England and Wales, and the famished potato growers of Ireland. The protectionists are fighting against free trade because they believe in keeping up the high average of American civilization, which has been attained by means of a tariff system that has enabled the manufacturers of the country to pay liberal wages to their workingmen. The damage threatened by the free traders is that the civilization of the country will deteriorate through the poverty which will surely overcome the wage earner if the principles of Mr. Cleveland and his friends triumph.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—Fresh shad, herring and rock at White & Co's.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 21st, 1888.—The reception given to Senator Ingalls by the Republican National League was attended by one of the most distinguished audiences ever gathered together in this city. Senator Ingalls devoted his speech mostly to an analysis of the Democratic party. Said he : "The Democratic party has fatigued public contempt and indignation. It is not a party, but an organization of vice imbecility, cowardice, and disloyalty. It is simply the compost heap of American politics, and the worn-out dogmas and cast off and abandoned articles of political clothing which have been thrown into the areas and alleys of civilization constitute to-day its chosen treasure. It has constructed its platforms out of slavery and secession, states' rights, the rag baby and free-trade, and it is not strange that a party so constituted should possess such a leader as Cleveland. No man should be blamed for getting angry on being called a Democrat. If there is anything the Democratic party is afraid of, it is the truth. No vituperation or invective is as dreadful to them as the truth, and it is not therefore surprising that they fly into spasms of indignation when the plain facts of history are read from the record, nor that their only answer is to reply in the language of the pot-house and saloon."

The Senate has passed the regular pension appropriation bill. It was slightly amended, and will have to go back to the House.

Friday and Saturday, the closing days of the general debate on the tariff, were by far the most interesting. Among the speakers on those two days were Mr. McKinley, of Ohio ; Mr. Randall, of Penn.; Mr. Reed, of Maine, and Speaker Carlisle. The galleries were crowded to suffocation, for it is not often that so many prominent members of the House can be heard in two days. The general impression is that the House will now take up some of the regular appropriation bills on the calendar and let the tariff bill rest awhile, before they begin its consideration by sections.

Mr. Mills was guilty of a discourteous act on the floor of the House on Friday last. Mr. Randall, owing to weakness from ill health, spoke very slowly and did not finish his speech in the time allotted him. Some one proposed to extend his time, but Mr. Mills jumped up and objected. He was greeted with jeers and hisses.

Mr. McKinley, who was to follow Mr. Randall stated that he would give the latter 15 minutes of his time, for which he was roundly cheered. Mr. Breckinridge, who was to follow Mr. McKinley then moved that Mr. Randall be given all the time he wanted to finish his speech and that the time be taken equally from Mr. McKinley and himself. This was agreed to.

The Republican Senators held a caucus on Friday, to talk over the outlook and agree upon a party policy in regard to several matters. A wide range of subjects was discussed but nothing was definitely settled. Another meeting will be held to-morrow.

Mr. Jehu Baker, the gigantic member from the eighteenth Illinois district, who defeated Wm. Morrison in the last Congressional election, arose in the House on Saturday to a question of personal privilege. Mr. Breckinridge, in his speech on Friday, had implied that Mr. Morrison had been defeated by the use of money and fraud. This implication Mr. Baker denied in eloquent language, and gave Mr. Breckinride some thrusts that will be fresh in his memory for some time to come. Mr. Baker's figure is a noticeable one at any time, but as he stood trembling with excitement and indignation, thundering out his denial of the charge, he was really spectacular.

The Senate finance committee have appointed a sub-committee to gather information on the tariff.

The Government printing office investigation has been resumed. One of Mr. Benedict's appointees acknowledged that he, in company with Benedict's brother, who is the chief clerk of the office, and another official had gone to Philadelphia on a two-days' pic-nic, and that the trip was paid for by a Philadelphia firm who had been given a large contract to furnish the Government printing office with paper, notwithstanding the fact that they were underbid by other parties. The fact was also brought out by a paper tester that the paper furnished by this very liberal contractor was far below the grade called for by the contract, although the receiving clerks at the Government printing office had entered it upon the books as having been tested and found up to all requirements.

On Thursday next the Senate will take up the bills for the admission of Montana, North Dakota and Washington Territories to statehood, and it is thought each of the measures will be disposed of on that day.

The New Jersey Republicans adopted an admirable platform, which, in brief, is as follows :

"We declare that at this stage of its(the Republican party's) existence, its purposes are :

"Protection to the industries of the people by a tariff adjusted to that special end.

"Protection to the civil rights of the people by securing a free ballot and an honest count to every lawful voter.

"Protection to the basis of the character of the people by general education of children.

"Protection to the government of the people by promoting the reform of the civil service.

"And protection to the homes of the people by the due restriction of vice and intemperance ; and we congraulate the Legislature of this State on their honest, earnest and courageous efforts to restrain the evils of the liquor traffic, and endorse their action.

"To these ends and for the maintenance of a truly American policy at home and abroad, we pledge to the nominees of the National convention our united and earnest support."

The Floods Abating.

QUINCY, ILL., May 21.—The great flood in the Mississippi, which will be remembered as without a precedent in the destruction and suffering created, is slowly abating, and it is thought that the worst of the high water is passed. But the worst that could happen has already occurred, hundreds of families having been rendered homeless, and thousands of acres of growing crops ruined, to say nothing of the loss entailed by demolished dwellings, wrecked fences and washouts. From the northern end of Adams county to the southern end of Pike county the land on the Illinois side of the river was protected by a system of levees, the region embracing 250,000 acres, the soil being the richest in the State. All the region is now one vast lake, from six to ten feet in depth. Along the bluffs on the eastern edge of the submerged district hundreds of families are camped, living in tents, huts and in the open air. Before the flood most of these people were well-to-do, prosperous farmers, but now they have little or nothing. Much sickness prevails among the unfortunates, owing to want and and exposure, but prompt measures have been taken to alleviate their sufferings. While the vast majority of the inhabitants fled to the higher land, a few had not time to get away or misjudged the character of the break in the levee and determined to stay at their homes and are now living in the garrets or on the roofs. Every roof has been turned into a place of refuge for live stock, poultry, &c., but numberless houses have been lifted from their foundations and carried away.

In the Sny levee district below this city the situation is infinitely worse than in the regions to the north. The crevasse which completed the inundation opened at the upper end of the embankment and the pent-up waters from the river poured over the vast tract of rich farming land, sweeping everything before it, The torrent rushed down in a great wave several feet high with a force which nothing could withstand. The towns of Fall Creek, Seehorn and Hulls are but mere islands, and hundreds of refugees are huddled together in limited space. Four or five families are living in each of the rooms in the few houses above the water, and are suffering greatly. The damage to railroad property is enormous, and it will be three weeks after the water subsides before trains can be running on time. This city is cut off from railroad communication North, West and South. The Quincy and Carthage track is under water for a distance of several miles. The Quincy Alton and St. Louis track is washed for miles, the bridges are gone and telegraph poles down, The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Wabash tracks at East Hannibal were washed out Saturday morning.

Owing to the great confusion it is impossible to obtain detailed losses, but the aggregate will reach fully $3,000,000 from crops alone. The damage to the levees, houses and railroads will approximate $600,000.

Free Sleeping Car Excursion to California, Oregon and Colorado Points.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will run its last Free Sleeping Car Excursion this season via. St. Louis and Kansas City. Train leaves Wilmington, Del., May 28th, 5:40 P. M.; Baltimore 8:20 P. M., and Washington 9:45. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this Excursion will please write to H. A. Miller, Pass. and Tkt. Agt. B. & O. R. R., Wilmington, Del., or D. Bride, Pass. Agt. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., for full information and reservation of berths.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the change or relocation of the road petitioned for by Marion McKinsey, Geo. L. Mosser and others, beginning at the Shaffer road near the Yough bridge, and running through the lands of George Roth, S. C. Mosser, Messrs. McCulloh and Brown on the Backbone Mountain, intersecting the Mason road at G. L. Mosser's, thence with Mason road to line between G. D. Mosser and Wm. Arnold, thence with said line through their lands, and thence through the lands of J. L. Rumbarger & Co., to North Branch of Potomac or State line, intersecting road leading to Kearn's station, on the W. Va. C. & P. R. R and Wilsonia or Levering's saw mill, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Tuesday, the 22d day of May, 1888, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
GEO. D. WHITE,
WM. CASTEEL,
4 21 5 Examiners.

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 8.

AN ACT.

To repeal section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, in Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, and to add additional sections thereto to be known as sub-sections one and two, respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted to read as follows :

SECTION 10. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council may provide by ordinance to preserve the health of the town; to prevent and remove nuisances ; to prevent, restrain, and regulate the running at large of horses, cattle, swine and geese, within the limits of said town ; to prohibit and disperse the tumultuous or disorderly meetings of idle, dissoute or drunken persons; to provide for working and mending the public streets and alleys of said town; to provide for the making and repairing of sidewalks and gutters; and generally to provide for the regulation, good government and improvement of said town, and may enforce the observance thereof under such penalties, fines and forfeitures as they shall deem proper, not exceeding ten dollars for any one offense; and all fines, penalties and forfeitures may be recovered before a Justice of the Peace by warrant and judgment, and in case of failure or refusal to pay the same, the party so fined shall be committed for a period not exceeding ten days, to the Jail of Garrett county, in the same manner that commitments are made for fines imposed by the Circuit Courts of this State on conviction of misdemeanor, provided that all the expenses of such commitment and imprisonment shall be paid by the Mayor and Common Council of Deer Park; but said Mayor and Common Council, or a majority of them, shall have power at all times to remit or release the fines, penalties and forfeitures or any part thereof, at their discretion ; but any party fined, or subject to any fine or forfeiture, may within five days after the same shall be imposed and judgment recovered, supersede and stay the same for thirty days, by giving ample personal security to the Justice of the Peace, and the fines and forfeitures imposed and collected by any of the provisions of this act may be paid by the Mayor and Common Council to the Bailiff as compensation for his services, or the said Mayor and Common Council may make such other disposition of said fines and forfeitures as they may deem best.

SUB-SECTION 1. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council shall have power to provide by ordinance for the laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley or lane in said town, or of any proposed street, alley or lane in said town, which in their judgment the public welfare or convenience may require, to provide for ascertaining whether any and what amount in value in damage will be caused thereby, for which the owner or possessor of any property through which said street, alley or lane may pass ought to be compensated, by the appointment of commissioners, the number of whom to be determined by said Mayor and Common Council, to assess the same; to provide for assessing and levying either, generally or the whole assessable property within the town, or specially on the property of persons benefited, the whole or any part of the damages and expenses which will be incured in laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley, or lane, or grading the same, to provide for collecting and paying the compensation awarded to any person before any street shall be opened laid out, widened, straightened, extended, or closed, and to enact all ordinances from time to time necessary or proper to the exercises of the powers granted in this section; provided that before they shall proceed to execute any of the powers vested in them by this section, at least thirty days notice shall be given of any application which may be made for the passage of any such ordinance by advertisement in two newspapers printed in Garrett county ; and provided further that upon the return of any ass ssment of damages or benefits or both, made under any ordinance passed under this section, the clerk of said town shall cause a copy thereof to be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in at least two newspapers printed in said county ; and provided further that whenever the said Mayor and Common Council open, lay out, widen or extend any street, lane, or alley, they shall establish the grade thereof, and if in their judgment proper so to do, they shall grade the same.

SUB-SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That if any person shall feel aggrieved by the decision of the commissioners appointed to lay out such streets, alleys, or lanes, as to the amount of damages allowed him or benefits assessed against him, may appeal therefrom at any time within thirty days after said commissioners shall have made their return to the Circuit Court for Garrett county, which said appeal shall be taken by filing written notice thereof with the clerk of said Common Council, who shall thereupon without unnecessary delay, transmit to said Circuit Court a record of the proceedings of said Mayor and Common Council, and of said street commissioners in said matter, and said appeal shall be docketed upon the trial docket of the next succeeding term of said court, the party taking said appeal to be docketed as plaintiff, and said Mayor and Common Council as defendant, and said party appellant shall thereupon be entitled to a jury trial to assess the amount of damages payable to, or amount of benefits chargable against him as the case may be, and the amount assessed as such damages or benefits by said jury shall stand in the place and stead of the assessment thereof by said commissioners, and upon said appeal it shall be competent for the Court to quash the proceedings upon the motion of the appellant, for errors or omissions rendering the same fatally defective; and upon the trial of said cause in said Circuit Court either party may take bills of exception to any rulings of said Court upon matters of law arising in the progress of such trial, and either party appeal to the Court of Appeals of this State from any such ruling, or from the action of said court in quashing or refusing to quash such proceedings.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
5 19 3t Secretary of the Senate.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter J. Stephens, John W. Stark and Michael McAndrews, located as follows, viz: Leading from the black-smith shop at Swanger's Mill, and running South through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christ Miller and Patrick McAndrews, to the old Lochiel camp on Barton road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate and change the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
ELIAS MERRILL,
ROSS COMPTON,
5 5 5 Examiners.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Go to S. P. Specht's for your chewing tobaccos.

—There will be no preaching in the M. E. Church Sunday morning.

—NOTICE.—I will be in Accident May 30th and 31st, 1888.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

—Mr. H. A. Rasche arrived at home this week. He will take his family to Minnesota with him when he returns.

—M. Ralph Thayer has torn down the old postoffice building and proposes to make improvements to his residence.

—Mr. Presley McAllister and wife, of Terra Alta, W. Va., were visiting friends in Mountain Lake and Oakland last week.

—S. P. Specht has on hand a very large and well-assorted line of summer hats. Call and examine before you make your purchases.

—Died, near Red House, May 17, 1888, of cholera infantum, Harry Walter, son of Jacob and Margaret Hauser, aged 1 year, 3 months and 22 days.

—Just received, at Hinebaugh's, a Fresh Lot of Dry Goods, Notions, Glass and Queensware, Harvesting Implement, &c., &c. Prices low. Come and see us.

—The members of the new School Board for this county, Messrs. G. W. Merrill, W. D. Hoye and S. H. Ryland, held a conference in Oakland Monday. The new Board will take charge of school affairs on the first Monday in July.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. had a force of hands engaged this week in tearing down and removing the waiting rooms in front of the depot here and will erect a building for that purpose about fifty yards east of where the old one stood. The old building was an obstruction to the view from the hotel porch.

—Don't forget the Prof. J. Miller Combination and their wonderful entertainment, at Offutt's Music Hall, Saturday, May 26. They come very highly recommended as first-class, and is, no doubt, the finest entertainment of the kind now traveling. Everybody should go and see them. The admission is only 15, 25 and 35 cents. Reserved seats on sale at Offutt's store.

--Read what the Circleville, Ohio, *Times-Union* says of the Prof. J. Miller Combination: "The Prof. J. Miller Combination, which has created such a furor of wonder and amazement in this city, have, by the special request of Charles H. Kellstadt, Manager of Colleseum, J. W. Lowe, Mayor, R. C. Anderson, Marshal, A. T. Anderson and A. R. Bolin, concluded to give one more of their brilliant and wonderful entertainments as a complimentary benefit from above named gentlemen. Never before has this city had such a feast of mirth and mystery offered her citizens. Probably never again will such an opportunity offer.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7¼ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7¾ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

House for Rent.

My large dwelling, on Mill street, Oakland, is for rent either furnished or unfurnished. Apply on the premises for price and terms.

H. A. RASCHE.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of F. & C. Felty, either by note or book account, will please call and settle the same on or before July 1, 1888, otherwise all claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Yours Respectfully,
F. & C. FELTY.

More Evidence.

The performance of Prof. J. Miller, Magician, was unusually good. He gives another entertainment to-night and will have a crowded house. His experiments are wonderful. Madam Cla Netta is excellent, and Gossner is very funny.—*Harrisville Gazette.*

Home Comfort Range.

The representatives of the Wrought Iron Range Co., of St. Louis, Mo., have made Oakland their headquarters, from which point they will run teams throughout this and adjoining counties of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Their ware rooms are in the REPUBLICAN Building, where their Ranges are on exhibition. These men come here well recommended as gentlemen in every sense of the term. The following testimonial is from the Fairmont *Index*, of last week:

A MERITED TESTIMONIAL.

We, the undeisigned citizens of Fairmont, W. Va., take pleasure in recommending the representatives of the Wrought Iron Range Co., of St. Louis, Mo., to the favorable consideration of the good people of our neighboring towns and counties. They have made this city their headquarters for the last four months for the sale and distribution of wrought iron "Home Comfort" cooking ranges, during which time they have sold over three hundred in our immediate section of country and had dealings with the very best of our people. We find them men of integrity and ability and prompt to meet each and every engagement of the company.

SNIDER & INGMAN, Hardware.
C. F. CHRISTIE, Grocer,
FORMAN & ARNETT, Photographers.
A. HOWARD FLEMING, Jeweler.
LEE REINHEIMER, Clothier.
J. E. SANDS, Cash. 1st Nat. Bank.
N. S. BARNS, Postmaster.
THOS. HOUGH, Prop. Hough House.
F. P. REED, Clerk Hough House.
J. G. NESBIT, Agt. B. & O. R. R.
HARTLEY & MORROW, Merchants.

A Mile a Minute.

The Baltimore and Ohio road is building a large number of new engines which, when completed, will probably be the largest and most powerful on earth. The boilers will be much larger and capable of producing three times the motive power of the largest of any of their present mountain climbers. These engines are constructed for the dual purpose of making greater speed and at the same time with reference to dispensing with the services of so many helpers on the mountains on the main stem and Pittsburgh Division. They will be used from Connelsville to Cumberland, and from Piedmont to Grafton and return. One of them will be expected to pull a passenger train of two sleepers, two coaches, a smoker, two express and one baggage car, where two large engines are now employed, and at the same time make better time than the two have yet been able to do. A. J. Cromwell, Master of Machinery of the Baltimore and Ohio, projected and is superintending the construction of the new locomotives. One of them will be put into service between Baltimore and Washington shortly and will cover the distance, 40 miles in 40 minutes. This distance is now covered in 45 minutes and three stops made en route.

Cumberland's Municipal Election.

The election for mayor, clerk and five councilmen at large for the city of Cumberland passed off quietly Monday. J. W. Shuck, Rep., was re-elected mayor over Daniel Frantz, Dem., by 126 majority. His vote was 985 to Frantz's 859. Col. Horace Resley, Dem., was re-elected clerk by 229 majority over Col. Charles Gilpin, Rep. The councilmen elected are; Wm. Pearre, Henry Shriver and J. D. Bopst, Republicans, and J. W. Humbird and W. F. Coulehan, Democrats. Four Democrats and two Republicans hold over, and the new council will stand six Democrats and five Republicans, with a Republican mayor.

The Salvation Army in Oakland.

Capts. Charles Manley and Samuel Gulley and Cadet J. W. Burton, of the Salvation Army, arrived in Oakland Tuesday, and held their first meeting on the street the same evening. These men have been operating in the mining regions, in Allegany county, for the past year and have accomplished much good. They will remain here a few weeks, and expect to be assisted by other members of the Army of both sexes in a few days.

Notice to Farmers.

The undersigned has just received a new lot of Eureka Mowers. Parties intending to purchase Mowers for the coming season should not fail to give them a trial. Their advantages over side-drafts are too well known to need any further comment.

A full supply of repairs constantly kept on hand in case of breakage.

I. O. THOMPSON,
5 26 Elkins, Md.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

Old Tax Payers.

CUMBERLAND, May 22d, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—You have always kept open columns for communications of a local historic character, and many thanks are due you for past favors in the way of space to the contributor in your valuable paper. We have some reason to believe that the many communications heretofore published therein from the present author have been received and read with some interest, hope also with a degree of profit.

We are persuaded to believe your readers would be glad to learn more of the old settlers and tax-payers of what is now Garrett county. Our ancestors ought always to be subjects of interest to us. It is to be lamented that our county records are insufficient to show who resided and paid taxes in the territory named prior to 1804. In that year a general assessment appears to have been made of all property in Allegany county, under a law of the same year. At any rate there is among the archieves of Allegany a ponderous book seven inches thick, weighing thirty-four pounds, showing who were then tax-payers. The county was at that time divided into 6 election districts, but these did not seem to be recognized as to assessment purposes. The county was divided into 8 assessment departments called hundreds. The territory (about) now constituting Garrett county was known as "Sandy Creek Glades' hundred," and contained, as nearly as can now be ascertained, 126 resident tax-payers, with a considerable number of non-residents, chiefly land owners. Here they are: William Ashby, John Arnold, Philip Brady, Robert Brown, Aza Beall, Robert Brandenburg, John Baker, Peter Bugh, Jacob Bugh, Thomas F. Brook, Andrew Blocher, Meshack Browning, Peter Bartroof, Andrew Buckalew, Wm. Beckwith, Elefelet Chichister, Wm. Coddington, John Coddington, Sam'l Coddington, Benjamin Coddington, Jonathan Clark, Thomas Casteel, Jeremiah Connelly, Peter Connelly, John Connelly, Wm. Crabtree, James Chiles, Joseph Davis, Peter Dale, Henry Durst, Peter Duvall, Henry Dewit, James Drane, James Erwin, Elizabeth Edwards, John Felton, John Fike, John Furguson, Mary Frazier, Joseph France, Philip Firebaugh, James Flanegan, Gabriel Friend, Joseph Friend, John Friend, Michael Fresh, Jeremiah Frazier, Jonathan Frazier, Thurman Frazier, Christian Garlitz, Charles Grimm, Nicholas Grower, Gasper Glotfeller, Daniel Grant, Geo. Gainer, John Gillman, Andrew Hendricks, John Hays, Paul Hoy, Andrew House, David Hoffman, Jr., Rudolph Hannsick, Philip Hare, Jacob Hare, Andrew Hendricks, John Irons, Thomas Jenifer, Charles James, John Jonas, Levy Knotts, Jacob Kaler, Dudley Lee, John Lynn Henry Lewis, Robert Lamar, Nicholas Musser, John Miller, Benedict Miller, Joseph Moore, Wm. B. Magruder, Frederick Marks, Thomas Marks, James McMullen, Jacob Markley, Norman B. Magruder, Isaac Morgan, Archibald Osburn, Stephen, Pearson, Samuel M. Pearson, Nicholas Paugh, Michael Paugh, Thomas Paugh, Thomas Pricherd, Jr., William Pricherd, John Park, Roger Poland, George Rinehart, John Rush, John Ruttan, Joseph Riley, Selvester Ryland, John Stuck, John Swann, George Stanton, Robinson Savage, Abraham Shockey, Nicholas Storm, David Stotts, Jesse Stotts, John Simkins, John Spurgen, John Storm, Thos. Stewart, Alex Smith, Robert Sinkler, John Templeman, Wm. Thistle, David Tichenal, Jesse Tomlinson, Isaac Umble, David Vansickle, John Votts, John Wable, Thomas Wilson, Joseph White, Wm. White, John Wiland and Adam Yeast.

Fifteen of these ancestors were owners of slaves amounting to 62 in all. The greatest owner of this since condemned property was Alex. Smith—11. Pretty strong for the climate, but the number increased considerably within the 25 years after the date named. Strange to say, there is now scarcely a dozen colored people in the county. They have diminished in about the same ratio the whites have increased. A noteworthy fact is that so few of these ancients are now represented in the county in name by their descendants. The most prominent in them days seem now to be most obscured.

J. B.

Body Disinterred.

The body of Beswick, killed on the W. Va. C. R. R. near Elkins, Md., week before last, was disinterred Monday, by direction of W. P. Townshend, State's Attorney for Garrett county, and a thorough examination of the remains was made by Drs. J. Lee and H. W. McComas, who could not find the slightest evidence of foul play. This action was deemed necessary by the State's Attorney on account of rumors of foul play rife in the neighborhood.

Swanton.

Lewis Paugh, 61 years of age, met a sad death on Saturday evening last. Mr. Paugh's home was near Mt. Zion Church, and on Saturday evening his son left him to put away his team, leaving his father alone. He was gone but a short time when on returning to the house he found his unfortunate father burnt in a terrible manner, his clothing all consumed, while the flesh was burned until it fell from the bone. Mr. Paugh lived but a short time after the sad occurrence, and, as far as we could learn, made no statement in regard to how the matter occurred. He leaves a family of grown children.

Truman Mosser had a valuable cow killed just west of Swanton on last Sunday morning by train No. 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fairall are preparing to keep summer boarders. They have just built a new porch and made some other improvements to their house. They understand the art of making a person comfortable, and we think they will have a full house. We hope it will prove a successful venture. Of one thing we are sure, that any one desiring a nice, comfortable home, away from the noise, heat and din of the city, might do a great deal worse than spend their summer at Swanton.

Rev. I. A. Kiracofe preached in the U. B. Church on Sunday, 20th inst., to an attentive congregation.

The U. B. Sunday School still continues to grow in interest and the membership is increasing. A friend of the school has lately presented it with two large maps of Palestine. Another friend is now making us a present of a library which we expect to have for next Sunday. All are cordially invited to attend.

Miss Lizzie Kahl and Miss Hinebaugh, of Accident, are visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. Mahala friend, wife of A. G. Friend, died at this place Tuesday. She was a consistent member of the U. B. Church, and although she had consumption and was sick for a long time suffering greatly, yet she was resigned to God's will and died in the triumphs of faith. She leaves behind her a large family of children. The family have the sympathy of the community.

HOOSIER.

Mountain Lake Park.

Dr. C. P. Masden, of N. Y. City, arrived here with his family last Saturday night. He is painting his house on the outside, and is doing the painting and papering on the inside.

Mrs. Camphfor, of Oakland, has moved into the Sharpes cottage.

Mrs. H. P. Tasker has rented the Alexander cottage, and moved into it last Saturday.

As a rule empires move westward, but now the improvements here are extending northward. Lots are being sold along the new drives, and work is being done with a view to build at once.

The cleaning up of grounds, grading streets and cleaning up generally is still going on.

State of Trade.

In spite of the abounding and unconquerable vitality of the country, periods of temporary hesitation, or reaction, are inevitable, and one has apparently been reached. The country at present is borrowing more and producing less. The local market for securities depends essentially upon the placing of bonds abroad and the foreign demand for stocks, and both continue. But for the movement of foreign capital this way, to pay for bonds and stocks, a heavy outgo of gold would be required to meet the excess of imports over exports. Success in borrowing foreign money to pay for imports makes the markets for securities strong, and money here is superabundant. But, meanwhile, reactions at an increasing number of points in the interior are slow; caution of buyers checks production in important industries, and crop prospects are not flattering. For the time, the tendency is toward a decrease in production.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets.

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888.—3m

CHAPTER 58.

AN ACT

To repeal section two of sub-chapter two and sections one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, chapter three hundred and seventy-seven entitled an act to repeal an act passed at at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland so far as said sections apply to Garrett county and to repeal all laws inconsistent with the provisions of this act and to enact the following sections in lieu thereof so far as they apply to Garrett county, and to provide for the appointment of School Commissioners for Garrett county.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section two of sub-chapter two, sections one and eight of sub-chapter four and section seven of sub-chapter eleven of an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy-two entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and seventy entitled an act to repeal an act passed at January Session eighteen hundred and sixty-eight entitled "Public Education" providing a general system of free Public Schools for the State of Maryland, be and the same are hereby repealed so far as said sections apply to Garrett county, and that the following sections be enacted in lieu thereof so far as said sections apply to Garrett county.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That the Governor shall by and with the advice and consent of the Senate at each regular session of the General Assembly appoint three competent persons, residents of Garrett county who shall continue in office for two years from the time of their appointment and until their successors are appointed and qualified who shall be designated "School Commissioners" and who shall when organized be and constitute the Board of County School Commissioners for Garrett county, and shall have control of all educational matters affecting said county.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, That the School Commissioners appointed under the preceding section shall meet in Oakland for organization on the first Monday in July next succeeding their appointment or as soon thereafter as may be, and elect a person not a member of the Board who shall serve as Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner, and notice of such election signed by the President of the Board shall be transmitted to the Comptroller of the State Treasury. The Board shall meet whenever the School interests of the county require a meeting and shall receive for their services when occupied by the duties of their office, the sum of three dollars per day; provided that no School Commissioner in said county shall be paid for his services more than one hundred dollars in any one year.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That in case a vacancy shall occur in the office of School Commissioners of said county by resignation death, removal from the county or otherwise the Governor shall appoint a competent person to fill the vacancy during the remainder of the unexpired time.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, That the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act shall perform all the duties required of him by law and shall receive such compensation as the Board of County School Commissioners shall direct not to exceed the sum of eight hundred dollars in any year.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, That the Board of County School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner who shall be in office in Garrett county on the last day day of June in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, shall turn over to the School Commissioners and the Secretary, Treasurer, and Examiner appointed under the provisions of this act, immediately after they organize and qualify according to law, all books, papers, money, effects, goods, chattels and property belonging to the Board of County School Commissioners of Garrett county under existing laws.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, That all acts and parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed so far as the same applies to Garrett county, and that the School Commissioners of said county be governed by the Public General School Laws of the State, except so far as said laws are modified by this act.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 7th, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January Session 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
5 12 3t Secretary of the Senate.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF LUMBER!

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed in a cause wherein John W. Shaw is plaintiff and Stone, Bowman & Co., are defendants, the same being No. 428 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Receivers were authorized and empowered to sell either at public or private sale all the hereinafter described property, and by the authority conferred as aforesaid we will, on

the 12th Day of June, A. D. 1888,

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M., AT

Hoffman's Mill, Garrett Co.,

near Hambleton, W. Va., offer for sale at public auction, all the following described property, to-wit:

About 110,000 feet of spruce joists, sill plates and framing lumber, ranging in thickness from 2 to 6 inches, in width from 6 to 12 inches and in length from 16 to 32 feet. A large portion of said lumber being 3x10, 24 feet long. Also about 15,000 feet of spruce lumber ranging in thickness from one to one and a half inches, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long.

The above described property is good merchantable lumber, nicely assorted, and in good condition.

Also about 25,000 feet of spruce lumber in the log.

Lumber will be offered in such quantity as purchasers may desire.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said order, cash.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
5 26 td Receivers.

ROAD EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by H. B. Friend, G. J. Browning and others. Said road is prayed to be changed or located as follows: Beginning on the county road leading from Elkins to Oakland, at or near the Northwest corner of the yard of the dwelling house now occupied by James King, the house being the property of Lewis Nydegger, and running thence on the most practical route to where B. F. Harvey's lane intersects the present road running from Elkins to Oakland, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located, will meet on the premises on Thursday, the 24th day of May, 188, and determine whether the public convenience requires said location of said petitioned road, and if so locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
JOSEPH IRONS,
THOS. K. HARVEY,
4 21 5 Examiners.

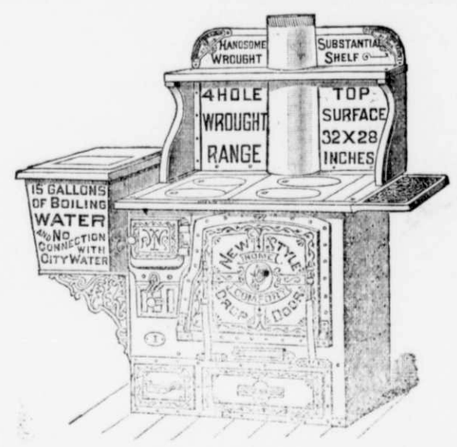
EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Benchey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intersect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
5 5 5 Examiners.

HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Wrought Iron Range Co.



St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

We place before you a few testimonials from our home, to show you how we stand in St. Louis with people whom it is a credit to please. We could give you the recommendation of *over a thousand* others who are now using our Ranges in this city, but prefer to select those who are most likely to be known by those at a distance.

To any intending customer we say, *write* or *telegraph* either of the following parties in St. Louis as to our standing here:

Charles Parsons, Pres't State Savings Association.
Wm. E. Burr, Pres't St. Louis National Bank.
R. J. Lackland, Pres't Boatmen's Savings Bank.
J. C. H. D. Block, Pres't Fourth Nat'l Bank.
Thos. E. Tut, Pres't Third National Bank.
Hon. D. R. Francis, Mayor of St. Louis.
Frank Gaiennie, Pres't Merchants Exchange.
L. M. Rumsey, Pres't Rumsey M'f'g Co. and Granite Mountain Mines.
E. C. Simmons, Pres't Simmons Hardware Co.
Jerome Hill, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Exchange
Wm. Senter, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Compress Company.
S. M. Kennard, Pres't St. Louis Exposition.
Chas. Green, Pres't St. Louis Fair Association.
Jos. Girardi, Proprietor Planters House.
Hulbert, Howe & Chassaing, Proprietors Lindell Hotel.
Henry Lewis, Manager Southern Hotel.
J. L. Griswold, Proprietor Laclede Hotel.
John T. Davis, Pres't St. Louis Club.
Jacs P. Richardson, Pres't Mercantile Club.
Hargadine, McKittrick & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Ely, Walker & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Rice, Stix & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Wear, Booghner & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Brown, Daughaday & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Sam'l C. Davis & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Tennent & Walker, Wholesale Boots & Shoes.
Orr & Lindsley, Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Kelley, Goodfellow & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Schafer, Schwartz & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Simmons Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware
A. F. Shapleigh Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware.
Caruth & Byrnes, Wholesale Hardware.

ST. LOUIS, 1887.

I desire to express to you my hearty thanks for putting up the "Home Comfort" Range in my house. You could not take it away—if I could not get another of the same pattern—if you would pay me double the price you ask for it. It fills the bill exactly. The women folks are charmed with it. It bakes admirably, and is just the thing we were so badly in need of. No woman can be happy if deprived of the "Home Comfort" after having once used it. In designing the "Home Comfort" Range, you have conferred a great blessing upon the "women folks," and have done much to make home folks happy.

Yours truly,
NORMAN J. COLMAN,
Now U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture.

GENTLEMEN.—The "Home Comfort" Range now in use in our home *is superior to any we have ever used.* I most respectfully tender this evidence of its merits.

Very respectfully,
MRS. W. T. SHERMAN.

We sell more ranges in the city of St. Louis than ALL OTHERS COMBINED. This is extremely satisfactory to us, and should be a guarantee to strangers, that in buying a "HOME COMFORT" Range they run no risk. The FINEST GRADE OF MALLEABLE IRON, in connection with the best soft steel plates, handled and put together by the best steel and iron workers money can control, is the reason our Ranges are uniformly successful, besides our experience of over twenty years has been utilized to bring to its present state of perfection the

"HOME COMFORT" RANGE.

Mr. Jos. Powell, of Sulphur P. O., Trimble county, Ky., writes: "We have been keeping house twenty years, and have used up four cast iron stoves. We have now a 'Home Comfort' Range, and my wife pronounces it the most perfect, economical and in every way most satisfactory cooking apparatus she has ever had occasion to use."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY ONE CROP.

There came a man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his suit in accents meek,
One crop alone is all I seek.
That harvest o'er, my claim I yield,
And to its Lord resign the field.

The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the stranger dealt,
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence prevail;
So took the proffered price in hand,
And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide;
At first like tiny shoots they grew,
Then tall and wide their branches threw.
But long before those oaks, sublime,
Aspiring, reached their forest prime
The cheated landlord mouldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O, ye whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth, and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley hold: reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware;
With firmness break the insidious snare,
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, a tall, o'ershadowing tree,
Shut out the light of Heaven from thee.
—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

WHAT ROB DID.

And All Because of His Attentive Hearing.

Little Rob was "a queer child." There could be no doubt about it. Every one said said so; even his mother, who always added "but he is a dear little boy." What could be the matter with him! he wondered, as he peeped into the looking-glass to find out. All he saw there was a round face, big brown eyes, a large nose which his brother called a pug, and plenty of dark brown curly hair. Nothing different from many of his playfellows, saving perhaps his freckles, which *were* plenty, Rob soberly admitted.

When his father said to his mother: "Hush, here's our little pitcher, he has big ears, you know," Rob thought to himself: "It must be my ears. I'll go and look." So he gazed at them, turning this way and that, and finally measured them with his mother's tape measure, "to know for sure," he said to him-self. That night he set up in bed when his mother came to tuck him up.

"Mamma," said Rob, "I measured lots of the fellows' ears after school; Willie Stratton's, Fred Warren's, Ed Pierson's and lots of others, and they're all as big as mine and bigger except John Willis'. His are awful small and he's real stingy. Now why did papa call mine pitchers? I asked the teacher but she laughed and said she couldn't tell me."

His mother had hard work to keep from laughing at the characteristic question, but the earnest face restrained her; and, covering Rob with warm blankets, she explained the meaning of the proverb and added: "My little boy must use what he hears to help others, and never repeat any thing except to papa or me. To hear quickly and correctly will be a great help when you are a man, but now you must go to sleep and be ready for play in the morning."

Rob had partly guessed it this time. It *was* his ears which made him queer. There never were sharper ones to hear all the speeches older people made—careless, wise, thoughtful and joking—all were caught by his sharp ears and laid away in the active mind to be brought out at some unexpected moment. Such an alive little fellow as he was! From the time he could talk his lively tongue was the terror of his older sister and brother, whose dearest secrets he often made known to the cold world. At length his father said his little boy must stop *talking* if he could not help hearing, and a banishment from the family sitting-room followed. This, together with some loving, reproving talks from his mother, taught Rob to be silent.

But every one loved Rob. Even Dash, the dog, who was getting old and cross, would wag his tail when Rob came by. Such willing feet and hands he had, and such a generous, tender heart.

But I must tell you what Rob did and how he put one piece of knowledge to its best use. Mr. Gray, Rob's father, lived on the main street at the end of of a country village. Near the house stretched a large meadow crossed by a brisk little river with shelving, sandy banks. One summer, Rob's two little cousins, Bessie and Amy, were brought there while their frail mother was taken to the mountains. Rob was delighted at the prospect of constant playfellows. Although he could whistle and halloo as loud as any boy, climb and jump, tear off his buttons, burst his shoes and dismay his mother with break-neck pranks, yet he was full of kindness and chivalric instincts towards those younger and weaker than himself. Bessie was about eight and almost as tall as Rob, while Amy was a tiny blue-eyed child a couple of years younger. Both were city-bred and shy, timorous creatures, given to quiet plays. Rob was greatly attracted by their gentle ways and their brave efforts to smile when their father and mother went away, leaving them alone for the first time in their lives. Rob's bright eyes saw just how it was, and then he heard his uncle say to his mother: "Don't let any harm happen to our little girls, for the doctor said a sudden shock would kill Alice." From that moment he gave himself up to caring for his cousins all the long summer. Sister Grace dressed them and curled their hair each day and prepared a pleasant room next to hers for them, while Rob's mother fed them generous bowls of bread and milk, cookies, gingerbread and berries, and coaxed them with toothsome broths and eggs. She privately said to Rob's father that it was pitiful to see how much of them was merely clothes and how little was body.

But it was Rob who took chre of them all the day, taking them to the barn to hunt for eggs or watched the cows milked; giving the part of his garden patch and helping them weed and water the mignonette, petunias and straggling sweet peas they planted: teaching them to ride his velocipede, and even initiating them into the mysteries of playing marbles and ball. He swung them till his manly arms ached. He took them fishing with him, although their chatter drove the perch away and he was obliged to come away with only three on his twig. Rob was a natural fisherman and this was indeed a trial, for his efforts were never before so poorly rewarded. Every game he knew he taught Bessie and Amy, and showed them every favorite hiding place. They in their turn thought him the "loveliest boy in the world," and each little scrawl of a letter to their mother was chiefly made up of "Rob did this," or "Rob showed us how," or "Rob let us take that."

The days passed by swiftly and happily for these young people and August was drawing towards its end. The days were oppressively hot, and the children, tired of books and quiet games, one day went down the country road, shaded by maples and elms set set out by Rob's grandfather. "O," said Rob, "let's go and sit under that big maple by the river! I can see the leaves move, and I guess there'll be a breath of air there and lots of stones and sticks to peg into the water."

Rob led the way, crawling through a convenient hole in the rail fence. Skip went the stones and splash went the water, struck now and then by bits of tree branches. Laughing and shouting as each threw, absorbed in skipping stones, they did not heed the danger coming near.

A loud, snarling bark was suddenly heard and, looking up, Rob saw a large black dog with foaming mouth, leaping the fence and coming towards them. In an instant he seized Bessie's and Amy's hands, and fairly dragging them down to the river, stepped resolutely into the water. The little girls lost their trust in "what Rob did" and began to scream and plunge back at the touch of the cold water. Rob took them by the arms almost roughly and pulled them in by main force. It was a severe strain for him, and his face whitened and every muscle in legs and arms was rigid with the effort. But he never let go his hold, dragging with all his might until he reached the middle of the river. The girls were now sobbing with fright and clinging to him in turn, afraid to stir, afraid even to look at the water. All the while the dog was running up and down the bank, snarling and howling fiercely at them, while the foam dropped from his mouth in horrid white patches. The current was quite swift but Rob knew his ground. Just along under the tree was a sand bar which ran out well into the stream, on which his brother had taught him to swim and where he had often been. It would have been easy to stand there alone, but with two crying, frightened children it was quite another matter to keep his footing in the current, although the water was scarcely up to his waist.

"O Bessie," he cried "do try to stand still and not push against me so, for I must keep hold of Amy, too. You know she's the littl'st and you'll help me, won't you?" he added in coaxing tones as Bessie stopped her crying for a moment. But a glance at the dog made her tears break forth afresh. "O Rob, I am so afraid of the dog! O, he'll bite us; he will, he will! See him jump! What shall we do! Rob, *dear* Rob, *do* take us home! O, papa, papa! and Bessie clutched Rob with both hands, trembling all over.

"O, I am so cold!" sobbed Amy. "I want to go home! The dog! the dog! *don't* let him bite me! Oh! Oh! she shrieked, pitifully.

"There, there," said Rob, "Don't be afraid; I'll take care of you. The dog's mad; I've heard lots about them, you see, and they won't touch water. It's like poison to them. We must just stay here where he won't touch us, and by and by he will get sick of waiting for a bite of us and go off."

"Would no one ever see them? How long must we stand here? I can't do it much longer," he thought as he tried to brace himself afresh and tighten his hold on each child. But just then when his strength was ebbing, the parting mesage of his uncle and a new idea gave him fresh courage. "I'll tell you. Let's all scream together and let the dog see we can beat him in noise."

Little Amy stopped her sobbing and wriggling and began with a will. "Hurrah!" screamed Rob, stoutly followed by a second shrill "Hurrah!" from Amy, whose naturally buoyant spirits rose at an invitation to make a noise, and a desolate "Papa! Papa!" from Bessie.

Just then a rickety buggy drawn by an old white horse came jogging down the road from the village. A lank, bent man in his shirt sleeves and straw hat was driving. At the bridge his ears caught the children's voices and his quick, keen eyes took in the situation. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. Calling the old horse to a sudden halt, he jumped from the buggy, bringing with him a gun, which he loaded quickly. The furious brute soon saw the man and bounded at him with red, angry eyes. A quick pointing of the gun, a sharp crack, and with a yell the dog rolled over on his side and never moved again He had been hit between the eyes.

"Come on, youngsters, I guess he won't do much biting now!" said the man, as he ran up to the children.

"Who be you, anyway?" he asked, as Rob helped the little girls up the bank.

But Rob was suddenly speechless and fell to the ground. The man carried him to his buggy; the girls followed after. Learning from them where they lived, old Whitey was soon jogging at a faster pace into the village again, and Rob was in his mother's arms.

Then he smiled and said: "Mamma, it was pretty hard work but I did hold on to them."

Sister Grace and Bridget put the girls into dry clothes and mamma made them drink some pepermint tea, "so as not to get a cold," she said and they were soon as merry as ever. Poor Rob felt a little weak and was glad to lie on the lounge and let his mother pet and care for him.

"Rob kept hold of us just as tight and told us not to be afraid!" exclaimed Bessie.

"And I'm going to write papa just how good you take care of us," added Amy.

"Well, Rob, my boy, can't you find your tongue and tell us how you happened to think to go into the water?" said Mr. Gray, who had joied the group.

"You see, papa," answered Rob, "I was over to Fred Warren's the other night to see his new rabbits, and then we sat on the steps and talked about our new postage stamps. He'd got some foreign ones. Mr. Wrren was reading the paper out loud to Fred's mother, all about a girl's being bit by a mad dog, and I *heard* him say that a mad dog wouldn't touch water. And when I saw the dog so near us and we couldn't get home, I thought of that. I knew about the sand bar you know, and so I went right in."

No one could help smiling over Rob's characteristic explanation, though all hearts were full of thankfuness for his quick-witted and courageous behavior. His uncle and aunt, who came back for their children in due time, made quite a hero of him. But Rob cared most for a new velocipede with "a regular bicycle seat on springs, boys," on which he raced all the fal and forgot all about mad dogs in his delight over the wonderful "time" he could make.
—*Agnes B. Ormsbee, in Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

A Wretch Who Glories in Wounding the Feelings of Others.

No person more completely possesses the power of creating misery in his house than the domestic tyrant embittering, as he does, the lives of his nearest relatives by his selfishness and *exigeant* temper. The great essentials for happiness in social life are freedom and trust; but these important elements are banished out of the little home-world ruled over by one of these imperious autocrats. He makes it a rule to exhibit the most profound disregard for the feelings of others, and by an indulgence in covert sneers, harsh and insulting words, the self-control of his victims is sorely tried. Consciousness of power is no doubt the cause of his overbearing ways. The domestic tyrant always has the highest possible appreciation of himself. His opinion admits of no question. Being his opinion, it must be right, and in an arbitrary manner he expects his family to acquiesce, or to feign acquiescence, with him on all points. He looks upon himself in every sense as a superior being, far above his surroundings. In his own estimation he is too highly bred and too refined to support the inconveniences of daily occurrences which are endured by others. His organization is too sensitive and finely strung to tolerate small domestic troubles. He, if any thing, is only too generous and virtuous; he feels compassion for himself alone, regretting that the grandeur of his character is not sufficiently appreciated. His most trifling acts are magnified by him into samples of stupendous liberality. In his complete self satisfaction he announces he is only too good in sacrificing himself, and he laments that he does not receive the admiration he considers his due.

He possesses in the highest degree the power of wounding the feelings of others, and by his persistent efforts to mortify their sensibilities, he appears to treat that power as an accomplishment, which he never neglects to display at every opportunity. The inmates of many an apparently happy home, if questioned as to the background, would bear testimony as to wrung hearts, caused by a domestic tyrant. No wonder, with such a man for the head of the house, there is a general sense of relief when the front door shuts behind him, and a feeling of suppressed joy when he is away. Besides the misery caused by him to his household, the domestic tyrant must really experience a considerable amount of mental discomfort himself. He can not fail to perceive the sort of change that comes over the cheerful family party when he appears or the kind of chill that his presence brings. Instinct must tell him how carefully topics of conversation are chosen for the family meals, how much constraint prevails, and what a strict avoidance of any subject there is that may lead to wrathful questionings. Curiously enough, out of his home he is generally the genial, jovial sort of man, and very likely is looked upon as a rather good-hearted sort of fellow, for it is only to his family that he shows his teeth.—*Christian at Work.*

VALUE OF SLEEP.

Hints to Young Men on a Vital Subject from Dr. Collyer.

Nothing is more disregarded by many young men of to-day than the necessity of seasonable sleep; yet nothing is more essential to good health and long life. Robert Collyer, in his "Talks to Young Men," devotes an exceedingly interesting chapter to the subject, and the following are his closing remarks:

Now, let me draw a few simple lessons from this truth I have tried to open. You, young men, must remember that one grand factor in your well being and well doing will lie in a good sound sleep. You may think it does not matter; take my word for it—the word of a man who has had to walk through rugged ways to his three-score years and three—that it does matter a great deal.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth to-day, and to-morrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then be just as good as ever to hold and bind? it is not true. Many a young man sells his birthright in this way, and can not have it back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight hours sleep, if you may; there is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from the temptation to drink, give you an even mind, brighten all your powers, and do many things for you no other power can do.

So when you get farther on, and are in the thick of the world's business, do not forget what virtue lies in this good habit. You may make more money by sitting up nights, but the chances are you will not keep it; carve out a good business, and then have to quit; or grow eminent in your profession, and then break down. Good fortune turns greatly on good habits, and this is one of the best. We can go just so far and then we have to fall back on Nature and on God for new power. But if we say, "I will work double tides," and so get fevered and out of tune with the true laws of success in life, then the day comes when our power turns to something like paralysis. Your true business or professional man is the man who rises well rested, with a cool, clear brain and steady nerve—the man who can shake off business after business hours, go to sleep like a yearling child, and rise like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. * * * And it is a great mistake in good men to say this is a shameful waste of time, when it may be and so often is, the best possible use of time; or that we should be at our work or our prayers, while still we need this on which the worth of the work or the prayer is to turn.

I say, that to sleep one hour more in such a case is better than either to labor or pray, and may bring us nearer both to God and man.—*N. Y. Voice.*

DEHORNING CATTLE.

The Arguments Advanced in Its Favor by Stock Raisers.

The practice of dehorning cattle is rapidly increasing not only in the West, but in some sections of the Eastern and Middle States. The chief objection urged against dehorning has been the cruelty of the operation; a lesser one is that it detracts from the appearance of the animal. The second objection remains, but the great majority of those who have practiced dehorning contend that it is no more painful, if as painful, as other operations generally practiced. However this may be, it is fairly safe to conclude that dehorning, carefully performed, is not a dangerous operation. The arguments advanced in favor of dehorning cattle are: First, the prevention of terrible accidents in handling vicious cattle, especially bulls; second, that the dehorned cattle can be turned loose in sheds and stalls without fear of their injuring each other, even if they are more or less crowded. The subject has received considerable attention this season at the farmers' institutes and clubs, and if reports of these meetings may be relied upon the farmers and breeders who have experimented in dehorning their cattle almost with one accord favor the practice. From these and other sources it appears that the preferred age at which to dehorn is in the second year of the animal's life, and spring is the season favored. The operation, it is averred, is more successful in moderate weather, than in either extremes of heat or cold. Preparatory to the operation the animal's head is made fast; then the horns are sawed off with a suitable saw close to the hair, where a soft place occurs in the horns.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Sorter That Way.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, as he passed along Jefferson avenue with a grip in his hand, "but can you tell me where the daypo is?"

"The what?"

"The railroad daypo."

"Oh! Well, not exactly, but I've heard it rayported that if you miander down the next street far enough you'll purobably arrove at something like it."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A cheese-cloth comfortable may be made nearly as light as one of elder down by unrolling the cotton-batting and hanging it on a clothes-horse in front of the fire. Let it get just as hot as possible, taking care that it does not burn. The heat separates the minute fibers, causing the cotton to expand to nearly twice its original bulk. Cut the cheese cloth in lengths of about two and one half yards each, two widths being enough for each side. Put the layer of cotton lengthwise, the next crosswise and so on until all is used.

TEMPERANCE READING.

DAISY'S LETTER.

What She Wrote to the Cowboy on the Ranch.

"Would you, granny?"

"I think I would, Daisy."

"Then I will," and Daisy Brown began to write as Granny Brown advised. The writer soon brought her pen to a halt.

"Where is David?" she asked.

"Out in Montana. I'll tell you where, and it is a hard life for him."

"He has been gone how long?"

"Oh, your brother David has been off now four years."

"Well, I will put it into my letter, though I don't know how to begin."

"Say this, what I tell you."

"I will."

"Write: 'Our folks are very much interested'—"

"Wait till I get it down."

There was a space of silence.

"All ready, granny."

"'Interested in Temperance, and how is it on the ranch?'"

More silence.

"'I know you will stick'—got that?"

"Most."

"'Stick to your pledge, won't you?' There, that will do. Now, when you have got through your letter, I will put in a word."

Something else she put into the letter. Granny not only added a word, but in her thoughts she breathed a prayer. The letter went to Montana.

"Hello! What's up?" said Long-legged Dave, for they did not call him Mr. David Brown out there. He was on horseback, halting before a little camp-fire, where he had prepared his lonely dinner.

"What's up?" asked Long-legged Dave again.

Looking along the level of the great plain that came like a sea out of the mysterious east and rolled away to the west till the Rocky Mountains stopped it, Long-legged Dave saw a man on horseback.

"Riding on horseback!" he muttered.

It was a pleasant sight to see that horeman on the wide, solitary plain.

"It's one of our boys," said Long-legged Dave. "Makes things seem more homelike."

Nearer, nearer came the horseman, and at last Long-legged Dave saluted him as "Smiling Jimmy, how are you?"

"The same to you. Just from the ranch, and brought you a letter."

A letter! What was it? Who wrote it?

"Ho, ho!" said the owner of the long legs. "It's Daisy! Bless the child!"

He read all that letter contained, smiled when he read the Temperance section, and then thrust it into a pocket in the breast of his red shirt. It was a deep pocket. It made one think that what went down so far would have a hard time getting up. The letter did get up, though. Again and again it was read by little camp-fires when the sun was gone down, and sometimes as the sun was coming up, and then when that furnace of gold was burning overhead at noon. And every time he read the Temperance section he smiled, and every time he smiled he also said:

"Oh, sis is a little girl; she don't know about these things. And granny, she is getting old."

If he only could have heard Daisy pray about somebody away out on the far plains, and granny pray, too, about "our folks out on the ranches," he would not have belittled them as little sis and old granny.

"Say, Long-legged Dave, let's go in town, some day," remarked Smiling Jimmy, one night, when lying on their backs near their camp-fire and watching the bright twinkling stars.

"I am the man for ye the next time we have a chance," replied his companion.

The chance came finally. Dave took his long legs and Jimmy his smile into a so-called "cow-town," a busy, bustling frontier settlement, where a big meeting of the ranchmen was coming off. Jimmy was a sunny, laughing companion, as his nickname implied.

"Well," said Dave, as he and his friend Jimmy rode into town in cowboy style, wearing their broad-brimmed hats, flannel shirts and leather overalls, a revolver tucked away in the belt. "We had better stop at that saloon yonder."

He had forgotten about a letter written by one Daisy. However, granny had prayed for "our folks out on the ranches" that very morning.

"Well-e-e!" said Smiling Jimmy. He, too, had forgotten something, a certain promise made to those at home to let drink alone.

It was a rough and dirty saloon, and vile like all saloons, even when they are neat and elegant. It was crowded with cowboys and miners. Dave stepped up to the box, but thought he would just make sure that he had his money to pay for the drinks. His hand dove deep into that breast-pocket.

"What's this?" he said. "Money wrapped up in this piece of paper? Didn't know I stuck it there."

He pulled it out, opened it and could not help reading this: "I know you will stick to your pledge, won't you?" As if it had been a red-hot brand marked with those letters, somehow that line was stamped, burnt into his soul. Dave hesitated.

"Well!" said the bar-tender. "What will you have?"

Dave staggered.

"Come, speak!" cried the devil's peddler.

Dave conquered. "I—I won't take any thing. I'll keep my word," he said, and moved away.

"You're a funny man!" shouted the bar-tender.

"May be, but I knew what I am up to," shouted Dave, in return, "and I shouldn't if I staid here."

"Where going?" cried Jimmy.

"Come!" said Dave, who knew that the smiling one would do as his stronger will decided.

"I am glad," declared Jimmy, when they got outside, "I am glad you did not stop. But what made you leave?"

"Ah, Jimmy, it was a little gal at home. When I put my hand in my pocket I fetched up her letter, you see."

It was only an hour later when a cowboy that they knew and had met in the saloon rode up to them and said: "I saw you two go out, and I followed. Lucky! Had some awful hard shooting there 'fore they got through fifteen minutes, they tell me. Who was it that did not want to stay?"

"Set it down to Long-legged Dave," answered Smiling Jimmy.

"No, set it down to my little sis," added Dave.

Yes, and to the old lady who never forgot to pray, each day, "for our folks out on the ranches."—*Rev. Edward A. Rand, in Interior.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

FROM day to day the criminal courts more thoroughly establish the intimacy between liquor and lunacy.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

THE insurance companies of Great Britain declare that total abstainers fall short 30 per cent. of the ordinary expectancy of death, while the 99 per cent. of moderate drinkers have attained the expectancy.

DIOGENES was a good Temperance man. When blamed for throwing a goblet of wine on the ground, and wasting so much liquor, he answered: "Had I drank it there would have been a double waste. I, as well as the wine, would have been lost."

REV. DR. CUYLER is authority for the statement that "this Nation is spending more money for intoxicating drinks than for all the bread it eats and all the clothes it wears, all the books it reads and all the churches it has ever built."

AT Altoona, Pa., recently a young woman addicted to drink fell dead in her bridal costume a short time before she was to have been married; and at San Francisco a boy of seven, who, with a playmate, had drank the contents of a quart bottle of whisky which he found in the house, was poisoned and killed by the liquor.

THE "treating" habit causes three-fourths of the drunkenness in this country, and it would not exist were it not for the saloons. They are hotbeds of vice, promoters of crime; they break up thousands of homes each year, and drag thousands of men and women to the depths of poverty, degradation and disease.—*Philadelphia News.*

UNITED STATES Senator Johnathan Chace, of Rhode Island, says: It is my wish also "to stand up and be counted" with those who wish to rid our land of the saloon incumbus. The saloon is the enemy of morality, religion and prosperity, the ally of every form of crime and wickedness, and a menace to the liberties of the people.

A CURIOUS feature of the new liquor law in Atlanta is the black list. When a man appears before the city recorder on a charge of drunkenness for the second time, and is convicted, he is black-listed, and his name is furnished to all liquor dealers, who, under a penalty of $500 fine, are forbidden to sell him liquor under one year.

A NEW YORK laboring man was so exasperated at the brewers for locking out their men that he determined to boycott beer of all kinds, and he found that he had so much more money Saturday night than ever before that he has declared the boycott perpetual. Many laboring men would do well to follow his excellent example.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE Sunday-closing law in New Jersey went into effect Sunday, and worked a revolution, the State enjoying her Sabbath as she had never done before. Every saloon in Jersey City was closed, one of them displaying the sign on the door: "Closed for the first time in seventy years." The dispatches say that the city presented the novel aspect of a day with no drunken, noisy crowds in its streets. Even Hoboken enjoyed such a quiet Sabbath as she has never known before.—*Union Signal.*

A Woman's Appeal.

The following extract from a letter which a "poor drunkard's wife" sends to the New York *Evening Sun*, is sad as it is suggestive. She says: "I can not see why men with good sense and judgment will approve of a man selling intoxicating drinks, for it takes the senses and feeling out of a man and leaves him powerless to the mercy of the police. I have seen policemen on Sunday standing at a liquor store and letting men, women and children go in and out with pitchers of beer and never say a word to them. I think the Sunday law ought to be enforced, so that the drunkard's wife and children may have something to eat on a Monday morning. Look at the handsome liquor stores, with their costly window panes and mirrors and every inducement to take men from their homes, which are decorated only with poverty. I hope that those men who are in favor of liquor traffic will hearken to the voices of thousands more of poor heart-broken drunkards' wives and children."

MEMORY'S FLOWERS.

[Written for This Paper.]



LIKE the custom beautiful of ours
That sets aside a special holy day,
When we may strew, with memory's glowing flowers,
The graves of Blue and Gray.

Not only those whose lives are fair and brief,
For only flowers of the earth are they—
Flowers of the heart, that breathe of hope and grief,
That will not fade away.

But let us not our offerings confine
To patriots who fell on battle heights;
Let all our loved who died to life divine
Share in the sacred rites.

Where is the home whose circle is complete?
Where is the heart that has not lost a friend?
Go, cast your flowers where their incense sweet
May, with your prayers, ascend!

Ah! flowers can speak when our poor lips are dumb,
Of love or woe, in language of their own;
And, clustered on the grave, bring utterance from
The cold lips of the stone.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE

ONE MEMORIAL DAY.

The Story of a Family Feud and Its Ending.



"WHERE did you get them, daughter?" The faded eyes of the mother looked inquiringly into the bright, winsome face of her seventeen-year-old daughter, as her wasted hands caressed the oranges and luscious fruits which lay at her side in a basket.

"Well, figuratively speaking, mamma, I met an orange tree down town," replied the young girl, with a delightful little laugh, "and a very little shake sufficed to dislodge a few, than a grape-vine careered across my path and offered its fruits; next a plum-tree shook itself in my apron, and here you are, little mother, and I want to see you enjoy one of these oranges straightway," and bringing a plate and fruit-knife, she began paring one of the juicy globes for the invalid.

The mother smiled. "My Grace has been denying herself, I know," she said, fondly, the hectic flush on her cheek growing deeper in the excitement of the little surprise, "though how, I can not imagine, for it seems as if we had economized to the last possible degree already. You surely have not appealed to your grandfather again?" and the pinched face took on a look of alarmed pride.

"No, no, mother, you need not fear," replied Grace, her bright face clouded for a moment by the thought. "Let him keep his riches and his wrath together; but lest you fret over the mystery, mamma, I will tell you. I have stopped the music lessons. That is all."

"Oh, Gracie, and you need them so much in preparing for the future."

"But Prof. Enderby has offered me the use of his piano, and I am to practice every day and take a thorough review of all that I have gone over," said the girl, speaking rapidly. She would not for the world have allowed the mother to know what a trial it had been to open her heart to the stately professor, telling him her sore need, in addition to the pain of giving up her beloved music. He had responded nobly, offering her free tuition and the use of his piano until such time as she could begin earning for herself; but her Southern pride would not allow her to accept any thing but his sympathy and the use of the instrument.

The mother sighed. "But you were progressing so rapidly, dear, and when I am gone—"

The daughter placed her white hand over the mother's lips, while the brown eyes filled with tears; she could not bear to hear the unwelcome truth alluded to.

"Don't, mamma," she pleaded, "I can not bear the thought, and if it *must* come, Holly, Freda and I will live on potatoes and salt rather than see you suffer for lack of these little dainties which it is such a pleasure to procure for you," and she kissed the parched lips tenderly.

Just then the door opened and there was a sound of excited voices. "Oh, mamma, we are on the Decoration programme and



"AND I AM ONE OF THE BAND."

are to march in the procession," and Holly's boyish face was bright with pleasure.

His name was Holroyd, an odd old family name, which had been handed down from father to son for many years and abbreviated to Holly in the nursery. His frank, honest face bore a wonderful resemblance to a pictured face which hung in its frame over the invalid's couch, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure as she looked in the blue eyes, so like his father's, with motherly pride.

"And I am one of the band to scatter flowers on the grave," said Freda, eagerly, "and I am to wear white, with a sash."

The mother sighed. "Is it so near Decoration Day again?" she said. "How the years fly away," and she cast a quick glance at the picture above her. "Ten years since your papa died, and yet it seems in one sense so long, so long;" then a dreamy, satisfied expression stole over her face, at the thought how short the time would now be before she would be reunited to the husband of her youth.

Grace read the look aright and shuddered as she thought of the trial in store for her, but the little ones, with the happy unconsciousness of youth, chattered on gaily of the coming Decoration Day.

They were twins, now nearly twelve years old, and in their dispositions the good and gentle traits of both parents were happily blended, and there was not a sunnier, happier pair of children in the town than Holly and Freda Graham. The little family had a history. Twenty-five years before the father, Holroyd Graham, had been the petted son of a wealthy father in a Northern State; sisters there were also, but the son was the idol of the father's heart. He was a most indulgent parent when his prejudices were not disturbed, but he was man of violent and unreasonable prejudices, and when the war broke out, his wrath against the Southern people was so vindictive and harsh that he could see no good in them collectively or individually, and he was eagerly ready to give up his only and well-beloved son to go and fight the hated rebels, since he himself was physically incapacitated from doing so at the time, and the son went out from his native town at the head of his company, followed by the benediction of his father, and with the echo of his parting words in his ear: "Lick 'em, boy. Thrash 'em out of their boots for me, since I can not go myself." A much more characteristic leave-taking than a more sentimental one would have been.

The young man rode away with a share of his father's vindictive spirit infused into his own gentler nature, but as the war progressed he saw so many touches of a kindred nature among the people he had come to conquer that he came to pity as well as blame, and culminated his soft-heartedness by falling desperately in love with the fair and gentle girl who afterward became his wife and the mother of his children.

He had found her in an old mansion which the Union forces had taken possession of, caring for an invalid mother, and cowering and trembling with fear, with no one beside to protect her but an old negro mammy and her decrepit husband, and his chivalric heart went out to her at once as he reassured and calmed her fears, and made the invasion as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. The troops were quartered in the vicinity for a fortnight, and, when they were ordered on, Holroyd Graham carried the heart of the fair Southern girl away with him and left his own in her keeping.

The father's wrath may be imagined when, upon his son's return from the war, scarred from honorable service, he learned that he was determined to make the penniless Southern girl his wife; but the son had his share of his father's firmness, and, after a fierce quarrel, they parted, the son leaving wealth and home for the sake of her whom he loved.

The breach had never been healed, and Holroyd Graham, after ten years of happy married life, died a lingering and painful death, in consequence of injuries received during his army life, leaving his heart-broken wife with Grace, a mere child, and the twins, helpless infants, upon her hands to rear and educate.

The widow's pension, which fortunately was a liberal one, sufficed with the little which they had accumulated to keep actual want from the door, and the delicate hands, which had never been brought up to labor, performed many an unwonted task for pay, and she had managed to struggle along until the children were able to assist her in small ways; but the memory of her soldier husband was ever kept green in her loyal heart, and, though she had received advantageous offers, she had refused them all for his sake.

She had only written once to the grandfather of her children, telling him when and where his son was buried, and opening the way for a reconciliation if he wished it, but he did not reply, and Grace, too, under the pressure of actual need when she saw her beloved mother failing under her burdens, had ventured a little pleading letter, which also went out upon its way, but brought no response.

* * * * * * *

It was evening, and the lamps cast a soft glow over the elegant room which was fitted up for a library in a luxurious home many miles from the widow and her children. One side was filled with a valuable collection of choice books, the other was devoted to rare specimens of art in painting and sculpture, while in a corner niche stood a grand piano, bearing mute testimony to the fact that the room had echoed to music in other days.

The owner of all this luxury sat by a center table, his face buried in his hands, and his eyes fixed upon a letter which lay before him, accompanied by a picture upon which he looked with moistened eyes. It was the widow's letter, and Holroyd Graham looked upon it as one in a dream. "All alone. All alone," he said aloud, at last, "and he whom I relied upon as a staff for my declining years is buried far away from me, and I have never ever seen the spot where he lies, or the faces of those whom he loved most."

He looked sadly about him. "All this wealth and luxury is as empty husks to me in my loneliness, and I would give it all for one look into the honest blue eyes of my boy, one grasp of his warm hand, but I have nothing but his distant grave which other hands than mine will decorate on Memorial Day; others will honor the brave boy whom I sent out from my heart and home for his country's sake."

An indescribable longing came into his heart to see for himself the spot where his son lay, if no more, and to-night, in his softened mood, there was no hardness in his heart toward the widow and the fatherless children of his son. It was not a large town where the widow Graham lived, so it was not a large or imposing procession which filed away to the cemetery on Memorial Day. It had been a patriotic town, as the number of little flags flying above the graves testified.

It was always a sad day for the widow, and to-day she shed bitter tears as the martial music announced that the procession had started for the cemetery.

These sounds always smote upon her ear like a knell, reminding her of the dreadful war times, when father, brother and loved ones were every day adding their names to the roll-call of regiment and companies at the recruiting offices. True, she had been more fortunate than many, being more nearly alone in the world, but even she had seen a beloved father brought home to die, and an invalid mother fade away like a shadow under the affliction, and the fife and drum had a weird, dark memory in its notes for her which time could never efface.

The flowers were lavishly scattered, the salutes were fired and the main body of the procession slowly filed out of the cemetery gates, but still the twins lingered by the grave which they especially loved to honor in memory of the father whose form and face had long since passed from their remembrance. It was a pleasant place to them, shaded by many trees and watered by a purling brook, from which the ground took its name, "Brookside."

Loving hands kept it in neat repair, and rustic seats and jetting fountains made it a pleasant spot in which to spend a meditative hour.

They were picking away a few stray weeds and polishing the white marble of the neat stone which marked the grave, when a stranger appeared; he was tall and erect, with snowy hair and keen eyes, and as he drew near he fixed his gaze on Holly with an eager look which drank in every feature of the boyish face as the thirsty wayfarer drinks from a cooling spring. There was no need to establish the child's identity for every feature proclaimed it, and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he drew near and laid his trembling hand on the sunny head, asking, gently: "What is your name, my son?"

"Holroyd Graham, sir," was the boy's reply, looking up in the still handsome and



"HOLROYD GRAHAM, SIR."

aristocratic face of the stranger in surprise.

"And who is this little maid?" lifting Freda's chin and looking earnestly into the brown eyes so like those of the mother.

"This is Freda; sir, and we are twins," replied wondering Holly.

"And where is the mother this lovely day?"

"Mamma is sick, sir, and we are afraid"—and the boyish face contracted with a swift spasm of pain, for even his light heart had become shadowed by the knowledge that soon, only too soon, there would be two graves in the green cemetery to cherish.

"And there is a Grace, too, is there not?" and the stranger's voice grew tender and pitiful as he thought of the little letter in his desk at home, and earnestly wished he had come long ago.

"But Grace must stay with mamma; she coughs so dreadfully we can not leave her alone," replied Freda, timidly.

The unsuspicious children talked on without a thought of concealment, until the tall stranger was in full possession of the family history, with its pitiful struggles and discouragements, so far as they understood them, and even Grace's self-denial in regard to the music lesson was rehearsed.

"And now, my little man, do you know who I am?" he asked aloud.

"A very kind gentleman, I am sure, sir," replied Holly, modestly; his simple little heart had never once guessed at the truth.

"Have you never heard of your Grandfather Graham?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but he is very angry with us all, and has been unkind to us," replied Holly, innocently.

"But he will be unkind no longer," said the old man, eagerly. "I am your grandfather, dear children, and, please God, the past shall be atoned for in the future, and now let us go to mamma and Grace."

"Who can be coming home with the children," said Grace, as she stood in the cottage door shading her eyes with her hand from the brilliant sunlight. She formed a pretty picture, her brown hair floating out in the fresh breeze, her cheeks flushed and her graceful form arrayed in a light dress, plain and cheap to be sure, but tastefully and becomingly made.

Her quick intuition took in the possible identity of the stranger, and fearing the effect of the sudden surprise upon the mother should her surmise prove correct, she stepped out to the gate to meet them.

"Oh, Gracie," cried Holly, "this is grandpa, and we met him at the cemetery."

He put out his slender white hand drawing her to him, and looking at her searchingly. "My dear child, forgive me that I have left you to bear so much alone," he said, gently, as he pressed a kiss on her fresh, young lips.

Grace looked up at the handsome old face through a mist of tears. Was this the stern, cold grand-parent whom she had almost learned to hate? Yes, but stern and cold no longer; the first look into Holly's face, so like the one he had loved so tenderly, had broken down the last shred of prejudice and completed the work which the loneliness of old age and the desolation of his splendid home had commenced in his heart. And Grace, as she saw the tender light in the eyes looking down at her so pityingly, felt all her hard feelings toward him melting away, and longed to weep out the griefs which she had borne so patiently alone upon his friendly bosom.

"Does he come in peace or in anger?" asked the widow, tremulously, when Grace suddenly broke the unexpected news to her.

"In peace, daughter, and anxious to make atonement for the long years of bitterness and neglect in the past," replied the old man, who had heard the question and answered for himself.

This was the beginning of better days for the family; the mother's disease had progressed so far that her case was hopeless, but every thing which wealth and love could procure was provided to alleviate her sufferings, and when at last her spirit took its flight, Holroyd Graham's hand closed the tired eyes and crossed the weary hands over the breast which would never more be disturbed by earthly prejudices, or life's stern necessities.

They laid her beside her soldier husband in Green Brookside, and then the orphans were made ready for a long trip among the mountains to recover from the effects of the long confinement and the griefs and anxieties of the past; and it was nearly autumn before the old home mansion was reached, and the great house echoed once more with young voices, and was brightened by love's warming atmosphere.

The children became the very darlings of their grandfather's heart, and their education, which poverty had seriously interfered with, was resumed with renewed zeal, and Gracie's musical talent in particular was carefully cultivated, though no longer a necessity as a means of support.

There is only one drawback to the completeness of their happiness, and that is the thought that the dear mother can not share it, and Holroyd Graham sighs as he thinks of the many years of happiness which, in his cruel prejudice and unforgiving spirit he has deprived himself of, and also thinks of the many years of privation and suffering he caused the gentle woman whom he came to love so well, before she left him, and the hard and unaccustomed tasks which, through his neglect, the feeble hands were forced to perform, when a tithe of the wealth which he would never have missed, and a little of his love, which should have been hers by right, could have made her life an easy and happy one.

MRS. F. M. HOWARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A big Brahma hen belonging to a Baltimore man has distinguished herself by laying an egg that was about the size of a cherry and weighed only seventy-one grains.

—Norwich has a man who says the bridge across the Thames at New London is to be the biggest kind of a bridge. He has examined the plans and he declares that it will have five spasms."—*Norwich (Ct.) Bulletin.*

—An escaping defaulter, who was held up on his journey by train-robbers and relieved of his hard-won pile, complains that professional courtesy is dead in this brutal, grasping, modern world.—*Puck.*

—There are people in this world so constituted that they would not think themselves paragons of virtue because the statute of limitations forbade their being tried for grand larceny.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

—Henry Shaw, the venerable St. Louis philanthropist, who gave the Missouri Botanical Garden and Tower Grove Park to the public, has donated nine acres of ground near the park to Washington University for base ball and other athletic sports.

—A St. Paul baby fell from a second-story window, alighting on an awning. From it bounced off and fell on the shoulders of a gentleman who was passing, and who caught it in his arms. The gentleman's plug hat was ruined, but the baby wasn't hurt in the least.

—Young man (getting off street car)—"Here is my fare, conductor; you forgot to ak me for it." Passenger—"Who is that young man who just got off, conductor." Conductor—"I never saw him before; some crank, I guess. It takes all sorts of people, sir, to make up the world."

—Mrs. Finnigan—"He's no better, doctor. You towld me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpince. I hadn't a sixpince, but I gave him as much as would go on five pinnies an' two halfpinnies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."—*Funny Folks.*

—Schomann (cordially)—"I'm the advance agent for the great and only show on earth. We strike your town next week. Here's a couple of passes; take it in." Hotel clerk (coldly)—"Any baggage?" Schomann (dubiously)—"No." Hotel clerk (briefly)—"Two dollars, please."

—In Turkey, when a man tells a falsehood the authorities paint the front of his house black. If that custom reigned in the United States, during a Presidential campaign every newspaper office in the country would look like a stationary thunder-cloud.—*Drake's Magazine.*

—A man in Pawtucket lately made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. In answer to the question, "What are the facilities for extinguishing fires?" he wrote, "It rains sometimes."

—An Indian jungle is not a forest. All uncultivated or waste lands in India are called "jungles." Forests are scarce in that country. The "mountains jungles," where the tiger has his home, and from which he comes down to carry off people or domestic animals, have no trees other than low scattered bushes and rocks.

—At Indianapolis, as a gentleman was walking along the street, accompanied by two young ladies, one of the girls stepped on a parlor match and in an instant the dresses of both were ablaze from head to foot. By prompt action on the part of the gentlemen the flames were smothered before the young ladies were seriously burned.

—The train had run into a snowdrift and the engine was butting its head in rage against a six-foot bank. "For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman in a second class carriage. "You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man. "Why not?" asked the fat woman in some surprise. "Because it's block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out of the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.—*English Magazine.*

SILLY LITTLE THINGS.

Why Trifle Should Never Be Made the Cause of a Quarrel.

What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much; an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows; the definition of a word or its pronunciation, are things that might be argued pleasantly about, but surely are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and good will are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a seed that may grow into a large tree which will shadow the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two, and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath! Quarreling is one of the original sins, I suppose, for the babies sitting on the floor will fall out over their toys, and one will push down the block tower that the other has built with great pains; and there will be a "name called" and a "face made" and a slap given, and mamma will be called to settle a quarrel, and no truth can be got at, for each is right in his own estimation, and each has been wronged by the other. So it is through life. A reasonable quarrel about great matters may be settled, and the parties made friends again; but little tiffs about nothing are such foolish, intangible affairs, that reason can not overcome them.—*Christian at Work.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

AFRAID.

"Last night I played at hide-and-seek
Till I was most too tired to speak,
And, hungry as a little bear—
I couldn't find you anywhere,
And so I went all by myself
For cookies on the pantry shelf.
But, mamma, dear, I was afraid,
It was so dark——" "Why, little maid,
You surely do not mean you fear
The darkness, what could harm you here?"

"I wanted you to go with me
And take a light, so I could see,
I was afraid, if I should go
Without you, that I shouldn't know——"
"But you have often heard me say
The darkness is safe as day.
'Tis very wrong, and foolish, too,
For such a great big girl as you
To fear to go in it alone—
Afraid of what, my little one?"

"Why, just afraid at first, because
I couldn't find the jar—I was,
Dear me!—most dreadfully afraid
There were not any cookies made."
—*Youth's Companion.*

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

Their Unsuccessful Search for a Lost Little Girl Whom They Heard Some One Calling.

Spring had just come. The trees that had looked like old sticks along the city street, and which Timmy and Jack had decided between them ought to have been broken up for kindling, had all of a sudden grown extremely pretty, and were full of birds. After breakfast the two small friends, who were of one size and often of one mind, set out hand-in-hand to take a walk. Jack with the round patch, the size of a saucer, high in the back of his coat, where the bull-dog had grabbed him; and Timmy, with the toes of his shoes cut open, because they never wore out, and his feet would grow.

"I wonder what summer is going to be like," Timmy was asking. "They say it's coming very fast."

"Don't you remember summer?" cried Jack. "I do."

"Well, I begin to remember eating some currants," answered Timmy. "Oh, weren't they sour!"

Both the little boys stopped all of a sudden. Some one had called out, in a startled voice, from one of the windows along the street: "Etta!"

"Never mind, we aren't either of us Etta," said Jack.

"I wonder who she is," mused Timmy.

The voice sounded again, shrill and earnest, calling: "Etta! Etta!" as if the mother of some little girl had lost her, and was getting very much alarmed.

"She must be on the street," said Timmy. "I don't see her mother's head sticking out, but the window's open. See that girl 'way down the sidewalk, there. I guess that is Etta, Jack."

"What a naughty girl to scare her mother so!" exclaimed Jack. "Let us go and tell her to come home."

As they scurried along on their errand, the voice rang out again and again, calling the missing child, until it seemed as if every body ought to join in the search for her.

"Etta! Etta!"

When the little girl was accosted by Timmy and Jack, who said "Hallo!" to her, and then stopped and stared at her, she looked out from her very big hat with astonished eyes, and would not answer at all.

"Your mother's calling you, Etta," Jack informed her. "Don't you hear her? I do, even from here."

"My name isn't Etta," remarked the little girl, whirling round till her back was turned toward them, and then looking over her shoulder. "Perhaps you think me a ninny; but I never was one yet." And with these words, she danced off down the sidewalk, gayly.

The two boys sat themselves on a doorstep and asked each other questions they neither of them could answer, as to what they were to do in order to find Etta.

"It might be well to call her ourselves," said Timmy. "May be she'd mind us better than she does her mother. You shout first."

A number of people looked out of their windows as the boys proceeded through the street, making the name of Etta sound clear and shrill as they went, while the echo still rang high in air behind them from the house the child had left, where the female voice called and called.

However, no little girl responded to all this noise—and all at once Timmy made a sound which caused Jack to look round at him. He was crying:

"She's lost," he sobbed; "and we can never, never find her!"

Jack put his kind little arm about Timmy's neck, which was very awkward for them both, and they nearly tripped each other up, especially as Timmy could not see where he was going for his tears.

"There's a little girl with a hat on at one of those windows," Jack announced. "We'll stop and ask her if she is Etta; and I guess she ran in there to make a call on some other little girl—named Jenny, I guess."

Accordingly the boys stopped under the open window, quite persuaded now that their search was successful, and told her that her mother was calling her, and wouldn't wait for her any longer.

The little girl at the window quickly disappeared, and soon opened the door of the house, and came out.

"You have frightened them very much at your home," said Timmy, reproachfully. "They think something has happened to you."

The girl was starting off on a run, when Jack exclaimed:

"Why, that's not the way! Don't you know where you live, you funny-thing?"

"Of course I do!" she replied, stopping in amazement. "Who are *you*, if you please?" And away she sped, in entirely the opposite direction from that of the high voice which could still be faintly heard in the distance.

"The fact is," cried Jack, "that we can never find her, Tim. No wonder they keep on calling her, for I don't believe even a policeman could tell where she's gone."

"Do you think she has yellow hair, or brown hair?" asked Timmy, as if that made any difference in a little girl whom they were going to see.

"Yellow hair," replied Jack, positively. "Let us go to her house, and tell them we can not make out which way she has run."

Accordingly, the boys pounded their noisy little heels towards the spot whence they had first come, and rang the bell of the house they had heard the voice calling from.

"Are you sure this is the right one?" said Timmy, after they had waited a minute.

"Why, yes," Jack answered. "That big cage hanging way up on the wall there was something I noticed."

The door opened, and a thin woman looked down at the two boys as if she thought them a couple of straying kittens.

"We've been looking for her," said Jack.

"And it's no use; she's not any where around here," added Tim, sorrowfully.

"What do you mean?" asked the thin woman, ready to get provoked in another instant.

"Why, has Etta come home," inquired Jack, leaning up against the door-jamb as if for a good long chat.

"Take your nose away; I'm going to bang the door to," exclaimed the woman, testily.

"Weren't you calling 'Etta! Etta?'" Timmy demanded, pouting.

"Etta!" rang out once more, like a bell under the sunny blue sky.

The woman stepped out and looked up.

"If it isn't the parrot the new lodger brought!" she cried. "My! Don't it speak naturally, though!"

Then she began to laugh, and slapped Timmy and Jack on the shoulders, laughing more and more, and at last saying, while they stared at her bewildered: "So you thought some body had lost 'Etta;' did you? Why, you stupid owlets, it was only the parrot talking to himself. There never was any Etta in this house."

When she had departed, Timmy and Jack looked at each other, but said nothing.

It was as much as a week afterward that Timmy burst out, as if he must unburden his heart of its secret perplexity, whether Jack scoffed at him or not: "Jack, I believe the little girl is somewhere in the world; don't you?"

At first Jack wouldn't answer; but he colored up, turning away.

"That voice is calling her still," he admitted. "I guess the parrot knows more than that thin woman does."—*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, in S. S. Times.*

Sammie's Reminder.

Little Sammie's grandma had taught him to talk in the following manner. She would have him repeat after her the different words. For instance, she would say: "Now, Sammie, *you* say: 'Grandma, I'll be a very good boy,'" and Sammie would say it over after her.

At last, Sammie reached the dignity of two years; and could talk pretty well, stumbling only once in a while over some big word.

One day Sammie was allowed to spend the morning with some of his little neighbors. It was in maple-sugar time, and the kind lady of the house brought out a piece for each, as she supposed.

But in some way Sammie did not receive his piece. He waited just as long as human nature would permit, and then, walking up to Mrs. Rice, said:

"Auntie Rice, say to me: 'Sammie, dear, wouldn't *you* like a piece of maple-sugar, too?'"

Auntie Rice said this to him as he requested, and he bravely answered:

"Yes'm, if you please."

Whereupon he received the largest piece of all, and enjoyed it heartily.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Dream of Infinity.

"If we could double the space-penetrating power of our telescopes," speculates Proctor, "we should probably much more than double, we should increase manifold, the number of stars—that is of suns—which would be brought within our ken. Not thousands of millions, but probably millions of millions, of suns exist within the limits of the sidereal system. Rather—I ought to say—they exist within the limits of our sidereal system, for doubtless this system is no more to be regarded as single within the universe than our solar system is unique within the star depths. Every star tells us of a sun, and probably of a solar system, in such sort that we must recognize thousands of millions of solar systems in the galaxy. May we not fairly assume, then, that in like manner our sidereal system is repeated millions and millions of times within some system of a higher order? That system may in turn be repeated many millions of times within a system of a higher order. And so on, to higher and higher orders, absolutely without end."

Value of Cheerfulness.

I hold the deepest and most unqualified respect for any person who is habitually cheerful.

Though he be plain to ugliness and ignorant to boorishness, or though he be as poverty-stricken as the proverbial "Job's turkey," if he is naturally and thoroughly and heartily cheerful, he has more of the true principal of earthly happiness than was ever extracted from the mines of Ophir.

Under Dickens' pen the irrepressible Micawber became a hero and a philosopher, not from any marked achievement or talent, but purely from the man's supreme ability to face the most humiliating reverses with the same serene, unruffled exterior.

What sugar is to coffee, is a cheerful man to the neighborhood in which he lives. While the society of which he is only a single member is self-sustaining and independent without him, it is much the pleasanter for being generally flavored by his influence. And who does not know about the "world of good" it does us when a score of small annoyances set in a tide against us, to hear the hearty laugh and look into the wholesome face of our cheerful neighbor?

A talented author once said that a cheerful disposition was more essential than talent. A sweeping assertion, but who admires talent in a human porcupine. Soundly sensible people prefer less talent and more geniality.

The man who entertains you for an hour with a statement of his colds and his headaches, his losses and crosses, and ends with an excrutiating report from the dyspeptic locality, is invariably a sullen, grumbling misanthrope.

Beyond a doubt laughter is healthy. Whenever we are thoroughly pleased, we are in a measure nourished. Hence the old maxim, "Laugh and grow fat.

All really healthy people are likely to be good humored, and good humored people are quite as likely to be strong in spirit.

Kind words and smiles and genial greetings and good wishes are seeds that thrive and bear fruit each after its own kind.

Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal; the more is spent the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

Jovial sweet tempered, pure hearted people are charitable; they are not jealous. They are sweet, their opposites are the bitter; the two elements combine and make the social world a bitter sweet; unfortunately, the flavor of the bitter is most powerful.

Emigration From the Old World.

Now that the Presidential campaign is near, the emigration question looms up once more. Of course emigrants who have just landed can't vote, but there are plenty of others who will soon be ready to.

From all that can be learned the old world continues to flood America with its superfluous population. To get some facts on the subject a *Telegram* reporter interviewed Castle Garden officials to-day. Superintendant Jackson said:

"We have an unusual number of German emigrants this year. As a rule they will remain in the city, though many will ultimately go to Pennsylvania. The arrivals for 1888 are largely in excess of the those for 1887. In January, February and March last year we had 50,730 arrivals. For the same months this year there were 54,282 arrivals. There have already been 14,908 arrivals this month,

"The Italians have the call as to numbers so far; indeed they were more numerous last year than any other nation. Next come the Germans, Russians, Swedes, Austrians, and lastly English. Forty-five per cent of the emigrants locate in this State. Last month we sent 4,000 emigrants to Pennsylvania and 2,500 to Illinois. Minnesota, Michigan and Iowa in the order named, are the States most favored by emigrants. Very few go to California."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

HOMOEOPATHY.—A good Homœopathic book—a "domestic physician"—is a medical missionary in many families and a trusty adviser in all; to one of these add a case of Homœopathic medicines and the family is as well prepared to meet sudden emergencies and sickness as human foresight can provide. The cost is not great, and when compared with the advantages sinks out of sight. Catalogue and price list mailed free on request. Our medicines are kept by leading druggists who will give also our valuable little *Medical Index* free. It is safest to buy medicines bearing our labels for they are known to be strictly reliable by the medical profession of America and Europe. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic pharmacists and publishers, 212, W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., and 938 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Business established in 1835.

A man who does business on a large scale—A coal dealer.

A Persian Legend.

It is related of a Persian mother, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, that she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son, I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the Day of Judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he traveled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had, and he answered with a candor that surprised his questioner:

"Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

The robber laughed, thinking the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. The boy replied:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open and the money was found.

"And how came you to tell this?"

"Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother, while I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief; "be the same in the paths of virtue." And taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.

"You have never broken bread with me, my pastor." "No; you have never asked me." "Do you wait to be asked?" "Certainly; do you break bread with people without being asked?" "But the case with you is different; you are my pastor." "True, I am your pastor, and as such as I preach to you and visit you, giving you my sympathy, loving interest and prayers. These offices grow out of my relation to you, and therefore they are performed. But to breakfast, dine or sup with you, is a different matter; is contingent entirely upon your wishes and my convenience." "Well I have wished all along that you would take a meal with us." "Excuse me. I don't think you have wished it very much." "Why?" "Because if you had desired it you would have said so." "Well, I tell yon now I desire it. Will you come?" "When?" "At any time." "No.' "Why not?" "Because you are too indefinite. I might come at a time you would be from home.', "Well, come and take tea with us to-morrow evening." "All right; I will come with pleasure."—*The Methodist Protestant.*

Stray Sunbeams.

Hard to beat—carpets.

A woman's reason—because.

Good news—the latest scandal.

Dogs can't sing old Hundred but they can howl like sixty.

It takes an honest miller to keep lean shoats.

At this season of the year the carpet man has the floor.

An enthusiastic meeting—two girls who haven't seen each other for an hour.

When men begin to glory in wickedness their punishment is not far off.

If there is any one who should be "rapped in slumber" it is the man who snores.

The first time you see two women kissing each other, just notice how quick they let go.

A western editor branded his contemporary as a "mangy dog—a disgrace to his own fleas."

A german crank has undertaken the task of counting the hairs of a buffalo robe one by one.

General Jackson invented cotton breast works, and they have been popular ever since.

A New York boarding-house madam has seized a baby for her board bill.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable age that it was the childhood of immortality.

How often a man travels the road to success and the grave at the same time.

In one respect newspapers are like women—when they get a new dress they are bound to show it.

A woman at Quincy says she can't pray, but she'll shoot the first man that sells her husband liquor.

A Detroit barber has the lock-jaw. None of his customers are willing that he should find the combination.

A 2-year old child can be kept quiet for at least three minutes if you present it with a mirror and a hammer.

The Goddess of Liberty is about the only American woman who isn't looking forward to a Spring bonnet.

Forbidden pleasures do not yield a moiety of the gratification that comes from those that are lawful and permissible.

Another remedy has been discovered for rheumatism. It is a hot sand bath. This makes 7,348 remedies, all said to be infallible.

"O Maud, what do you think? My canary bird has laid an egg!" "That ain't nothin' much; my pa laid two stair carpets yesterday!"

An exchange says a Mrs. Deal had twins not long ago. It was no use putting Mrs. to the name. Anybody would know that it was no Miss Deal.

No man can truly say he is happy and healthy and that he loves everybody when he owes a year's subscription to a newspaper and has corns.

Tennessee girls won't marry in the full of the moon, believing that they would have ill luck through life; here in Garrett a girl wouldn't let forty moons stop her ten seconds.

The Democratic war-cries of four years ago—"Open the books!" and "Turn the rascals out!"—are no longer heard. The books were opened, and lo! the Republican party was proven honest by its bitterest enemies from its records; while the "rascals" are in office, and don't want to be turned out.—*Exchange.*

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Rogers Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgis and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers, everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 7 2 '87 1y,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

Estate of Marion S. Hauser Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

MARION S. HAUSER,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of May, 1888.

ALMEDIA S. HOYE,
5 12 3t Administratrix.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located. Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5'88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.

Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.

It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.

Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC.

In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'ts
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD,

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaunents and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 9th '1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M.
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6	11.14 A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.30 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

8 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

☞ Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,
Tobacco and Cigars,
TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES,
CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) ☞ Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.
For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888. NUMBER 14.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. ie14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure.

Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER,
2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 ly

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Heilbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL,
Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

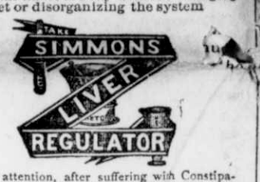
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate,

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

THE HUMMING TOP.

Count Geierflug, the mightiest minister of the realm, had breathed his last. His final moments on earth had left him looking somewhat pale and worn, but had in no respect diminished his pride and aristocratic elegance of bearing. Attired in a gold embroidered coat, such as men of his distinction are apt to wear when lying in funeral state, he started off on the direct road to heaven.

Marching along at a brisk pace, he presently overtook and passed a little group, consisting of three most wretched beings; a white-haired, palsied old pauper woman, a youth from whose neck still dangled the halter which he had brought with him from the closing scenes of his life dramma, and a poor little hump-backed consumptive boy, 5 or 6 years old, from time to time, glanced lovingly at a toy clasped close in his hand.

Count Geierflug arrived at the gates of heaven, and politely addressed St. Peter:

"Pardon me" he began, "I would merely beg to squire——"

But the former apostle and present keeper of the celestial gates interrupted him sternly:

"It's not your turn. The three behind there, whom you passed on the road, come first."

"Before *me?* I am Count Geierflug, the Prime Miniser. I have the title of Excellency, am knight of innumerable orders, member of various learned societies—and——"

"Up here we recognize neither knight nor scholar."

"Yet your reverence was a kind of knight yourself, and wielded a dashing blade in the affair with Malchus."

Peter silently regarded the smiling speaker.

"And your reverance was also a *quasi* scholar—or author—or—"

"On earth I was only a poor fisherman."

"And yet," continued the Count, with a profound bow, "your reverence's Epistles are even more celebrated than the world renowned letter of Mme. de Sevigne."

Again Peter surveyed the flatterer in utter silence, but with so penetrating a gaze that the false courtier's eyes dropped beneath it.

In the meantime, the three pilgrims had arrived.

No sooner did St. Peter see the boy's innocent face and crippled body than he said kindly:

"Run in, little one. This is the right place for you."

The apostle then turned to a thick book upon which, in golden letters, stood "Ledger."

"What is your name?" he asked the old woman.

"Brigitte Stegmaierin, if you please holy St. Peter," she replied with a courtesy.

"Precisely—Brigitte Stegmaierin," replied St. Peter, pouring over his ledger. Then, in a grumbling tone, he continued:

"Debit: 'Has a bitter bad tongue of her own.' While, charged to her credit: 'She is wretchedly poor.'"

"Poor!" cried the old crone, weeping and flinging up her arms; "God is my witness that is true; and the holy Saint Peter himself knows that poverty is a gnawing pain."

"Well, well," said the apostle gently; "go in, granny—go in. In there there is no more poverty or pain."

The young man with a halter around his neck now stepped forward.

"Your name?" demanded St. Peter.

"Veit Kratzern."

"Stole a gold bracelet," read the apostle, with a frown.

"Item: A purse full of money.

"*Item:* The contents of the contribution box of St. Jame's Church."

St. Peter scowled fiercely at the youth, who shook like a leaf in the blast.

"Credited: 'He did it all at the instigation and entreaty of his sweetheart.' H'm! Did you love the woman so very much?"

"Ah!" faltered the boy, "I could never tell you how much! I"—

"Enough!" broke in St. Peter. "Don't talk to me about it. Be off, will you? out of my sight."

"What! In there?" and the thief pointed towards the gates.

"Well—yes. Only make haste or I may repent my weakness."

Thro' the briefly opened portals the fair forms and pitiful faces of two shining angels were revealed. One of them tenderly wiped the tears from poor old Brigitte's eyes, while the other, murmuring mild and compassionate words, removed the rope from Veit Kratzern's neck.

"Now we are ready for you," remarked St. Peter to the Count, turning over leaf after leaf of the ledger, and suddenly exclaiming in a horrible tone:

"That looks promising indeed! Column after column of debit items while nothing stands to your credit—absolutely nothing!"

The Count began pompously:

"I have advanced the commerce, manufactures and agriculture of my native land. I have protected and promoted the arts and sciences. I have built churches and schools and orphan asylums and hospitals and poor-houses and—",

"Peace, fool!" cried Saint Peter, angrily. "All that is charged fast enough, not to your credit but against you, because it was done from ambition and selfishness and ostentation and hypocrisy."

"My life's best work," continued the Count, still more proudly, "how I made my fatherland great and glorious beyond all lands on earth! I do not need to mention, for I presume my fame has long ago ascended here."

"Your fame," retorted Saint Peter, with increasing indignation, has not reached us, but the groans of dying youths have risen to us from your battle-fields, and from desolate homes the despair of mothers and brides; and I tell you, wretch, if you have nothing better than this to urge, you are a lost man!"

The Count grew still paler, and had not a word to say for himself.

At this moment the little boy, lingering on the threshold of heaven called out:

"Mr. Peter! Mr. Peter!"

"Are you still there, my little man?" returned the apostle. "Why do you not enter?"

Instead of replying to the question the little fellow said:

"Mr. Peter, do you see this humming top." Saint Peter returned indulgently, "Pray, how came it here?"

"My mother laid it in my grave with me," answered the child seriously. He then picked up his top, rewound the string, and extending the top temptingly toward the apostle, said:

"Mr. Peter, if you will let the Count go in there with me I will let you spin my top."

"Do you know the Count, child?"

"Of course. It was the Count that gave me the top."

"Ah! Tell me how that happened, dear boy."

"Once I was sitting at the door, eating my bread, and when I had finished I began to cry. Just then the Count came driving along in a beautiful blue and gold coach, with four grey horses. And the carriage stopped and the Count said:

"'Are you hungry, little boy?'

"'No,' said I, 'I have just had my broad.'

"'And the Count said, 'Then why are you crying?'

"And then I said, 'I am so lonely. Father and mother go off to work early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night, and the children won't play with me because I am so slow.' Then the Count said he would bring him something to play with. And in a little while he came back with the top, and we made it spin, the Count and I together; after that I never cried any more."

Saint Peter made no reply, but buried his head in his ledger muttering:

"I knew he's rather old fogyish in his account, our old bookkeeper, Gabriel—still we have always been able to rely on him—ah, I was sure of it!" he exclaimed joyfully; "here it is on the very last credit page;

"Gave a day laborer's crippled child a toy—commonly called a humming-top—and with great kindness and gentleness showed the boy how to spin it."

With almost youthful eagerness Saint Peter seized his red pencil and drew a broad line through the whole long list of sins and offenses, and the next moment the Count, clasping the child's hand, entered the kingdom of heaven.—*Translated from German.*

A Western Wedding.

It appears that one Jonas Burton had been chosen justice of the peace of one of the small Wyoming towns not because he was posessed of any special qualifications for the office, but on account of his personal magnetism, which had about it all those qualities which go to make the yellow dog a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the lovers of pure cussedness. Among other functions of his office the Hon. Jonas one day found himself called upon to join in "bonds of padlock," as matrimony is sometimes called in the West, a raw young couple from the country. His honor was appalled at the situation. He could commit a horse thief to the gallows with all the elegance and impressiveness of manner which the act demanded. He could sentence a man to jail for life for holding five aces in his hand at poker, without turning a hair, but as for "marryin' folks," he wasn't in it, by goshlemity! But as justice of the peace, he had to do it, and his perturbation of spirit was dreadful to witness.

About an hour before the ceremony was to take place the correspondent, accompanied by one of the leading citizens of the place, a Mr. Stiles, went to the old 'Squire's cabin, and found him poring over a large volume of the statutes of Wyoming, sweating like a horse, and looking very anxious. After greeting his callers, he said:

"Stiles, the derned galoots that got up these yer laws hasn't gumption enough to last them over night. I've run through the blamed book a half dozen times, and can't find a dod blasted word about matermony, or how the hitchin' process is proceeded with. I've just got to put the clamps on this couple, hit or miss, an' ef I don't yoke 'em up legal I can't help it."

"Oh," said stiles, "just do the best you can. Any kind of a ceremony will do in this country, for people never question the legality of the thing. I'll post you as well as I can."

Stiles then explained to him about how he should proceed, and the old man thought finally he could worry through it. Ere long the couple appeared, followed by a crowd of the citizens of the camp. The candidates stood up before the old squire, who said:

"Fellar citizens, this yar man and this yar woman have appeared before the court to be hitched in the legal bonds of wedlock. If any galoot in the mob knows anything that mout block the game ef took to a higher court, let him now toot his bazoo, or else keep his jaw to himself now and forevermore. All in favor of me preceedin' as authorized by law, say 'I.'"

Everybody said "I."

"Contrary, 'No.'"

Nobody said "No."

"The motion is carried unanimously, an' the court rules that there hain't nuthin' to prevent the tryin' of the case. Grip your fins." The candidates joined hands. "Amos Peabody, do you solemnly swa'ar that ye'll freeze to 'Mandy fureyer and ever? That ye'll love 'er an' pervide fur 'er, an' treat 'er square an' white, accordin' to the rules and regulations sot down to govern sich cases in the United States, so help yer God?"

"Yaas, sir; I do, sir."

"That fixes your end o' ther bargain. Mendy Thomas, do you solemnly swear that ye'll hang onto Amos for all comin' time; that ye'll nuss him in sickness and be square to him in wellness; that ye'll be to him a good, tru, honest, up-an'-up wife to him, under the penalties prescribed by the laws for the punishment of sich offenses; do you swa'ar this, so help yer God?"

"I swar I will."

"Then, by the power invested in me as justice o' the peace in an' fur this precinct, I pronounce you, Amos Peabody, husband, an' you, Mandy Thomas, wife, an' egalize ye to remain as sich now and forevermore; an' ye'll stand committed till the fees an' costs in the case be paid in full, an' may God have mercy on your souls an' bless this union with his healthiest blessin's."

The fees and costs were adjusted, and after receiving the congratulations of the assembly, the newly made husband and wife departed for their cabin up the creek.

It is difficult to avoid making an exception of ourselves when we are reflecting upon the errors and frailties of mankind. Said a Quaker, one day, to his wife:

"All the world is queer, excepting thee and me, and thee is a little queer."

Another candid and self-righteous individual, in a moment of confidence, gave vent to the opinion:

"There's but two honest men in this town. Brother B—— and myself; and sometimes I have my doubts of Brother B——!"

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Far down midst Southern mountains
Where lonely pine-trees stand,
And where the silvery mist-like moss
Has laid its soft gray hand,
Where through the silent forest
No voice e'er echoes, save
The sweet wild song of birds that throng,
There lies a soldier's grave.

And no stone tells the story,
And no words tell his name,
And in the list of battles fought
He bears no share of fame.
His was the soldier's spirit
To do and dare and die,
But not for him in the forest dim
The shout of victory.

"Died on the march!" the saddest
Words that a comrade writes;
As brave a soldier, though, as he
Who in the front rank fights;
For him no drums are muffled,
Nor pomp, nor funeral signs.
But comrades tried who marched beside
Laid him beneath the pines

When we, through all the country,
Honor the soldier dead,
And wreaths of choicest flowers are brought
And words of praise are said—
Far off amid the mountains
Who marks the grave so lone?
Will no one make for soldier's sake
A wreath—a prayer—not one?

Ah, yes! for tender Nature
Loves well to mark the spot,
And over all that lonely mound
She strews forget-me-not—
She knew with what true courage
His fresh young life he gave,
And flowers whose eyes reflect the skies
Each year sends to his grave.

What matter if that soldier
Did wear the Blue or Gray,
For brave and strong must be the heart
That gives its life away.
Not theirs alone the glory
Who share the battle's din,
A hero he who valiantly
Meets death though others win.

While we with martial music
Honor the soldier's name,
Unfuri the flag and deck the graves
Of those who earned its fame,
On many lonely hill-sides,
By forest, vale and sea,
There Nature brings her offerings
That none unmarked may be.

—*Ada Stewart Shelton, in Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.*

REUNITED.

Story of a Man's Repentance and a Woman's Forgiveness.

During the autumn of '86, the weather was remarkably pleasant all over the Western States till the middle of the month of November. Up to that time men worked out of doors in their shirt-sleeves, and women continued to wear sun-bonnets just as in midsummer. But the 16th dawned cold and gray, and the wind, which is always astir in this section of the country, was sharp and keen. Still nobody expected a storm of very great severity, as a raw, cloudy day is not infrequent at this season of the year, and just as frequently it comes and goes unheeded, save to cause one to put on an extra garment for the day and lay it aside again on the morrow when the sun shines out brightly as ever. But then, no one in this slipshod West ever does expect a storm till it comes on and finds them unprepared. Some way the idea that the winters are not going to be severe and don't open up till late is so fixed in the brain of the average settler that he wouldn't be ready for cold weather if he didn't begin till the following season, and when it comes and finds them napping—oh, what a rustling there is to "fix things up a little for the cold snap. 'Done, declare!' who'd 'a thought winter'd a set in right away so soon.'"

The more shiftless never make any provision for their cattle during the severe weather unless it be a straw stack for them to stand against in case of a blizzard. At other times they are expected to rustle their living on the buffalo grass. This is a short, woolly growth which is popularly believed to contain an oily, nutritious substance for the animals. Many of the poor creatures die of starvation, and those which do manage to pull through are so poor by spring that it takes three of them standing together to cast a respectable shadow.

On this particular day, it did not clear off as was expected; on the contrary the clouds became denser as the day wore on, the wind rose to a perfect gale, and toward night a sleety rain set in.

"It's going to be a bad night, mother. What will we do with Cherry's calf? 'Twon't do to let it stand out," said Julian Ashley, coming from the stable where he had been "doing the chores," just at nightfall on the memorable 16th.

"We'll have to put it in the back room in the hen-house till we can get a place fixed," replied the mother. "I'll come and help."

There are usually exceptions to a rule, and Mrs. Ashley was the exception to the general rule of shiftlessness in her neighborhood. Her neighbors claimed that this was due to her pocket-book being better filled than theirs; but when did laziness ever fail to invent an excuse behind which to screen itself? The fact of her purse being longer than theirs was due to her providing food and shelter for her stock—which is the greatest source of revenue on a claim—thus increasing the profit and doing away with the losses which impoverished her neighbors.

The calf having been induced with many a "Sook bossie," "Huay there," and an occasional twist of its caudal appendage, to enter the dark hen-house and allow itself to be tied to the center-post, Mrs. Ashley took a final survey of the animals in the sheds and stables to see that all were as comfortable as they could be under the circumstances, then she and Julian each carried in a scuttle of coal, closed the door and pulled the rug before it to keep the cold from coming in at the bottom.

The house was a long, low structure, as sod houses usually are, and was half "dug-out." It, like the out-buildings, was better than the generality. It contained three rooms, and not only had board floors, but they were carpeted and the walls were papered. It also had a shingle roof which, much as it may astonish you to find it out, my Eastern friends, is a luxury not enjoyed by the common herd of homesteaders. A board roof with sod laid over it to keep out the rain is considered fine, but people who go to the extent of sporting shingle roofs on their dwellings are considered "way up," in Western parlance.

The houses are usually covered in this wise. A ridge-log is laid from one end wall to the other, supported in the center by a log with a crotch on the upper end, standing perpendicularly. Small poles are then placed at a distance of two feet apart, one end of each resting upon a side wall, the other upon the ridge-log. This constitutes the frame work. Willows are then laid thickly across the poles, a layer of buffalo-sod, added, and the entire roof covered with dirt a foot thick.

Board floors are another luxury not enjoyed by the majority, "dirt floors" being the rule. That is, the earth enclosed within the four walls is leveled down as smoothly as possible with a spade, and considered quite good enough. It is no uncommon occurrence to see people who own hundreds of heads of cattle and three or four sections of land living in sod houses—or even "dug-outs" sometimes, with dirt roofs and dirt floors—buildings which Eastern farmers would not consider fit to winter stock in. This being the usual style of living among the pioneers of Nebraska, of course when Mrs. Ashley took a claim and fixed it up so much better than the surrounding ones, it was no wonder that she was at once set apart by her neighbors as being "too fine-haired for any thing."

Perhaps it was owing to this, or, it may have been because she never encouraged familiarity with her neighbors, that she had not a single intimate acquaintance among them, after living in the vicinity over five years. She had made proof on a pre-emption at the end of the first six months of her residence there and had immediately placed a homestead filing on a quarter section adjacent to her tree-claim. That she had considerable stock and was making money was all any of her neighbors knew of her. Even the people whom she hired to do her work knew nothing more, except that she was never backward or afraid of putting her own shoulder to the wheel when work was pressing.

She had a boy, twelve years of age at the time of which we write, and a girl three years younger. To any inquiries concerning her husband, she invariably replied:

"I lost him many years ago."

One hired girl, more daring than the rest, ventured to continue the subject in spite of her mistress' forbidding looks when the matter was alluded to by inquiring:

"What ailed him?"

"Heart disease," replied the lady, while a grim smile rested on her face, as she went outside and closed the door to end the conversation.

She was a handsome woman, not over thirty-one or two years of age, and several of the bachelors of the vicinity had made advances with a view to matrimony, all of which were politely, but firmly, repulsed. She always declared she was opposed to second marriages. The truth of the matter was that, owing to a sad experience, she did not have much faith in men, or in marriage of any kind, whether second or first.

She had passed her girlhood in a country village in the vicinity of Chillicothe, Ohio, and at seventeen had become engaged to Ashley Winthrop, a rising young lawyer of that city. Her acquaintances thought she had married extremely well—but she hadn't. She had become acquainted with young Winthrop while he was rusticating in the village. She, being the belle there, he engaged her in what he at first intended to be a flirtation; but before he knew it he was more interested in her than he had intended, and when it came time to leave, some way it was so easy to ask permission to come back for her some time. She seemed to look and long for some such proposal, too, and he could not but acknowledge to himself that she had a right to do so, after their intimacy. Yet he had never meant things to go so far, and knew that it was not for the best. She was too thoroughly a country girl to bear transplanting to the city. She was not the sort of woman he had always looked forward to marrying, yet so proud was he of what he termed his "honor," that, galling as the bondage would be to him, he would not make a clean breast of it, and end matters between them. So they were married and went to Chillicothe to live. If her unassuming country ways annoyed him before, when there was no one but himself to note them, how much more so now that all his friends could witness them. She soon learned that her husband was ashamed of her, and this made matters even worse, for she tried to please him by affecting the fine lady, and made a miserable failure of it.

To a man of domestic tastes only she would have proven a treasure. Her house was the best ordered, and her table afforded dainties unsurpassed. But her husband overlooked her virtues entirely, in contemplating what he considered her deficiences. He avoided taking her out with him whenever it was possible, and made both himself and his wife miserable.

When they were married five years, Mr. Winthrop was elected to the Legislature, and, of course, never offered to take his wife to Columbus with him when he went, which was a bad move for both. Having no one to look after, and no one to look after him, he had too much time for getting into mischief. At the same hotel at which he was stopping a Senator from a northern district was also boarding, accompanied by his daughter.

It is hardly likely that a man so tenacious of his honor that he would fulfill a distasteful contract of marriage for its sake, would willfully withhold the fact of his marriage and enter into a flirtation; so, perhaps, the opportunity for disclosing the fact never presented itself. However that may have been, certain it is that Ashley Winthrop soon began to seek the society of Senator Seely's daughter, Louise, and acknowledge to himself that, if he were only free, here was the woman he would choose for a wife.

And the girl? Why, she was flattered by the evident interest and admiration of the bright young member from Chillicothe; enjoyed his society at first, and later on—why will women be such fools?—proceeded to fall head and ears in love with him without so much as trying to find out any thing about his past life. Her father, also, rather encouraged the intimacy, taking it for granted that a young man whose fellow-citizens respected him enough to elect him to the legislature must be all right. (This goes to prove, by the way, that men are not always as acute as they ought to be, either.)

No mutual agreement as to the state of their hearts was arrived at in so many words, but each knew the other's feelings intuitively. The only reference made to the subject was in parting. Then, as Ashley held her hand and noted her look of regret at the separation, he said earnestly:

"Much as I have enjoyed your society, I trust we may never meet again."

"Why?" she asked, opening her eyes wide in pained surprise.

"Because—oh, Louise! Can't you understand why? I've been a fool—aye, worse than that!"

"I don't understand," she said huskily, as a feeling of foreboding crept over her heart.

"I can't explain it now. I could not face you and acknowledge my own villainy."

Just then others entered the room and they parted without further explanation. When he came home again he was more than ever dissatisfied with his wife, and seriously thought of committing suicide to end his misery—never dreaming that he was one of the most favored mortals on whom the sun shone if he had only been sensible enough to realize it. He considered that he owed Louise an explanation, besides he longed to write to her and perhaps receive a reply, anyway; so he wrote a long account of his former courtship, his unhappy marriage, present miserable state increased by his ardent affection for herself, and ended by describing the obstacle to their union as a being utterly devoid of the finer sensibilities, with a soul not aspiring beyond housework. He was writing this epistle in his office, and just as he was about to close, who should step in but his wife. He thrust the letter hurriedly into a book and turned with a very embarrassed countenance to greet her. Her suspicions and curiosity were roused at once, and she invented an excuse for sending him out, possessed herself of the letter and read it in his absence, then wrote below his last line:

"No need to send this. The objectionable 'obstacle' will be removed by first train to Malvern Crossing. LUCY MALVERN-WINTHROP."

Then placed the letter again where she had found it.

Some women would have fainted, some would have cried, it is safe to say that nine out of ten would have made a scene, but Lucy was that tenth one who will suffer and make no sign. She chatted pleasantly for five minutes or more with her husband when he returned, quite as though nothing had happened, then picked up her purchases and started home. When she reached the street, however, her self control began to ebb. She worked off some of her excitement by walking home, as if her life depended on her speed, and when once there, she gathered up what things she had brought when she came there a bride, packed them and her own and her child's clothing, called a dray and had them removed to the depot, and was on her way to Malvern Crossing before her husband had succeeded in getting rid of two clients who had come in as Lucy went out, so as to finish his letter. When at last he was alone again he drew the missive forth, feeling guilty as a thief, as he remembered how near his wife had come to detecting his in his treachery. But when he read her [illegible] at the bottom of the page, he was [illegible] But he must stop her going. Shame, contrition, fear of scandal all working [illegible] him at once, lent rather a hang-dog appearance to him as he entered his own house. Every thing was topsy-turvy for the first time since he was married. He began to realize too late at least one of his wife's virtues. Finding her gone he took the next train in pursuit and found her in her father's parlor, and there made his confession and apology and promises to never do so again—without avail, however. After hearing him through and listening to his petition that she return to him, she said scornfully:

"Not for worlds!"

"Not if you could offer her a kingdom should she return to you, you rascal!" exclaimed her father. "Ain't you a pretty specimen of mankind, leaving your wife at home and galvanting round the country making masses on other women! I am able and willing to support my daughter, and the sooner you get out of my house the better. And, mind you, don't show your face here again. Famoose!"

Here he emphasized with his cane in such a manner that his son-in-law thought best to retire.

He waited a week, expecting their anger to cool, then went back again. His father-in-law met him at the gate and threatened to have him arrested if he ever came on his farm again. So he troubled them no more.

Eight months later, Lucy gave birth to a girl, and, with the inconsistency of a woman, named it Louise. Two years later, she was notified of her husband's application for a divorce, and a little later she read of his marriage to "Louise, eldest daughter of Senator Seely." Her father was dead by this time, so she decided to move West. Not wishing ever to know or be known by any former acquaintances, she changed her own and children's name to Ashley, and under this cognomen we find them, several years later, located on a homestead in Western Nebraska, as mentioned in the beginning of our story.

The hired man and girl who worked for Mrs. Ashley, and were brother and sister, had been called away the morning of the 16th to the sick-bed of their mother; so only herself and the children were at home. Julian studied his lesson, and little Louise practiced her music while the mother crocheted.

The wind howled and the sleet came against the windows with such force it seemed it would break them. Suddenly, in the midst of the roaring, there came a sound just outside the window like the neighing of a horse. They listened, and in a minute it sounded again.

"It must be one of the ponies loose. Something must be wrong at the stables. Light the lantern and we'll go and see," said Mrs. Ashley, putting on her wraps.

When they opened the door and looked out, there stood a buggy with two horses attached, and in the buggy the figure of a man.

"Hello!" called Julian.

No response.

It's somebody lost in the storm," said the mother. "Perhaps he's frozen. It's a good thing I left the curtain up; the ponies must have seen the light and instinct led them to it. Here, let's see if we can lift him."

They got the man into the house, and the ponies stabled as quickly as possible. Then, finding that life was not extinct, they applied all the remedies they had at hand to restore him. By and by he began to show signs of animation, and after a long time opened his eyes. They wandered around in a puzzled manner until they lightened upon Mrs. Ashley's face. Then with a glad cry, the stranger leaned forward.

"Lucy!" he cried. "Is it only a horrible dream?"

"A horribly real dream," she replied, icily, recognizing in the man before her, for the first time, her husband.

"Don't be hard with me, Lucy; I remember now, I deserve every thing harsh, but if you knew all, you would pity and forgive. Believe me, Lucy, I learned too late, what a jewel you were in comparison with any other woman I ever saw."

"How about Louise?" questioned Mrs. Ashley.

"Didn't you ever hear? She led me a miserable life, and we quarreled, and she used to fly at me like a mad creature. She finally ran away with a bank cashier. I wasn't sorry that she went, either. I had been drinking and my credit was gone, and I was so down in the world that I didn't care for the disgrace. I've hunted for you ever since, but I had given up all hopes of finding you. I think Providence must have directed me here. I was over by Culbertson looking at a piece of land to-day, and I tried to make it back to McCook, but the blizzard overtook me, and the horses wouldn't face it, so we drifted here. My money, friends and reputation are gone, and I'm going to take a claim and settle down and try again. You must help me to redeem myself, Lucy. I've been a terrible scoundrel, but I've paid dearly for all my misdeeds."

To repeat all that was said by this man and woman, who had once been husband and wife, would fill a volume. The main subject dwelt upon by Ashley Winthrop was a plea for forgiveness and a remarriage. Had he returned in the full tide of prosperity, it is doubtful whether any arguments could have prevailed with Lucy; as it was, however, pity for his misfortune and fallen condition, the knowledge that he needed her to help him in his new start, belief in the sincerity of his repentance, and the thought of her children having a legal guardian in case of her death, whereas, before they would have been left to strangers, all worked in his favor.

The notice of final proof to be made on Mrs. Ashley's homestead entry appeared in the next issue of the McCook *Democrat*, and the reunited couple began the new year together, at Akron, Colorado.—*Frona W. Calvin, in Yankee Blade.*

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

Incontrovertible Evidence That Speech Is Not Limited to Man.

The intellectual superiority of civilized man over his savage brethren is due to the multiplicity of his objects of thought, and precisely so is it with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over his Simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim—viz., the supplying of the wants of physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement can not stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters.

Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated, in all probability, in interjection or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions, derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shown more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilization; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice.

Travelers whose veracity and ability can not be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognized and obeyed by the multitude; and we need no traveler to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly well understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively, and without any hesitation. In fact, the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in power that of some tribes of the human family.

The Euphonia musica of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in the scale; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from la to mi. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no Southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the development of civilized European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

VORACIOUS REPTILES.

Naturalist Buckland Describes How a Python Takes His Dinner.

It is not every one who has seen a python take a meal. It is usually averse to dead food; but it is partial to a live rabbit, or a chicken, or a guinea-pig, or by preference a rat. The python seems to know that the rat will try to escape and he gives it no time or quarter. With a rapidity that can hardly be conceived he seizes the rat with his mouth and the fatal coil passes around the creature, squeezing all the life out of it and reducing the body to the form of an elongated sausage, which the snake lubricates with its own slime and swallows entire. If a fowl is put into a python's cage the snake sometimes seems to take no notice, and the frightened bird, finding that no harm comes to it, begins to ruffle its feathers and to peck about, occasionally trying its beak on the snake's skin. But after awhile the end of the python's tail may be seen to quiver with a strange emotion, whilst the small, black, beady eye is fixed upon the fowl. Suddenly there is a convulsion. The snake has moved and the fowl has disappeared, and can only be discovered by the end of a feather or two protruding from the coils in the python's neck which have crushed the bird's life out. In its natural state the python will catch a deer or a wild pig and crush it in the powerful coils of its neck. There is a well-authenticated story of a large python having caught two wild sucking pigs simultaneously, crushing both with the same coil of its neck. In the case of the python mentioned above, which was killed by the horns of the buck that it had swallowed, the snake must have been able to break all the bones of the body, but the stag's horns were probably too sharp and pointed to be easily crushed, and the snake rashly took the chance of digesting them in its stomach. No stories of a python killing a man ever came to my knowledge, but one of the keepers at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens had his arm much injured one morning by a python coiling itself on it and squeezing it severely before the man could be rescued.—*Longman's Magazine.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Extracting oil from cedar boughs is a new industry in Maine.

—Steel, when hardened, decreases in specific gravity, contracts in length and increases in diameter.

—Rosewood shingles are being imported as a novelty for trimming showy cottages at seaside resorts.

—A New York hatter says that none of the so-called Panama hats are made at Panama. The best of them, he explains, comes from Guyaquil.

—A late refinement in dentistry is a tiny electric lamp for lighting up the cavities of teeth during the process of filling.

—Dealers in hard wood furnishings say that sycamore wood is rapidly coming into use. It "works" well, makes an excellent finish, and is much cheaper than birch, maple, or oak.

—A sugar refining company with $5,000,000 capital has been started to use Henry Friend's new method of refining by electricity. The cost will be about seventy-five cents a ton.

—A recent English invention relates to casting packing rings ready for use without boring or turning. The rings are cast in a chill mold around a metalic core.

—The introduction of American watches into England has reduced the number of gold cases marked at the London Assay Office from 34,844 in 1876 to 20,416 in 1886, and of silver cases from 119,394 in 1876 to 95,708 in 1886.

—The mystery regarding the whites of eggs after the ice-cream factories have used up their yelks is explained by a statement that they are used to make albumenized paper for photography.

—The question having arisen as to why the fallen branches of trees, at certain stages of decay, are more or less colored through their tissues with various shades of green, it is alleged that chemical analysis shows the presence of iron as the base of the green coloring matter.

—The smallest circular saw in use is one used in slitting gold pens. It is a disc about the size of a five-cent piece and has the thickness of ordinary paper. Its velocity tends to keep it rigid enough for use; four hundred revolutions a minute is the ordinary rate of these diminutive saws.

—The latest idea in the direction of waterproof footwear is a shoe made with a stout calfskin vamp, seamless, underlying which is a vamp of thin rubber, and between it and the lining, which is of stout canvas. The bottom of the shoes has a rubber interlining between the outer and inner soles, and thus the shoe is about as near waterproof as a leather shoe can be.

—Barrels are now being made of hard and soft wood, each alternate stave being of the soft variety and slightly thicker than the hard wood stave. The edges of the staves are cut square, and, when placed together to form the barrel, the outsides are even, and there is a V-shaped crack between each stave from top to bottom. In this arrangement the operation of driving the hoops forces the edges of the hard staves into the soft ones until the cracks are closed, and the extra thickness of the latter causes its inner edges to lap over those of the hard wood staves, thus making the joint doubly secure.

—In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20° F., and kept in that condition for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that large periods of exposure invraiably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organisms, and thus render it incapable of putrefying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80° below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro-organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

What Causes Headache.

Overstudy.
Overwork in doors.
Want of fresh air in bed rooms.
Nervousness, however induced.
Want of abundant skin-exciting exercise.
The excitement inseparable from a fashionable life.
Neglect of the ordinary rules that conduce to health.
Over-indulgence in food, especially of a stimlating character.
Weakness or debility of body, however produced. This can only be remedied by proper nutriment.
Work or study indoors, carried on in an unnatural or cramped position of body.

Literary men and women ought to do most of their work at a standing desk, lying down now and then to ease brain and heart and permit ideas to flow. They should work out of doors in fine weather—with their feet resting on a board, not on the earth—and under canvas in wet weather. It is surprising the good this simple advice, if followed, can effect.—*Pioneer-Press.*

Why Johnny Was Late.

A crabbed old bachelor who teaches school not far from Austin was very indignant at little Johnny Flapjack—the only son of Mrs. Flapjack, and she a widow—for coming late.

"I couldn't help being late," sobbed Johnny.

"Why not?"

"Because ma has done been and got married yesterday, and I had to wait for my breakfast."

"Got married, has she? Any thing to make you late at school. What won't she do next, I wonder?"—*Texas Siftings.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—That would be a weak enterprise which could not stand a loan.

—Giants are not particularly happy. An overgrown man has a grewsome look.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Women are the dearest, cutest creatures in the world, but they can't tell how a shoe fits until they see the number."—*Binghamton Republican.*

—It is a little strange that among all the eminent men who have recently written of "books which have helped me" none should have mentioned the dictionary.—*New Haven News.*

—Mrs. Chargeitplease—"Good morning, Mr. Tapemeasure. I should like to see something in the way of a small check." Mr. Tapemeasure (fervently)—"So should I."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"You never find me hiding my light under a bushel," remarked Mr. McSwilligen, in the course of a discussion with his wife. "You don't need to," was the somewhat acrid reply; "a quart measure is quite large enough."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—"Dear me," said the little Boston boy, after intellectual suasion had failed and they had spanked him for the first time; "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant I should never have invited the experiment."—*Puck.*

—Husband (in the early morning)—"What are you going through my pockets for, my dear?" Wife—"A little change, John." Husband—"Have you no money of your own?" Wife—"Yes; but it is so much easier to find a man's pocket, John, than a woman's."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—It is stated that over 10,000 American pianos have been shipped to Russia in the last ten years. This will explain why so many Russian Anarchists come to this country. The outlaws are laboring under the comforting delusion that all the pianos in this country have been sent to Russia.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Mr. Cazenove—"Of course we shall see you at Newport this season, Mrs. Poindexter?" Mrs. Poindexter—"No; I've been thinking of Saratoga." Mr. Cazenove—"But it's so awfully warm there." Mrs. Poindexter—"You forget, Mr. Cazenove, that I passed three years in Newport while waiting for divorce papers. If any thing can be warmer than that I'd like to know it."—*Judge.*

—Passenger (to stranger)—"Minister of the gospel, I imagine, sir?" Stranger—"Yes, sir. I have been a minister of the gospel for forty-two years, but I expect to retire soon." Passenger—"That is a very sensible move, sir. I think when a man has made money enough in his business he ought to get out of it and enjoy himself."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Southern Californian—"Don't want to buy an orange grove, eh? Only an artist?" Stranger—"I am an artist, and was advised by my friend, Joaquin Miller, to come to California for studies instead of going to Italy. He says California is the true color land of the globe. I was just thinking of painting the beautiful landscape before me." "That all belongs to me, mister, every foot of it; but I'll let you make a picture of it for half the profits."—*Omaha World.*

—Literature of English etiquette conveys the valuable information that Dukes' eldest sons take precedence over Earls, but the Dukes' younger sons have to fall in line behind Earls' and Marquises' eldest sons, and so on down. The graduation is a little complicated over there, but on this side of the water all doubt is removed by our simple rule of letting the drum major lead the whole procession.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

PRESERVING THE HAIR.

Valuable Suggestions, Evidently Offered by a Married Man.

A young gentleman, whom we never suspected of vanity, but whose evident tendency to baldness we have often deplored, asks us how to preserve the hair. He requests that our reply be strictly confidential; but knowing the character of the postmistress in his town, we prefer to run no risks, and accordingly answer in cold type.

There are several well accredited methods of preserving the hair. Personally, we have tried none of them, but have kept a careful record of those recommended by our baldest friends. To avoid any invidious distinction between them we submit the several methods in alphabetical order:

A—Arrogate no authority in the household.
B—Be in every night as early as a shutter can be procured.
C—Carry up coal when requested.
D—Don't dictate.
E—Eat what is set before you.
F—Fix the fire before going to bed.
G—Govern with wisdom the dog.
H—Hold your tongue when addressed.
I—Incline to instant obedience.
J—Join nothing—except stovepipe.
K—Keep off the carpet.
L—Look sweet when lulling the baby.
M—Make merry with the wood pile.
N—Never look a new bonnet in the bill.
O—Ostracise yourself when the sewing circle meets.
P—Practice perfect patience.
Q—Quash every querulous complaint.
R—Render yourself scarce in house-cleaning time.
S—Spend and be spent for the Sisters of Timbuctoo and the House for Incurable Hottentots.
T—Tend door.
U—Upset nothing.
V—Vanish when callers come.
W—Watch the kerosene lamp and don't let it smoke.
X—Xplain when called upon.
Y—Yearn for mother-in-law.
Z—Zeus, remember, often and again gave in to Juno; and he had ambrosial locks—*Burlington Free Press.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Time is money in planting time, and an hour wasted may be an acre destroyed.

—Apple sauce is much improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter and requires less sugar.

—Good sleep and enough of it is a superior safeguard for health of men and women who overtask physical or mental energies.

—Broodiness can be hastened in a hen, according to one authority, by leaving eggs in the nest and giving a little hemp seed.

—Eight hours spent in work, and four hours spent in study, will afford better results in the agricultural world than twelve hours spent wholly in manual labor.—*Western Plowman.*

—The pork that bears the highest price in the English markets is that fattened by the people of Ireland, who feed a great variety of materials, but little or no corn.

—A good disinfectant is made by dissolving half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drachms of common salt in eight or ten quarts of water.

—Sorrel is picked from the stems, washed well and drained, then put in an enameled saucepan or earthen crock with a piece of butter to steam in its own juice. A rich sauce of flour, butter, gravy and the yelks of two or three eggs is served with it, and it is a delicate dish with roast lamb. Asparagus is gently boiled ten to twenty minutes in salt water, drained and served with a sauce of two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, the yelks of two eggs and part of the water in which the "grass" was boiled, which has the richest flavor of the plant.

—Egg Sauce for Spinach: Melt a tablespoonful of butter, add to it an even tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, and add a half-pint of boiling water; stir rapidly until the sauce is smooth and velvety, take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of white pepper; mix until the butter is melted, and add the yelks of the eggs that have been pressed through a sieve. Bring the sauce to boiling point, pour it around the spinach and serve.

—Kalsomine: Eight pounds of whiting and one-quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat it until it is perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash the consistence of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied, all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of Paris mixed with water. Colors to tint the walls may be procured at any paint store.

CLEANING HARNESS.

A New Way Which Is Said to Be Superior to Old Methods.

Let me say to all having any thing to do with harness—keep out the lampblack. It never was intended to use on any kind of leather that is to be blacked on the grain side, but only on the flesh side, of such as is used for shoe leather, because when applied to the grain side it will rub off on your hands every time there is a damp spell or the leather gets wet. Nearly all country stores and harness shops keep for sale a preparation of neatsfoot of lampblack and other ingredients, for the purpose of oiling harness. I do not want any such on my harness. A better plan for cleaning, blacking and oiling your harness is this: First, take the harness apart wherever it can be unbuckled; give each strap a good washing, using lukewarm water with a little washing soda in it. Scrub them well with a scrubbing brush, and be sure you get all the grease and dirt off. Work them well in the hands until they are soft and pliant, for it is no use to apply oil on dry, horny leather; it will never become soft. After the harness is thoroughly cleansed with the soda water you will find places on some parts that will be a little red or foxy. To cover these rightly a little previous preparation must be made. Take a small keg or a half barrel and get some iron filings from a machine shop, or old rusted stovepipe, wornout horse-shoes—any kind of iron—put them in this keg and cover with cider vinegar. Always keep it on hand, for the longer it stands the stronger it will get. After a few weeks draw off some of this color and put a little copperas into it. Now you have a complete grain color; I know of none better. Take a brush and apply this liquid to parts on the harness that show red, or you can go all over them with it. This must be done immediately after you have washed your harness, before oiling, because it will not dry too rapidly, until about three parts dry, then apply pure cod oil plentifully on both sides—not neatsfoot oil, as has been recommended. The cod oil has more body and is more lasting than any other oil I have ever used on leather that has been tanned with bark. besides, if you use neatsfoot oil, the rats and mice will eat your harness, while that greased with cod oil they will not touch. After giving a good coat of this cod oil, hang up as before until dry. Then I would go over them again with the oil, giving them but a light coat of it this time. After that dries in, wipe off with a dry, coarse cloth. For common work harness nothing more is needed, but for carriage harness go over with a sponge and castile soap, and wipe with a dry chamois skin, and you may depend upon it there will be no black to rub off on your hands.—*E. Chambers, in Boston Globe.*

HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

How the Young Are Caught by the Agents of Menagerie Proprietors.

"I have counted as many as twenty hippopotamus heads in one pool," said Mr. Lohse, "and the river is full of them. Of course, it would be impossible to catch the old ones, but they have to be got out of the way, and the only way to do is to shoot them. I have shot six in one pool in an afternoon. As soon as all the old ones are killed, the hunters—and they are very brave ones who go after hippopotami—harpoon the young through the neck. The neck is very thick and fat, and if the harpoon is skillfully thrown there is no danger of killing the young hippopotamus. A float is fastened to the harpoon by a rope, and when the animal becomes completely exhausted in its efforts to free itself it is drawn gently to the shore by this rope, and secured. It is put into a pen and kept there and fed upon goat's milk until its wound is healed, when it is driven to the seriffa.

"As I said, the hippopotamus hunters are very courageous and can swim and dive like seals. I lost one of my best men the last trip I made on a hippopotamus hunt. Early one morning we saw a young hippopotamus in the water near the opposite bank of the river. Before I could stop him, Elbibo, the chief of my hunters, was in the river and swimming rapidly across to harpoon the animal. He got close to it and had raised his arm to throw the harpoon when he suddenly gave a yell and sank out of sight. A ripple near where he had been told us that he had been dragged under by a crocodile. We had given him up as lost, when he reappeared and made his way to the bank, where he lay down exhausted. His left arm was torn off at the shoulder. I did what I could for the poor fellow but he bled to death that night. He never made a cry, but asked me quietly just before he died to see that his two wives did not suffer from poverty.

Mr. Lohse has also had exciting times hunting the rhinoceros. As with the elephants the young are run down by horsemen until they are exhausted. The baby rhinoceros is then lassoed to a tree until its spirit is broken sufficiently to permit of its being driven to the camp. As in hunting the other animals there is a particular class of trained men who go after the rhinoceros. They must be expert riders, and fully acqainted with the habits of the huge, dangerous beasts they attack.

"An infuriated rhinoceros," said Mr. Lohse, "is literally blind with rage." He puts his head down, and runs in a bee line, knocking down every thing in his way. If there was a stone wall in front of him he would smash right up against it. Some of my Homrahn hunters wounded a female rhinoceros one day, when the brute ran off. The men were securing her young when she suddenly stopped and rushed toward them. It was such an unheard-of thing for one of the animals to do, that the hunters were taken completely by surprise. One of them was caught by her horn and thrown high in the air. He dropped to the ground a corpse, for the rhinoceros had disemboweled him. —*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

HARD ON THE EYES.

Why Pittsburgh Iron Heaters Are Almost All Near Sighted.

It is a fact that a large percentage of the men employed as heaters in the iron mills of Pittsburgh are more or less troubled with defective vision, the nature of their work compelling them to gaze for protracted periods upon the intensely dazzling light of metal at white heat, which they must be able to distinguish from the flames of burning gas which surround it. Secretary William Martin, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in Pittsburgh, says that among men who have worked for a few years in the iron mills near-sightedness or weakness of the eyes is almost universal, and advised the reporter to interview a few of the employes of any mill in the city to test this statement.

This was done, resulting in confirmation from half a dozen heaters in one of the largest rolling-mills in the city. The men seen had worked in the iron mills from periods ranging from three to twenty years, and with very slight differences their powers of vision had all been affected in the same manner. They are unable to distinguish small objects at any considerable distance. One was entirely unable to read the print in an ordinary newspaper; another pointed out a clock with a dial a foot in diameter and said he could not see the hands ten feet away. With one the trouble was permanent and unvarying, while another's eyes were restored to their normal condition if he stopped a month. None of them experience pain, and it does not seem to have occurred to any one that a physician's services were needed. They regard the change that takes place in their eyes as a sort of process of "getting used" to necessary requirements of their trade.

The reporter on looking into one of their blazing heaters could distingnish only a blinding glare, scarcely inferior to the dazzling light of the sun itself. Yet these men must be able to see clearly the white-hot masses of metal through the flames of the gas that is burning all around them. The difficulty of doing this may be compared to that which would be experienced in trying to perceive one bright light through another. Yet the experienced heater does it with as much ease as if the hot iron were so much wood floating in water. They say that no degree of proficiency can be acquired in less than three months' time, and that since the employment of natural gas in the furnaces the difficulty has become much greater and the effect upon the eye more pronounced.—*Pittsburgh Letter.*

Kosciusko's Devotion.

"Do you really love me, Kosciusko?" murmured Esmeralda Longcoffin.

Kosciusko—Why, of course I do, Miss Esmeralda.

"Much, deary?"

"Why, yes; lots."

"Wouldst thou make sacrifices for thy precious love?"

"Well, I should snicker. Out of love for you I'd even go and marry some other girl."—*Texas Siftings.*

A WALKING-STICK may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world."

Special Land Excursions.

On May 8th and 22d, and June 5th and 19th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. R'y, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the Government Lands and fertile country of central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and northeastern Colorado, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. Tickets good for 30 days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points; and to all other States mentioned, 60 days. Liberal stop-over privileges will be accorded passengers beyond terminal points of this line. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

A TUG is the only thing that has its toes behind.—*Rare Bits.*

WE are informed that a new and powerfully-written story, delineating college life in America, and the remarkable religious experience of a former infidel and other students, in which the great truths of Christianity are dealt with in a manner calculated to interest all readers, has just been written expressly for the *Christian Herald*, by Rev. L. S. Keyser, author of the famous and popular story, "The Way Out." The first chapter appears May 24, under the the title of "The Epochs of a Life," and will be continued from week to week. This journal is now the most popular and extensively-read illustrated religious paper published. For sale or can be ordered at all news-dealers. Price, 3c. Subscription price, $1.50 per year. Address 63 Bible House, New York

MONEY is an enigma that every body must give up.—*N. Y. Journal.*

A Jolting on the Rail

Grievously disturbs the stomach of invalid travelers. The motion of the shipand vibration of the screw in crossing the ocean does the like for many in good health. All travelers should have, as a companion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fortifies and regulates the stomach and bowels, counteracts hurtful influences of climate and changes of temperature, and is a sovereign remedy for malarial, rheumatic and kidney ailments.

MAKE small-pox fashionable and society would go miles to get it.

FREE! A 3-foot French Glass, Oval Front, Nickel or Cherry Cigar Case. MERCHANTS ONLY. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

IT is the bald-headed man who goes to the front—in a theater.

LADIES who possess the finest complexions are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

ALL for the better—the jack pot.—*N. Y. Star*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A REAL estate boom is very likely to develop into a boomerang.—*Merchant Traveler.*

RIPE for mischief—the early watermelon.

NEVER short in his accounts—the story teller.

REVISED proverb: Where there's a will there's a law-suit.—*Idea.*

NEVER expect a straight tip from a crooked man.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE turning-point in every maiden's life is the interrogation point.—*Tid-Bits.*

A LIMBURGER cheese trust has been formed; but it is only a little one for a scent.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A LIQUOR trust—putting it on the slate.—*Critic.*

A GREEN born—the mint julep.—*Boston Bulletin.*

NO MATTER how lovely the baby may be, he is still loveliest in repose.—*Puck.*

IT's no use arguing with an amateur photographer—he has views of his own.

A SUGAR trust—when a girl asks you to keep a kiss for her.—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHY is a divorce court like the beach? Because at both you hear the moaning of the tied.

WHEN is a hen a rooster? At night.

THE girl violinist always has several strings to her bow.—*Boston Post.*

A RING candidate—the young woman willing to be won.—*Washington Critic.*

A FARMER always wants the earth. With out it he could do nothing.—*Boston Post.*

A NEWSPAPER that parts its name in the middle is apt to wabble in its policy.

A DEFINITION.—Counsel—"What is the plaintiff's attitude as to this question?" Witness—"Recumbent. Lies about it constantly."—*Tid-Bits.*

THE girl who won't be won, remains one.

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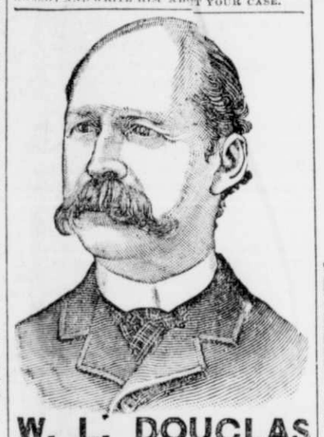
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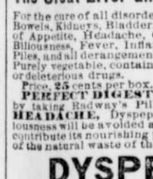
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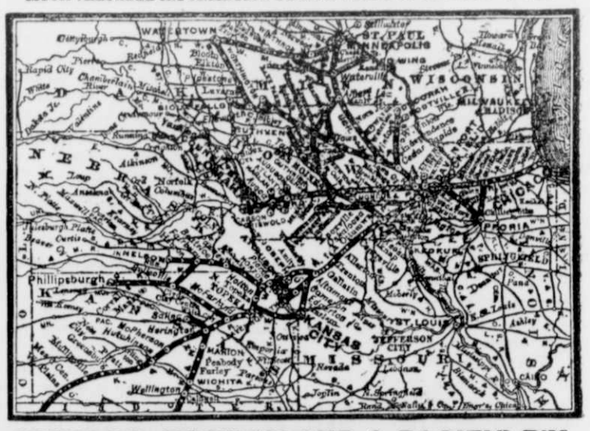
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FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Time is money in planting time, and an hour wasted may be an acre destroyed.

—Apple sauce is much improved by the addition of a tablespoonful of butter and requires less sugar.

—Good sleep and enough of it is a superior safeguard for health of men and women who overtask physical or mental energies.

—Broodiness can be hastened in a hen, according to one authority, by leaving eggs in the nest and giving a little hemp seed.

—Eight hours spent in work, and four hours spent in study, will afford better results in the agricultural world than twelve hours spent wholly in manual labor.—*Western Plowman.*

—The pork that bears the highest price in the English markets is that fattened by the people of Ireland, who feed a great variety of materials, but little or no corn.

—A good disinfectant is made by dissolving half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drachms of common salt in eight or ten quarts of water.

—Sorrel is picked from the stems, washed well and drained, then put in an enameled saucepan or earthen crock with a piece of butter to steam in its own juice. A rich sauce of flour, butter, gravy and the yelks of two or three eggs is served with it, and it is a delicate dish with roast lamb. Asparagus is gently boiled ten to twenty minutes in salt water, drained and served with a sauce of two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, the yelks of two eggs and part of the water in which the "grass" was boiled, which has the richest flavor of the plant.

—Egg Sauce for Spinach: Melt a tablespoonful of butter, add to it an even tablespoonful of flour, mix until smooth, and add a half-pint of boiling water; stir rapidly until the sauce is smooth and velvety, take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a half teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of white pepper; mix until the butter is melted, and add the yelks of the eggs that have been pressed through a sieve. Bring the sauce to boiling point, pour it around the spinach and serve.

—Kalsomine: Eight pounds of whiting and one-quarter of a pound of white glue make the right proportions. Soak the glue over night in cold water, and in the morning heat it until it is perfectly dissolved. Mix the whiting with hot water, stir the two thoroughly together, and have the wash the consistence of thick cream. Apply warm with a kalsomine brush, brushing it well in and finishing it as you go on. If warm skim milk is used instead of water, the glue may be omitted. Before the wash is applied, all holes and crevices should be stopped with plaster of Paris mixed with water. Colors to tint the walls may be procured at any paint store.

CLEANING HARNESS.

A New Way Which Is Said to Be Superior to Old Methods.

Let me say to all having any thing to do with harness—keep out the lampblack. It never was intended to use on any kind of leather that is to be blacked on the grain side, but only on the flesh side, of such as is used for shoe leather, because when applied to the grain side it will rub off on your hands every time there is a damp spell or the leather gets wet. Nearly all country stores and harness shops keep for sale a preparation of neatsfoot of lampblack and other ingredients, for the purpose of oiling harness. I do not want any such on my harness. A better plan for cleaning, blacking and oiling your harness is this: First, take the harness apart wherever it can be unbuckled; give each strap a good washing, using lukewarm water with a little washing soda in it. Scrub them well with a scrubbing brush, and be sure you get all the grease and dirt off. Work them well in the hands until they are soft and pliant, for it is no use to apply oil on dry, horny leather; it will never become soft. After the harness is thoroughly cleansed with the soda water you will find places on some parts that will be a little red or foxy. To cover these rightly a little previous preparation must be made. Take a small keg or a half barrel and get some iron filings from a machine shop, or old rusted stovepipe, wornout horse-shoes—any kind of iron—put them in this keg and cover with cider vinegar. Always keep it on hand, for the longer it stands the stronger it will get. After a few weeks draw off some of this color and put a little copperas into it. Now you have a complete grain color; I know of none better. Take a brush and apply this liquid to parts on the harness that show red, or you can go all over them with it. This must be done immediately after you have washed your harness, before oiling, because it will not dry too rapidly, until about three parts dry, then apply pure cod oil plentifully on both sides—not neatsfoot oil, as has been recommended. The cod oil has more body and is more lasting than any other oil I have ever used on leather that has been tanned with bark. besides, if you use neatsfoot oil, the rats and mice will eat your harness, while that greased with cod oil they will not touch. After giving a good coat of this cod oil, hang up as before until dry. Then I would go over them again with the oil, giving them but a light coat of it this time. After that dries in, wipe off with a dry, coarse cloth. For common work harness nothing more is needed, but for carriage harness go over with a sponge and castile soap, and wipe with a dry chamois skin, and you may depend upon it there will be no black to rub off on your hands.—*E. Chambers, in Boston Globe.*

HUNTING HIPPOPOTAMI.

How the Young Are Caught by the Agents of Menagerie Proprietors.

"I have counted as many as twenty hippopotamus heads in one pool." said Mr. Lohse, "and the river is full of them. Of course, it would be impossible to catch the old ones, but they have to be got out of the way, and the only way to do is to shoot them. I have shot six in one pool in an afternoon. As soon as all the old ones are killed, the hunters—and they are very brave ones who go after hippopotami—harpoon the young through the neck. The neck is very thick and fat, and if the harpoon is skillfully thrown there is no danger of killing the young hippopotamus. A float is fastened to the harpoon by a rope, and when the animal becomes completely exhausted in its efforts to free itself it is drawn gently to the shore by this rope, and secured. It is put into a pen and kept there and fed upon goat's milk until its wound is healed, when it is driven to the seriffa.

"As I said, the hippopotamus hunters are very courageous and can swim and dive like seals. I lost one of my best men the last trip I made on a hippopotamus hunt. Early one morning we saw a young hippopotamus in the water near the opposite bank of the river. Before I could stop him, Elbibo, the chief of my hunters, was in the river and swimming rapidly across to harpoon the animal. He got close to it and had raised his arm to throw the harpoon when he suddenly gave a yell and sank out of sight. A ripple near where he had been told us that he had been dragged under by a crocodile. We had given him up as lost, when he reappeared and made his way to the bank, where he lay down exhausted. His left arm was torn off at the shoulder. I did what I could for the poor fellow but he bled to death that night. He never made a cry, but asked me quietly just before he died to see that his two wives did not suffer from poverty.

Mr. Lohse has also had exciting times hunting the rhinoceros. As with the elephants the young are run down by horsemen until they are exhausted. The baby rhinoceros is then lassoed to a tree until its spirit is broken sufficiently to permit of its being driven to the camp. As in hunting the other animals there is a particular class of trained men who go after the rhinoceros. They must be expert riders, and fully acqainted with the habits of the huge, dangerous beasts they attack.

"An infuriated rhinoceros," said Mr. Lohse, "is literally blind with rage." He puts his head down, and runs in a bee line, knocking down every thing in his way. If there was a stone wall in front of him he would smash right up against it. Some of my Homrahn hunters wounded a female rhinoceros one day, when the brute ran off. The men were securing her young when she suddenly stopped and rushed toward them. It was such an unheard-of thing for one of the animals to do, that the hunters were taken completely by surprise. One of them was caught by her horn and thrown high in the air. He dropped to the ground a corpse, for the rhinoceros had disemboweled him. —*N. Y. Evening Sun.*

HARD ON THE EYES.

Why Pittsburgh Iron Heaters Are Almost All Near Sighted.

It is a fact that a large percentage of the men employed as heaters in the iron mills of Pittsburgh are more or less troubled with defective vision, the nature of their work compelling them to gaze for protracted periods upon the intensely dazzling light of metal at white heat, which they must be able to distinguish from the flames of burning gas which surround it. Secretary William Martin, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in Pittsburgh, says that among men who have worked for a few years in the iron mills near-sightedness or weakness of the eyes is almost universal, and advised the reporter to interview a few of the employes of any mill in the city to test this statement.

This was done, resulting in confirmation from half a dozen heaters in one of the largest rolling-mills in the city. The men seen had worked in the iron mills from periods ranging from three to twenty years, and with very slight differences their powers of vision had all been affected in the same manner. They are unable to distinguish small objects at any considerable distance. One was entirely unable to read the print in an ordinary newspaper; another pointed out a clock with a dial a foot in diameter and said he could not see the hands ten feet away. With one the trouble was permanent and unvarying, while another's eyes were restored to their normal condition if he stopped a month. None of them experience pain, and it does not seem to have occurred to any one that a physician's services were needed. They regard the change that takes place in their eyes as a sort of process of "getting used" to necessary requirements of their trade.

The reporter on looking into one of their blazing heaters could distinguish only a blinding glare, scarcely inferior to the dazzling light of the sun itself. Yet these men must be able to see clearly the white-hot masses of metal through the flames of the gas that is burning all around them. The difficulty of doing this may be compared to that which would be experienced in trying to perceive one bright light through another. Yet the experienced heater does it with as much ease as if the hot iron were so much wood floating in water. They say that no degree of proficiency can be acquired in less than three months' time, and that since the employment of natural gas in the furnaces the difficulty has become much greater and the effect upon the eye more pronounced.—*Pittsburgh Letter.*

Kosciusko's Devotion.

"Do you really love me, Kosciusko?" murmured Esmeralda Longcoffin.

Kosciusko—Why, of course I do, Miss Esmeralda.

"Much, deary?"

"Why, yes; lots."

"Wouldst thou make sacrifices for thy precious love?"

"Well, I should snicker. Out of love for you I'd even go and marry some other girl."—*Texas Siftings.*

A WALKING-STICK may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world."

Special Land Excursions.

On May 8th and 22d, and June 5th and 19th, 1888, the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis and all stations on its line to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota, and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on the U. P. R'y, at greatly reduced rates. This will afford homeseekers, land buyers and others an excellent opportunity for the inspection of the Government Lands and fertile country of central, northwestern and southwestern Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and northeastern Colorado, reached by the new extensions of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska. Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas, New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Arkansas points on May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888. Tickets good for 30 days to Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Minnesota and Dakota points; and to all other States mentioned, 60 days. Liberal stop-over privileges will be accorded passengers beyond terminal points of this line. For tickets, general or further information regarding the above, apply to any ticket agent of its own or connecting lines or address, PAUL MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

A TUG is the only thing that has its toes behind.—*Rare Bits.*

WE are informed that a new and powerfully-written story, delineating college life in America, and the remarkable religious experience of a former infidel and other students, in which the great truths of Christianity are dealt with in a manner calculated to interest all readers, has just been written expressly for the *Christian Herald*, by Rev. L. S. Keyser, author of the famous and popular story, "The Way Out." The first chapter appears May 24, under the the title of "The Epochs of a Life," and will be continued from week to week. This journal is now the most popular and extensively-read illustrated religious paper published. For sale or can be ordered at all news-dealers. Price, 3c. Subscription price, $1.50 per year. Address 63 Bible House, New York

MONEY is an enigma that every body must give up—*N. Y. Journal.*

A Jolting on the Rail

Grievously disturbs the stomach of invalid travelers. The motion of the shipand vibration of the screw in crossing the ocean does the like for many in good health. All travelers should have, as a companion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fortifies and regulates the stomach and bowels, counteracts hurtful influences of climate and changes of temperature, and is a sovereign remedy for malarial, rheumatic and kidney ailments.

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IT is the bald-headed man who goes to the front—in a theater.

LADIES who possess the finest complexions are patrons of Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

ALL for the better—the jack pot.—*N. Y. Star*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

A REAL estate boom is very likely to develop into a boomerang.—*Merchant Traveler.*

RIPE for mischief—the early watermelon.

NEVER short in his accounts—the story teller.

REVISED proverb: Where there's a will there's a law-suit.—*Idea.*

NEVER expect a straight tip from a crooked man.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE turning-point in every maiden's life is the interrogation point.—*Tid-Bits.*

A LIMBURGER cheese trust has been formed: but it is only a little one for a scent.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A LIQUOR trust—putting it on the slate.—*Critic.*

A GREEN born—the mint julep.—*Boston Bulletin.*

NO MATTER how lovely the baby may be, he is still loveliest in repose.—*Puck.*

IT's no use arguing with an amateur photographer—he has views of his own.

A SUGAR trust—when a girl asks you to keep a kiss for her.—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHY is a divorce court like the beach? Because at both you hear the moaning of the tied.

WHEN is a hen a rooster? At night.

THE girl violinist always has several strings to her bow.—*Boston Post.*

A RING candidate—the young woman willing to be won.—*Washington Critic.*

A FARMER always wants the earth. With out it he could do nothing.—*Boston Post.*

A NEWSPAPER that parts its name in the middle is apt to wabble in its policy.

A DEFINITION.—Counsel—"What is the plaintiff's attitude as to this question?" Witness—"Recumbent. Lies about it constantly."—*Tid-Bits.*

THE girl who won't be won, remains one.

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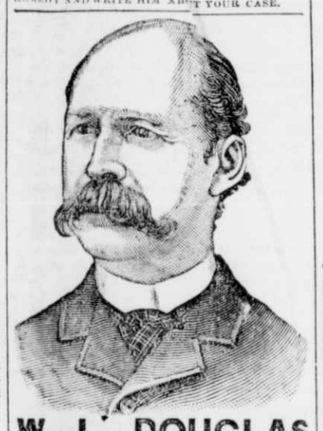


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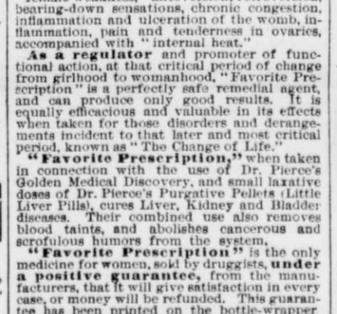
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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888.

Here is but one of many indications of what the passage of the Mills bill will do. Fearing that it will become a law, the Roottknit goods manufacturing company, of Cohoes, New York, has sent an agent to Germany with a view to purchasing a site for a mill in that country and removing their business there, as it would be impracticable to continue in business here. The company employs 500 persons, with a monthly pay roll of $18,000.

They Like the Mills Bill.

An American business man who has spent several months abroad, recently wrote from Brandfoad, England, to a well-known Philadelphia broker as follows:

"Business here and elsewhere is very poor. Manufacturers and merchants both complain of the volume being done and the meagre profits they obtain.

"Almost anyone you meet in trade circles questions you regarding the prospects of our Tariff bill and seems to think it is the one ray of hope they have of an improved condition of matters. Several of the largest manufacturers in this district (Yorkshire) have discussed with me the idea of their removing their plants to the States in the event of the tariff not being reduced to a considerable extent. I discussed this same question with them two years ago, but at that time they would not entertain the thought. Should Congress rectify the worsted clause and make them pay the same duty on woolens it would make matters much worse for the people here.

Blaine Will Not Accept.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The *Tribune* of to-day publishes the following letter from Mr. Blaine:

PARIS, May 17, 1888.

Whitelaw Reid, Esq., Editor New York Tribune:

MY DEAR SIR:—Since my return to Paris from southern Italy, on the 8th instant, I have learned (what I did not before believe) that my name may yet be presented to the National Convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination by the Republican party. A single phrase of my letter of February 25, from Florence (which was decisive of everything I had the personal power to decide,) has been treated by many of my most valued friends as not absolutely conclusive in ultimate and possible contingencies. On the other hand, friends equally devoted and disinterested have construed my letter, (as it should be construed), to be an unconditional withholding of my name from the National Convention. They have in consequence given their support to eminent gentlemen, who are candidates for the Chicago nomination, some of which would not, I am sure, have consented to assume that position, if I had desired to represent the party in the Presidential contest of 1888.

If I should now, by speech or by silence, by commission or omission, permit my name, in any event to come before the convention I should incur the reproach of being uncandid with those who have always been candid with me. I speak, therefore, because I am not willing to remain in a doubtful attitude. I am not willing to be the cause of misleading a single man among the millions who have given me their suffrages and their confidence. I am not willing that even one of my faithful supporters in the past should think me capable of pattering in a double sense with my words. Assuming that the Presidential nomination could by any possible chance be offered to me, I could not accept it without leaving in the minds of thousands of those men the impression that I had not been free from indiscretion, and therefore could not accept at all. The misrepresentations of malice have no weight but the just displeasure of friends I could not patiently endure.

Republican victory, the prospects of which grow brighter every day, can be imperilled only by lack of unity in council or acrimonious contest over men. This issue of protection is incalculably stronger and greater than any man, for it concerns the prosperity of the present and of generations to come.

Were it possible for every voter of the Republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe the party of free trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power as philanthropists to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma upon our statesmanship if we permit the American laborer to be forced down to the European level. And in the end the rewards of labor everywhere will be advanced if we steadily refuse to lower the standard at home.

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

Why Grant Was a Republican.

General Grant's Speech Delivered at Warren, O., Sept. 28, 1880.

It may be proper for me to account to you, on the first occasion of my presiding at a political meeting, for the faith that is in me.

I am a Republican as the two great political parties are now divided, because the Republican party is a national party, seeking the greatest good for the greatest number of citizens. There is not a precinct in this vast nation where a Democrat cannot cast his ballot, and have it counted as cast. No matter what the prominence of the opposite party, he can proclaim his political opinions, even if he is only one among a thousand, without fear and without persecution on account of his opinions. There are fourteen states, and localities in some other states, where Republicans have not this privilege. This is one reason why I am a Republican.

But I am a Republican for many other reasons. The Republican party assures protection to life and property; the public credit and the payment of the debts of the government—state, county and municipal—as far as it can control. The Democratic party does not promise this. If it does it has broken its promises to the extent of hundreds of millions, as many Northern Democrats can testify to their sorrow.

I am a Republican, as between the existing parties because it fosters the production of field and farm, and of manufactories, and it encourages the general education of the poor as well as the rich. The Democratic party discourages all these when in absolute power.

The Republican party is a party of progress and of liberality towards its opponents. It encourages the poor to strive to better their children, to enable them to compete successfully with their more fortunate associates; and, in fine, it secures an entire equality before the law of every citizen, no matter what his race, nationality or previous condition. It tolerates no privileged class. Every one has the opportunity to make himself all he is capable of.

It is a Free Trade Bill.

The Democratic newspapers, following the lead of the Democratic administration, insist upon it that the Mills bill is not a free trade measure, because it lowers the rates of duty very slightly. We regret to see that our esteemed contemporary, the *World*, continues to denounce Republican newspapers that call the Democrats free traders and their bill a free trade bill. As a matter of fact, no one cares whether the reductions effected by the Millrs bill are more or less. One of the worst features of the bill is that, while its authors pretend that it is made to reduce the surplus, its main object is to make an issue for the coming Presidential campaign. An appropriate title would be "A bill to change the revenue system of the United States." No one would care to contend against the slight reductions that are made by the bill if they were made with the protective principle in view. But the bill is made on a free trade principle. Certain articles are selected aud the duties upon them are entirely abolished, for the alleged purpose of giving our manufacturers an opportunity to compete with the foreigners in the markets of the world. This involves the admission of the foreigners into our own markets, as a matter of course, and the result must be to put an end to American control of the American market, which is the central idea of the protective system. The free traders know what they are after and what will be the ultimate result of the adoption of the Mills bill, and the protectionists are not at all deceived by the statements that the bill is only a slight reduction of rates, That is not a fair and frank statement of the case. On the contrary, it ts somewhat in the nature of a trick, and we are sorry to see so bold and honorable a champion of its opinions as the *World* is, adopting the little methods of people who are unwilling to engage in a fair fight on the issue of free trade or protection. The tariff will never be surreptitiously revised. They who suppose that it can be, underate the intelligence of the country. The struggle has now gone so far that the strongest ground that the Democrats can take is the honest one in favor of free trade. They will be beaten in it, but their defeat will not be so overwhelming, at least not so inglorious, as it would be if they were to go into the contest insisting that they only want to reduce duties a trifle.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 28th, 1888.—There is a prospect of another deadlock in the House at an early date, unless the Democrats join the Republicans in passing the bill removing the limitation from the arrearage of pensions act, and if they join in passing that measure, they thereby remove all necessity for a tariff bill, for there will then be no surplus to reduce, and that of course is the only possible excuse for such a bill as the Mills tariff bill. Already the committee on rules have been requested to report a resolution designating a time to consider the arrears of pensions bill, and they are in a quandary as to what to do in the matter. On Saturday the Republican members of the House in caucus assembled unanimously passed a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the Republicans of the House that the committee on rules be instructed to report a resolution assigning days for the consideration of all general pension bills, and that the order be made a continuing order, until all this class of business is disposed of. If the committee on rules, a majority of which are Democrats, refuse to report this resolution, there are a large number of Republicans who have expressed their intention of filibustering against the Mills tariff bill. That's the way the thing stands at writing.

Mr. Daniel Grosvenor, a member of the G. A. R. appointment committee, whose duty it is to look after the welfare of the old soldiers employed by the Government, gave his testimony before the House printing committee, which is engaged in investigating the Government printing office, on Saturday, in regard to the very unjust treatment the soldiers had received from Mr. Benedict, the Democratic Public Printer.

Gen. Sheridan has been very near death's door for the past six days. During that time he has had three distinct attacks, each of which it was feared would terminate fatally. For six days a doctor has been constantly at his side as he sat propped up in a reclining chair, it being impossible for him to lie down without danger of immediate death. He is suffering from what is known as valvular disease of the heart, one of the most uncertain and baffling diseases known to the medical faculty; one that is liable to kill without the slightest warning. His aged mother from Ohio arrived in the city Saturday night, and is now at the bedside of her son. The general fully realizes his very critical condition; on Friday he made his will. He is now somewhat better, though the danger is by no means considered past. In this case, as in many others of prominent people of late years, it was attempted to keep the public from knowing the real condition of the patient; the public was informed that the general was only suffering from a little fatigue, &c. This was kept up for three days before it became generally known that he was seriously ill.

The Republican caucus Saturday passed a resolution in favor of the Blair educational bill, but as the Democrats of the House committee on education, in whose hands it has been for months, refuse to meet and consider it, I don't see how it can get before the House.

The Democratic Senators are solidly against discussing the fisheries treaty in open session, but it will be done nevertheless, and afterwards it will be duly rejected.

Last week might fairly be considered an industrial one in both Houses of Congress. The House passed several of the regular appropriation bills and the Senate followed suite. The bill establishing a department of labor was passed, and that raising the Commissioner of Agriculture to a Cabinet position was passed by the House, and favorably reported to the Senate. Besides all this, the Senate had quite a number of secret sessions, nearly all devoted to settling whether the fisheries shall be discussed in public.

The President has approved the act limiting the hours of labor for letter carriers to eight per day.

No paper fractional currency will be issued. The bill having been adversely reported by the Senate nance committee. The committee reported in favor of a bill reducing the fee of postal notes of less than one dollar to one cent, believing that this would answer the purpose for which it was proposed to issue the fractional currency, and at the same time it will be much cheaper.

The cornerstone of the new Catholic university in this city was laid with very impressive ceremonies on Thursday. Among those in attendance were Cardinal Gibbons, the President and cabinet, about thirty bishops, over two hundred priests, and some thousands of laymen.

Sheridan's Longest Speech.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, May 27.—The longest speech ever delivered by General Sheridan will be printed tomorrow in the *Times*, giving it, so far as kown, the first publication other than a merely local one. The speech was made at the Creston reunion of the veterans of Southwest Iowa and Northwest Missouri. There were at least ten thousand veterans present, in addition to thousands of other persons. The enthusiasm for Sheridan was overwhelming, and, contrary to custom, he at last yielded to the importunities of the veterans and made a speech that went direct to every old soldier's heart. It was wholly impromtu and characteristic. Fortunately a first-class stenographer was present and took down verbatim as follows the words of "Little Phil:" "Comrades, I came here to-day to see you, and talk with you, and shake hands with you, while Colonel Carr and others, you know, came here to make eloquent addresses for you to listen to. I think he has been eulogistic of me in his remarks. It is true that I fought in almost everybody's way from Pea Ridge to Appomattox, and although I fought with cavalry and infantry and on every line of operation, and always had to change and take new men on new lines, I was very successful. I went through all the grades they had in the volunteer service, and then I commenced and went through all the grades in the regular service, and the date of every commission that I have is the date of a battle. Now, I want to say to you, comrades, I am indebted to the privates in the ranks for all this credit that has come to me. [Applause, long and continued.] He was the man who did the fighting, and the man who carried the musket is the greatest hero of the war, in my opinion. I was nothing but an agent. I knew how to take care of men. I knew what a soldier was worth, and I knew how to study the country so as to put him in right. I knew how to put him in battle when one occurred, but I was simply the agent to take care of him and he did the work. Now comrades, these are common-sense things, and I can't say them in very flowery language, but they are true, nevertheless; and they are true not of me alone, but of everybody else. It is to the common soldier that we are indebted to any credit to us. Now I am glad to see you here to-day, gentlemen, and I am glad to be with you on this occasion. There are many men here to-day who served in the field with me, and it is a great pleasure to me to find them out, and they have been very kindly in their remarks to me. While they were with me I certainly did all I could for them. I often lay awake planing for their welfare, and I never killed a man unnecessarily. One great trouble with men who command troops is that they kill men unnecessarily. You may kill as many men as you choose if you give them an equivalent for the loss. Men do not like to be killed for nothing; they do not like to have their heads rammed against a stone wall unless for some good results. These are the points I made during the war. Whenever I took men into a battle I gave them victory as the result of the engagement, and that was always satisfactory."

True Patriotism.

NEW ORLEANS, May 26.—General Gibson, re-elected United States Senator, was invited to address the legislature, and he did so. In the course of his remarks he said: "There never was a people, who, by the heat of a tremendous civil conflict, were so fused together as the people of the United States. It is true that here and there is to be found a man—a camp follower during the war, perhaps, or a demagogue—some man brave in bravado, some man who never wore a uniform or carried a musket, who would make you believe that the northern men were bent on humiliating the people of the south and that they distrust and despise them. Fellow citizens, this is not true. The people of the Northern States, in my judgment, are anxious and willing to recognize the people of the South as their fellow countrymen. I believe they are proud to do it. Fellow citizens, this is our Union, our constitution, and if I could do anything in my public career to bring the hearts and sympathies of the southern people to cherish the Union and the constitution I would feel that my task had not been in vain. It is true that the constitution has been changed, and that slavery has been abolished in the organic law of the land. It is true, fellow citizens, that the principles of secession have been eliminated from this structure of the Federal constitution. I think the wisest and best thing is for the southern people to make up their minds that they will accept in good faith the amendments to the constitution of the United States, which we have all sworn to support. How could we as men of honor do otherwise? There is the alternative of revolution. What would you think of the descendants of the men who followed the fortunes of the house of Stuart in England if they refused allegiance today to the house of Hanover and the British queen? What would you think of the Germans who, after the consolidation of the empire by the genius of Bismarck, were to disavow their allegiance and take up arms against the German government? Or what would be thought of a countryman of Cavour, whose genius united all Italy, if now he should take up arms against the Italian government? So the men who stood by the Confederacy, who risked their lives and fortunes for that cause, may now be true and loyal to the constitution of the United States and its amendments, and to the fortunes of the Union, whether they shall be good or evil."

Tinkering the Tariff in Caucus.

The Democratic party set out to devise a tariff that should raise no more revenue than is required by "the wants of the Government economically administered." They were going to hew right down to the revenue point, on the strict and straight line of "revenue reform."

When they got to work they dealt gently with sugar and rice, for both of these commodities, though highly protected, represent Democratic votes and Democratic votes had to be had. So it went on, until, in one way and another, a bill of most striking inconsistency with itself and with the professions of the Democratic party was prepared. Then it was held up to the admiring gaze of rock-ribbed Democrats, who declared it to be the "one thing altogether lovely."

Now that the bill has been done over in the Democratic caucus the faithful are expected to say once more that the bill is just as perfect as ever—quite as perfect as it was before the Democratic caucus pulled it seven ways from Sunday. They have knocked out the readjusted duty on soft steel made at the urgent request of the steel men of Wheeling and of others similarly situated; they took off and put on the free list according to demand backed by threats. The only principle held in view was the principle of getting votes for the bill in some shape.

The industries of the country and every interest dependent upon them are completely at the mercy of the necessities of the Democratic party, which must pass a tariff bill of some sort or go to the wall. It will go to the wall any how if the people of the United States have any regard for their bread and butter.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

The Condition of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 25.—R. G. Dun & C., in their review of trade say:

Gold has begun to go abroad in large amounts, $5,850,000 having been shipped since May 8. In the present state of foreign trade, suspension of foreign investments in this country involves exports of gold to meet current balances, whether any part of the foreign capital previously invested here is called back or not; but there are indications of foreign realizing in some securities.

The go out of gold, in view of the large accumulation of idle money, causes no apprehension. At interior points money is scarcely anywhere close, and at nearly all points easier, but complaints of slow collections do not diminish. The volume of trade is almost universally unsatisfactory, but the unfavarable weather is in most cases accepted as the chief cause, and some improvement is reported at Cleveland and Memphis.

The tendency of prices has been downward, both for securities and for products. The average for products was temporarily lifted by the speculaton in grain, but has fallen again to a point of five per cent below the highest for the year. Wheat has declined three cents with more favorable crop prospects. Corn has fallen two and one half cents for the week and oats one cent. Hogs and lard have advanced fifteen cents on the 100 pounds, and coffee half a cent, but cotton and sugar do not gain, and lard is three and one-half cents lower than a week ago. The decline in wool since May 1 has averaged thirty sents per 100 pounds. Hides continue very dull and leather generally favors buyers. There is no special activity seen in the boot and shoe trade, orders falling below expectations. Iron is very irregular. Definite, though not great improvement, appears in the dry goods and grocery trades.

Excursion to St. Louis.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to St, Louis from all points on its lines, May 31st to June 4th, inclusive, good returning until June 12th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. For tickets and time of trains call upon nearest Ticket Agent B. & O. R. R.

By the explosion of gasoline at a fire in Frederick city Monday evening two persons were killed, and nearly one hundred persons were seriously injured.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Coffins & Caskets,
BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888.—3m

Public Local Law.

CHAPTER 8.

AN ACT.

To repeal section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, in Garrett county, and to re-enact the same with amendments, and to add additional sections thereto to be known as sub-sections one and two, respectively.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That section ten of chapter two hundred and one, of the acts of eighteen hundred and eighty-six, entitled "An act to incorporate the town of Deer Park, Garrett county," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted to read as follows:

SECTION 10. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council may provide by ordinance to preserve the health of the town; to prevent and remove nuisances; to prevent, restrain, and regulate the running at large of horses, cattle, swine and geese, within the limits of said town; to prohibit and disperse the tumultuous or disorderly meetings of idle, dissolute or drunken persons; to provide for working and mending the public streets and alleys of said town; to provide for the making and repairing of sidewalks and gutters; and generally to provide for the regulation, good government and improvement of said town, and may enforce the observance thereof under such penalties, fines and forfeitures as they shall deem proper, not exceeding ten dollars for any one offense; and all fines, penalties and forfeitures may be recovered before a Justice of the Peace by warrant and judgment, and in case of failure or refusal to pay the same, the party so fined shall be committed for a period not exceeding ten days, to the Jail of Garrett county, in the same manner that commitments are made for fines imposed by the Circuit Courts of this State on conviction of misdemeanor, provided that all the expenses of such commitment and imprisonment shall be paid by the Mayor and Common Council of Deer Park; but said Mayor and Common Council, or a majority of them, shall have power at all times to remit or release the fines, penalties and forfeitures or any part thereof, at their discretion; but any party fined, or subject to any fine or forfeiture, may within five days after the same shall be imposed and judgment recovered, supersede and stay the same for thirty days, by giving ample personal security to the Justice of the Peace, and the fines and forfeitures imposed and collected by any of the provisions of this act may be paid by the Mayor and Common Council to the Bailiff as compensation for his services, or the said Mayor and Common Council may make such other disposition of said fines and forfeitures as they may deem best.

SUB-SECTION 1. And be it enacted, That the Mayor and Common Council shall have power to provide by ordinance for the laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley or lane in said town, or of any proposed street, alley or lane in said town, which in their judgment the public welfare or convenience may require, to provide for ascertaining whether any and what amount in value in damage will be caused thereby, for which the owner or possessor of any property through which said street, alley or lane may pass ought to be compensated, by the appointment of commissioners, the number of whom to be determined by said Mayor and Common Council, to assess the same; to provide for assessing and levying either, generally or the whole assessable property within the town, or specially on the property of persons benefited, the whole or any part of the damages and expenses which will be incured in laying out, opening, widening, straightening, extending or closing of any street, alley, or lane, or grading the same, to provide for collecting and paying the compensation awarded to any person before any street shall be opened, laid out, widened, straightened, extended, or closed, and to enact all ordinances from time to time necessary or proper to the exercises of the powers granted in this section; provided that before they shall proceed to execute any of the powers vested in them by this section, at least thirty days notice shall be given of any application which may be made for the passage of any such ordinance by advertisement in two newspapers printed in Garrett county; and provided further that upon the return of any assessment of damages or benefits or both, made under any ordinance passed under this section, the clerk of said town shall cause a copy thereof to be published once a week, for four successive weeks, in at least two newspapers printed in said county; and provided further that whenever the said Mayor and Common Council open, lay out, widen or extend any street, lane, or alley, they shall establish the grade thereof, and if in their judgment proper so to do, they shall grade the same.

SUB-SECTION 2. And be it enacted, That if any person shall feel aggrieved by the decision of the commissioners appointed to lay out such streets, alleys, or lanes, as to the amount of damages allowed him or benefits assessed against him, may appeal therefrom at any time within thirty days after said commissioners shall have made their return to the Circuit Court for Garrett county, which said appeal shall be taken by filing written notice thereof with the clerk of said Common Council, who shall thereupon without unnecessary delay, transmit to said Circuit Court a record of the proceedings of said Mayor and Common Council, and of said street commissioners in said matter, and said appeal shall be docketed upon the trial docket of the next succeeding term of said court, the party taking said appeal to be docketed as plaintiff, and said Mayor and Common Council as defendant, and said party appellant shall thereupon be entitled to a jury trial to assess the amount of damages payable to, or amount of benefits chargable against him as the case may be, and the amount assessed as such damages or benefits by said jury shall stand in the place and stead of the assessment thereof by said commissioners, and upon said appeal it shall be competent for the Court to quash the proceedings upon the motion of the appellant, for errors or omissions rendering the same fatally defective; and upon the trial of said cause in said Circuit Court either party may take bills of exception to any rulings of said Court upon matters of law arising in the progress of such trial, and either party appeal to the Court of Appeals of this State from any such ruling, or from the action of said court in quashing or refusing to quash such proceedings.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 3d, 1888.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a correct copy of An Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1888.

W. G. PURNELL,
5 19 3t Secretary of the Senate.

E. F. STANSBERRY,
—Manufacturer of—
Boots and Shoes,
Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,
OAKLAND, MD.
☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 2, 88.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.
J. A. HAYDEN.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—General Palmer, U. S. A., and wife are at Bosley's.

—Mr. George Pfeiffer, of Davis, W. Va., was in town this week.

—Highest cash price paid for wool by Legge & Miller, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. Walter S. Wolf was with his many friends in Oakland last week.

—The highest cash price will be paid for seed buckwheat at Offutt's store.

—About thirty of our citizens went to Grafton Wednesday, to attend the decoration observances.

—Did you see that 4-hole stove with large water-tank, at Davis' Hardware Store, full trimmed, for $22.00.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Pfeiffer and grandchild, of Oakland, were visiting relatives in Davis, W. Va., last week.

—The next time you come to town call and see what a nice stove you can buy, full trimmed, at Davis' Hardware Store, for $15.

—Mr. R. G. Elliott, representing the National Life and Maturity Association of Washington, D. C., was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday.

—Don't forget. You can buy a large 6-hole Range, with water-tank, large shelf, with brackets, full trimmed, at Davis' Hardware Store, for $35.00.

—J. M. Litzinger's Ice Cream parlors, next door to B. & O. depot, are now open for the reception of the public. Ice cream by the plate, or in quantity. Families, parties, and festivals promptly served.

—General Kelly has compromised his suit against the Georgetown Street Railway company, for injuries received by him through the carelessness of a driver of that company. General Kelly agreed to take $1,700 and settle the matter.

—At a meeting in Cumberland Monday of representatives of Methodist congregations of Allegany county and vicinity, the "Allegany Grove Camp-Meeting Association" was formed, and arrangements for incorporation, issuing of stocks, etc., were effected. Humbird's grove, five miles west of Cumberland, will be purchased and this year's camp held there.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M. by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Large Stock of Goods.

Just received, the largest stock of goods I ever carried, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Grocers, and everything else; all of which will be offered and sold at the lowest possible cash prices. Will pay the highest cash price for wool.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Positively Last Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all book accounts and notes, of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, must be settled by the twenty-fifth of June inst. All accounts and notes remaining unsettled after that time will be placed in the hands of an attorney for immediate collection. Will take wool on account as cash, at highest market price.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

House for Rent.

My large dwelling, on Mill street, Oakland, is for rent either furnished or unfurnished. Apply on the premises for price and terms.

H. A. RASCHE.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of F. & C. Felty, either by note or book account, will please call and settle the same on or before July 1, 1888, otherwise all claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Yours Respectfully,
F. & C. FELTY.

"Home Comfort" Range.

Supt. A. J. Fullen and his corps of assistants who have for the past three months made this place headquarters for the sale of the St. Louis Wrought Iron Ranges, left Monday for Oakland, Md., taking with them the best wishes of our people. During the time they were here they disposed of over 300 ranges, and their dealings with our citizens were characterized with the utmost integrity and fairness. We can safely commend them to the good people of Maryland as honorable, straightforward gentlemen, and we trust they may meet with the success there which honest business methods should command everywhere. — *Fairmont, (W. Va.) Index.*

We publish the following certificates which have been voluntarily given, and are from persons well and favorably known to the people of our county:

OAKLAND, MD., May 28, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—I purchased of your salesman, Mr. H. L. White, on the 25th day of May, 1888, a "Home Comfort" Range and am pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

MRS. JOHN MACKIN.

OAKLAND, MD., May 28, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman, Mr. H. L. White, on the 25th day of May, 1888, a "Home Comfort" Range and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. We would not take one hundred dollars for it if we could not get another just like it. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

B. RDYNOLDS,
MRS. B. REYNOLDS.

OAKLAND, MD., May 29, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman, Mr. J. S. Crim, one of your perfect "Home Comfort" Ranges, and we are delighted with it. We can safely say it does not take half as much fuel as any stove we have ever used, and does its work perfectly, and we would not take twice the amount it cost us if we could not get one just like it.

Respectfully,
D. J. SLABACH,
CATHERINE SLABACH.

OAKLAND, MD., May 26, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—I do not hesitate to recommend your "Home Comfort" Range. From the satisfaction it gives at my home I think it deserves large patronage.

Very respectfully,
ANDREW B. GONDER.

Company A Elects a Captain.

Company A, Second Battalion, held an election for captain last evening to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Capt. H. White. Capt. Gordon presided and Capt. Holzshu was secretary. The result was the election of Neill Woodrow, who received 17 votes to Lt. Madore's 12. Capt. Woodrow has had experience as an officer of the Maryland National Guard and will no doubt make an efficient company commander.—*Cumberland News, Wednesday.*

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland Garrett county, Md., for the month ending May 31st, 1888:

Baker, Mrs. Samuel,	Neel, W. C.,
Brant, J. G.,	Plier, Geo.,
Conway, James,	Race, Edward (2),
Carr, W. M.,	Ruble, J. W.,
Dixon, D. M.,	Roach, William,
Grant, J. H.,	Skipper, Thomas,
Griffith, D. E.,	Steele, Mrs.
Hunt, A. J.,	Thompson, Annie,
Jackson, Geo.,	White, Mrs. G. W. (2)
Leashorn, Miss Lena,	White Joseph W.,
Lish, Mrs. Eulalia E.,	White, Geo. E.,
Levorn, M.	William, John A.,
Lee, J. M. & Son,	Wilson, E. E.,
Moon, G. W. & Co.,	Webster, Miss.
Miller, Miss Rebecca,	

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

B. & O. Relief Association Payments.

The statement of the B. & O. Railroad Relief Association for March is published showing an aggregate of 2,472 benefit items paid to members, costing $30,665.19. For 9 accidental deaths $7,500 were paid; for 403 accidental injuries, $6,030.83; for 802 cases of sickness, $11,381.74; for 11 natural deaths, $4,600, and 247 physicians' bills, $1,152.62. From May 1, 1980, to March 31, 1888, $1,690,053.31 were paid on 74,743 cases.

Home Manufactures.

The Williams Marble Works, of this place, have just completed a beautiful Italian marble monument for Mrs. Josephus Broadwater, of Grantsville, Md., to be erected over the grave of her late husband. This monument will be one of the prettiest in Garrett county, and great credit is due to the enterprising manufacturers of this elegant class of work,—*Frostburg Journal.*

The "Twenty-Third" at Swanton.

Down came the rain. All day—no cessation. Not heavily, but with a quiet determination to fully enjoy its steady fall, fall. No heed paid it to the anxious wishes of "all the world"—around Swanton. What should we do? Miss the Band, the "Peak Sisters," the "Sunflower Chorus," the "Jacob's Well," the rare confectionery made expressly for us, beside the ice cream and fruit, all because "Old Probs" insisted upon being there too. Very good taste I admit, but we wouldn't allow the old fellow to have all the good things for himself. These sturdy dwellers of the mountains said him "nay," and though he pelted us right soundly, on we came until the beautifully decorated hall was well filled with an audience of representative persons. Now what did we find? Just such an entertainment as the genius and taste of the lady managers had led us to expect. No similar effort I believe has received such unanimous approval. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of it all arose from the fact that while those immediately interested number not more than half a dozen, the several denominations in the neighborhood gave their unqualified support. Where committees stand together on such a broad basis they will not long lack the graces of Christian charity, of which the world stands so much in need. May these people stand ever thus in whatever is right. The main feature of the evening was a serio-comic representation entitled "Peake Sisters," which has already made a national reputation. The "seven sisters" and "four brothers" reaching Swanton are to be complimented upon the piquant manner in which they recalled to us the almost forgotten but very dear Mother Goose Rhymes. Concluding as they did with the old but ever new "Three Blind Mice," none could fail of a hearty laugh, that, taking us back for a moment to our childhood days, made us all young again. Continuing their journeyings may the "Peake Sisters" make merry the hearts of all who listen to them. I have since heard that ten applications have been made for the paraphanalia of the Sunflower Chorus. The make-up of this, however, is supposed to be a profound secret—it can only be seen to be appreciated. Success to the gloriously faithful old flower, where ever he goes, with his heart full of song. Too much cannot be said of the Band from Oakland, who came through drizzling rain fourteen miles to keep an engagement. A set of men possessing the quality necessary to do this must be made of such material that will always win the respect and confidence of right thinking people. The music was very highly appreciated, and to the Band should be accorded half the honors of the evening.

Were this not a pen and ink talk, and I not taking up space in your already well-filled columns, very much could be said of the tasteful stage, the romantic Jacob's Well and the prettily decorated confectionery table, loaded with good things—so good indeed, that not a single orange or bit of fruit or confection remained unappropriated. May the ladies in the near future provide just such another treat for us. And if "Old Probs." can be induced to stay at home with his rain clouds I am sure Mr. West will have to enlarge the dimentions of his already commodious hall, or many of us will gather up only crambs of sound out on the platform, and miss entirely the pretty sights upstairs.

A FORTUNATE ONE.

Elkins.

Mrs. J. H. Jones, living two miles South of here, died very suddenly Saturday last. Deceased leaves a husband and five children.

Mr. J. H. Beckman is absent from town looking out for a location to move his store.

Mr. J. T. Nydegger has opened out in his new store house.

Messrs. John Harned, Joseph Irons and Thos. K. Harvey met on the 24th and located our new road. As the old road up the Nydegger hill is almost impassable, we trust the County Commissioners will act promptly and favorably toward said road.

There was a lecture at Oak Grove on the subject of temperance by Rev. G. M. Kelley Saturday evening, 26th. Mr. Kelley treated this all absorbing question in quite an able manner.

Rev. R. S. Welch will preach for us at 10:30 A. M., June 3d.

Sabbath School is held at 2:30 P. M.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre or ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

Cherrytree Meadows.

As our Flatwoods correspondent wishes to hear from Cherrytree Meadows, I will try to give a few items.

Mr. Simon Weimer has sold his farm and saw mill to Mr. James Knox.

Mrs. Matilda Knox is very ill at present. We hope she may recover soon.

Mr. Joel Bender sold a valuable horse one day last week to Mr. Jeremiah Feik.

Mr. Jacob Feik is erecting an addition to his barn.

Mr. Joseph Spiker is erecting a new dwelling house for his son.

Mr. Jeremiah Feik lost a valuable mare and colt sometime ago.

Mr. Wm. Hartman has returned from Sang Run, where he has been engaged in saw-milling for sometime. He has sold his saw mill to Mr. John Rush. He reports saw-milling somewhat dull.

Mr. F. J. Glotfelty, lately married to Miss Lizzie Speicher, has moved to himself in a house formerly occupied by Henry Boetner, but now owned by Joel Bender.

Mr. E. H. Glotfelty visited Cherrytree Meadows last week.

Mr. Henry Georg lost a valuable mare last week.

Mr. Henry Feik is erecting a new dwelling house. He expects to rent his farm next spring.

Messrs. J. A. Feik and Maximilian Schiminger are quarrying limestone for Mr. Joseph Hostel.

Mr. George Feik expects to have a stone hauling next week.

Some people may think that the law preventing all persons from fishing in Bear Creek for two years will not be enforced, but they had better be careful or some of them may see Oakland about next September.

Fruit has been severely damaged by late frosts in this section.

Mr. Joel Bender lost a valuable colt sometime ago.

Preaching at the Spiker church next Sunday at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Joseph Durst paid Mr. Joseph Smearmund a pleasant visit last week.

Cherrytree Meadows will give Louis E. McComas a splendid majority next fall should he be re-nominated. O. K.

Flatwoods.

Farmers waiting for it to clear up.

The recent frosts have somewhat damaged the apple and other fruits.

Mr. Franklin Shank and daughter were visiting relatives in community.

Mr. Truman Pysell expects to purchase a new buggy soon.

The people of Flatwoods met May 27th for the purpose of organizing a Sabbath School, and the following officers were elected: Superintendent, James Beeghley; Assistant, Jonas Fiek; Secretary, James McGettigan; Treasurer, Jackson Alexander; Librarian, Miss Maggie Beeghley. We hope that the good work will be carried on successfuly through the entire summer.

Swanton.

The concert for the benefit of Anderson Chapel last Wednesday 23d inst., was a grand success. The weather was against it, as it rained nearly all day and also in the evening but it did not prevent the concert from being a success. The ladies of the committee had worked hard and deserved the success they achieved. Finally it was also a success, as they cleared a little more than fifty dollars.

Mrs. Cyrus Foster, from near Deer Park, was visiting relatives here last week.

A. G. Friend has been improving his place with a new fence.

Miss West, of Keyser, was visiting friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bunce, Miss Low and Miss Lee Phillips, of Mt. Lake Park, George Connell and Miss Hott, of Deer Park, took in the concert Wednesday evening.

Rev. N. A. Kiracofe preached the usual sermon of Mrs. A. G. Friend on Thursday, in West's Chapel.

Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield, of Deer Park, and Mrs. Henry Grant, of Grafton, were visiting Mrs. Joseph Foster Tuesday.

HOOSIER.

Notice.

I have added to my stock of family medicines Drs. D. Fahnery & Sons. family remedies, consisting of Health Restorer, Teething Syrup, Peerless Liniment and Compound Syrup of Wildcherry. Also a full line of Dr. Hoyt's preparations, consisting of family remedies, toilet goods, soaps, perfumes, &c. Come and see what I have, then you will know where to get it when you need it.

L. MUHLENBERG.

A Pleasing Entertainment.

The entertainment given in Offutt's Music Hall Saturday night, by the Prof. J. Miller Combination, so pleased our people that the company were prevailed upon to repeat the performance Monday night. Large audiences greeted the performance each evening.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wrought-Steel RANGES.

We have just received a sample of one of the finest

WROUGHT-STEEL RANGES

in the market, for coal or wood. It is rigidly braced, bolted and riveted as strong as iron and steel can make them, elegantly and substantially mounted with high finish in Nickel and black Enamel. Handsome in appearance, convenient in arrangement, and economical in fuel. Will save 20 per cent in fuel. Anti-clinker shaking grate and drawout. Balanced and ventilated oven doors. Large warming closet. Shelf with brackets. Extra large ash pan. Heavy steel plate doors, Japanned and Nickeled. Handsome Nickel side rails. Large top, size 30x39, with six holes,

ALL FOR THE SMALL SUM OF $45

Parties thinking of buying a Range should give us a call before buying, or send for circulars and cuts, as we will save you money.

We also have a full line of Cast Iron Stoves and Ranges, we can sell you from $15.00 to $35.00, full trimmed.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
6 2 Oakland, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

—:o:—

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Andrew B. Gonder, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Edward Z. Tower, Administrator of Wm. H. Tower, deceased, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Amelia Berrian I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Amelia Berrian, in and to all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in Election District number 4, Garrett county, and known as

DUNDALK,

and containing one hundred and thirty-seven acres, more or less. Said tract adjoins the lands of William Kilpatine and John Swan, and lies on the North Branch of the Potomac River. It is well TIMBERED and is underlaid with COAL, and I hereby give notice, that on

Wednesday, June 27th, 1888,

at 3 o'clock P. M. at the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

E. E. SOLLARS,
6 2 4t Sheriff.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Peter J. Stephens, John W. Stark and Michael McAndrews, located as follows, viz: Leading from the blacksmith shop at Swauger's Mill, and running South through the lands of Henry Broadwater, Christ Miller and Patrick McAndrews, to the old Lochiel camp on Barton road, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Saturday, the 9th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate and change the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
ELIAS MERRILL,
ROSS COMPTON,
555 Examiners.

RECEIVERS' SALE OF LUMBER!

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed in a cause wherein John W. Shaw is plaintiff and Stone, Bowman & Co., are defendants, the same being No. 428 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Receivers were authorized and empowered to sell either at public or private sale all the hereinafter described property, and by the authority conferred as aforesaid we will, on

the 12th Day of June, A. D. 1888,

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M., AT

Hoffman's Mill, Garrett Co.,

near Hambleton, W. Va., offer for sale at public auction, all the following described property, to-wit:

About 110,000 feet of spruce joists, sill plates and framing lumber, ranging in thickness from 2 to 6 inches, in width from 6 to 12 inches and in length from 16 to 32 feet. A large portion of said lumber being 3x10, 24 feet long. Also about 15,000 feet of spruce lumber ranging in thickness from one to one and a half inches, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long.

The above described property is good merchantable lumber, nicely assorted, and in good condition.

Also about 25,000 feet of spruce lumber in the log.

Lumber will be offered in such quantity as purchasers may desire.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said order, cash.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
5 26 td Receivers.

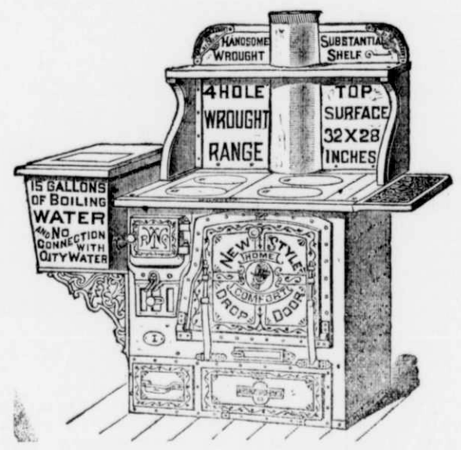
EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the road petitioned for by Joel Beachey, Aaron Beachey and others, beginning at Aaron Beachey's, on the National Road, and running thence past Jacob Spiker's, and through lands of Samuel Baker, James Fresh and others, and intersect the county road leading to Oakland and Accident near Mrs. Hetrick's, and examine whether the said petitioned road should be located will meet on Tuesday, the 5th day of June, 1888, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

P. C. BOUCHER,
PETER SLABAUGH,
JACOB MILLER,
555 Examiners.

HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Wrought Iron Range Co. St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



We place before you a few testimonials from ourhome, to show you how we stand in St. Louis with people whom it is a credit to please. We could give you the recommendation of *over a thousand* others who are now using our Ranges in this city, but prefer to select those who are most likely to be known by those at a distance.

To any intending customer we say, *write* or *telegraph* either of the following parties in St. Louis as to our standing here:

Charles Parsons, Pres't State Savings Association.
Wm E. Burr, Pres't St. Louis National Bank.
R. J. Lackland, Pres't Boatmen's Savings Bank.
J. C. H. D. Block, Pres't Fourth Nat'l Bank.
Thos. E. Tut, Pres't Third National Bank.
Hon. D. R. Francis, Mayor of St. Louis.
Frank Gaiennie, Pres't Merchants Exchange.
L. M. Rumsey, Pres't Rumsey M'f'g Co. and Granite Mountain Mines.
E. C. Simmons, Pres't Simmons Hardware Co.
Jerome Hill, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Exchange
Wm. Senter, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Compress Company.
S. M. Kennard, Pres't St. Louis Exposition.
Chas. Green, Pres't St. Louis Fair Association.
Jos. Girardi, Proprietor Planters House.
Hulbert, Howe & Chassaing, Proprietors Lindell Hotel.
Henry Lewis, Manager Southern Hotel.
J. L. Griswold, Proprietor Laclede Hotel.
John T. Davis, Pres't St. Louis Club.
Jas P. Richardson, Pres't Mercantile Club.
Hargadine, McKittrick & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Ely, Walker & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Rice, Stix & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Wear, Booghner & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Brown, Daughaday & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Sam'l C. Davis & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Tennent & Walker, Wholesale Boots & Shoes.
Orr & Lindsley, Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Kelley, Goodfellow & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Schafer, Schwartz & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Simmons Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware
A. F. Shapleigh Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware.
Caruth & Byrnes, Wholesale Hardware.

ST. LOUIS, 1887.

I desire to express to you my hearty thanks for putting up the "Home Comfort" Range in my house. You could not take it away—if I could not get another of the same pattern—if you would pay me double the price you ask for it. It fills the bill exactly. The women folks are charmed with it. It bakes admirably, and is just the thing we were so badly in need of. No woman can be happy if deprived of the "Home Comfort" after having once used it. In designing the "Home Comfort" Range, you have conferred a great blessing upon the "women folks," and have done much to make home folks happy.

Yours truly,
NORMAN J. COLMAN,
Now U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture.

GENTLEMEN,—The "Home Comfort" Range now in use in our home *is superior to any we have ever used.* I most respectfully tender this evidence of its merits.

Very respectfully,
MRS. W. T. SHERMAN.

We sell more ranges in the city of St. Louis than ALL OTHERS COMBINED. This is extremely satisfactory to us, and should be a guarantee to strangers, that in buying a "HOME COMFORT" Range they run no risk. The FINEST GRADE OF MALLEABLE IRON, in connection with the best soft steel plates, handled and put together by the best steel and iron workers money can control, is the reason our Ranges are uniformly successful, besides our experience of over twenty years has been utilized to bring to its present state of perfection the

"HOME COMFORT" RANGE.

Mr. Jos. Powell, of Sulphur P. O., Trimble county, Ky., writes: "We have been keeping house twenty years, and have used up four cast iron stoves. We have now a 'Home Comfort' Range, and my wife pronounces it the most perfect, economical and in every way most satisfactory cooking apparatus she has ever had occasion to use."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

KEEPING STEP TOGETHER.

The band was playing martial airs,
Their melodies repeating
In rhythmic rhyme; and, marking time,
The drums were loudly beating;
And those in uniform so fine,
With soldier cap and feather,
And others there along the square
Were keeping step together.

Beside me walked a maiden fair
Whose heart I had been seeking
For many a day, but had not found
The courage yet for speaking:
And as I watched her glowing face
I really wondered whether,
As man and wife, throughout our life,
We could keep step together.

The tune was changed; but still the band
Kept up its martial measure;
In unison the crowd moved on
To business, or to pleasure;
And she—emboldened by the scene,
Or by the bracing weather—
Exclaimed: "Just see how nicely we
Are keeping step together!"

Ah! quickly I improved the time,
My heart a quickstep beating,
And soon the old, old story I
Was tenderly repeating;
And when the "Wedding March" was played,
Close bound by Hymen's tether,
Adown the aisle, with rapturous smile,
We two kept step together.

The years have sped; and we are old,
Who once were young and sprightly;
But still within our hearts the flame
Of love is burning brightly;
And though we've met with cloudy days,
And some tempestuous weather,
True comrades still—through good or ill—
We're keeping step together.

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A WOULD-BE SOLDIER.

"Poleon Bonyparte" Has His Fortune Told.

"Yes, Sis Dinah, dey says as how dem gypsies camped down at Holly Springs knows ebrything in de world; how long you gwine ter lib, how much money you gwine ter make, and who yer gwine ter marry ef you is single. Why, Sis Mary Jemimy Lee, she pintedly told me how dey 'scribed her fust husband eben ter de wart on his nose, till she could most see him, and she nebber said a mortal word 'bout him ter one ob 'em. I'se clean feared to go and see dem."

Mrs. Cleopatra Allen, a credulous old negress, two shades darker than her namesake of the Nile, had dropped in for a pleasant gossip with her neighbor, Mrs. Dinah Maria Mullins.

An encampment of gypsies at Holly Springs, about a mile distant from the Turkey Creek settlement, had thrown the colored folks into the wildest confusion. Nothing was heard but their wonderful prophecies and fortune-telling, and though the wisest and most experienced of the men tried to prevent their women folks from frequenting the gypsy encampment, many a dollar crossed the hard palms of the deceptive old crones.

"Well, I dunno, Sis Cleopatry," Mrs. Dinah answered, deliberately. She was a stout, stolid-looking black woman, slow of speech and slow of comprehension. "I dunno as how you ought ter go. Jacob he says as how they're 'Gyptians and witches, and cast-offs from de Lord, and dat it don't become church members to 'sociate wid sech heathens. I'm powerful curus, I must say, ter know ef dey kin tell me who tuck my brass kettle wot wos stole last summer outer de yard. P'raps I'll send Poleon Bonyparte ter axe 'em."

"Maybe dey kin tell ef I'se gwine ter be a sojer, mammy!" Napoleon Bonaparte cried.

Napoleon, being very short and stout, with a small head which only held a thimbleful of sense, had decided that regimentals would exactly suit his style. He believed that with a gun and sword and fierce mustache, a few straggling hairs of which he was at that time nursing, he would be a terror to the boys of his own age at Turkey Creek, and a hero to its dusky damsels.

Whether he was to be a drummer or a general he had not yet decided, nor how he was to reach the envied military height; but he had several times seen a parade of militia at the neighboring town of Plaquemine, and his thoughts by day and dreams by night were full of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

His mother smiled proudly and approvingly at her son's speech.

"It do beat all de way dat ar boy lubs sojerin'," she said. "He's jest borned one, and he's light complected like his Uncle Nathan, wot went out wid Marse James Anderson and fout in de war ob independince. Leastwise, Marse James he fout, and Nathan he seed de battles wid his own eyes.

"I'se been arter Jacob ter send Poleon ter dat milintary school dey calls West P'int, and let him foller de sojer trade. He's all de chile we'se got, Sis Cleopatry, and his pappy oughtn't ter hinder him; but Jacob is sot aginst de milintary, and he goes on awful when we talks 'bout it."

"He aint got no call to do dat," Mrs. Cleopatra replied, solemnly. "He's no pore folks, ter skimp and save so he kin gib his son an eddication. Folks *do* say Brudder Jacob has got a power ob money hid away, caze he don't believe in no banks."

Mrs. Mullins smiled mysteriously.

"I don't say yes and I don't say no, Sis Cleopatry. Sartain sure, Jacob Mullins don't b'lieve in banks, wot's always a-bein' robbed and breakin' and losin' folks' money. He says as how when he gits money, he's gwine to keep it."

"Wot's dat yer sayin', ole ooman, 'bout money?" and Mrs. Dinah, turning, saw her husband looking suspiciously at her.

Jacob Mullins was a strong, shrewd-looking old fellow, with rather a stern expression on his face.

She answered hastily: "I wor jest tellin' Sis Cleopatry you do'n b'lieve in no banks."

"Well, seein' as how I aint got no money ter put in no banks, it don't matter wot I b'lieves in. Is you goin', Mis' Allen? Well, good-mornin'!"

"Look here, ole ooman!" he said, as soon as the visitor had departed. "Wot was you sayin' 'bout money ter dat clack-tongue? Did you say as how I had any?"

"No, I didn't open my head 'bout it," Dinah said, half-frightened and half-angry. "But you knows you has it, and you keeps me dat short dat me and Poleon Bonyparte ain't got no decent clothes."

"I don't want no clothes!" piped Poleon. "Dad, I wants regimentals and a sword and a drum."

"Shut up, you idjit!" cried his father, furiously. "Go out and feed de cows, and ef you says regimentals ter me agin, I'll sojer you!"

Poleon Bonyparte obeyed sulkily. He thought his father very hard and miserly, for he knew he *had* money. Lying awake one night, when he ought to have been fast asleep, he heard his father and mother discussing the safest hiding-place for their earnings, and they decided upon a large knot-hole in the crib, or barn, over which a plank could be nailed, and which could only be reached by a ladder.

"Ebry night I'm calklatin' to see robbers break in," old Jacob said. "Dey s'picions as how I'se got de money in de house, but nebody'll tink ob de barn, sure. I don't b'lieve in buryin' money, specially bank-notes. Hogs mought root 'em up and damp git ter dem, but my knot-hole bank is safe and dry."

Neither father nor mother dreamed that Poleon had overheard this conversation, and I must say one thing for the would-be soldier: he was thoroughly honest, and would not have touched one penny of the money; but it made him chuckle and feel rich every time his eyes fell on the boarded knot-hole.

That evening, however, his mind was running on the gypsies. He must have his fortune told, whatever might come of it. He was the proud possessor of twenty-five cents, given to him that morning by Judge Cameron for holding his horse. He had determined to make it the nucleus for the purchase of a drum and sword, but the gypsies were going away, and he must know if futurity held regimentals for him.

He fed the cows, and hastened to the gypsies' encampment.

It was only a short distance from his father's farm, and he was quite familiar with the looks of the swarthy-browed men who had loitered about the farm to sell ponies, or mend pans and pots, until old Jacob ordered them from his premises. But many a peep had Poleon taken of their encampment, and they all knew him by sight and name. The camp was a scene of confusion that evening, for the gypsies were preparing to move.

A bright-eyed young woman approached the boy, who was standing irresolutely on one foot, as was his custom when perplexed. He had not made up his mind whether he would have his fortune told or not.

"And what does my pretty young gentleman want?" she said, with an insinuating smile. "We're going away before light to-morrow, and he must speak now, if he wants any thing."

"I comed ter hab my fortune tolt," Poleon stammered, "but I reckon you ain't got time. I ain't got but twenty-five cents, and I doesn't know if dat's enuff ter buy a good fortune."

The woman laughed, and stepping aside, beckoned to one of the men who stood near the wagons. Poleon recognized him as one of the most persistent haunters of the farm. A conversation ensued between him and the woman in a strange language, and in a few minutes she returned, smiling, to the boy.

"Will the young gentleman cross my palm with the silver," she said insinuatingly," and let me see his hand?"

Poleon laid a trembling palm in hers, and she studied it intently for a few minutes.

"I see a sword glitterin'," she said, in a low, mysterious voice, "and the brass buttons of a soldier. You're goin' to march to battle, but you won't be hurt—oh no. I see you a comin' back from the wars with banners flying and fife and drum playing, and I see—yes, I see gold epaulets on your shoulder—a Gineral's epaulets."

"O Lordy!" ejaculated Poleon, light-headed and fairly intoxicated by this picture of military grandeur.

"Yes," continued the gypsy, fixing her keen eyes upon the boy's face. "And then you'll march home in your grandeur, and your pa will pour all the hidden money at your feet, and say: 'It's yours, take it all.' Yes, every cent of the money he's hid, but I can see where it is"——

"Gracious!" cried astonished Poleon. "You kin see de money in de knot-hole in de barn and de plank kiverin' it, too?"

"Of course. I see the knot-hole and the plank nailed over it as plain as I see your face."

"Wot will pappy say when he hears dat?" cried Poleon, appalled at this display of what he thought superhuman power. He little dreamed *who* had betrayed the secret.

"If you tell him," said the gypsy, in a terrible voice, and frowning darkly, "if you tell him, your fortune won't come true—good-bye to soldiering. But if you are secret, come to-morrow, at sunrise, to that big oak yonder, and under it you'll find what you want most in the world."

Poleon ran home, his head in a whirl. He forgot all about the treasure, all about every thing but what he was to find the next day. Of course, it would be a uniform. He certainly wanted *that* more than any thing else in the world, and the gypsy had shown that she knew every thing.

He passed a sleepless night, and was up by daylight. But he did not go near the tree until sunrise, as the gypsy had told him. When he had reached the spot, there was nothing there but a bed of dry leaves, which he scattered about frantically. Nothing!

In his disappointment he threw himself on the ground and cried aloud. He had been basely cheated, and into his slow mind there began to creep the thought that he had been duped, and that the gypsies were imposters.

He walked slowly home, feeling utterly cast down, but when he neared the farm he heard unusual sounds which made him quicken his steps. At the door of the barn was his father, dashing about like a lunatic, tearing his wool, and uttering short, sharp cries. Dinah stood near, the picture of misery and despair.

"Ise been robbed! They've tuck all my money!" Jacob cried, as he saw his son. "De robbers is done broke in de knot-hole and the hunderd dollars is done gone. Saddle ole Jim, Poleon, and ride fur yer life ter de sheriff. Tell him ter come and cotch de tief. Run, boy!"

Poleon stood for a moment supeied. Then he had an inspiration.

"Dem gypsies has done tuck it, dad!" he cried. "They tolt me yisterday 'bout your money bein' in de knot-hole."

He forgot, or did not kow, the part he had taken in the little drama.

The old man gave him one sharp look, dashed off, saddled the pony, and was in town in a few minutes. The gypsies were pursued and Jacob was more fortunate than the most of those whom the fraternity victimize, for a part of the notes were recovered, owing to a private mark which the astute Jacob had put upon them.

As for what passed between father and son on that occasion, no one knows, but it is certain that "Poleon Bonyparte" seems to have lost his military proclivities. Like his great namesake, he has found his St. Helena.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE RULING PASSION.

Why an Eminent Judge Excused an Impertinent Witness.

In one of the coast States there lived two men of very dissimiliar dispositions, but whose similar taste in one thing led them to "meet together" on an occasion long remembered by many present. One was an eminent judge, and the other was the French keeper of a sailor's loft. The judge was holding court, and the loft-keeper was an important witness in a case before him. The witness was called, but he came not, nor answered. "Where is Suson?" asked the judge, impatient at the non-appearance of the witness.

"He will not answer, your honor?" replied the sheriff.

"Go and find him, and bring him into court?" cried the judge, sternly.

The sheriff went to look for him, and found the Frenchman a deeply interested spectator of a cock-fight then going on in the village. Returning to the court-room, he reported to the judge: "Your honor, Mr. Suson is looking at a chicken-fight, and says that all the judges in the State can't bring him away."

Immediately a change came over the judge's feelings and expression, and in a mild but earnest and clearly heard voice he asked: "Is it true, sheriff, that the cock-fight is now a-going on?"

"It is your honor," replied the sheriff.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, addressing the jury and lawyers, "I very much desire to witness that fight myself. The court is adjourned for half an hour."—*Harper's Magazine.*

ENGAGED YOUNG MEN.

A Jeweler's Clerk Tells How They Select Their Rings.

"It's funny to see the different ways in which various men select engagement rings, and when a man comes in here for that purpose every clerk in the store can recognize the fact at once. Of course he has only come in to look at some watches or a pair of sleeve buttons, but the very manner in which he avoids the ring case betrays him at once. After a few minutes, when he feels a little more at his ease, he usually takes the clerk into his confidence and asks to be shown some solitaires. If it's his first venture and he doesn't feel quite sure of his ground he will even go so far as to ask if solitaires aren't sometimes used as engagement rings. The clerk's answer usually removes the last vestige of doubt, and then the purchaser throws aside all reserve and selects from the assortment before him the ring which strikes the happy medium between the depth of his affections and of his pocket.

"Other men, again, walk in with the news just beaming from all over them. 'Engaged' is visible from the top of their heads to the soles of their feet. The purchaser of this class makes no secret of his errand, and usually departs on his way rejoicing in a very short time.

"From all indications I should say that this year will see any number of weddings. For the last month we have averaged three engagement rings a day."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

—A human skull was disinterred by well diggers in Haskell County, Kansas, recently at a depth of 135 feet beneath the earth's surface. Remains of fish and sea reptiles have been found on several occasions at various depths in the same neighborhood.

A TERRIBLE WEAPON.

The Zalinski Dynamite Gun Intended for the Italian Government.

Captain E. L. Zalinski, the inventor of that terrible engine of war, the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun, has been experimenting with the gun recently completed for the Italian Government which will cost $40,000.

This gun, in the language of Captain Zalinski, is an aerial torpedo projecting machine, possessing many advantages over the appliances for projecting the torpedo through the water. It is of 15-inch caliber, and its range will be at least one mile. The full caliber shell will carry 600 pounds of explosive gelatine, equivalent to 852 pounds of dynamite No. 1 or 943 pounds of gun cotton. Shells containing smaller charges can also be thrown. The gun barrel is a light tube, having a smooth bore. The loading is done at the breech. Air at 1,000 pounds pressure is admitted through a balanced valve, made so as to open and close by a single move of the operator. The time of opening and closing can be varied so that the range can be changed without altering either the elevation or pressure.

In order to maintain the pressure as nearly uniform as possible, wrought iron reservoirs of from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter and about twenty feet long are used, the air being supplied to them by any type of high pressure compressor. The power of this fifteen-inch gun is great. It is clear that the value of a weapon which can project a huge mass of powerful explosive equal to three-quarters of the entire bulk of the projectile to a distance of one and a half miles with perfect accuracy, can not be disputed. In Captain Zalinski's office is one of the shells to be used in the big gun. It is made of brass tubings and castings, as light as possible.

A tail tube with spiral vanes attached is annexed to the shell in order to retain it in its proper trajectory. Non-metallic pins in the head keep it central at this point and free from metallic contact, while a leather gas-check and vulcanized fiber projections keep it central at the tail. The charge thus far used has been uncamphorized explosive gelatine, having a core of dynamite. This core is for the purpose of producing a complete detonation of the less sensitive explosive gelatine. In the cruiser Yorktown are three of the new fifteen-inch dynamite guns, placed abreast and parallel to one another at a fixed angle of sixteen degrees.

The training of the gun is accomplished by steering the vessel, which is done by steam, and the running of the engines which drive the twin screws. The range can be varied by means of valves. The guns are required to be loaded twice per minute. The shells will be handled by hydraulic machinery and provision is to be made for the storage of thirty full-caliber shells. The gun for Italy, now completed, is to be trained, elevated and loaded by hydraulic machinery. It is mounted on an iron base, which when in place will rest upon a heavy masonry foundation. The Yorktown when completed will cost $350,000. This includes the guns. The speed of this vessel will be at least twenty knots. The speed is exceeded by the small and light torpedo-boats built abroad, but the Yorktown's hull will be sufficiently strong to be serviceable in rough water, which is not the case with the more lightly built torpedo-boats.

The torpedo shell has a double field of action, the over-water and under-water hull. It is estimated that the decks of the most heavily armed ships will be vulnerable to even the eight-inch torpedo shells charged with 100 pounds of explosive gelatine and a very large portion of the more heavily armored parts of the shell charged with 600 pounds.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE SIGIRI ROCK.

A Steep Climb Accompanied by the Military Commander of Ceylon.

For the first time for a number of years the Sigiri Rock in Ceylon has been scaled by a European, the feat on this occesion being performed by General Lennox, who commands the troops in the island. It is said, indeed, that only one other European, Mr. Creasy, ever succeeded in reaching the summit. The rock is cylindrical in shape, and the bulging sides render the ascent very difficult and dangerous. There are galleries all round, a groove about four inches deep being cut in the solid rock. This rises spirally, and in it are fixed the foundation bricks, which support a platform about six feet broad, with a chunam-coated wall about nine feet high. The whole structure follows the curves and contours of the solid rock, and is cunningly constructed so as to make the most of any natural support the formation can afford. In some places the gallery has fallen completely away, but it still exhibits flights of fine marble steps. High up on the rocks are several figures of Buddha: but it is a mystery how the artist got there, or how, being there, he was able to carry on his work. The fortifications consist of platforms, one above the other, supported by massive retaining walls, each commanding the other. Owing to the falling away of the gallery the ascent in parts had to be made up a perpendicular face of the cliff, and General Lennox and four natives were left to do the latter part of the ascent alone. The top they found to be a plateau about an acre in extent in which were two square tanks, with sides thirty yards and fifteen feet respectively in length, cut out of the solid rock. A palace is believed to have existed on the summit at one time, although time, weather and the jungle have obliterated all traces of it. During the descent the first comer had to guide the foot of the next into a safe fissure; but all reached the bottom safely in about two and a half hours.—*Chicago Herald.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

DON'T FORGET THE BOYS.

They say the world is growing worse
With every changing year,
That we have nothing at all to hope,
And every thing to fear;
That reckless love of power and gain
All love of good alloys;
That Alcohol is bound to reign—
So don't forget the boys!—

The boys who are learning to know his wiles,
And to hate his very name,
To see behind his tempting smiles
That the end is woe and shame;
To turn away from the offered cup
That body and soul destroys,
Such noble boys we must ne'er give up—
No, don't forget the boys!

They form in line and proudly stand
Cadets of Temperance true,
Pledged to defend their native land,
And fight for its freedom, too;
Freedom from foes that harm the home
And ruin its sweetest joys.
An army of soldiers, brave and strong—
Oh, don't forget the boys!

'Tis true, they are only in training now,
But the boys will soon be men,
And out of our homes, and out of our schools
Will come our statesmen then.
A trumpet note of victory blends
With all their fun and noise;
You need never despair of the future, friends
If you don't forget the boys.

—*Mary W. Lyon, in Union Signal.*

BEER AS A BEVERAGE.

A Drinking Habit That Produces Incalculable Harm—Opinions of Physicians—Life-Insurance Evidence.

There are many good people who look hopefully on the figures which show that the consumption of beer is increasing faster in this country than that of spirituous liquors—or, to use two distinctive terms which have come into the mouths of the people within the past few years, there is a greater use of "soft" than of "hard" drinks.

It is pitiful that there should be such extreme ignorance of the real evil of alcoholic drinks, whether brewed or distilled. To say that the beer habit is increasing does not mean that there is less drunkenness, for beer intoxicates, and its effects upon the drinker are as serious in the end as those of any other form of rum.

A New York reporter speaking of a certain locality in the east side of New York City, which is closely populated by the working classes, remarks: "Out of fifty women arrested here last summer, I learned that thirty of them got their first taste for liquor from beer." The havoc that is worked in our cities among the working population by the beer habit is comparatively unknown to the American public, even in the better quarter of the same cities. But it is a fact that beer is more often the beverage with a very large class than even water. They buy it by the quart at the doggeries and "corner groceries," which may be found on every hand in these densely-populated sections, each with a side door, with the legend "Family entrance," where women and children may resort with bucket or pitcher—a proceeding which is slangily referred to as "working the growler."

The remark of the reporter above quoted only adds one item to the proof everywhere accumulating that the use of beer by women has a tendency to create a taste for stronger stimulants. The danger in this direction is increasing in all our cities, and it is one of the most alarming features of social disorder. A beer-drinking mother becomes careless and neglectful of her children, and her example to them is most pernicious. A wife spending her husband's wages for beer is apt to be deceitful, and she robs home to gratify her habit.

The wreck of many families can be traced to this evil cause, and the talk of which we heard so much a few years back that lighter drinks would kill out the desire for stronger ones has turned out exactly the opposite. This beer habit has made the risk of marriage and of making homes by wage-earners greater than heretofore, and there can be no calamity equal to that of adding difficulties to the problem of civilization in this direction.

Aside from this moral deterioration of the victims of the beer habit, the destruction of the homes of the people, and the incalculable evil done to the children thus familiarized in early life with drunkenness and its inevitable concomitants, poverty and misery, there is great bodily harm resulting to those who indulge. There is a widespread belief, which is utterly erroneous, that beer is a wholesome drink, and that it is to some extent a food. Nothing could be further from the truth. The champions of beer point to the fact that the English laborers use beer largely as a beverage. This is true, but there is a wide difference between their beer and the kind made by American brewers. The percentage of alcohol in that made here is very much greater, and it is doctored with various kinds of chemicals that render it a poison. It may be instructive to quote the opinion of physicians upon the evils of beer drinking.

Dr. W. H. Mays, superintendent of the Stockton Insane Asylum, Iowa, in his report to the State Board of Health, has the following on the use of beer:

"Nothing will lower the vital forces so steadily and surely, nothing will degenerate the organic tissues so rapidly, as the use of beer every day and year after year. It coarsens a man in appearance, in morals, in mental fiber, in physical constitution. It is more productive of brutality, sensualism and the lower forms of crime than is whisky-drinking. It is the beverage of the Bill Sykes, of the vulgar ruffian, the bestial tramp."

Many of the older readers of the *Blade* will recall the testimony of several leading physicians of Toledo against the use of beer, published in these columns several years ago. These opinions were so strong, however, that we reproduce the more striking portions:

Dr. S. H. Bergen (thirty-five years' practice).—"It kills quicker than any other liquor. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fever, etc., have a first mortgage on the beer-drinker."

Dr. S. S. Thorne.—"In regard to surgicla operations every physician dreads to have any thing to do with beer drinkers. It is dangerous for a beer-drinker to even cut his finger."

Dr. M. H. Parmalee.—"Beer is worse than whisky, the hops contained in the beer producing congestion of the liver, dyspepsia and kindred diseases. Habitual beer-drinkers seem to have no power to resist disease."

Dr. W. T. Ridenour.—"Beer-drinkers are very liable to die of pneumonia, and when a confirmed beer-drinker takes pneumonia he dies."

Dr. S. S. Lungren.—"Every part of the body of a confirmed beer-drinker becomes loaded down with morbid and poisonous matter, and every part will soon fall into ruin and decay."

Dr. J. T. Woods.—"Lager beer, if used at all, should be used as a medicine, as are ipecac, quinine, rhubarb and strychnine."

Dr. C. A. Kirkley.—"There is no more fruitful source of Bright's disease than beer-drinking. The evil effects are not confined to the consumers of the beverage, but are transmitted to their offspring."

Dr. C. W. Chapman.—"I regard beer as harmful as ardent spirits, brandy and whisky, as it produces fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and kidneys."

Dr. G. A. Collamore.—"Beer-drinking produces a morbid effect upon the heart, lungs, brain, stomach, liver and kidneys. The brain is kept in a hyperemic condition which prevents normal cerebration or the accurate use of the mental faculties."

One more fact, and a weighty one, needs to be added to this array of scientific evidence against the use of beer. The business of life insurance is one which excludes mere sentiment. It is conducted upon rules ascertained from experience, and as the profits of the company depend upon the reasonable expectation of life of the persons insured, we may be certain that if they make any discrimination against the applicants upon the ground of their drinking habits, that discrimination must be based upon ascertained facts. It is a fact that the best and safest life insurance companies will not insure the life of a confirmed beer-drinker. A man not addicted to drinking, at the age of forty, is considered a good risk; a beer-drinker aged forty can get no insurance—because his life is held by too precarious a tenure. The risk is too great. These companies are even more careful against beer-drinkers than against whisky guzzlers, because beer sows the seed of disease and death in the system and renders the victim liable to death from an illness that would be but trifling in its effects upon a man of good constitution.

Beer is a form of rum which sodden the brain and vitiates the moral nature. It predisposes to melancholy, and it is beginning to be noted in our cities that a large percentage of suicides are among persons who use beer freely. It was long ago noted that this was the case in certain European capitals. As for its being a food, there is not as much nutriment in a barrel of it as in one loaf of honest bread. It is nauseous to the taste of one unaccustomed to it, and nothing but the alcohol in it could ever induce any one to swill it down. Deprived of its alcohol, it is a vile, ill-smelling, horrible-tasting stuff, not more inviting than a draught from a swill-barrel. The Legislature of Ohio recognized that beer guzzling is just as much of an evil as the drinking of any other form of rum when, a few weeks ago, it removed the distinction in the taxing law of the State and made the liquor tax the same for all varieties of rum—spirituous, malt or vinous.

It is time that the terrible error that beer-drinking is comparatively harmless by the side of the consumption of spirits should be corrected. That lie has been one of the most potent means through which the rum power has extended its empire over the people of this country. In its effects upon the confirmed drunkard it is certainly as bad as whisky, and to the majority it is but the introduction to the use of "hard" drinks. Beer should have no quarter from the friends of Temperance. No matter in what form rum appears, it is drank because of the alcohol in it, and for the sake of the exhilaration which that poison gives the system in the first stages of drunkenness. There is no safety for any one who indulges in any form of rum.—*Toledo Blade.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

GREAT BRITAIN has 15,000 Temperance organizations.

A BREWER in Mishima, Japan, has turned his brewery into a church and school-room for girls.

IT is estimated that not fewer than three thousand alcohol-made lunatics are turned loose from the saloons upon the homes of the people once in every twenty-four hours.

CHOLERA is a terrible plague, but in its worst it never finds half as many victims as that other plague, alcohol, in its numerous forms, more enticing and more fatal than any other form of vice.

A GEORGIA man figures out that a man who regularly takes ten ordinary drinks of whisky a day and keeps it up for twenty years will in that time consume at least thirty-six barrels of the stuff.

ACCORDING to a Philadelphia paper the conversion of more drinking shops to milk and luncheon shops still goes on. It affords good suggestion for those who are obliged to take up a new business that a better business is ready for them.

GENERALLY the man of influence is quite content if he can thrust the saloon from the vicinity of his dwelling or street, and too apt to be careless of the solemn fact that in the poorer or less favored localities it flourishes and multiplies with marvelous fecundity.

IT has been the custom for small vessels known as "copers," loaded with all sorts of grog, to cruise about among the North Sea fishing fleets selling liquor to the sailors. Five European powers have now entered into an agreement for the suppression of this business, and have declared rum-selling illegal upon the high seas.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"GREYFRIAR'S BOBBY."

For Twelve Years and a Half He Never Spent a Single Night Away From His Master's Grave.

"That's a splendid book!" exclaimed my nephew Phil as he closed the last volume of Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian.' I wish I could go to Edinburgh myself and see all those places. Won't you tell us about it, Aunt Madge?"

"Oh *do!*" joined in Helen and Beth, and, as I smilingly assented, they all drew up to the great wood fire, which was the more cheerful for the chilly November storm which was howling outside.

"Well, Phil," I began, "I saw the very Heart itself in the pavement near the old church of St. Giles, but within a stone's throw there was something which interested me so much more even than that, that to-night I think I will tell you about 'Greyfriar's Bobby' instead.

"Not far from St. Giles is another open square facing the old church and grave-yard of Greyfriar's. In front of the church I saw a fountain, at which many tired and thirsty men and horses stopped to drink even while I stood near it, looking at the marble statue of a shaggy, homely, insignificant little dog, which surmounted the fountain.

"I felt sure that thereby hung a tale."

"Oh!" groaned Phil, "*what* a pun!"

"And you may know that my curiosity was well gratified when the old sexton inside the graveyard told me that the statue was of none other than 'Greyfriar's Bobby,' the most famous dog on record for his extraordinary fidelity to his master's memory.

"From the sexton and other sources, I finally obtained this true story of Bobby's life:

"In the year 1858 there came one day to Greyfriar's churchyard an humble Scotch funeral. A poor man named Gray was buried in a corner by the church, and only a few poorly clad mourners watched the sexton as he shoveled in the last spadeful of earth upon the newly-made grave. As they slowly left the spot no one noticed a little Scotch terrier, which crept pitifully back and moaning sadly lay down upon his master's grave. Not until the next morning when the sexton—or 'curator,' as the Scotch call him—passed that way did he see the poor little dog keeping guard over the newly made mound, lying on the damp, cold earth, as if to keep as close to his master as possible. Outside the gate of the churchyard, in big black letters, was posted an order: 'No dogs allowed within.' So the curator drove poor Bobby away, and put him outside the gate.

"The next morning he was again found there and was driven away in the same manner. The third morning was cold and rainy, and when the curator found the faithful dog still lying shivering on the grave his heart was touched. He gave him a little food and left him to his trust in peace.

"From that day, way back in 1858, until the day of his death in 1871, *for twelve years and a half Bobby never spent a single night away from his master's grave!* Did you ever hear of such devotion as that in a poor dumb creature, a little insignificant dog like Bobby?

"When the cold storms of winter set in, and the nights were often bitterly raw and cold, the old curator used to try to keep Bobby inside the house, where he could have a warm and comfortable shelter from the wet and chill, but Bobby always howled dismally whenever such attempts were made, and no matter how rough the night persisted in clinging to the spot, dearer to him than any other—his master's grave.

"As the months and years passed by, the mound where poor Gray was buried became leveled little by little till at last there was almost nothing to distinguish it from the surrounding ground, for the man had been too poor to have even a small footstone to mark it; but Bobby never forgot the spot, and his devotion to his master's memory attracted more attention than any costly monument. People who came from far and near to see the famous Covenanter's stone near by, where, two hundred years ago, the old Covenanters signed their names in blood, often took still more interest in the little terrier which was now known for miles around as 'Greyfriar's Bobby.'

"For a long time a weekly treat of steaks was furnished him by a certain kindly Sergeant Scott, of the city engineers. Then for many years a warm-hearted restaurant keeper near by, named Trail, fed him regularly. Bobby used to go to his house, near the churchyard, every day, punctually at twelve, being guided by the sound of the Edinburgh time-gun, which is fired every day at noon. For six years he was fed in this way, till one day the kind restaurant keeper was summoned to court for not paying the dog-tax demanded of every man who owned a dog. When Bobby's interesting story was rehearsed in court, and the judge was told how Bobby refused to attach himself to any owner, and spent nearly all his time by his master's grave, Mr. Trail was dismissed, though he expressed his willingness to pay the tax, if the dog would stay with him any longer than to obtain his midday meal.

"So the years passed on, and day by day there came to the graveyard new visitors, who were always interested in Bobby and his story, and who tried more than once, but in vain, to get possession of him.

"Finally eight years and a half had come and gone since Bobby began his faithful vigils, the old curator died, and a new one took his place. This new one was the clever old Scotchman, with kindly face and broad Scotch accent, who showed me around the churchyard, and told me about Bobby, and pointed out the spot where his master lay.

"Bobby lived four years after the new curator came, and though by this time he was growing old and feeble, he still crept every night, in fair weather or rough, summer and winter alike, to his master's grave.

"At last, twelve years and a half after he first came to the spot with the few mourners who attended Gray's funeral, faithful Bobby died, too; and if there is a Heaven for dogs, I firmly believe that he has now a high place there, along with Dr. Brown's 'Rab,' Walter Scott's 'Maida,' and all other noble dogs.

"Gray's grave has no longer a mourner, and would long ago have been forgotten but for the old curator, who shows the spot to each new-comer and never tires of telling of the faithful dog who guarded it every night for nearly thirteen years.

"Soon the old curator must die, too, if he is not already dead, and there will then be left only the fountain by the church-yard gate to remind the passers-by of dear, faithful, homely little 'Greyfriar's Bobby.'"

"That was a good story, said Helen, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Yes," said her father, who had come in unnoticed and heard the last of the story. "It reminds me of a saying I once heard: 'A mother and a dog are the only two things in the world that seem to have absolutely disinterested love.'"—*Delia W. Lyman, in N. Y. Independent.*

JESSIE AND THE GOAT.

A Little Girl Who Kept Her "Thinking-Cap" On, Even Though She Was Frightened.

"Dear me! If only I could go home through the field. School was just out, and little Jessie May, warm and tired, looked longingly over the cool, green field. It was a much shorter way home, as well as more pleasant, to go through the field than to go around by the dusty road. But Mr. Rawson's goat was pastured there. He was a very cross old fellow, and the terror of the school-children. Mr. Rawson had said it was not at all safe for the small children to enter the field while the goat was there; so going home that way this afternoon was not to be thought of.

As Jessie cast a last longing look in that direction, before turning down the dusty road, she gave a cry of delight: "Why, I do believe old Billy is gone! I can't see him anywhere. Mr. Rawson must have taken him out of the pasture."

Climbing upon the fence, she looked long and carefully. No goat was in sight, so she jumped down from the fence into the long, cool grass of the field.

She had gone about half-way across, when Mr. Billy —— who all this time had been lying buried in the deep grass, taking his afternoon nap—gathered himself up for a good shake.

As he caught sight of Jessie tripping along, he gazed for a moment in astonishment. It was only for a moment, for the next instant he gave his head a vicious shake, as though to say: "What right have you here, I should like to know?" and started in hot pursuit.

Jessie soon heard the quick patter, patter, patter of his small feet. A terrified glance behind her showed her the goat, with lowered head, rushing directly at her. Oh, how swiftly she ran, but he was overtaking her.

Just as she despaired of making her escape, she saw a large stump where a tree had recently been cut down. It stood almost directly in her path, and was large enough for her to hide behind it.

Quick as a flash off came her white apron, and was as quickly tied around the stump, on the side toward whic the goat was coming.

With a wildly beating heart Jessie crouched behind the stump to await the result. She was completely hidden, and Mr. Goat, with head bent so low that he caught but a glimpse of the white apron, did not discover that it was the stump that wore it, and not Jessie. He came rushing on, and his head struck the stump with terrible force.

All was still, and when the trembling little girl ventured to peep around the stump there lay the goat, apparently lifeless. Seizing her apron, she sped swiftly over the rest of the field, and was soon at home safe in her mother's arms.

Was the goat killed? Well, he was so badly stunned that he did not revive for some time.

When Jessie was on her way to school the next morning she met Mr. Rawson coming out of the pasture. He did not know, until Jessie told him, what hurt the goat. When she had finished telling him about it he said: "Well! well! I must say you have a wise little head, not to let your 'thinking-cap' blow off as soon as you get frightened."—*Mrs. C. O. Harrington, in Our Little Ones.*

—Customer—You warrant this medicine to cure me?" Druggist—Yes, sir, if you will take a bottle according to directions and a cure is not effected, bring back the medicine and I will refund the money.

—"Oh, mother, what do you think," remarked a high school girl. "Our minister has an amanuensis?" "You don't say so," replied the old lady with much concern. "Is he doctoring for it?"

MISCELLANEOUS.

—A cynical Englishman who has been spending some time in New York City, says that half the citizens are honest and reputable people, and the other half are politicians.

—A Brooklyn young woman has a beautiful and most curious table cover in stripes of white and golden brown. It is woven of the shorn hair of her St. Bernard dog.

—The man who can make $20,000 a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn any thing at all.

—A stick of timber 151 feet long and twenty inches square, believed to be the largest piece ever turned out from any sawmill, has been sent from Puget Sound to an exhibition in San Francisco.

—The highest recorded balloon ascent was by Glaisher and Coxwell from Wolverhampton, England, on September 5, 1862. They rose to the height of seven miles. According to Glaisher, in 3,500 balloon ascensions only fifteen deaths have occurred.

—Animal food occasionally, for young or old fowls seems indispensable. Beef cracklings are excellent and something that most every one can obtain. Cracklings and corn meal made into a dough and baked, is good feed for both old and young birds.

—A negro couple of Atlanta, who desired a very private wedding, called up the justice at midnight and had the ceremony performed then. They declared they were too bashful to go through the ceremony when everybody was around to see or hear.

—Citizen—"I'm surprised that you have become such a careful driver, Jake. You used to be the most reckless teamster on the streets. You ran into half a dozen different carriages to my certain knowledge." Teamster—"I'm drivin' a mighty light wagon, now, an' it's me own."—*Omaha World.*

—"Mr. Brown, you have charged me two dollars for cleaning my gloves, and Miss Jones says she only paid you fifty cents." "True, Miss, but your gloves are so small that I was obliged to take extra trouble to prevent them being lost through the spout of my steaming kettle." She paid, of course.

—Visitor (to convict)—"I s'pose they treat you well here, my friend?" Convict—"Yes, sir; I have no complaints to make; but there is one thing I don't like. Every Sunday mornin' in the chapel they set me next to one of these 'ere shoutin' Methodists, an' 'tain't pleasant for a man what was born an' brought up a 'Piscopalian."—*Life.*

—"Is it true, Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, "that the homeliest men get the handsomest wives?" "I believe there is an old saying to that effect, Bobby. Why?" "I heard ma say so to sister Clara last night, and Clara said that you ought to marry one of the loveliest women in the world."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Editor (to intellectual looking young man), "No poetry this morning, my friend. We're full of it." Young man (handing him manuscript)—"It's not poetry, sirs; it's prose,"—Editor (looking at the manuscript)—"H-m—yes—gas, one month, seven-fifty. Just leave it, please, and I'll read it at my leisure."—*Tid-Bits.*

—It is reported that the once unproductive Eastern Shore of Maryland, comprising Northampton and Accomac Counties, has been rendered so fertile by the use of "pine shatters"—the leaves and cones of pine trees—that the farmers of the section are growing rich. A farmer who has made money out of "pine shatters" says: "They are rich in carbon, and when the fermentation or oxidation takes place, motion follows, humic and other acids are formed, mineral matter is acted upon, chemical changes take place, and the land is changed from a dead mass of sand and clay to an active, fertile soil, bringing in motion the latent elements that are often there."

AUNT HELEN'S PLUCK.

A Venerable Lady Who Indulges in Gymnastic Performances.

I was making a call the other day at a house where the family aunt, an old lady well on toward ninety years of age, is an inmate. We were sitting quietly in the drawing-room, and I had just about reached the middle of a capital story, when I was interrupted by a startling series of thumps and whacks on the floor above. I paused for a moment, thinking it likely that my hostess would desire to rush upstairs at once and ascertain which particular boy had broken his leg or otherwise disabled himself; but she appeared to be perfectly unconcerned, and her husband endeavored to reassure me by saying: "Go on; there is no cause for alarm; it is only Aunt Helen practicing calisthenics."

Now, inasmuch, as Aunt Helen is, to my knowledge, between eighty-five and ninety years old, and, what is more important, has recently sustained a severe injury, so that she has to go on crutches, I took this remark of my host as a bad joke, and greeted it with a feeble attempt at a laugh. But I soon perceived that I had fallen into an error. A frown gathered on the lady's face, and my friend explained, seriously, that Aunt Helen, though lame, as I have said, and forced to pursue her exercise while standing on one leg, is yet so bent upon living that she engages for half an hour every day in certain gymnastic performances, the exact nature of which I do not quite understand.

I recall one similar spirit in history. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough in Horace Walpole's time, lay very ill, with her attendants gathered at her bedside. "She must be blistered or she will die," whispered the physician. "I shall do neither," said the old Duchess, and she was as good as her word.—*Boston Post.*

SUING FOR DIVORCE.

A Story Illustrating Woman's Strange Dislike of Litigation.

The peculiarity of women, more than men, is crazes in doing things. Only in one point are they less given to craze than men. They don't like to go to law, not as a rule; and just as you often find things in life, when you meet with an exception its generally an incomprehensible one. A lawyer friend of mine, rather out of practice—that is, he hadn't yet succeeded in getting in—was seated in his lonely office one day thinking out the problem of how much the dignity of belonging to a learned profession was supposed to be considered as equal to income, when he was startled by a timid knock at the door. It was not one of his boon companions. It was not another briefless lawyer coming in to borrow a dollar. It was a female knock, distinctly the knocking of a tiny, gloved knuckle. It doesn't seem poetic to speak of a lady's "knuckle;" but facts are seldom poetical. It was not a book-agent, that was quite certain; so he invited her in. She came in. She was tearfully chipper.

"Is this a lawyer's office?"

"It is, madam."

"And are you a lawyer?"

He thought at first he would say that only a few people had hitherto believed it, but it might spoil his business. He bowed politely and offered her a chair. She sat down and unfolded the facts of the case. She had been badly treated by her husband. She had had at one time a few thousand dollars and she met a man who was "broke." He was good-looking. There is nothing so fascinating to a woman with a small bank account as a handsome man who is "broke." She immediately loves him. She loved him so dearly that she gave him her hand, heart and bank account. He squeezed the first, gracefully accepted he second, and grabbed the third. He started in business and made a fortune, and they had a good time for a year or two. He took advantage of her absence in the East to switch his affections on to another woman. There are a great many sidetracks in the sentimental part of life, and sometimes main lines cross one another effectually. Life is full of junctions, and it is when they come to a junction that the married couple have to look out for one another. Well, she had got out of the train for a minute, so to speak, and missed it. The case offered big chances. The man was wealthy, and the poor but brilliant lawyer saw a big contingent fee. He accepted the case for that contingent fee and undertook to put up the necessary preliminary expenses. The case moved along. He was out twenty dollars, and she was to come down and sign the papers. She came.

"Are the papers ready?"

"Yes. Here they are, madam. If you will put your name there——"

"Well, you can just tear them up."

"Tear them up! Why?"

"I don't want to go on with the case. I love him too well."

"Very well, madam. In that case ——"

"I'm very much obliged to you, and I am so sorry you've had all this trouble."

"Yes, madam. My bill will be fifty dollars."

"What? You said it wouldn't cost me a cent to begin the case."

"But you haven't begun the suit, and I am out a good deal for expenses."

"I won't pay it."

"If you don't, it will be one hundred dollars to-morrow."

She wouldn't pay. Next day he sent up a sheriff with an attachment, as a threat, at least. She came down, offered him twenty dollars, then thirty, then she proposed he should take her lace parasol. Finally she paid him fifty dollars, gave him a parting shot of polite language and went out. The curious part of the story was that inquiry elicited the fact that she had gone through the same process, except paying, with thirteen different lawyers in the city, all on the same proposition. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SAVED BY ACCIDENT.

How an Artist Turned Away an Indignant Husband's Wrath.

The other day a man was walking slowly up Miami avenue and encountered a man walking hurriedly down. They ran into each other, both drew off and apologized, and the one in a hurry added:

"I've been so mad all the morning I couldn't see straight."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Well, my wife had some photos taken and the artist made a botch job. I'm now on my way to punch his head."

"Can I see them?"

They were exhibited, and after a careful inspection, the gentleman said:

"My friend, you are way off. The work is well done, and you ought to be proud of your wife's looks."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly. There are not ten as handsome women in Detroit."

"Shoo!"

"It's a fact, and the work is that of a real artist. You should be more than satisfied."

"Well, I declare! I guess I've been too hasty, and I'll drop the matter right here. Glad I didn't punch the photographer's head."

"Yes, so am I," said the other to himself as he went his way.

It was the artist himself.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Methodist church at Augusta held a "hard-boiled-egg festival" for the purpose of raising money. Each lady attending was expected to bring a hard-boiled egg, the proceeds to go to the purchase of an organ.

FLYING FOR HIS LIFE.

How Emperor William Once Had to Hide in Barns and Ditches.

This remarkable account, which has only now been made public, although the more important details were known, is abstracted from the unpublished memoirs of a diplomatist who was a participator in the events of the eventful year of revolution, and an eye-witness of much that concerned the late Emperor William of Germany.

In 1848, the year of the continental revolutions, the people of Berlin, following the example of those of Paris, raised barricades, and after four days' fighting the King, the elder brother of the late Emperor, who was then Prince of Prussia, ordered the Prince, who had been organizing the attacks on the barricades, to retire with the troops from Potsdam. Prince William sought an interview with the King, who refused to rescind the order, when the Prince broke his sword and, throwing it at his elder brother's feet, left the palace. The nobles and the aristocracy wished the King to abdicate in favor of the Prince, but the people were so enraged against the latter, in consequence of his ordering the barricades to be carried by the troops that he had to escape in disguise, whilst the democracy triumphed and paraded the King on horseback through the streets of Berlin. The Prince, disguised as a coachman, took refuge on an island in the river; but here he was not safe, and he fled to the Spardau; but, being known, the mayor talked of giving him to the democrats as a traitor to his country, and he was again obliged to have recourse to flight to save his life.

To save the crown jewels, the plate and the imperial treasuers from the clutches of the victorious party, it was necessary to remove them from the palace. Fortunately a private door opened on to the river, and the valuables were placed on board barges, which, for the purposes of disguise, were draped with black cloth, as though they contained the bodies of insurgents slain at the barricades. In this manner they were transferred to the railways, and reached Hamburg as merchandise, and were put on board a vessel about to leave for England. The Prince, however, had to leave the railway being threatened with death on several occasions; to save his life he had still further to disguise himself, cutting off his beard and wearing strange clothes. Wandering on foot he hid himself away in peasants' cottages and slept in barns. It was important that he should embark for England without being recognized. To accomplish this end he passed over the frontier on to Danish territory and arrived at last at a villa belonging to his friend Oswald, where, for the first time since he left Berlin, he enjoyed the luxury of a bed. The following day the Prince, under the name of Muller, embarked on board a vessel about to sail for London, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp.—*London Queen.*

USE OF GLYCERINE.

How it Can Be Made Available For Innumerable Purposes.

Few people realize the importance of the uses of pure commercial glycerine, and how it can be used and made available for purposes where no substitute is found that will take its place; and herein, Mr. Editor, if you will allow me space to speak of its utility, no doubt many of your readers will find an opportunity to thank you. As a dressing for ladies' shoes nothing equals it, making the leather soft and pliable without soiling the garments in contact. Where the feet sweat, burnt alum and glycerine—one of the former to two of the latter—rubbed on the feet at night and a light or open sock worn, the feet washed in the morning with tepid water, will keep them during the day free from odor, so disagreeable to those persons who are sufferers.

For bunions and corns Cannabis indious and glycerine, equal parts, painted on the bunion or corn and bound around with Canton flannel, adding a few drops of the liquid to the flannel where it comes in contact with the affected parts, will soon restore to health.

As a face lotion, oatmeal made in a paste with glycerine two parts, water one part, and applied to the face at night, with a mask worn over, will give in a short time, if faithfully pursued, a youthful appearance to the skin.

As a dressing in the bath, two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine, scented with rose, which will impart a final freshness and delicacy to the skin.

In severe paroxysms in coughing, either in coughs, colds, or consumptives, one or two tables poonfuls of pure glycerine in pure rye whisky or hot rich cream will afford almost immediate relief; and to the consumptive a panacea is found by daily use of glycerine internally, with the proportion of one part of powdered willow charcoal and two parts of pure glycerine.

For diseased and inflamed gums, two parts of golden seal, one part of powdered burnt alum, and two parts of glycerine, made in a paste and rubbed on the gums and around the teeth at night, strengthens and restores the gums to health, provided no tartar is present to cause the disease, which must be removed first before applying.

And finally, the epicure who relishes a nice breakfast dish of fried fish, will find "a feast for the gods" by frying the fish in glycerine to a brown, adding a small sprig of parsley when nearly done.—*J. S. Charles, D. D. S., in Scientific American.*

—There are only eight towns in the United States the names of which begin with X. Seven of these are Xenias, and the other Xenophon.

POINTS FOR LADIES.

Hints and Suggestions Concerning the Latest Dress Novelties.

French percale remains a popular material for serviceable wear in women's undergarments.

French nainsook is the material from which imported French gowns are made.

Imperial lawn, a goods finished like a linen cambric, is used for matinee sacques and gowns.

The materials used for trimming in hand-made French underwear are real Valenciennes lace and French laces in same patterns.

Small black mantles of Bengaline, silk or embroidered cashmere, trimmed with metallic cord passementeries, are worn with dresses of all kinds.

Corset covers are cut high at the back, with Pompadour front or pointed front, the pointed styles being a feature of the season in all undergarments.

Gloves having wide bands of stitching, in self or contrasting colors, are still in vogue, nevertheless the plain styles are quite as desirable as ever.

For little girls, from three to ten years of age, white muslin frocks are made up of open embroidery in all-over designs to be worn with guimpes.

Short skirts and walking skirts are shown in lawn and nainsook, with trimmings of fine quarter-inch tucks and insertion and borders of embroidery and lace.

Babies just in short clothes wear tiny shoes of embroidered cashmere, white, blue or pink, with bows and two rows of ribbon up the front and tassels on the sides.

Matinees are of surah, nainsooks and various other materials.

Scotch ginghams for frocks for even the tiniest girls are chosen in large plaids and wide irregular stripes. Plain colors are also made up for their use.

The new French shapes in gowns are in most instances considerable higher in the neck than last season. The features of the Directoire styles are reproduced in many of the new shapes.

Many polonaise costumes are noted among the spring importations. The polonaise is usually of fine wool, and the skirt of Bengaline or other repped silk.

The first choice in embroideries are those from the French manufacturers, which copy faithfully the patterns and style of needlework.

A novelty in footwear is a house shoe of Russian leather, which may be obtained in both the crimson and tan colors. Some neat examples had small studs of cut steel or bronze on the instep.—*N. Y. World.*

AMERICAN WOMEN.

Some of Those Who Cut Quite a Figure in European Politics.

The two most powerful republican statesmen in France are married to American women. Waddington was married to an American woman in England, and Clemenceau was married to a Yankee girl on her native heath. Waddington is the son of English parents, but a native of France and a thorough Frenchman in tastes and instincts. Clemenceau, when he was exiled from his country in the time of the Little Napoleon, settled for awhile in the United States and taught school in Connecticut.

There was a bevy of marriageable young girls in his set, and all were engaged to wed but one. He persuaded the one to accept him, and the last engaged was the first to be married. Clemenceau hastened home at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, fought for his country, and when peace came, he took an active part in politics. He is called an extreme radical in France, but in this country he would pass for a conservative. He is a thorough republican, and is ambitious to plant the main stems of the United States Constitution in France. Mrs. Clemenceau is the head of the house, and has the pleasure of knowing that her husband is one of the most domestic and best regulated men morally in French public life.

Some eminent British politicians, too, are wedded to Americans. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Gladstone's first lieutenant in command of the Liberal party, is married to the daughter of John Lathrop Motley, at one time Minister to England. Harcourt bears the reputation of being gracious to his wife only. He has the ugliest disposition of any man in English public life. He can seldom say a kind word of anybody but his wife when a gruff word will answer as well. In this country he would stand no chance in politics, but in England members of Parliament and public men generally seldom come in contact with the great body of the people. Harcourt can mount a platform and larrup the Tories for hours at a time, and that satisfies his Liberal constituents.

The wife of Thomas Power O'Conner, Mr. Parnell's ablest lieutenant, is also an American, the daughter of the late Judge Paschall, of Texas.—*St. Louis Republican,*

How to Manage Manure.

Mr. Waldo F. Brown, a noted Ohio farmer, says it is a common practice to throw the manure from the stable out of a window and allow it to accumulate in a heap against the barn, where it rots the building and often contaminates the air of the stable. Fresh manure should never be left in a conical heap. Probably the best way to manage it is to spread it evenly in an adjoining shed in which stock is kept loose to tramp it. If, however, it is put out of doors it should always be wheeled away from the building and mixed with the cow manure and waste from the straw-stacks.—*N. Y. Witness.*

A Bone Yard of Nature.

During a recent visit in Colorado we were detained for some hours at Canyon City, and in looking for something to help us pass the time away we were directed to the so-called bone yard. We went as directed, and I am constrained to say that among the innumerable natural curiosities of this strange and curious country none posesses a deeper interest than this place. Here is the rarest and finest geological display I have ever seen. The little stream through whose canyon we approached the now famous fiel' leaves in many places the formation cut cleanly down three thousand feet, showing all the stratifications. The whole country for many miles around is much broken, and the dip or inclination of the rock is such that in traveling from Canyon City to this strange and interesting quarry, we pass over the exposed edge of all the formations from the tertiary to the silurian periods. But the exposure only becomes of more than usual interest as we enter the canyon of Oil Creek, where the walls rise sheer and clear cut above you, showing the stratification through many geological periods. The Bone Yard proper but seven or eight miles out of Canyon City, but the interest continues for the student of nature, especialy if a geologist, for many miles beyond. We found the superintendent, Captain Felch, at the base of the cliff, and in answer to our inquiry as to the location of the mine from which they dug mastodons and many other curious fossels, he pointed to a dizzy height up the perpendicular side of the canyon where a sandstone strata cropped out. Looking up we saw a stretch of white sail-cloth that protected the redeemed treasures from the disintegrating action of the elements. "Yes," said the superintendent, "this spot and in fact all about here is a perfect geological mine, but, as a matter of fact, these saurian remains in the Jurassic exposures about here are found in greater abundance and perfection than any other place yet discovered. Something like twenty millions of years ago this spot without doubt was the mouth of an old Jurassic river, and, therefore, a natural feeding ground for semi-amphibious creatures whose remains are now being excayated. This sandstone is a perfect mass of bones and the variety of animal remains is greater than at almost any other place in the world. Many of them, too, are highly specified. To explain: Some of the animals whose remains we find had become known to the scientist, but occasionly some are found having such well-marked specialties (that is, individual features,) as to require a new or revised classification. And now and then we find some things that, when they become known, will startle the whole scientific world. We think that we have found a link here that will connect two classes of animal life to all appearances more distinctly seperated than man and monkey."

The superintendent took me up to the edge and showed me the sandstone quarry where the bones were obtained. The journey was worth a pilgrimage to any one of those who see earth's history in rocks and read the tablets of the stratifications which are the sepulchers that hold the bones of her dead self—all who have visited this spot have been wonderfully interested. Although the place is unknown to the millions, there are but few spots in Colorado that have received the attention of distinguished scholars equal to this.

After some moderately hard climbing we arrived at the quarry, and, distinctly visable in the soft gray sandstone of the Jurassic era in which they had become mired and perished are the petrified forms of huge monsters fifty feet in length. The utmost care is required in getting them out and the labor of three men has been engaged in this service for three or four years. This is all done for the museum of Yale college and paid for out of the Peabody fund. The scientific interest of this museum has been materially increased by the remains taken from this quarry and the work will no doubt continue so long as new or special forms continue to be found.

We find in working over this field and its products that the forms of nature change, but her methods are continuous. The work that went on here at the mouth of this ancient river millions of years ago, is now, to a limited extent, going on in the deltas of all large rivers that empty into the ocean. Such rivers carry down food that is relished by certain fish and sea animals that come to these places where the river debouches feed. Here also comes the larger and stronger of their kind to prey upon the weaker. We know that the largest animals and fishes of our time get mired and cast ashore and thus perish. When these species become extinct their bones will in time become curiosities. Thus nature continues to write her history upon the rocks, which speak it forth to man as he slowly and laboriously turns the difficult and rarely understood pages of her book. This is a civilizing and refining work. Whether it be that only gentle natures engage in it, or that it has the magic to work gentleness in the heart of those who do this kind of work, it is, at least, my observation that savageness is at the very lowest point in those who commune much with nature through any of her forms.

This quarry is not the only place in the vicinity where nature can be studied, for in a large spring near the Superindendent's house we saw how these curious little worms in the bottom cover themselves with a preparation of silica and lime extracted from the water, making shells for themselves to live in. We had been witnessing water snails build their houses over their own bodies; and what an admirable location wherein to rear a family.

Farmers and the Tariff.

[Iowa State Register.]

The free traders have had a great deal to say about change in sentiment on the tariff question throughout the Noathwest. They have pretended to discover evidence of free trade sentiment among the farmers in all the Northwestern States. The resolutions of a few political farmers in Minnesota the other day have been taken as the text for much congratulation and rejoicing by the free traders. But the sentiment of the average farmer, even in the Northwest, is not represented by the free trade Junta that has attempted to speak for them. The farmers of Iowa, for instance, who have just as much reason to be free traders as have the farmers of Minnesota, take no stock in the fallacious theory, and appreciate the dangerous effect it would have upon their interests. Their sentiments are well expressed in the resolutions of the State Grange at its annual session last December.

Resolved—1. That the time has arrived in the history of our State and Nation when the farmers should unite for the protection of their rights and the promotion of their interests, morally, socially, intellectually and financially.

2. We demand such a revision of the tariff laws as will protect the producer as well as the manufacturer.

3. That the part of President Cleveland's message referring to the reduction of the tariff is a direct blow at the farmers of this country and in favor of monopoly.

4. That a great reduction of the tariff on all raw material produced in this country would greatly embarrass the agriculturalists, while it would not accomplish the object sought, viz: A reduction of the revenue.

5. That a reduction of the tariff on articles produced in this country would not reduce the revenue, but increase the imports, and therefore depreciate the value of our produce.

6. That to reduce the revenue the tariff should be made so high on all articles produced in this country as to prohibit the importation of such articles, and all articles that are not produced in this country should be admitted free of duty.

7. We demand equal protection with all other classes and professions.

This shows what the intelligent farmers of Iowa think of free trade. They know that it is not only a peril to the manufacturing districts of the East, that it means disaster to the farming communities of the West. The people who are trying to discover a free trade boom in the West are invited to inspect these resolutions of the farmers of Iowa.

HOMOEOPATHY.—A good Homœopathic book—a "domestic physician"—is a medical missionary in many families and a trusty adviser in all; to one of these add a case of Homœopathic medicines and the family is as well prepared to meet sudden emergencies and sickness as human foresight can provide. The cost is not great, and when compared with the advantages sinks out of sight. Catalogue and price list mailed free on request. Our medicines are kept by leading druggists who will give also our valuable little *Medical Index* free. It is safest to buy medicines bearing our labels for they are known to be strictly reliable by the medical profession of America and Europe. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic pharmacists and publishers, 212, W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., and 938 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Business established in 1835.

"The Blue and Gray."

In a circular issued recently by the committee of the Philadelphia Brigade it is stated that "one of the fraternal results which grew out of the reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg last July will be the annual decoration by Confederate vetaans of the graves of those who fell in defense of the Union. This touching ceremony will begin in Virginia, and wherever the grave of a Union soldier can be reached by one of Pickett's men a flag or flower will be tenderly laid upon it." A copy of that circular was sent to Col. William R. Aylett, the renowned orator of Virginia, and he replied: "You judge us aright, for there is not a true and brave veteran of Pickett's division but whose heart would melt and soften at the grave of a comrade of the Philadelphia Brigade. Whenever and wherever such a grave could be found it represents to us the buried worth and valor of those men whose guests we were at Gettysburg in July, 1887, on the spot where our blood mingled with theirs in 1863; and while the flowers bloom and the birds are singing in soldiers' cemeteries can any one suppose that our veterans would not be as ready to decorate the Union graves as our own? Nothing has contributed so much to the growth of this sentiment as our reunion last July."

No Flies on Him.

BENNETTSVILLE, IND., May 20.—This little burg holds within its confines a remarkable freak. This wonder is Henry Luegeman. Three years ago during a storm he was engaged in gathering tan-bark, when the tree from which he was taking it was struck by lightning. Luegeman received a severe shock. It transformed him into a genuine [illegible] man.

Anyone who shakes hands with Luegeman now receives a severe shock. By passing the blade of a knife between his thumb and finger during the progress of a storm, he charges the metal so strongly that heavy weights could be lifted. When flies alight upon him they drop dead and when he is in a dark room sparks flash from his flesh and his eyes shine like incandescent lights. Whenever a storm approaches Luegeman becomes highly charged with electricity and it is dangerous to touch him. He claims to feel no inconvenience, except that he will go near no moving locomotive for fear of being drawn against it and killed.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Blind or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72 '87 1y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers, should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

Estate of Marion S. Hauser, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

MARION S. HAUSER,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of May, 1888.

ALMEDIA S. HOYE,
5 12 3t Administratrix.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

— THE LEADING —

PIANOS & ORGANS

OF THE WOR D.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Ronowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

is proven without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instauments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.

May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M.
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

☞ Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

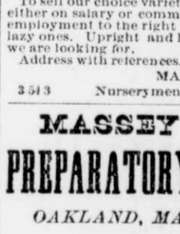
TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

WANTED —AGENTS To Solicit Orders for our Trees, Vines, &c.



Steady Work For Honest, Sober, Industrious Men.

Salary and Expenses, or commission if preferred.

We grow a full line of Fruit and Ornamental stock. Everything strictly first-class

THE BUSINESS QUICKLY LEARNED

Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. Write immediately for terms.

Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 So. Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

SECURITY CORSET.



ELEGANCE
COMFORT
ECONOMY
DURABILITY

No "Breaking In" process, with accompanying discomfort.

Conforms to the figure of the wearer in the most trying positions.

Genuine Whalebone used by our new process, each piece having a woven cover, and the ends secured by a new fastening, rendering it impossible for the whalebone to punch through. (*See Fig. A.*) ☞ Send for Illus. Circular.

MANUFACTURED BY
WEEDSPORT SKIRT & DRESS CO.
WEEDSPORT, N. Y.
For sale by W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references,

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 13 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888. NUMBER 15.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry. Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1ef4-1y

J. B. FAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House. July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland. v3n47.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND, RESIDENT DENTIST, OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Offers his services to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity Office and residence on Oak street, second house East of Catholic church. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

FOR SALE!

Distillery Machinery and Fixtures Complete.

The engine and fixtures of the "Schraumm Distillery," all in good order, and comprising everything necessary for fully equpping a distillery, will be sold at a very low figure. Apply to or address

HENRY WAGNER, 2152 tf Grantsville, Md.

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Cavents and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT, Sang Run, Md. RUFUS DEWITT, Mt. Lake Park, Md. 6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed, Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland, Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE, 2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

As agent for the owners, I am authorized to sell the tract of land called "Lochiel," in such smaller tracts or farms as purchasers may desire. This land is well adapted to farming purposes, and

WILL BE SOLD CHEAP!

Persons with limited means will do well by purchasing at once, and thus secure themselves a home. For further information apply to.

J. T. MITCHELL, Oakland, Garrett county, Md.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so. "Rev. James M. Rollins, "Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va"

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS, "Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜

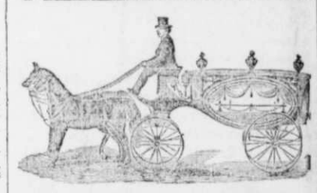
Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done. Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate,

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Abolish the Internal Tax.

The Internal Revenue tax is hostile to the moral sentiment of the country. It is directly in the interest of the whiskey distillers, the brewers and the tobacco manfacturers. It upholds the monopoly of the rich and panders to the vices of the community. These are propositions that receive the assent of teachers of morality, of the churches, of the Women's Christian Temperance Union and of all friends of temperance.

The economic question before Congress is the tax question. The revenues must be reduced, and that object can be accomplished only by a reduction of taxes. There is no other way to put an end to the accumulating surplus except by increasing expenditures, and while expenditures may be economically increased, they ought not to equal our present excessive revenues. Reduction of taxation is demanded by both parties. The Republican party insists that this reduction shall be effected by the abolition of the Internal Revenue tax. The Democrats say that the tariff must be revised in the direction of free trade. In the first place, they do not know that their scheme will reduce taxation; in the second place, even if it would, they would destroy American industries for the sake of relieving the Treasury.

The Republicans seek to destroy the vicious tax. The Internal Revenue tax was devised for the purpose of raising money for the prosecution of the war. The war is over and the tax remains. It simply brings money into the Treasury, while custom duties add to the country's wealth. In more than one way it is an odious tax. It rests in part upon the products of the soil. It hampers the farmer who grows a small crop of tobacco. It sustains an army of office holders, many of whom are spies and informers, It makes the government a partner in the liquor traffic.

Last year the taxes collected from spirits amounted to $65,829,322. Much of this product was alcohol used in the arts and in medicine. This tax should be abolished, because it is productive simply of evil. When the Democrats answer this position, they say that the Republicans are in favor of making whiskey cheap, while they maintain the tariff tax on the necessaries of life, They know that this is not ingenious. They know that the Internal Revenue tax on whiskey, large as it is in the aggregate, does not add more than half a cent to the price of a drink. Who is so absurd as to say that half a cent a drink will restrain a drunkrd's appetite? The tax does not accomplish any good. Judge Pitman, of Massachusetts, well known as a leading temperance advocate, says of the liquor tax, that it is "opposed to the better moral instincts," and is "operative as a bribe to pervert the public conscience."

The tax enables the rich distillers to combine and secure a monopoly of their business. When a tax of ninety cents a gallon is added to the great expense of producing whiskey, the government enters directly into partnership with the men who are making millions of dollars every year in the liquor traffic. Therefore, it is "opposed to the better moral instincts." When the government pays its expenses by giving this monopoly to the large distillers, it helps to "pervert the public conscience." There is no escape from this conclusion.

Similar arguments may be made against the taxes on tobacco and fermented liquor. The tax on bank circulation is very small, being only $4,288. It is a relic of a time when our necessities were so great that the government was compelled to resort to extraordinary methods of taxation. The bank tax ought to be abolished because if it were of any account it would be a burden on exchange and trade, while as it is, it is not worth while collecting.

The whole amount collected last year by the Internal Revenue Bureau was $118,837,301, and the cost of collection was $4,005,149. The total abolition of the tax would therefore wipe out the surplus and cure the money congestion in the Treasury. The government ought to take its countenance from the distillers of whiskey, the brewers of beer and the manufacturers of tobacco. The Republican party favors sound legislation against intemperance and the saloon, and that legislation must be in the statutes of the several States. The federal government is too far away from the evil to be dealt with even if it has the necessary power under the Constitution. As the law is now, however, the federal government is the partner of the liquor dealers. Its tax affords them an argument why the State should not cut deeper and take their power away. This might not be a party question, but it is. The Democrats stand by the distillers, and insist that the customs revenues shall be reduced in order that the internal taxes may be continued. All good men who believe in killing the political power of the saloon, hailed with delight the opportunity to strike a blow at the distillers which was afforded by our superabundant revenues. To them the need of reducing taxation seemed to be the occasion for dissolving the government's partnership with the liquor traffic. But the tariff reformers stand in the way. They cry out, "Hands off the sacred Bourbon idol of Kentucky!" And so the friends of temperance find, as usual, the Democratic party standing in their pathway, snivelling hypocritically some rigmarole about cheap whiskey and dear blankets. Nevertheless the fact remains, and it is a fact that no one can successfully dispute, that the abolition of the internal revenue taxes is not only the certain way of reducing taxation and the revenue, but it will accomplish a great moral reform at the same time.

When the Republicans come to deal with this important question in the Senate they will not be deterred by the untruths which are shrieked out by the enemies of American industries. They will gratify the usual sentiments of the country and offer a sane and proper solution for our financial problem by firmly cutting the bond between the government and the liquor traffic.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

A Strange War Duel.

Georgia Union.

On the 12th of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel between Captain Jones, commanding a federal scout, and Captain Fry, commanding a rebel scout, Greene county, East Tennessee. These two men had been fighting each other for about six months, with the fortunes of battle in favor first of one and then the other. Their commands were encamped on either side of Lick creek, a large and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too shallow for a ferryboat, but there a bridge spanned the stream for the convenience of the traveling public. Each of them guarded this bridge, that communication should neither go north nor south, as the railroad track had been broken up months before. After fighting each other several months, and contesting the point as to which should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisputed for the time being. Jones gave the challenge and Fry accepted. The terms were that they should fight with navy pistols, twenty yards apart, deliberately walking toward each other and firing until the last chamber of their pistols was discharged, unless one or the other fell before all the discharges were made. They chose their seconds, and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he was the only one in either command) to attend them in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine-looking fellow with light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in height, looking every inch the military chieftain. He was a man soldiers would esteem and ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a man more cool, determined and heroic under such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of chivalry and knight errantry of the middle ages and brave men embalmed in modern poesy, but when I saw Jones come to the duellist's scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed wrongs to himself, but, as he honestly thought, for the glory of the flag, I could not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full 6 feet high, slender, with long, wavy curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouch hat and gray suit, and looked rather the demon than the man.

There was nothing ferocious about him, but he had that self-sufficient nonchalance that said, "I will kill you." Without a doubt he was brave, cool, and collected, and although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in his left arm, received a week before, he manifested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals brought face to face.

They turned around and walked back to the point designated. Jone's second had the word "Fire," and as he slowly said "One—two—three—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word and instantly fired. Neither was hurt. They cocked their pistols and deliberately walked towards each other, firing as they went. At the fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and, firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was in the act of firing his last shot, but, seeing Jones fall, he silently lowered his pistol, dropped it on the ground, and sprang to Jones' side, taking his head in his lap as he sank down and asking if he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around that organ and coming out to the left of the spinal column; besides, he had received three other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of the body. I dressed his wounds and gave him such stimulants as I had. He afterward got well.

Fry received three wounds—one breaking his right arm, one the left, and the other in the right side. After months of suffering he got well and fought the war out to the bitter end, and to-day the two are partners in a wholesale grocery business.

A Difference.

Some of our Democratic contemporaries are endeavoring to take much comfort from what they are pleased to term the "Republican situation." Here it is, they say, only a few weeks till the meeting of the national convention and the party is utterly at sea as to who its candidates will be. Very good. So it is. But what is there alarming in this? In 1880 the party was "at sea" even after the convention had assembled, and yet it selected candidates that were able to give the Democracy a good, sound drubbing.

There is nothing discouraging in the situation, so far as the Republicans are concerned. Material for the construction of a ticket is abundant, and it is available. The trouble is to discover whom the Republicans of the country want, and that is a very small trouble. One or two days at Chicago will settle that, and settle it satisfactorily. There is one thing, however, upon which the Republicans are not at sea. There is no uncertainty as to their platform. On all the important questions before the country it will be courageous and outspoken for the right. It will demand that American labor and American interests be protected and promoted in preference to foreign labor and foreign interests, and that elections shall be fairly and honestly conducted in all sections of the Union alike. There will be no higgling, no evasion, no hypocrisy about that platform; it will be a bold and candid utterance, like it always is.

But how is it with Democracy? It has but one candidate, it is true; and he will be nominated by acclamation, not because the majority of Democrats want him, but because he has a death grip on the party. But while the nominee of the St. Louis convention is in effect already named, it is not at all certain what its platform will be. The probabilities is that in spite of the bold stand taken by the President the question that is more prominent before the country will be dodged or straddled. The tariff plank will be framed in language so ambiguous as to be susceptable of a double construction and adaptable to every locality and shade of belief; as heretofore, it will be "All things to all men."

While there is doubt as to who will be the Republican candidate, there is no doubt as to what will be the Republican platform; while there is no doubt as to the Democratic candidate, there is great doubt as to the platform upon which he is to stand. The Republicans are sure of a good candidate on a certain platform; the Democrats are sure of a bad candidate upon an uncertain platform. Who has the best of the situation.—*Exchange.*

Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen.

Simple emotions will not suffice to elevate the character or improve the life. There must be power of self-denial, strength of will, persevering effort.

The sweetest of all pleasures, and one that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that loves you.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE UNSEEN VICTOR.

There are no perils that the valiant hearted
Will fear to meet, if they but serve the right.
A noble purpose planted in the spirit
Will give to every one an arm of might.

We need not fear, though hosts should rise
against us,
If in the path of duty we are found;
We shall be victors in the battle tempest,
Though to the cross our bleeding forms be
bound.

It is the soul that triumphs, not the faggots
That, burning, slay the martyrs at the stake.
From rock and dungeon oft have risen the spirit
That caused earth's tyrants on their thrones
to shake.

Better by far it is to toil and struggle
And bear life's burden o'er a thorny way,
Than to sit idly down where gilded pleasure
Holdeth her court, and cheats her votaries
gay.

Better the wealth of heart, the gifts of feeling,
Though worn with suffering, penury and toil,
Than all the diamonds in the mines that glisten,
Or all the gold in California's soil.

We cheat ourselves when earthly treasures
win us
From our allegiance in the cause of truth.
We sell our souls, or make them "aproned
waiters"
To passions that but work us care and ruth.

There are defeats that mar the plans we cherish
That may be triumphs in the years to come;
And battle scars that we shall wear as trophies
Of victories won, when we have wandered
home.

—*Belle Bush, in Phrenological Journal.*

MY FIRST PATIENT.

The Innocent Mr. Hardy and His Burdened Conscience.

"Did you ever hear, Dick, that I had turned physician and had serious thoughts of endowing a hospital?"

These words were spoken by an eminent lawyer to an intimate friend in the same profession, as the men were relating mutual experiences.

"Why, no; I've heard at rare intervals of the preacher practicing, but never any thing so good of the lawyer. How is it?"

"Do you remember Hardy?"

"Julius Hardy of college days?"

"Yes."

"That dear sensitive soul, who knew nothing outside of books, but every thing inside, from Egyptian hieroglyphics to the laws of heredity—from the world in embryo to the prospective millennium?"

"The very same."

"Good. Tell me about him. I haven't heard a word of him for years."

"Settle back then, Dick, and take it easy. It is quite a romantic story."

I was sitting in my office one day, scowling over a mass of evidence in as muddy a case as you can well imagine, when a rather well dressed stranger came in, and, seeing me occupied, rested himself quietly in the farthest corner of the room.

My mental ejaculation was not taken from the new version. He wore the clerical habit and looked solemn. I was neither in need of ghostly consolation, nor in the mood for throwing out ballast to keep the spiritual ship from sinking. I studied his profile askance, and saw that it indicated the lawyer's natural enemy. "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also, sort of a man," so I delved away and paid no apparent attention to him.

He was so perfectly motionless and statue like, that I fell to studying him, when he turned slowly and bent his gaze full upon me. A slow glimmering of recollection dawned upon me, and the next moment, I had thrown down document and decision, cleared the floor at two strides, and grasped him by both hands.

"Judas, as sure as I live!" I said. You remember the pseudonym we gave him, by virtue, I suppose, of its utter contrast with his character.

"Yes, yes, poor fellow! how could we have been so cruel?"

"He never thought of it in that light, Dick. He recognized our friendship, and knew full well that we both loved him."

"Why on earth didn't you speak," I said, "and not sit there like a block? How are you? How are wife and children?"

My boisterous greeting almost took away his breath, as he answered each question separately, laughing a little about wife and children, for he was a bachelor. A gleam of genuine gladness lighted up his pale face.

"I thought you might quite have forgotten those old days, John, and I was more than ever convinced of it when you maintained such reserve," he said, quietly.

"Goodness, man! who could recognize Julius Hardy's boy face under such troubadour blackness of mustache and beard? But they become you, and do not look unclerical. Off with overcoat and wraps, man!"

"I fear you are very busy," he said, glancing rather timidly at my piled-up table, but looking a wish to remain.

"No, no, you may take a book until I get through with a small matter, then we will go home together. You must meet my wife and see my various olive branches."

"I should like to see them, John, indeed, but I am a recluse. Really you will have to excuse me."

"Delmonico's, then."

"No, I thank you. I beg pardon, my dear brother, I have something on my mind. I have a few days at my disposal, and can take your most leisure time, but I really wish a little private talk with you on a subject that concerns me deeply."

"Can it possibly be a lawsuit?" I asked myself. Some one has made him believe that he has been guilty of encroachment on another's right, for he would never act except on the defensive. He would give away all but his soul for the sake of peace.

"I am quite at liberty now," I said, thrusting my papers into a drawer, with a sigh of relief, and pulling a chair up close to my side. "Go on Julius, I should really like to be of some service to you, my dear fellow;" but seeing him look so forlorn about the matter, I attacked him by a little raillery as a reassuring precess.

"Have you been borrowing sermons?"

"No."

"Buying a few votes for president?"

"O, no."

"Freezing to your neighbor's melon patch?"

"Do, John, enter into the spirit of my trouble, for I assure you it is a real one."

I began in my turn to look sober. Ignorance of the world's ways is quite as often as knavery the source of trouble to an unsuspecting person. What had he been led to do?

"Well?"

I had to recall his mind, once or twice, from apparent wool-gathering.

"I fear John, I really fear that I have fallen in love with another man's wife!"

"Heavens and earth!"

I started to my feet and walked towards the window to control a convulsion of laughter; I knew he was mistaken. I knew it must be some hallucination, but for him the incongruity of the thing was dreadful.

"I knew you would regard this thing in its true light, John, and I honor you for it. I can not help remarking the contrast between you and him—the clergyman of my neighboring parish, the only other friend I had spoken with on the subject, and he does not know all, by half. But when I spoke of it, to relieve burdened conscience, he did nothing but laugh, and said it was a good joke, and he hoped to hear of an elopement. Think of that, John, to *me* a minister of the gospel, trying to see light and to do right. How could I gather any spiritual strength from him? You have proved yourself true, as you always are."

You may be sure, Dick, I kept my countenance grave during the rest of the interview. I saw that he had dwelt on this subject until his mind had become morbid, and he could think of nothing else.

I addressed him by the old name with some reference to a scene of our early life together in order to keep his mind in a more cheerful mood.

He broke into a sort of November smile, and said:

"That name, John, sounds so much like old merry times that I have almost forgotten how wretchedly I felt when I came to you. You were always like the sunshine. You do not change, I see. As for me, I have seen cloudy, dark days since then."

"No doubt, no doubt. Well, January makes us prize June, and dark clouds the bright sunshine. I've had to face some pretty tough hills myself since then, but it was the delectable mountain at the top, Julius, and so it may prove at length with you."

He shook his head slowly. "I fear John, I have committed a great sin."

"Unconsciously, then," I said, "for I would be willing to wager my best pony, you have never done any thing wrong, consciously, in all your life."

"You mistake. You always thought of me better than I deserved."

"Was it an injury to any one but yourself?"

"I am not sure. Indirectly it has been, for it has hampered me in my work."

"It must be a desperate case." I said this without a very genuine feeling of sorrow for the imagined wrong, but he replied at once:

"Yes, I knew you would so regard it; your conscience is not seared."

I took another stride across the floor as a sedative; then came and stood before him.

"You know I am a lawyer."

"Yes; I came to you for counsel."

"I shall have to cross-question you."

"Yes; I am willing to answer all questions."

"What is the lady's name?"

"Mrs. Julia Gettenbergh."

"Where did you meet her?"

"She was one of my parishoners in L——. In fact I boarded with her a few months."

"A boarding house belle, eh?"

"She kept a very few select boarders. She was a thoroughly well-bred woman, I assure you. She never thought of being a belle."

"Were you acquainted with her husband?"

"No; never saw him. He was not at home. None of us ever spoke to her of him. We recognized a silence on her own part, and respected it."

"Is she aware of your sentiments?"

"O, no! I left the house and went elsewhere just as as soon as I discovered them."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Very. Here is one of my wrong acts. I have kept her photograph. It is, no doubt, one of the temptations of Satan, but I could not resist keeping this small memento."

He then took an old-fashioned locket from the pocket of his vest, and springing it open passed it over to me. He had cut down the photograph and inserted it.

"Why, she is decidedly plain."

"How can you say that!" he asked, firing up in her defense. "Did you ever see such eyes!"

"I admitted their rare thoughtfulness, and remarked upon other good points.

"Now, tell me the whole story," I said.

"As I told you, I had rooms at her cottage with a very few others. While there I was taken down with fever. That I recovered at all was due more to her superintending care than to either doctor or nurse. During convalescence, knowing my delight in books, she read a great deal aloud to me. How I used to long for the hours to come when, her morning duties done, she would bring her book and take her place beside me. At last it seemed to me that it was only day when she was near me, night during her absence."

"And did you ever tell her this fact?"

"Tell her! of course not" he said, with quick indignation.

"I fail to see, then, my good fellow, where in you have committed your great wrong. The wrong of loving is not in the emotion, but its acknowledgment, where that acknowledgment would harm another."

"But wait till I tell you all. As you know after a fever one becomes ravenous with hunger. The nurse would have permitted me to die of starvation or of slops in the shape of gruels and teas, but this perfect woman prepared with her own hand delicacies that would have satisfied an epicure, and it was during one of those occasions that my gratitude took form. I, I kissed the hand that offered me the tempting dish!"

"You copied the example of the illustrious Swiveler, and kissed her rosy finger between each mouthful!"

"No, oh no; only once did I commit that indiscretion, but like a loyal wife she withdrew after this from bestowing those attentions, nor could I blame her. I was the sole wrong-doer. When I was able to be removed I felt it to be my duty to go elsewhere. My sister came, and together we set up housekeeping in a small way, but, John, I can not tear her image from my heart. If she is not in her pew in church I do not care to preach to others. I embrace every opportunity of seeing her when she is not aware of it, and I am so much under the dominion of her charms that I think of leaving the ministry."

"Not leaving the ministry?"

"Yes, John. How can I minister to others with this secret on my soul? Have you no place for me in your office, John? I could write for you at least——"

"O, I see; you wish to study the laws of divorce. Is that it?"

I was sorry the moment I had said it. The dear fellow turned such a helpless look upon me that I drew up closer to him. Now, my dear friend, I said, let me be a physician and make a diagnosis of your case. Your disease is not of a cardiac nature. You have done no wrong. Your sensitive temperament magnified every thing; you might call it an affection of the stomach. She ministered to your needs, but now that there are no needs of that kind——

"O, John, you do not know any thing about it! Rather than lose the possession of this love, I would lose my hope of Heaven. Even though I know it can not be returned, it is precious to me—most precious; how can I explain to you, or make you understand that I must leave the ministry?"

"Let me prescribe for you. My wife and I are preparing to go to Europe. Go with us, Hardy. When you come back we will talk about the clerk business—in fact I promise you a partnership if you are not cured of your malady in six months."

He thanked me, and said he would consider it. That might be a good way, he said, to make the transition. Promising to see me again he took his leave.

Full of his story I went with it to my wife and told her what I had done. She is one of the few women who never question, but give a man his own way, and enter heart soul into his schemes even if they are foolish ones.

As I mentioned the name of the lady my wife sprang from her chair and faced me, her face glowing.

"John!"

"Yes."

"Do you remember Julia Armstrong?"

"Yes."

"She married a Gettenbergh."

"Did she?"

"Yes, and he lost his life——"

"Good!"

"You horrid John! he lost his life on a whaling ship, and she did not know for years that she was a widow. When she did, what did she do? She did not live on any of her wealthy relations, but went to work and kept a select boarding house in L——"

"The very place."

"And she does not tell anybody about her former life, partly from a natural reserve, partly because she doesn't want any body's pity, and so they think her a grass widow, and she takes no pains to undeceive them. And I am going to see her now."

"Good!"

"I would not wonder, but we could bring things all out right for them. I want to ask just one favor of you. Let me invite her to go abroad with us, too."

"Certainly."

"Now, I can manage it if she can for him, and if she does not, she shall, I will bring it about I warrant."

True to her purpose on visiting her old friend, my wife led the conversation to Rev. Hardy, and found that Mrs. Gettenbergh was laboring under a total misapprehension of the cause of his departure from her notable house.

"I liked him much," she said, quite frankly, "and was surprised and grieved that he should go away so abruptly. There is a certain restraint over us wherever we meet, which I can not account for, but I often think it is because he learned from some one, that I had deceived him regarding my relations. I meant no harm," she said, with a sudden burst of tears, "but he is so honest and above board himself that he might not excuse my silence about such an event. I have so wished to explain it to him, but he never gives me the slightest opportunity."

My wife's offer was then made to her, and with a great gladness she accepted it, not knowing who were to be her fellow voyagers, but because of her love for my wife and her desire to have the benefit of this rest and change.

The days passed by swiftly. Mrs. Gettenbergh was ready before the appointed time, and my wife put to her this test. She told her, in a matter of course way, the day before we sailed, that Mr. Hardy was to be a fellow voyager.

"In fact he is, I believe, an old college chum of my husband's."

She looked distressed.

"I thought it best to tell you at once," said my wife, "but of course, it can make no difference to you."

"Not unless he cares. I should be sorry if I spoiled his pleasure," she said nervously."

"A fig for his pleasure," said my wife. "We will let nothing spoil ours."

But I had not dared to reveal to him my treachery. He did not see her until we were out several days. Perhaps she purposely avoided him. But one morning she sat on deck with my wife. He was sauntering along in one of his meditative moods past the groups of people, when, stopping, "Good morning" to my wife, his eyes fell upon her companion, who arose with some timidity to greet him.

It was a hard ordeal, but he displayed remarkable self-possession. I felt proud of him.

Had she not been greatly pre-occupied she would have seen his more than common interest in her, but hers was one of those charmingly unselfish natures that never suppose the elements of attractiveness to to be inherent in themselves. After a very short conversation he disappeared. I found him a few moments afterward below, whither I had followed him.

"How could you do this, John?"

"Do what?"

"Why, bring us together again after I had almost fought it out of my heart. The battle has all to be fought over again. I found that my first thought was positive and unbounded delight for two weeks of unavoidable companionship, but how is life to be made endurable after that?"

I told him then that she turned out to be an old friend of my wife's, and was traveling in our company.

"Then that accounts for her speaking to me at all," he groaned. "I had observed long ago that she tried to avoid me, but here I am forced upon her against her will." He said this bitterly, turning a little away from me.

"See here, Hardy, I said, taking him by the shoulders and turning him fair about, "begging your ministerial pardon, you are too innocent to live. Why can you not——"

Horror-struck, he turned upon me without giving me time to finish my sentence.

"Do you forget my duty, and her own to her husband?" he asked, angrily.

"Did you ever see her husband?" I asked, meekly.

"No; but what difference does that make! Should I be less true to my brother whom I have not seen than to him whom I have seen?"

"Who ever told you that she possessed that appendage called a husband?"

He looked into my eyes, and his own began to dilate.

"They said——"

"Who said?" The idea had never entered his monk's cowl to question the truth of "They said."

I had the pleasure of telling him then her history from beginning to end, and of watching the changes that flitted over his expressive face, and when I ended my story by the words: "And Julius, it is my belief that she loves you," what did the dear boy do but fall on his knees then and there, dragging me perforce, along with him, and —"Thank the Lord." I never felt quite so near Heaven in my life before.

"Now, see here old fellow," I said, though the tears were in my eyes as we arose, "You are all wrong. You have thanked the wrong party. You ought to have thanked me!"

"Our lives are in His hand," he said, with solemn gladness; but nevertheless he threw an arm about my neck and gave me a brother's embrace.

There was a wedding in Liverpool, a delightful summer of travel, a winter of pleasant interchange of visits; and now, Dick, I invite you, on my good wife's motion, to dine with us to-morrow and meet an old friend of college days—a transformed man.

—*Jeanie Olive Smith, in Current.*

—The grave of General William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, is on a beautiful natural mound near his old residence at North Bend, on the banks of the Ohio, fifteen miles below Cincinnati. No monument marks the spot, and the grave for years has remained neglected.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

Spicy Paragraphs Concerning the Latest Vagaries in Feminine Dress.

The bustle is moribund.

Iron gray is very fashionable.

Hats are bewilderingly varied.

Stripe grow in fashion and favor.

Lace trims or covers all dressy parasols.

Fashionable men are discarding pointed shoes.

Suede gloves remain the correct wear for all occasions.

Next fall we will have no more big or even little bustles.

The large silk dust cloak is the rage in Paris at the moment.

The coat sleeve has disappeared from all children's garments.

Buttons are coming into favor for all sorts of dress decorations.

The small poke is the bonnet of the day, the hour and the season.

Gold-colored tulles for neckwear is much favored, and it is very becoming.

Never were ribbons so much utilized in dress decorations as at present.

Big and little buttons are both seen on the same costume, gown or garment.

White neck lingerie is not yet revived, but we are promised that it shall be.

The sleeves of men's dress coats are made larger, particularly above the elbow.

Full sleeves and short waists go together, and both are rapidly coming into vogue.

The popular colors for gloves are tan, eucalyptus brown, and gray in many shades.

Men's cravats are growing more fluffy and swear-at-you in effect. But the colors are quiet.

Short-waisted gowns are worn in the street by ladies in Paris and Berlin, but not yet in New York.

Pretty hats for young girls and children have low crowns and brims raised sharply at the back.

The new Marseilles blue is to take the place of navy blue for summer gowns of linen, serge and flannel.

There is a new blue, and it takes the name of Marseilles, as it is the shade of blue seen in the Marseilles soap.

The waistcoats of men are more dressy and obtrusive this season. The collar rolls further back and shows more of the shirt front.

Tea gowns are so costly, elegant and shapely now that many ladies wear them for dinners at home and everyday or informal receptions.

From Paris comes the information that both short and long waists are worn, but more short than long ones are seen on fashionable women.

French and English children do not wear the Greenaway dresses. These pretty quaint styles are the exclusive property of the American little girl.

The parasol with a natural stick, a bronze handle, unequal divisions on gores, lace trimmed and ribbon decorated, is the fancy of the passing hour.

Even when long waists are worn on the other side they are coiled around the waist with a long, wide sash, which gives both the short and long waisted effect.

A number of Fifth avenue society girls have anticipated Dame Fashion and discarded bustles. They look very queer, quaint and curious as they walk the avenue.

To embroider fine damask table linen with colored and gold thread in light darning stitches will be the favorite piazza occupation of ladies at summer resorts this season.

It is the fancy of the season to put loose dresses with short waists and half long sleeves on big girls. The Greenaway styles remain in highest favor for little girls.

The latest fancy in parasols is to have the sections of the cover unequally divided; that is to say, one narrow and one wide gore, and then the handle must be a natural wood stick.

The best Paris dressmakers send out dresses with plain skirts and no steels, fashioned to wear over neither bustles nor cushions; so that ladies who rebel against these styles are compelled to wear them or make their own gowns.

The long, full skirt peasant cape set on to a close yoke, sleeveless and with no armholes, made of light weight mohair serge or surah, pongee or bengaline, is the correct wear for a dust cloak. It may be black, gray, brown, ecru, barred or plaided, as the wearer prefers, but the hat must match it.

Dark green velveteen, with handsome heavy bronze braid designs for cuffs, collar, V plastrons on the waist and vandykes at the foot of the front breadth, makes an exquisite walking gown, traveling or excursion costume or coaching dress. The hat or bonnet can be changed ad libitum with such a gown.

Jersey waists are again in the ascendant and the jersey of the present season is a most elaborate and artistic affair, with gigot, Bishop, and Henri II. sleeves, smocked in at the armhole, and gauged to a fancy braided long cuff at the elbow, enriched with V plastrons in metal or fancy braid patterns, given a chemisette or guimpe in contrasting color and made gay with fancy buttons.

High plants and pyramids of flowers are no longer used as dinner table decorations, but in front of each lady's plate a crystal tray or plate is placed, on which is arranged a fan of flowers tied with ribbons to match. Similar objects are placed on the corners of square tables, and when lit up at night these flowers, with the cut glass and crystal and fine Dresden or Sevres China and silver, give the table a fairy-like appearance.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Never use nitric acid when cleaning glycerine bottles. A nurse recently tried this experiment and the bottle exploded. Nitric acid and glycerine form a lively compound called nitro-glycerine, which won't be pounded with impunity.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is stated that at least 1,000,000 tons of commercial fertilizers are now annually used in this country.

—A few years ago cottonseed were thrown away as worthless, but to-day the seed is as valuable as the lint.

—M. Dubus Bonnet, of Lille, France, has invented a process of spinning and weaving glass into cloth. The warp is composed of silk, on which the pattern in glass appears.

—If gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water, but as it is insoluble in alcohol that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distillation.

—"Securite" is the name given to a new explosive which is said to be flameless when exploded, and will, it is expected, be of especial value as a substitute for ordinary blasting powder and other explosives in fiery coal mines.

—An electro-magnet with a carrying capacity of 800 pounds is attached to a crane in the Cleveland Steel Works, which readily picks up billets and other masses of iron without the aid of any other device. A boy is thus enabled to do the work of a dozen men.

—By the old method the steel wire from which watch springs are made was heated to the proper temperature and immediately plunged into oil. In the new process the wire is immersed in the oil bath first, and is then brought, by means of an electric current, to the desired degree of heat.

—Prof. Roberts, of Cornell, urges the importance of a complex diet for a man, and especially the use of concentrated products, such as beef, milk, butter and cheese. Only on such food is it possible to reach the fullest perfection of physical health and intellectual development.

—One New York factory turns out five millions of matches every working day. The cutting of splints from pine planks is done so rapidly that about thirty-six planks, each twelve feet long, eleven inches wide and three inches thick, can be cut up into splints during the course of the day.

—It is known that very elastic caoutchouc tubing gradually loses some of its elasticity; later, the tubes break on stretching, even if previously laid in warm water, and finally they crack if pressed between the fingers. This change is put down to a very slow formation of sulphuric acid by the action of moist air on the sulphur contained in the caoutchouc. By frequent washing with slightly alkaline water the action of the acid is prevented; tubes washed five or six times a year remaining perfectly elastic.

—Fire under water can be produced by placing a small piece of phosphorous in a conically shaped glass filled with water, and some crystals of chloride of potash covering the phosphorous, and then pouring through a long tube funnel, or a glass tube, a few drops of sulphuric acid down on the mixture at the bottom of the glass. Tongues of flame can be seen flashing up through the water. The intense chemical action produces sufficient heat to flame the phosphorous under the water. Where there is sufficient heat and oxygen fire will burn, whether in air or water.

—Grape juice is now pressed into bottles, and then olive oil is poured in at the top of each bottle. This effectually excludes the air, and none can work down into the wine to ferment it. At the same time any air that was in the juice finds its way up through the oil. The oil is sopped up with cotton when the bottle is uncorked. The cotton absorbs it little by little. All that is needed is a little patience. This art of keeping unfermented wine was practiced by the Egyptians many years before Christ. But it was lost. It has now been rediscovered, and is coming into general use.

OLD NURSERY TALES.

The Antiquity of the Fairy Stories Told to Our Children.

"Little Red Riding-hood," being generally supposed to be the story of the Dawn, or of the spring, first swallowed and then rescued from the jaws of Night, or Winter, is to be met with in the mythology of the Greeks, the old Australians and the Scandinavians.

"Blue Beard" is a well traveled villain. He has been in Zululand, Russia, Persia, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia and elsewhere, wearing successfully the garb of each of his adopted homes. This story is curiously interwoven with the myths of Psyche, Semele, Pandora, and other examples of woman's curiosity; so that there seems no reason why we should not actually look for the beginnings of "Blue Beard" in the Garden of Eden itself.

Puss in Boots," so far as it is possible to trace him, appears to have set out on his travels from Zanzibar, in the form of a gazelle, to have passed through India as a jackal, to have visited Russia, Sicily and Mongolia as a fox, and at last, as a cat, to have roamed over Italy, Sweden and Norway, France and England. In some of these places the story, owing to an episode in which the hero is punished for ingratitude to his benefactor, has the advantage of moral, but in most of the old versions Puss's evil practices are undisguised, and, contrary to all the orthodox canons, he is left smiling at the end of the chapter.

"Cinderella," whose romance we are inclined to rank as the most enthralling of all the nursery tales, is scarcely less widely traveled than her companions. In Kaffirland she is known, disguised as a boy, with a friendly ox instead of a fairy godmother. In Finland, Servia and among the Gaelic Scotch we still have the protecting beast.—*Manchester Courier.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Carker (in hotel corridor)—"Let's get out of here, Barker." Barker—"What's the matter?" Carker—"Those two big men are having such a violent discussion that I'm afraid it will end in a fight." Barker (carelessly)—"No danger of that. They're both pugilists."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A woman will get up and tear around and rant about female suffrage and demand equal rights with man in a torrent of impassioned chest tones, but when night comes she'll get down and tremblingly peer under the bed for the man she knows isn't there.

—Somebody predicts that "the telephone will develop in time so that everybody will be compelled to have it. The messenger boy must go." We have a great deal of confidence in science, but we don't believe yet that it will ever be able to make the messenger boy go.—*Boston Post.*

—And now the Sunday newspapers have formed a trust; and, as was inevitable, have raised their prices one cent. If these greedy monopolists persist in their fiendish design of wringing four cents out of the pockets of the toiling masses, in exchange for a dollar's worth of reading, they may yet find that even a circulation-swearer will not save them from bankruptcy.—*Puck.*

—"You don't seem at all cast down by the length of the sentence the Judge has given you," said a sympathetic bystander to the sad-eyed German who had just been condemned to twenty years of servitude in the State prison." "No," replied the prisoner, wearily, "I do not at all it mind. I have thirteen years the proof-reader on a German newspaper been."—*Somerville Journal.*

—Dame—"You are entirely mistaken as to the object of the anti-kissing society. It is not intended to discourage courtship. No, indeed. The object is to break up the practice of allowing ministers to kiss brides." Male caller—"O, that's it. Are the members of the society engaged young ladies who expect shortly to be married?" Dame—"Well, no; the members are mostly ministers' wives."—*Omaha World.*

—"What do you want?" exclaimed the woman of the house angrily as she faced the tramp at the kitchen-door, "Breakfast or work?" "Both, ma'am," said the hungry wayfarer timidly. "Eat that," said the woman sternly, placing a biscuit and a piece of steak before him, "and you will have both." The cheery meal of incense breathing morn had been prepared by her daughter, who was teaching a cooking school in the city.—*Burdette.*

DECEPTIVE SENSES.

Illusions of Bodily Motion Induced Through Visual Impressions.

The senses are subject to illusions in proportion to the remoteness of the information that they give from the immediate necessities of the organism. Touch, the most immediate and least inferential of the senses, is least subject to illusions; while sight is so very much so that the blind often say they have an advantage over the seeing in being free from visual illusions. The illusions of bodily motion are much nearer to those of touch than to those of sight, and yet they can under certain conditions be induced through visual impressions. Of this the writer has recently had two interesting examples. He was standing upon the floor of a railroad depot, the boards of which were laid with a considerable open space between them; and the shadow of an electric light was moving up and down, by the swinging of the light in the wind. Looking at the floor, it seemed as though the shadow was stationary, and the floor boards moving. From this it followed that the person on it was moving too, and the writer distinctly felt the swinging sensation; in fact, his attention was called to the phenomenon by this feeling of motion. The other observation was as follows: While riding in the cars and looking out of the window, the trees and all are seen to move in the opposite direction. If, now, one looks in a mirror so situated that it reflects the passing landscape, which, however, must not be visible except in the mirror, one has the illusion of moving in the opposite to the real direction of motion, owing to the reversal of the image in the glass. In both these cases an immediate bodily sensation is induced by a more or less unconscious inference through visual sensations.—*American Analyst.*

Wonderful Printing Machine.

The *American Bookmaker* describes a machine which takes in paper at one end and turns out completely bound books at the other at the rate of 5,000 copies an hour. There are three great iron cylinders, segmental in form and each having a diameter of six feet, and weighing about three tons each. On one of these are the forms which do the printing in quadruple series, the other two acting solely as impression cylinders. In combination with the cylinder carrying the printing forms are ink fountains, form and distributing rollers, while in combination with the impression cylinders are novel appliances for handling (automatically), revising, assembling, folding, covering and delivering the complete books. This remarkable contrivance requires eight tons of paper, with a corresponding amount of printing ink, and this it turns into books in a single day, and it requires twelve box-cars, of 30,000 pounds capacity each, to transfer the output for a single week. This machine is built in Philadelphia by its inventor and patentee, at whose establishment the visitor may see in daily and nightly operation no less than six of these mammoth machines turning with surprising rapidity and regularity their miles of paper into printed matter ready for the perusal of the reader.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Seedtime and harvest are not promised to slothful farmers who stake all chances on the theory that the world owes them a living.

—If the brush is to be used it is of more importance on the cow than on the horse, yet the former is almost entirely neglected in that respect.

—Frost Pudding: One cupful of boiled rice, one pint of milk, butter the size of a walnut, yelks of three eggs, and the rind of one lemon. Bake, and add a meringue made of the whites of three eggs.

—Good clover hay, or a variety of grass in the pasture, will give better results than an exclusively grain diet to any kind of stock. It is the variety of food rather than the quality and quanity that promotes digestion and health.

—Excellent results are claimed for the dry method of feeding chickens, i. e., beginning with boiled egg and bread crumbs, changing this diet in a few days to oatmeal, fine cracked corn, fine cracked wheat, afterwards substituting whole grain.

—The farmer who says his business "does not pay," in most cases proclaims his own incapacity, for there is the plain fact that agriculture returns larger profits in this country than in any other land, no matter whether prices be high or low.

—Creamed Codfish: Boil one pint of milk, thicken it with one tablespoon of butter and one tablespoonful of flour; mix together in a bowl set on top of the boiling tea-kettle, stirring occasionally as the butter melts, until they are smoothly blended; season with pepper and add a heaping cup of shredded codfish. Serve hot.

—The restorative influence of plowing in clover on run-down land is not wholly due to the plant food it furnishes to the soil, which produces increased growth of crops, but is largely due to the mechanical effect in mellowing and fining a soil that by long cultivation has become compacted and lifeless.—*Country Gentleman.*

—To make good waffles, take one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one teacup of flour, the yelk of four eggs, and a small pinch of salt; beat the whites separately to a stiff froth, and add them the last thing. Have the waffle tins well greased and very hot, pour in the batter and bake brown.

—In transplanting cabbage, tomato, pepper, or other plants, have the soil well prepared; take a shallow pan, partially filled with water and good, rich soil, stirring until the consistency of cream; take up the plants carefully, and dip the roots so that as much soil as possible will adhere to them. In setting out see that the earth is packed firmly around the roots.—*Home, Farm and Factory.*

—**Bread Balls for Soup:** Cut the crumb of a stale loaf into small pieces, put them in a basin and pour over them enough hot water to moisten, without making them too wet, let them cool; chop an onion, lay it in the frying pan with a large lump of dripping and some chopped parsley, and fry a light brown; mix it with the bread, and when cool add two well-beaten eggs, salt, pepper and sufficient flour to bind; make the mixture into small balls and drop them into the boiling soup about fifteen minutes before serving.

—Potato Turnovers: Mash some dry, mealy potatoes while they are warm; add a piece of butter, and mix with them two or three beaten eggs, according to the quantity of potatoes. Dredge a paste board, spread on it the potatoes a good half-inch thick. When cool, cut out in squares or round cakes five inches across. Put on each a large tablespoonful of any remnants of meat or poultry minced fine. Turn over half of the cake to cover it, coat them over with egg and bread-crumbs, and bake a delicate brown in a moderate oven.

VALUE OF DRAINAGE.

Why It Pays to Drain Dry Land Under All Circumstances.

The past two years of drought, and the pretense of some unwise writers that the drought was caused by the tile drainage, has greatly demoralized the business. It will take some time to recover. But it will again resume its place in good farm improvements. It is a benefit to the farm in any kind of a season, too wet, too dry, or medium. It prepares the soil to stand better the extremes of the seasons. Plants mostly get their moisture from the ground, and it is better brought up by capillary attraction when the soil is rendered loose and porous by underground tile drainage. And underdrains are ten times better than open ditches to take the surplus water off. When the water passes through the soil to the drain, there is no loss of fertilizing material by washing, and the ground will be found ready for tillage in a few hours after the heaviest rains. In case of tile drainage the soil will catch up and retain for plant food all that the fall of snow or rain always brings to the earth. The tile drain three feet deep and twenty feet apart, with a fall of two inches to the one hundred feet, will work wonders in nearly all classes of land. This is not necessarily confined to land too wet for cultivation. It pays to drain dry land, so that the water will pass through and enrich the soil instead of taking off by surface water the fertilizing gases brought down by rain from the atmosphere, as well as the artificial fertilizers applied by the provident farmer. Let no variety of reasons stop the grand work of drainage, and never listen to the foolish man who charges drought to such work. —*Des Moines (Ia.) Register.*

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

The Story of the Bootblack Who Was N to Be Kept Down.

"It's just about seven years ago," said a well-known broker, as he pointed toward a well-dressed young man, "since that young fellow shined my shoes, and I believe that it was the last pair he ever got paid for putting a gloss on.

"At that time Billie was one of the many youngsters who made their livelihood by keeping an electric shining chair in gambler's alley. In those days the highway was frequented by a good many young sports who didn't care any more about paying a quarter for a shine than they did about treating a friend to ice water. This young fellow scraped the sand from my shoes that afternoon and daubed them with a half inch layer of blacking—more or less—and as he finished he said, "I wish I could give up shining." This was something strange to come from him, for he was an expert shiner and got a good deal more than his share of patronage, and the other professors of the brush were envious. I got over my surprise, for I thought that two regiments of soldiers couldn't drive him away from that chair, and I asked him why he wanted to give up the old stand. As he toiled away with his two brushes he said: 'Well, if I don't quit it soon I never will get out of it. So I want to get away from it while I feel like it. And if I don't before long it will be the ball and chain on my leg all the days of my life.'

"I had pity on the poor fellow, for he talked so sincerely, and, while he was giving my coat a finishing touch with his whisk broom, a friend of mine, who was engaged in the lumber business at that time, came up.

"As soon as Billie saw him he gave me a wink that said: 'See if he won't do something for a fellow who wants to better his condition.' My friend took the vacant chair next to me, and after we had chatted awhile I asked him if he couldn't give Billie a job. He was soon as much interested in the bootblack as I was myself, and after hearing a long talk Billie was engaged as a yard hustler at six dollars a week—just about one-third what he was making at shining. He had little chance to obtain an education, but this didn't discourage him, and half of the first week's pay was spent for school-books. Every spare moment that the lad had he spent in study, and he could be seen quite often between two lumber piles figuring out an example in long division with a pencil on a smooth board.

After he had been doing general work about the yard for about four months he was promoted to the position of tallyman, which he held until the end of 1881. Bill had been very diligent during all this time, and I determined to see if I couldn't get him a more remunerative position, and one where he could advance himself faster than in the lumber business. Accordingly I sent a letter to one of my correspondents, a reputable Wall street broker, and the reply was that he wanted a good office man, and if I had a friend he would be very glad to give him the place.

"I kept Bill in my office until a few days before he was to take his New York position. Then he went East. He gave excellent satisfaction in every respect, and gradually made himself so valuable that he became, in time, a partner. He withdrew from the firm last January and brought over $100,000 to Chicago with him as his share.

"He thinks the first step he made toward success was when he started off with a load of 'two-by-fours' on his shoulder in a lumber yard not a great distance from the corner of Lincoln street and Blue Island avenue."—*Chicago Mail.*

WITHOUT A NAME.

The Queer Inscription on a Southern War Waif's Tombstone.

"It happened this way," continued Plunkett. "There never was but one locomotive made in Georgia up to the time that one was made in Atlanta during the war. They needed engines mighty bad then, and they went to work in the shops at Atlanta and turned out as good er looking little locomotive as I ever seed, and they named it 'Sunshine,' and the railroad men took on over it er heap, and every engineer wanted it for his.

"Things was hustling outen Atlanta, for old Sherman was doing some of his swinging erround, and it was feared he'd get the control of the Macon & Western then, and this little engine was erbout to be shut off, so the engineer he fired up and folks piled onto it and out she started for Macon. She was er sailing erlong as fast as ever an engine run them days when, before you could wink your eye, she busted. That was the last of 'Sunshine,' and it was the last of er heap of folks, but it was war times and fifteen or twenty folks killed wasn't noticed worth talking erbout, but in the wreck among the dead and wounded was found a little baby that nobody has ever claimed, and the little thing was not scratched by the wreck, but just set there in er little place and laughed and crowed 'Mam, mam, mam,' and we knowed by that it was the little child of some poor refugeeing woman. They took good care of the little thing, and it lived eight months after that, and the strange thing is that it never heard an engine nor seed er car but what it would say them same words over, 'Mam, mam, mam.' But it's over yonder, with 'Child Without a Name' on its tombstone, and that ends it in this world, but it teaches the lesson that war's er bad, bad thing."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—There is a clergyman in England named Straight whose curate is named Crooked.

BOYS ON THE FARM.

The Advisability of Providing Them With a Set of Tools.

Let me give a few hints to farmers about providing tools for the boys; I mean carpenter tools, such as good hand-saws, that can be bought for $1.50 to $2 in the hardware stores, a hatchet, square, chisels, brace and bits, two or three planes and a bench to use them on, nails and spikes of different kinds and sizes. Then set the boys at using them. Let them begin on something that needs repairing in or about the house, barn or yard fence, which an inexperienced hand can do. A boy will take to working with tools and tinkering as readily as a duck will take to water. Provide them with plenty of nails; they will break and waste some at first, no doubt, but if they do, the loss is not very great, for nails are cheap. Do not expect them to be perfect in the art of driving nails, for it takes an expert to hit a nail square on the head every time. Any boy can hit a nail, but it very often happens to be a finger-nail. They also want a good hatchet, but no old thing with the face chipped off. Give a boy a chance and he will soon learn how to handle tools, and will save quite a snug little sum every year that would be paid out to carpenters for repairing gates, doors, windows, etc.. It will pay a larger dividend than to allow them to sit around the house and torment the organ or an old fiddle! I know men, middle-aged men, that did not have the use of such tools when they were boys, who can not build a a decent-looking chicken coop, or pig-pen. And I have seen other men that could not saw off a board and saw it off straight when marked by a square. And I have actually seen farmers trying to do some kinds of carpenter work with the mattock and spade, and the work was done accordingly! Take my advice, brother farmers, and see the boys enjoy themselves and be yourselves happy.—*John W. Klingler, in Ohio Farmer.*

LUXURY AND FAST TIME.

The First and Only Line Running Vestibule Express Trains Between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

Magnificent Vestibule Express Trains—built expressly for this service with all the latest improvements—now run daily each way between Chicago and Council Bluffs, over the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE—time 16 hours. This is a splendidly appointed series of continuous parlors on wheels, including elegant Dining and Palace Sleeping cars. No noise, no dust, no swaying of coaches, no cold draughts of air, no slamming of doors, but restful comfort the entire journey. No potentate of the old world travels in a more princely style, or commands greater luxuries or more of them, than those going west can now enjoy, if ticketed to or from Council Bluffs via the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. This train also connects at Omaha with the "Overland Flyer," going through to and from Chicago and San Francisco, Portland, Ore., and Los Angeles, in 81 hours. Tickets and rates by the Rock Island Vestibule no higher than are charged by line shaving greatly inferior accommodations.

—"Did your son take the valedictory in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. "No, indeed, he didn't," she replied with pride. "He didn't take any thing. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw.—*Washington Critic.*

It is a strange fact that silk dresses can be satin.

The saving claws—a miser's.

Never expect a straight tip from a crooked man.—*Picayune.*

When the tailor gets rich it is by shear industry.—*Philadelphia News.*

The owner of a cremation furnace tries to earn a living by urning the dead.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

When a printer overloads his stomach at a feast, it may be properly said of him that he has "pied his form."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

There are few things in life more touching than the umbrella of an average citizen in an art gallery.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Few girls get such a Bo-az Ruth had.

Spiritual manifestations—the rise and fall of the mercury.—*Boston Post.*

Legal inconsistency—calling forty pages of foolscap "brief."

The man who writes a begging letter puts gall in his ink.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

When a person falls into a state of coma it is usually only for a short period.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A novelist speaks of a "cloak of darkness." He doesn't mean the "clothes of day" either.—*Norristown Herald.*

Sign for a money-lender—lucre here!

A nickel counter—the treasurer of a street-car company.—*Golden Days.*

The motto of the faithful book-keeper who sticks to his work should be: "I add here."

The dramatic profession must be a wearying one. Actors are compelled to work at their play.

There is no such word as "fail" among the fruit preservers. Their motto is "I can."—*Puck*

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THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Which Opens in Cincinnati July 4.

No event of the past decade has created as much interest in the whole country as the coming of the Centennial Exposition of the Ohio Valley and Central States, which opens its doors in Cincinnati on the nation's birthday (July 4), to continue for one hundred days and nights—a celebration in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the Northwest Territory. Unlimited means have been placed at the disposal of the managers by the enterprising business element of the Queen City, and nothing is being left undone that will conduce to the success of the undertaking. Instead of a local—as some suppose—it is a National event, made so by the hearty co-operation on the part of a dozen of the chief States in the Union, and the encouragement given it by the fact that "Uncle Sam" intends to make an exhibit of his own of the treasures stored away in Washington City —an appropriation for the moving and care of which has been recommended by a Congressional Committee to whom the matter was referred.

The guarantee fund of one million and fifty thousand dollars, which the Board of Commissioners have at their command, has enabled them to provide magnificent quarters in which to display the mass of articles already offered, and these, in conjunction with the permanent building in which numerous Expositions on a smaller scale have been held, and which cost over one million dollars, will give to *this* affair better facilities than were ever enjoyed by any thing of the kind ever held in this country, not excepting the famous Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. The area of exhibiting space will be about 700,000 square feet. The temporary buildings, when ready for occupancy, will have cost no less than a quarter of a million of dollars, and are models of architecture, combining all the elements necessary for the uses to which they will be put.

The Exposition has been advertised for the past year in a masterly manner, and there is nosection of the country that has failed to hear of the great event. Applications for exhibiting space have been received in abundance from every clime, and there seems to be no reason to doubt its entire success, both artistically and financially.

Spring poets should be pitied rather than berated; "mercury" and "thermometer" are two of the hardest words in the English language to find rhymes for.

An Icy Invasion

Of the back and shoulders announces the approach of chills and fever. You go to bed, if lucky enough to sleep, you awake in a furnace, or fancy so. Fierce is the heat that consumes you. Then comes profuse sweating. This over you resemble a limp, damp rag. After the first paroxysm, prevent another with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which knocks out malaria, biliousness, constipation and kidney complaints.

When is a pretty girl inclined to commit murder? When she is bound on a sleighing expedition.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap is infallible for removing dandruff.

Hill's Hair Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

The woman question—"What are you going to trim it with?"—*St. Albans Messenger.*

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Nervousness, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Nervous and Physical Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Despondency, Paralysis, Numbness, Trembling, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pains in Side and Back, Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Palpitation, Nervous and Sick Headache, Tired Feeling, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Etc.

Nervous Debility.

Sufferers from nervous debility complain of physical and nervous weakness and exhaustion; there is prostration of the physical strength, a tired feeling with no inclination for exertion, and the power to work is diminished; the patient wakes mornings tired and unrefreshed; there is an extreme nervous WEAKNESS AND irritable condition; a NERVOUSNESS, dull, cloudy sensation, often accompanied by disagreeable feelings in the head and eyes; the thoughts wander easily; there will be gradual failing of strength, with weakness and pain in the back; bad taste in the mouth mornings; the vision becomes dim, the memory impaired, and there is frequent dizziness; the DEPRESSION nerves become so weakened OF MIND, that the least excitement or shock will flush the face, bring a tremor, trembling, or palpitation of the heart. There is often gloom and depression of the mind. For these symptoms Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic is a certain and positive cure. Under the use of this wonderful restorative, which is purely vegetable and therefore harmless, the dull eyes regain their brilliancy, the pale look and hollow cheeks show renewed health and vitality; the DIM VISION, weak and exhausted IMPAIRED MEMORY, feelings give place to strength and vigor, the brain becomes clear, the nerves strong and steady, the gloom and depression are lifted from the mind and perfect and permanent health is restored. It is an absolute specific for nervous debility. Young A WONDERFUL men with weakened nerves REMEDY. and exhausted vitality can regain their strength by its use. It restores lost energy and invigorates the weakened vital forces in old and young. No one need despair of a cure. ☞ Don't fail to use this remedy, which is the greatest medical discovery of the century, and an absolutely certain cure will result. All druggists keep it. Price, $1 per bottle. Be sure and get DR. GREENE'S NERVURA NERVE TONIC; take no other, for this remedy has no equal. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Its discoverer, DR. GREENE, 35 West 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter. ☞ USE HIS GREAT REMEDY AND WRITE HIM ABOUT YOUR CASE.

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GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

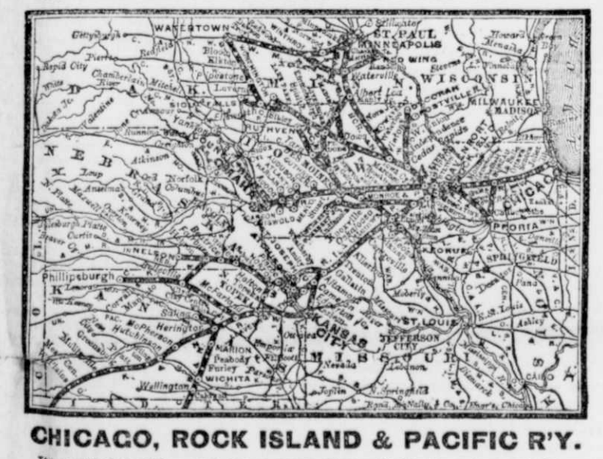
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EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

Cleveland Nominated.

The Democratic National Nominating Convention at St. Louis nominated Cleveland for President Wednesday afternoon by acclamation. His name was placed before the convention by Daniel Dougherty, of New York. No nomination for Vice President was made Wednesday.

The national prohibition convention at Indianapolis Thursday of last week, nominated Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, for President, and Rev. John A. Brooks for Vice-President. It also adopted a platform containing a woman suffrage plank.

The Wilmington, (Del.) election Saturday resulted in the election of Austin Harrington, Republican, for mayor by over 700 majority. The Democrats elected seven members of the city councils and the Republicans five. The Republican majority for the head of the ticket was caused by disaffection in the Democratic ranks.

The Baltimore *Herald's* Rockville correspondent, speaking of the Republican Sixth District Congressional nomination, says: "A prominent Republican of Montgomery county, and who is well informed in political circles, says Louis E. McComas will be nominated again beyond a doubt for the fourth time and will carry the district by a larger majority than he has heretofore."

At the meeting at Pittsburgh Saturday night of the Trades Assembly of Western Pennsylvania, representing 60,000 organized workmen, resolutions were unanimously adopted condemning the Mills bill and all its advocates, and condemning Congressman Scott, of Erie, as an enemy of labor, a dangerous person to the welfare of society and the industrial progress of America, and as a bitter enemy of organized labor.

Elections were held throughout Illinois Monday for Judges of the Supreme Court. The returns show that the Republican candidates, David J. Baker, Jacob W. Wilkin, Joseph M. Bailey and Benjamin D. Magruder were elected in the first, third, sixth and seventh districts, and John H. Scolfield, a Democrat, the present incumbent, in the second district. This makes the Supreme Bench of Illinois Republican for the first time in its history.

The Democrats nominated candidates for Congress in the several districts of this State as follows:

First district—Charles H. Gibson, of Talbot county.

Second district—Herman Stump, of Harford county.

Third district—Harry Wells Rusk, of Baltimore city.

Fourth district—Isidor Raynor, of Baltimore city.

Fifth district—Barnes Compton, of Prince George's county.

Sixth district—H. Kyd Douglas, of Washington county.

Republicans Carry Oregon.

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 4.—An election was held in this State to-day for Representative in Congress, a Supreme Court Judge, and a Legislature that will name the successor of U. S. Senator Dolph. Chief interest centered in the legislative contest.

The Republicans confidently claim the election of Herman, Republican, for Congress, by not less than 1,500 majority. The Legislature is claimed by the Republicans on joint ballot.

LATER.

PORTLAND, OREGON, June 5.—Late returns indicate Herman's, (Republican) for Congress, election by 4,000 majority. Both houses of the Legislature will be Republican, standing on joint ballot, Republicans 66, Democrats about 24. Another report says: Returns from all parts of the State accessible by telegraph indicate that Herman (Republican) for Congress, has 4,000 majority. His majority in Multnomah county, which includes Portland, is 2,500. The Prohibition vote was very small. The Republicans made gains in every county in the State.

The Democracy at St. Louis.

Democracy as focused at St. Louis is certainly a queer compound. First we have the delegations, clubs and camp-followers shouting themselves hoarse and stripping the city of bandanas to honor one whom Cleveland four years ago officially turned out to grass, and whom the Democrats in his own state have ostracised for denouncing fraud at the ballot-box and corruption in a Democratic legislature. Thurman in 1884 was too aged to aid in instilling the highly moral civil service sentiments of the President, but by some special feat of political legerdemain he is sufficiently rejuvenated to run on the same ticket with him now that Cleveland has renounced the arduous task of reforming the country. Seldom have such rapid changes been witnessed outside of a pantomine.

But this is not the only protean wonder promised the people. The Mills bill, the President's pride, and but recently the shibboleth of Democratic faith, upon which the majority in Congress has spent the whole of a long session, is as dead as a rat. The friends of the President's late mouthpieces and tariff-reformer-in ordinary to the White House, have appealed in vain for a hearing for this economic prodigy. There are "none so poor to do it reverence." It has died in the bornin'! There may be sharp fighting over the resolutions—the composition of the committee, so far as foreshadowed, promises this—but the Mills bill is beyond resurrection or redemption. The free-traders are in force at St. Louis, and their best men will probably be on the platform committee—such representative Democrats as Watterson and Morrison—but they will be heavily handicapped. Senator Gorman, however, will be at the head of it, and can be depended upon to reduce their fiery and impetuous proposals to a condition of innocuous desuetude.

Constitutional timidity is rapidly taking the place of the boastful attitude which the party maintained a few days ago, and the threats of upturning the business enterprises of the country will be carefully laid away in the political lumber-closet until after the election. The platform of 1884, which disclosed nothing tangible under the powerful lens of Mr. Weller's double-million magnifying microscope, is to be trotted out again, with the solemnity by which Democrats so well manage to shroud a periodical joke, and a generalization from Mr. Cleveland's discredited message is to be tacked on to supply standing-room for the bewildered statesmen who vainly imagined they were on the eve of a Democratic millenium.

But there is one man at the Capitol attending to his congressional duties, whose bosom must swell with pride as he reads the reports of these versatile prestidigitateurs in St. Louis who have so recently tried to read him out of the party. Mr. Samuel J. Randall's day has probably come at last. He is the shrewdest old Roman of them all. He knew he had but to watch and wait, and that his immature colleagues and their callow leader after strange gods would be sure to come in out of the shower. Mr. Mills will probably be more respectful in his demeanor to this old-time war-horse after the convention adjourns, and the other Democratic members of Congress who have been chastened and subdued by their visit to St. Louis will be glad to shake him by the hand and acknowledge their folly. But the surplus remains and is piling up in the treasury, and the people are looking askance at this parody on government.—*Baltimore American.*

Political Pointers.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—The job of concentrating on a Republican candidate is not an easy case. The Blaine delegates were elected without any reference to their second choice, and his retirement from the field has developed a chance of conflicting preference. The Western delegates could be pretty generally united on Gresham, but Mr. Platt and his New York people object strenuously to that. If they must have a Western man they prefer Harrison or Alger. Every day that passes adds to the difficulty; for every day each candidate in the field picks up a delegate or two. Sherman, by the sheer force of the law that the largest body has the greatest attractive power, should make much the largest gains, but many of his delegates are held to him by pledges rather than enthusiasm, and his boom has not gained by Blaine's withdrawal to the extent to which might fairly be expected. The nomination of Thurman on the Democratic ticket would strengthen Sherman's chances if anybody supposed for a moment that even Thurman's nomination would make Ohio doubtful.

Meanwhile a politician, who is neither a tenderfoot nor a fool, threw out this suggestion to me to-day: "The convention meets on Tuesday. If it doesn't nominate a candidate before Saturday, it will nominate before Sunday, and nominate Blaine."

NEW YORK, June 3.—Among the prominent dark horses talked of here among Republican politicians to-day Senator Cameron's name is frequently mentioned. Depew has great hold on people of New York. He is not a politician and has none of the leaders for him. Ex Senator Platt waited upon Depew when the New York reporters started his boom a couple of months ago and offered to engineer it. Mr. Depew laughed, as usual, and said: "I am not a candidate. Mr. Blaine is my choice." Platt took him at his word, or else felt snubbed, and is now working against him in the interest of William Walter Phelps. Hiscock is for himself, and Senator Miller is for Sherman in a dreamy sort of way. They are all delegates-at-large. Murat Halstead is here in the interest of Sherman. He thinks the friends of Gresham have been a little previous and have hurt their candidate's chances by aggressiveness. Ex-Congressman Horr, of Michigan, came on last week and is looking after Alger's fences. He thinks Alger and Levi P. Morton would pull well together, but politicians think this united barrels might be an objection. There is to be a quiet caucus of leaders here toward the last of the week.

Mr. Halstead, in answer to a general question about the Republican Presidential nomination, says:

"I do not see how the convention can reasonably avoid nominating Senator Sherman. He has more than the famous 306 of Grant now. The persistent retirement of Mr. Blaine has given a large number of delegates personal liberty in an unusual degree in this Convention, and it has established toward Sherman a drift of scattering votes in New England and the South, and given him a great deal of power in Pennsylvania. If anybody is going to beat that, they must show something stronger. It is simply a question of whether on that basis Sherman is to go on to the nomination or some one else be pushed forward from a minor position of strength. As to Senator Sherman's record, it is the record of the Republican party. The principles of the Republican party have their embodiment in him. There is no special reason for rank enthusiasm."

A Copious and Versatile Malefactor.

New York Tribune.

The growth of the Prohibition third party movement is seriously attributed to Mr. Blaine by a leading exponent of Mugwumpery. Of course. The Mugwump catechism contains these questions and answers:

Q.—Who brought death into the world and all mortal woe?

A.—James G. Blaine.

Q.—How can that be, since he was not born until after the fell deed was done?

A.—Well, anyhow, he would have done it if he had gotten a chance.

Q.—Can you criminally connect him with the deluge?

A.—We can. The *Evening Post* has got an affidavit in its office-safe setting forth that Noah always laid the blame on James G. Blaine.

Q.—What did Guy Fawkes remark when he was arrested?

A.—Mr. Fawkes, placing his hand on a pocket Testament, which he always carried about with him, exclaimed in tones that carried conviction to all that heard him: "My lords and gentlemen, I cannot tell a lie. James G. Blaine did it."

Q.—What do later researches show in regard to the massacre of the Huguenots?

A.—They show that without an exception every one of the unfortunate Huguenots in question perished by the gore-reddened hand of James G. Blaine.

Q.—Do you know what Dr. Kane always charged when the subject of Arctic voyage was broached?

A.—The Doctor always charged, with an earnestness all his own, that the reason the North Pole had never been discovered was owing solely to the shameful fact that it had been removed from its place and hidden away by James G. Blaine.

Q.—Who smote the marble gods of Greece?

A.—James G. Blaine. He committed the outrage on his way home from firing uninsured Ephesian dome.

Q.—What did the last Mayors of Pompeii and Herculaneum assert in their ante-mortem statements?

A.—They swore that neither Pompeii nor Herculaneum was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, but that both cities were shovelled under by James G. Blaine. They thought they could identify the shovel.

Q.—Do you know what stands in the way of James G. Blaine being popular in the South?

A.—Yes. It is well-known by all the detectives of that section that James G. Blaine single-handed and alone put up the Charleston earthquake job, gave Memphis its worst attack of yellow fever, and endeavored to dry up the Gulf Stream so as permanently to injure the Southern climate.

Q.—Can you fix the date of his cold-blooded raid on the Gulf Stream?

A.—It was not long after he introduced the potato bug into Kansas.

* * * * * *

There is much more of this sort in the Mugwump catechism. No Mugwump, therefore, is going to be surprised at anything he may hear about James G. Blaine. Responsible for the growth of the third party movement, is he? Why, cert'nly.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 4, 1888.—Mr. Blaine is certainly out of the field now. Under no circumstances will he accept the nomination. This is his own decision, and doubtless it was arrived at after long, careful and calm consideration of the field and the coming important campaign in all its various bearings. That it was wholly in the interest of harmony in the Republican party cannot be doubted by anyone who has given the slightest thought to the subject. Mr. Blaine does not propose to sulk either, for he has already announced his intention of returning to this country in time to take the stump for the nominee of the Chicago convention, no matter who he may be. Mr. Blaine's nearest friends here, in talking of who the nominee is to be, seem to be practically unanimous in agreeing that the choice should be left to the delegates from the doubtful States, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana; that those States which are certain to go Republican should support the choice of the doubtful States, particularly New York. This strikes me as good sensible advice, which if followed out, will surely result in a victory for the Republican party this year, and after all, that is more to be desired than the elevation of any one man. The success of the Republican party is necessary for the welfare of the country. Four years more of Democratic misrule will ruin the nation. Let every Republican bear this fact in mind, and there is no doubt of what the result will be.

The House spent three days last week in discussing the tariff bill under the five minute rule. It has now been laid aside until next Monday, owing to the St. Louis convention. When it is taken up again, if the progress is not greater than it was during the three days devoted to it, a vote on it will never be reached at the present session.

Strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that there is absolutely no interest expressed here in the St. Louis convention, owing to the fact that everything had been all fixed up beforehand. About one fourth of the Democrats in Congress are in attendance, but they went more from force of habit than because of anything they expected to accomplish by going.

Legislation can sometimes be put through Congress in a very short time, as was proven by the bill reviving the grade of General of the Army, for the promotion of General Phil Sheridan. The bill was passed by the Senate Tuesday; was reported to the House Thursday, but went over on objection being made. Friday the bill was called up at 12:45 o'clock, was passed and received the approval of the President before 2, and at 2:45, just two hours from the sime it was called up in the House, General Sheridan had received his commissiod as General of the Army. The commission was taken to the residence of General Sheridan by Senators Hawley and Manderson. As Mrs. Sheridan met them, Senator Hawley handed her the commisson, remarking "Madame, I give you this with great pleasure." Mrs. Sheridan was much moved, and exclaimed: "I know now he will get well." She thanked the gentlemen with much earnestness and retiring said she would hand the commission to the General at once. No one was in the sick room when Mrs. Sheridan gave her husband the new commissien, except the doctor, the nurse even being out of the room at the time. He was much gratified and seemed to be happy. He immediately dictated an acceptance of the commission which he signed with a pencil in a large and legible hand.

The Democratic Senators are already heartily sick of the public debate on the Fisheries treaty. Only one Republican—Senator Frye—has spoken on it yet, but his speech was enough to show the Democratic Senators that they were entirely ignorant on this whole fisheries question, while the New England Senators have the whole thing at their finger's ends. The treaty will not be called up again until June 11, it having been postponed to that date at the request of the Democratic Senators who wanted to attend the Cleveland ratification meeting in St. Louis this week.

A serious charge has been brought against Mr. Fuller, the nominee for Chief Justice, by Mr. Dunlevy, of Chicago. It is charged that in 1881 Mr. Fuller and the clerk of the court were jury commissioners, and drew a jury to try a case in Which Mr. Fuller was heavily interested. The jury so drawn rendered a verdict which put many thousands of dollars in Mr. Fuller's pockets. The Senate Judiciary Committee are investigating the charge.

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DWELLING HOUSE

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A MINERAL SPRING

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

Order of Publication.

Maria Grove by her husband and next friend, William P. Grove, vs, Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband.

No. 433 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for a sale of certain mortgaged premises in Garrett county, which were mortgaged by the defendant, Amanda Moore, to William P. Grove, of whom the complainant is the assignee.

The bill states that on the 31st day of March, 1883, William P. Grove sold to Amanda Moore, wife of John J. Moore, a tract of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, at and for the sum of four thousand dollars, and on the same day executed and delivered a deed of conveyance for said land to the said Amanda Moore.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore on the 31st day of March, 1883, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove, a mortgage on said land to secure the payment, on or before the 1st day of April, 1884, the sum of three hundred dollars, and also to secure ten annual payments according to the tenor of ten single bills in said mortgage mentioned, the same being for the balance of the purchase money for said land.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore, jointly with her husband, the said John J. Moore, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove their ten joint and several single bills; two of said single bills have been paid, and the other eight remain unpaid; that on the 18th day of February, 1885, the said William P. Grove, for value received, assigned said mortgage, together with said notes to the said Maria Grove; that there appears a credit on one of said notes of two hundred and fifteen dollars, and there now remains of said purchase money, together with the interest thereon accrued unpaid and owing the sum of $2,908.83.

The bill further states that default has been made in the payment of said purchase money; that the said land was purchased by said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate and that the money paid on account of said purchase money was paid by the said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore has been living separate and apart from her said husband, the said John J. Moore, and charges that the said John J. Moore never had an interest to any extent whatever in said property, and that he doth not reside in the State of Maryland.

The bill prays that said real estate may be sold for the payment of said mortgage debt and interest accrued, for such other and general relief as the nature of the case may require, and for process against the defendants.

It is thereupon ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 4th day of June, 1888, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks, before the 9th day of July, 1888, giving notice to the said John J. Moore, and warning him to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 5th day of September next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk.

True copy—Test:
6 9 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of
Coffins & Caskets,
BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888.—3m

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,
The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases, and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,
—AND THE—
New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
OF CUMBERLAND, MD.
Or any of their authorized agents.
☞ We also have an office at Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. 9 17 '87—1y

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

—Summer visitors are coming in rapidly.

—Highest cash price paid for wool by Legge & Miller, Oakland, Md.

—The "Salvation Army" is doing a good work in Oakland.

—Hon. S. B. Elkins and family are at Deer Park for the season.

—Mr. Will. Ravenscraft is clerking in Nydegger's drug store.

—Mrs. Henry Lukthe, of Grafton, is visiting her mother in Oakland.

—Our Corporation officers are having the streets put in good condition.

—The highest cash price will be paid for seed buckwheat at Offutt's store.

—Mr. A. G. Sturgiss is erecting a substantial and handsome iron fence in front of his residence.

—The Oakland Hotel has been thoroughly furnished with fire escapes.

—The frost Monday morning did considerable damage to vegetation in this county.

—Go to S. P. Specht's if you want to get goods that will give satisfaction, both in quality and prices.

—Did you see that 4-hole stove with large water-tank, at Davis' Hardware Store, full trimmed, for $22.00.

—The next time you come to town call and see what a nice stove you can buy, full trimmed, at Davis' Hardware Store, for $15.

—Mr. Ed. Manown, son of Dr. Manown, has accepted a clerkship in Mr. Offutt's store, and entered upon his duties last Saturday.

—Hon. P. Hamill went to Cumberland Wednesday to attend the funeral of his old friend and associate John Humbird.

—Mr. Handy Gibson has engaged the services of Mr. L. D. Clifford, of Piedmont, W. Va., a first-class barber, to assist him this summer.

—Don't forget. You can buy a large 6 hole Range, with water-tank large shelf, with brackets, full trimmed, at Davis' Hardware Store, for $35.00.

—General Kelly and wife arrived in Oakland Friday of last week and went to their farm the following Saturday morning, where they will probably spend the summer.

—Married, on June 1st, at the residence of Joseph McRobie, in Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, Michael H. Nelder and Mary E. Paugh, both of Garrett county, Md.

—Mr. Will A. Wortman, wife and little daughter arrived in Oakland Tuesday, having driven here in a carriage from Cambridge, Ohio. Mr. Wortman will open his jewelry store at once.

—J. M. Litzinger's Ice Cream parlors, next door to B. & O. depot, are now open for the reception of the public. Ice cream by the plate, or in quantity. Families, parties, and festivals promptly served.

—Married, by the Rev. J. M. Pascoe, D. D., on the evening of May 30th, 1888, at the residence of the bride's father, Garrett county, Md., Mr. Cleaver A. Michaels and Miss Maria L. Michaels.

—Mr. R. A. Rasche and family left Oakland Sunday evening, bound for Kennedy, Minnesota, where they propose to settle. Their many friends in Oakland were sorry to see them leave, and unite with us in wishing them a happy future.

—Moton & Lee, who lately formed a co-partnership, have moved their barber shop from the Loar building to the Nydegger building on Railroad street, where they will be glad to wait upon their customers and the public in general, in their line of business. Albert is not much of a talker, but he will endeavor to entertain customers.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

House for Rent.

My large dwelling, on Mill street, Oakland, is for rent either furnished or unfurnished. Apply on the premises for price and terms.

H. A. RASCHE.

The "Home Comfort" Range.

One car load (72) of "Home Comfort" Ranges have been sold in this county in the past three weeks, and another car has been ordered and will be here the first of next week. So far as we have been able to learn the purchasers are more than satisfied, as the following testimonials will show:

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—I purchased of your salesman, Mr. D. P. Miles, a Home Comfort" Range and am pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

MRS. JOHN MACKIN,
W. H. FRAZEE,
MRS. W. H. FRAZEE,
S. K. FRAZEE,
JOHN T. GEARY,
MRS. JOHN T. GEARY,
R. BECKMAN,
MRS. R. BECKMAN,
MISS SUE BECKMAN,
JOSEPH NINER,
RACHEL NINER.

Large Stock of Goods.

Just received, the largest stock of goods I ever carried, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Grocers, and everything else; all of which will be offered and sold at the lowest possible cash prices. Will pay the highest cash price for wool.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Positively Last Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all book accounts and notes, of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, must be settled by the twenty-fifth of June. inst. All accounts and notes remaining unsettled after that time will be placed in the hands of an attorney for immediate collection. Will take wool on account as cash, at highest market price.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Accident.

Katie Kaese and Arthur J. Mc Quiggan were married by Rev. I. Conneway on the 15th of April. Katie was recognized as one of Garrett's successful teachers, and merited and won the respect of many warm friends. They both returned soon after their marriage to New Haven, Pa., where he is engaged in what is known as the McQuiggan & Elsey firm. Many and all friends join in wishing them many happy days together.

A. K.

"Massey Hall" Preparatory School.

The annual examinations were held in the study rooms on Monday and Tuesday, June 4th and 5th, and school work for the second year formally closed on the evening of the last day. Papers were given in physiology, English grammar, physics, Latin and the mathematics, and the results must be gratifying to the patrons of this school. The attendance has been regular and the school year of nine months has been marked by steady work and increasing interest on the part of the pupils. We again call attention to the inadequate facilities for extended work. Simply for lack of room pupils have been declined. We should as a town show sufficient interest in higher grades of education to urge the speedy erection of suitable buildings, especially since we have now practical knowledge of what is being done. Our people from the first expected much from the energetic principal and they have not been disappointed, and the grade maintained in the school is sufficient evidence of his intention and ability. We learn that there will be special clases for summer studies during the long vacation and a special course arranged for teachers who desire advanced studies. Applicants will be admitted, to a limited number, for practical training in school work, fitting them both for higher grades in our county examinations and greater success in the winter teaching. The eminently practical work done in the past year both by principal and pupils must give pleasure to those who so generously aided in the foundation of the school.

The Bank Site Secured.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Garrett County Bank Tuesday the location for the bank building was decided upon. It is the lot between Offutt's and Hinebaugh's stores, on Main street. The building will be of brick, which are now being manufactured at Lake View, near Oakland, by Alderson & Offutt, and will be erected this summer, at a cost of $5,000.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of F. & C. Felty, either by note or book account, will please call and settle the same on or before July 1, 1888, otherwise all claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Yours Respectfully,
F. & C. FELTY.

Deer Park.

Col. E. C. Tillson has just had two cancers drawn from his face. About five or six years ago he was struck on the cheek by a piece of lumber, and after two or three years the cancer commenced growing, though until lately he did not know the nature of the sore. Another small one, probably the out-growth of the first, came a year ago on his temple. About a month ago he heard of the wonderful success of Rev. A. M. Evers, of Keedysville, Presiding Elder of the U. B. Society in our district, in removing cancers, and sent for him to take his case. Now he is entirely relieved and Mr. Evers says in his twenty years' practice, he has never known a return of a cancer which he has taken out. It seemed a dangerous thing to try on one of Col. Tillson's advanced age, as the suffering of the first few days is almost unendurable, but Mr. Evers told of cases of old and very feeble men, who had been successfully operated on, and the alternative was too terrible to think of. The operation consisted in merely applying a plaster to the outside, and leaving it to do its work. The smaller one dropped off the 23d and the larger one the 29th day after being applied. It is certainly a wonderful process and should be generally known.

The Y. G. C. F. S. of Deer Park held their semi-annual meeting for admitting new members Sunday last. Misses Jennie Hoye, Georgina Savage, Mary Marville and Isa Marley were made members, and given the silver maltese cross, which is the Society badge, by the President Mrs. J. W. Williams. Misses Lizzie Steyens, Emma Savage, Mollie Grimm, Minnie Sisk, Katie Low and Georgina Taggart were admitted as candidates for membership next November, and donned the blue ribbon, which is the candidates' badge.

Mrs. Graham, of Piedmont, is visiting her son, Mr. D. F. Graham.

Mrs. Dan'l Eutler, of Piedmont, will make her home in Deer Park this summer.

Mrs. H. G. Davis, Mrs. S. B. Elkins and Mrs. G. W. Haulenbeek with their families are in their summer residences here.

Mrs. H. L. Grant, of Grafton, spent last week in Deer Park with Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield.

Mr. Oscar Droege, of Baltimore, is here on a visit to his parents.

The regular meeting of the Band of Hope was held last Saturday evening. A very interesting programme and a pleasant talk from Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

The M. E. Society here hold a quarterly meeting next Sunday.

Mr. J. G. Latta has been quite ill lately, but is now out again.

Miss Mona Tillson returned lately from Baltimore, where she spent the winter.

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Oregon Letter.

SALEM, OREGON, May 30, 1888.

ED. REPUBEICAN.—In response to the request of many friends in Garrett county, I will try to give a few facts which I have gathered concerning Western Oregon. It is not because Oregon is inferior to California that so much has been said in favor of the latter, and so little in favor of the former. Until quite recently but little has been done to stimulate emigration to Oregon. The great advantages in Oregon are, the mild climate, abundance of timber and pure running water. I am certain that Oregon far surpasses any Pacific State or Territory, and Marion county is the garden spot of Oregon. This comprises a valley 150 miles long and fifty wide, through the centre of which flows the Williamette river, which affords ample water transportation to the sea. Besides there are four railroads in operation running across and through the valley.

You all remember what severe weather we had in Garrett county from the 12th to the 15th of March. I left there on the 17th, and arrived here on the 23d, and found a great change from the snow-buried, ice-bound and frost-bitten glades of Garrett to the verdure clad valleys and hills of Western Oregon. I found the peach trees in full bloom, and prunes, blumbs and cherries opening their buds. There was no cold weather here after the 1st of February, and the weather has been fine ever since we came here. This is a great wheat county, farmers often realizing 50 bushels per acre; but grain growing will eventually be superceded by fruit raising. This is the natural home of the prune, and our peaches, apples and cherries cannot be surpassed anywhere. Potatoes and all kinds of vegetables are produced here in obundance. Timber is abundant and of the best quality and timber lands can be bought at from $1.25 to $5.00 per acre.

We have churches all through the valley, with well organized and conducted Sunday schools.

Land can be bought in the vicinity of Salem at from $15 to $50 per acre, according to location and improvements. But the price of land here must advance rapidly in the near future.

I quote a few prices taken from a market report in one of our local papers: Wheat, 67 cents; Flour, $4 per barrel; Oats, 35 @ 40; bran, $15 per ton; eggs, 15c; Potatoes, 40c; dried apples, 12½ @ 15; prunes, 12½; bacon, sides, 10; shoulders, 7; beef, 8 @ 12½; hay, per ton, $20; wood per cord, $3 @ $4; lumber, undressed, $10 per thousand; dressed, $20 per thousand; laborers per day, $1 and board; mechanics average $2.50 to $3.50 per day, cows, $20 to $50; horses, per span, $150 to $500.

One important feature of this State which I had almost forgotten, is the free public school system. Our chools are kept open nine months in the year. The average pay for teachers $44 per month.

We have no potato bugs, and hog cholera is unknown.

In conclusion I desire to say that I have no object or aim in view in writing beyond that of gratifying the requests of my many friends I left in Garrett county, and I do not wish one of them to sell out their homes and come to this county until they come and see for themselves, as everyone does not see and think alike. But I will say that if any of you ever start West don't stop short of Western Oregon.

B. F. SNYDER.

Death of Ex-Mayor Humbird.

CUMBERLAND, Md., June 5.—John Jumbird, a director of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal and one of Cumberland's most prominent citizens, died suddenly about 5 o'clock this morning, at the summer residence of his brother Jacob, five miles west of this city. He died of heart failure, brought on by indigestion. Deceased was a native of Westmoreland county, Pa., and in his 79th year. He came of a hardy race of farmers, and learned the wheelwright's trade. In early life both deceased and his brother Jacob, who survives him, began railroad building.

Pic-Nic.

There will be a pic-nic held on the land of Mr. Silas Walters, on Deep Creek, on the 4th of July, 1888. Good music and refreshments in the ground. A general invitation is extended. The best of order will be preserved. G. J. Walters and C. F. Hodes, committee.

For Rent or Sale.

Furnished or unfurnished, a desirable residence, at Oakland, near Woolen Factory. House has fourteen rooms, twenty-two acres of land, and large stable. Two tenant houses and five acres adjoins the above. Cottage of ten rooms and half acre of ground near the Court House. For terms apply at this office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5'88
Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Cor. Water and Third streets
OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

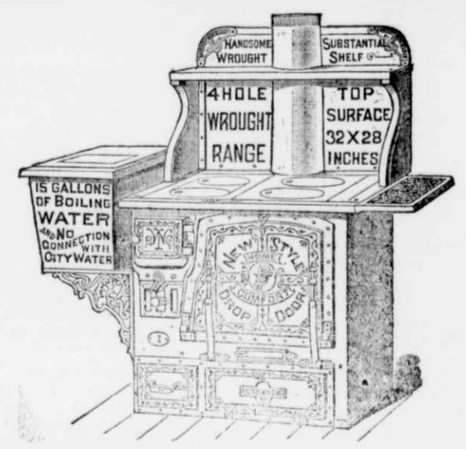
ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y.

Trustees of the Public Schools of Garrett County, appointed May, 1888, to serve until May, 1889.

Elec. Dist. No.	School.	NAME OF SCHOOL.	NAMES OF TRUSTEES.
1	1	Little England	J. R. Browning, Silas Walters, Sol. Hoge.
1	2	Glendale	Henry O. Hamill, George O'Brien, George H. Gilpin.
1	3	North Glade	Theo. Beckman, Elijah Howell, J. L. Fitzwater.
1	4	Swanton	Levi Sweitzer, John Ashenfelter, Jos. Foster.
1	5	Frankville	John McFadden, Peter Wilt, S. D. White.
1	6	Meadow Mountain	Daniel O'Brien, Alexander Lohr, Thomas R. McRobie
1	7	Kitzmillersville	W. H. Pool, E. R. Browning, John H. Rafter.
1	8	Mt. Zion	William Sharpless, Henry Lee, F. R. Sharpless.
1	9	Fairview	Robert C. Wilson, J. A. Junkins, Norman Bray.
1	10	Short Run	D. R. Harvey, Daniel Wilson, James H. Wilson.
1	11	Titchnell	Jos. Paugh, William Titchnell.
2	1	Elder Hill	George Shartzer, Elijah Friend, Robert Sterling.
2	2	Friendsville	J. T. Geary, Garrett V. Dixon, Wm. Frederick, Jr.
2	3	Selbysport	Thomas Welch, E. J. Frantz, Henry Frazee.
2	4	Frazee Ridge	A. J. Frazee, Kimmel Frazee, Joseph E. Lint.
2	5	Holly or Rush	Lloyd Lowdermilk, Elijah Myers, George D. Frantz.
2	6	Sandy Spring	Samuel M. Fike, Alex. Thomas, Amos Umble.
2	7	Ira Friend	Taylor Friend, Samuel Fortner, William H. Riley.
2	8	Ashe's Glade	I. M. Umble.
2	9	Mill Run	Jasper Guard, John Stuck, Alfred Wass.
3	1	Grantsville	Eli Stanton, Samuel J. Beachy, Frances Spicer.
3	2	Shade Run	Aaron Beachy, Solomon D. Yoder, Sam'l Baker.
3	3	Keyser	JohnOple, Samuel Loechel, Henry Miller.
3	4	McKinzie	Thos. J. Chaney, Isidore Garlitz, Elias Arnold.
3	5	New Germany	Henry Broadwater, Archibald Warnick, Chas. H. Durst.
3	6	Dorsey	Jacob Fresh, Patrick Dorsey, Samuel S. Durst.
3	7	Wiley	Perry Bowser, Christian Orendorf, Eli Lohr.
3	8	Manadier Ridge	Michael Custer, Daniel Yommer, Charles Warnick.
3	9	Ridgely	John Bender, G. C. Bevans, Jonas Folk.
3	10	Werner	Amos Butler, Christian Gingerick, A. Bonig.
3	11	Lohr	P. P. Lohr, Elias Orentlorf, Jonas Bittinger.
3	12	Engle	Henry Yost, Jacob D. Otto, Ralph Engle.
3	13	Pope	Bazil Anderson, Joshua Turner, Peter Popp.
3	14	Compton	Edward Hershberger, William H. Swauger, Ross Compton.
3	15	Back woods	Ashford Warnick, Jacob Blocher, Jonas Whetzel.
3	16	Blocher School	Sam'l. Loechel, J. W. Blocher, Louis Horchler.
3	17	Yoder School	Moses D. Yoder, Joel Miller, Elias L. Miller.
4	1	Bloomington	Wm. L. Rawlings, Constantine Fazenbaker, Richard Wane.
4	2	Chestnut Grove	W. H. Barnard, A. J. Warnick, Joshua Tichinell.
4	3	Aaron Run	Jesse F. Fazenbaker, William Groves, Geary Michael.
4	4	Firm Rock	A. J. Michael, Dennis Collins, Michael Daily.
4	5	Munroe Run	C. H. Fazenbaker, Hanson B. Durst, Samuel J. Swauger.
4	6	Dry Run	T. E. Harrison, Martin V. O'Haver, James H. Endler.
5	1	Accident	Eli McMillen, John L. Richter, John P. Spiker.
5	2	Fairview	Joseph Hostedler, Conrad Fratz, Henry Gorrick.
5	3	Flat Woods	N. McGettigan, J. W. Skiles, John Bowerman.
5	4	Cove	Eli Brown, William M. Lohr, W. Hachman.
5	5	Bear Creek	Jacob Beckett, Austin Speicher, T. Collyer.
5	6	Miller	S. H. Ryland, Nicholas Platter, Jeremiah Straun.
5	7	Winding Ridge	Daniel Fike, John Wass, James Paul.
5	8	Oak Hill	James W. Lee, Harry Schlossnagle, Martin Rush.
5	9	Shrock	Christian Klotz, Christian J. Brenneman, Henry Bietzel.
5	10	Bear Run	Demus Spiker, Mahlon Glotfelty, Noah Pysell.
6	1	Muddy Creek	Samuel A. Teats, Henry Lewis, Hanson B. Lewis.
6	2	McHenry	J. B. Meese, S. Specht, Adam Sell.
6	3	Johnstown	John Wilburn, M. Mattingly, William DeWitt.
6	4	Sang Run	Joseh Frantz, Richard Friend, Wesley Savage.
6	5	Pine Swamp	Edward Albright, J. E. Otto, J. M. Frankhouser.
6	6	Bishoff	George E. Bishoff, Brison Welch, Thomas H. Cuppett.
6	7	Cherry Meadow	Joel E. Bender, Joseph Smearmand, Nimrod Glotfelty.
7	1	Oakland	James A. Hayden, J. T. Mitchell, A. J. Harne.
7	2	Brant	Bowie Johnson, C. Deberry, David Enlow.
7	3	Thayer or Deep Creek	Jonas Glotfelty, Levi Echard, J. O. Thayer.
7	4	Bray	L. R. Johnson, John Sines, Philip Lewis.
7	5	Huttons	Martin Hughes, John A. Connell, Wm. A. Daily.
7	6	South Point	F. C. White, George Spiker, J. T. Bowers.
7	7	Glade Valley	Wm. Moon, Alex. Lohr, D. A. Gauer.
7	8	Lindale	Henry Beckman, John Moon, Christian Slabach.
7	9	Lloyds	C. H. Whetzell, Matthew Mackin, Barney Reynolds.
7	10	Harrington	John Barned, Thomas Coddington, Isaac Kuykendall.
7	11	Swallow Falls	Edmund Jamison, William Browning, Isaac Leighton.
7	12	Mountain Lake	C. M. Rathbun, George F. White, H. Weber.
7	13	Loraw	William A. Loraw, Josiah Moon, R. T. Ashby.
7	14	Barnard	Johnson King, Gabriel Junkins, Norman Barnard.
7	15	Dodge	J. A. Paugh, C. A. Dodge, John A. Sowers.
8	1	Sunnyside	Henry Sisler, G. D. Stahl, David P. Martin.
8	2	McMasson	H. G. Sanders, Henry Ridder, John Ridder.
8	3	Abernathy	George W. Wilson, Daniel Conneway, James W. Abernathy.
8	4	Fairfax	G. T. Mosser, William Arnold, M. McKimmey.
8	5	Gauer	J. H. Roth, J. A. Gauer, H. C. Fowler.
8	6	Shook Shop	E. W. Kelso, Elisha Harvey.
8	7	Bear Range	James W. White, J. G. Steyer, J. G. C. Riley.
8	8	Oak Grove	John M. White, I. I. Thompson, Abraham Moon.
8	9	Fort Pendleton	Thomas Moreland, R. Murphy, W. S. Lee.
8	10	Red Oak	Jeremiah Harvey, S. Clark, Washington Arnold.
9	1	Johnsons	Perry Weimer, Michael Durst, George A. Crow.
9	2	Wilhelm	Wm. A. Robinson, Jacob Minick, Francis McKinzie.
9	3	Finzel	Henry Finzel, Thomas Crow, John Mackin.
10	1	Deer Park	E. F. Droege, L. H. Schoolfield, P. W. Connell.
10	2	Delawder	M. V. Grim, John Friend, Lafayette T. Friend.
10	3	Wilson	William H. Wright, J. H. Wilson, Jacob Carder.
10	4	Armistead	William Nine, Joseph Speicher, George Shipley.
10	5	Bethlehem	H. A. Harkinsty, Jeremiah Tasker, Jacob W. Moon.
10	6	Paugh	William Uppole, A. A. McRobie, A. C. Tasker.
11	1	Inskeep	Peter Colmer, J. Custer, William Warnick.
11	2	Weir	James Weir, Simon W. Green, Fred. Cutter
11	3	Greeg	Joseph Wornick, W. W. Broadwater, P. McIntyre.
11	4	Pea Ridge	John F. Robinson, Isaac Crow, Henry Weitzell.

HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Wrought Iron Range Co.



St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

We place before you a few testimonials from ourhome, to show you how we stand in St. Louis with people whom it is a credit to please. We could give you the recommendation of *over a thousand* others who are now using our Ranges in this city, but prefer to select those who are most likely to be known by those at a distance.

To any intending customer we say, *write* or *telegraph* either of the following parties in St. Louis as to our standing here:

Charles Parsons, Pres't State Savings Association.
Wm E. Burr, Pres't St. Louis National Bank.
R. J. Lackland, Pres't Boatmen's Savings Bank.
J. C. H. D. Block, Pres't Fourth Nat'l Bank.
Thos. E. Tut, Pres't Third National Bank.
Hon. D. R. Francis, Mayor of St. Louis.
Frank Galennie, Pres't Merchants Exchange.
L. M. Rumsey, Pres't Rumsey M'f'g Co. and Granite Mountain Mines.
E. C. Simmons, Pres't Simmons Hardware Co.
Jerome Hill, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Exchange
Wm. Senter, Pres't St. Louis Cotton Compress Company.
S. M. Kennard, Pres't St. Louis Exposition.
Chas. Green, Pres't St. Louis Fair Association.
Jos. Girardi, Proprietor Planters House.
Hulbert, Howe & Chassaing, Proprietors Lindell Hotel.
Henry Lewis, Manager Southern Hotel.
J. L. Griswold, Proprietor Laclede Hotel.
John T. Davis, Pres't St. Louis Club.
Jaes P. Richardson, Pres't Mercantile Club.
Hargadine, McKittrick & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Ely, Walker & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Rice, Stix & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Wear, Boogher & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Brown, Daughaday & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Sam'l C. Davis & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods.
Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Tennent & Walker, Wholesale Boots & Shoes.
Orr & Lindsley, Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Kelley, Goodfellow & Co., Wholesale Boots and Shoes.
Schafer, Schwartz & Co., Wholesale Bootsand Shoes.
Simmons Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware
A. F. Shapleigh Hardware Co., Wholesale Hardware.
Caruth & Byrnes, Wholesale Hardware.

OAKLAND, MD., May 26, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—I do not hesitate to recommend your "Home Comfort" Range. From the satisfaction it gives at my home I think it deserves large patronage.

Very respectfully,
ANDREW B. GONDER.

OAKLAND, MD., May 28, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman, Mr. H. L. White, on the 25th day of May, 1888, a "Home Comfort" Range and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. We would not take one hundred dollars for it if we could not get another just like it. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

B. RDYNOLDS,
MRS. B. REYNOLDS.

OAKLAND, MD., May 29, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman, Mr. J. S. Crim, one of your perfect "Home Comfort" Ranges, and we are delighted with it. We can safely say it does not take half as much fuel as any stove we have ever used, and does its work perfectly, and we would not take twice the amount it cost us if we could not get one just like it.

Respectfully,
D. J. SLABACH,
CATHERINE SLABACH.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BROKEN THE COMMANDMENT.

I love her tho' she is not mine,
Nor ever can be, more's the pity!
And yet I can not account it wrong
To worship one so young and pretty.

To look into her eyes so soft,
To steal a kiss when she will let me,
To clasp her in these arms of mine
When she by chance or stealth has met me.

She's but a bud upon life's tree;
My leaf is in the sear and yellow;
I'm growing old and gray and bald,
A foolish, fond and fat old fellow.

What's more, I am a married man.
Yes, that's a fact. You needn't start so,
Nor look so horrified to hear
This little witch should stir my heart so.

Her very shadow on the grass,
The echo of her voice I love it;
I can but wish that she were mine,
Tho' Scripture says, "Thou shalt not covet!"

My neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass,
For all I wouldn't give a quarter;
I covet nothing that is his—
Except his blue-eyed baby daughter.

—*Boston Globe.*

SMANTHY.

Why the Family Take Such Good Care of Her Now.

The point which I had reached in the long, sinuous ascent was as high as the crests of the range of hills beyond the valley to the westward. Dazzling shafts of light came straight and level across the undulating line of dark-green with which the distant declivities were covered, and I found myself in the warm glow of a summer sunset.

Three miles away, by the road I had come, but appearing to lie almost at my feet down in the valley of Salt Creek, was Georgetown, the only village in Indiana populated by gold miners. Nor are they miners, in a strict use of the term, as their labor consists only of washing the yellow dust from the beds of sand along the creek, where, according to one of those wonderful stories which geologists tell, it was dropped by a melting glacier from the far north.

But however its presence may be accounted for, there is a very light sprinkling of gold dust through the sand along the "crick" just at this point, and a score or more of slow-moving men, by close industry and tedious washing and sifting, continue to maintain a laborious existence. The reckless extravagance and lucky "finds" which have been associated with the richer mining of our Western States are lacking here, and there is simply, and without exception, heavy labor with its meager returns. Even the unkempt farmer who 'tends his "craps" along the rocky hillsides of the surrounding country has a better opportunity to wrest a competency from the soil than has the "gold-digger."

As I stood half way up the ragged brush-grown hill, the valley below was in shade, and the windings of the "crick," from bluff to bluff of its restricted bottoms, appeared plain and white away to the north, where a jutting promontory closed the view. Agriculture has made light inroads on the heavy growth of timber which hides the angles and ravines of the earth's warm bosom. Here and there an irregular "claim," inclosed by a rude brush fence, showed an ugly patch on the green mantle.

"I reckin you don't see many likelier sections o' kentry than that thar, stranger?"

The speaker had come down the hill unnoticed, as I stood looking at the wild landscape and the beautiful touches of color which the sun was laying, with lavish generosity, upon the highest of the dark, uplifted masses opposite me.

"It surely is a sight worth coming far to see," was my scarcely candid reply.

"Yes sir," he continued, taking the words for the highest praise; "when Cajer Pauley an' me left Carliny, we never 'lowed we'd find sich a kentry as this hyar un. That 'uz nigh onto twenty-five year ago, an' I reckin I'll die an' be berried in the graveyard down thar at the diggins'. That's Cajer's corn-patch over yander, an' that smoke risin' up behind them trees is from his cabin. I 'low Smanthy's gittin' supper."

"Is Samantha Mr. Pauley's wife?"

"Who? O, yes, Smanthy—yes, she's Cajer's wife. I reckon you 'uz never in these parts much, stranger, er you'd a heered about Smanthy. You see it 'uz this hyar way with her; she wuzn't like Cajer, fer he allus said he didn't keer whether the leaves on the trees 'uz green er blue, ef he could raise a crap o' corn to suit him; an' ef the rocks wanted to be big an' have moss on 'em, an' little cracks o' water a-tumblin' down over 'em, he 'lowed it made no difference to him so they wuzn't in the way o' workin' his claim.

"But, ez I 'uz a-sayin', Smanthy wuzn't like Cajer. She 'uz allus a-talkin' about the hills a-bein' so purty an' green in the spring o' the year, an' she'd nigh a'most take a fit about a little spring o' clear like water a runnin' over the rocks er tricklin' out from under the roots o' a tree. Seemed like she 'uz sort o' weakly, too, an not pert an' rugged like Cajer's side o' the fambly. Many a time I've seed her go down to the spring below them trees you see over thar whar the smoke is, an' set down on a rock an' jes' set an' look up hyar at this hill without sayin' a word fer sometimes half an hour, in the evenin' when the sun 'uz a-shinin' on the top, the way it is now, an' ever'thin' down yander in the holler 'uz still an' sort o' dark like. She set a heap o' store by flowers, too, an' when the johnny-jump-ups an' dandylions begun to come out an' the weather 'uz a-gittin' warm she'd go up in the woods an' gether all she could carry.

"Cajer, he used to 'low sometimes that Smanthy ort to be a-doin' somethin' to help take keer o' the children, 'stead o' traipsin around the timber; but she'd only sort o' smile like, an' say the best part o' her life 'ud be a-lackin' ef she couldn't see the purty things that 'uz so common ever'wheres.

"Well, one day, about fifteen years ago, Cajer'd gone down to the diggin's to get a grist o' corn ground fer to make corn-bread, an' Smanthy got the cabin redied up an' went up the hill behind the truck-patch an' into the woods, to look fer flowers an' to see what the children 'uz a-doin'. When she got up thar about forty rod, she could smell somethin' a-burnin', an' purty soon she heerd the children a-screamin' like bein' killed. She ran up the hill through the bushes an' turned around the pint of a sort o' off shoot of the bluff, an' then she seed what 'uz the matter. They had made a fire in the leaves that laid on the ground thick over winter, an' it had spread out an' got clean around 'em, an' when Smanthy see 'em, it 'uz a-burnin' tur'ble fierce an' gettin' closter to 'em ever' minit. She never stopped her runnin', but jes' went tearin' right through them blazes ten foot high, an' grabbed the two youngest, an' held 'em clost agin her breast an' bent her head down over 'em like, an' run out to a safe place. Then, without stoppin' to take a breath, she run back agin—fer the fire 'uz a-drorin' up into a mighty small ring by that time—an' grabbin' the other one o' the children up, she hugged it clost, an' sort o' wrapped her dress around its head, an' then run out with it.

"When they started down to the cabin, Smanthy made the children lead her, she 'uz burnt that bad, an' seemed like she couldn't see very well, fer she kep' a-stumblin' an' askin' the oldes' gal which way to go.

"Along in the evenin', Cajer, he come home, an' went in the cabin hungry as a houn'; but supper wuzn't ready, not even a fire burning in the stove. He 'uz powerful vexed, an' axed where Smanthy wuz. The children said she 'uz a-settin' down to the spring. He up and went a-tearin' down thar, purty mad, an' thar she set on the rock, a-cryin' soft, an' tryin' to look up hyar at the sun a-shinin' on the top o' this hill. She heerd him a-comin', an' sez she, kind o' quiet like, afore he could open his mouth: 'Cajer,' says she, 'I'm that burnt that I'm blind, an' can't see the sunshine n'r the flowers n'r the children no more.' An' then she bust out cryin' like she'd die.

"Cajer went back to the diggin's an' got the doctor, an' he 'tended on her for nigh onto six months. Her face 'uz allus kind o' smooth-like an' white, an' her eyes 'uz blue an' big an' looked plumb through a feller, afore that; her hair 'uz sort o' crinkly, too, like the shaller water in the crick whar it runs swift; but when she got well, they 'uz big scars all over her face, an' her hair 'uz ez stiff an' straight ez wire, un' the wust thing 'uz that she 'uz that blind that she couldn't tell whether it 'uz day or night.

"After that it seemed like she 'uz sort of stupid, an' nothin' Cajer n'r any o' the neighbors could do' 'ud make her chirk up. She jes' set there quiet, an' never said nothin' hardly, an' every day when the sun 'uz a-shinin' she'd have one o' the children lead her down to the rock by the spring, an' then she'd turn her face up to'rds this hill like she 'uz a-tryin' to see the yeller light on the trees an' rocks up hyar.

"I reckin her a-grievin' an' a sorrowin' that way sort o' changed her, fer she got to be like a child agin. The children 'uz a-growin' up, an' they set a heap o' store by ther mammy, recollectin' how her sufferin' all come from her savin' them; an' Cajer, too, seemed like he 'uz a-tryin' to make up fer bein' contrairy sometimes afore she uz hurt. Yes, they take mighty good keer o' Smanthy now, an' she seems kind o' happy an' les' like a little gal.

"That's why I said a while ago that I 'lowed Smanthy 'uz a-gettin' supper. She thinks nothin' 'ud be done ef it warn't fer her, an' the rest o' 'em they don't say nothin' to contrairy her. She scrapes the taters, an' strings the beans, an' ever'-thin' o' that kind, an' then after she gits done one o' the children takes 'em an' goes away whar she can't hear, an' fixes them all over agin, fer not bein' able to see, she can't do it right. When they git done eatin,' nothin' 'll do but she must have a rag an' dry the dishes, and then one o' the gals wipes 'em agin. It makes a feller feel kind o' curus in the throat to see Cajer huntin' around in the woods fer flowers fer Smanthy to hold in her hand an' smell of, 'cause he don't keer nothin' for sech things, an' 'ud a heap ruther be a-workin' in the clarin'. Yes, the fambly is mighty good to Smanthy; but I 'low, ef she hadn't a-ben good to them, it's them, an' not her, as 'ud be a-settin' around to be waited on—ef they 'uz a-livin' at all.

"You must be a-goin', must you? Yes, it is a-gettin' quite late, an' ef you're aimin' to git to Nashville tonight, you won't have much time to spare. Good-evenin'; that's my cabin you'll go by, up thar on the right hand of the road.

"O, say, stranger! Look down, thar, jes' a leetle to the left o' that bunch o' timber. Do you see somethin' white an' small-like, thar? Well, that's Smanthy; she comes thar ever' evenin' when it's gettin' sort o' dark down in the holler, an' looks up to'rds the sun a-shinin' on the top o' this hill."—*Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

LIFE AND MANNERS.

Traits Whose Possession Will Make a Man a Gentleman Wherever He May Be.

Tact is a product of good feeling and quick observation. Essential to it is sympathy with others, and it is essential to true courtesy. No man by merely learning rules of etiquette can acquire habits of courtesy. Even if he does learn the rules and obey them, he will be angular, unnatural, cold. His actions will not be the product of an inward feeling. They will, therefore, not be the expression of his own nature. His love will always be with dissimulation. The foundation of true courtesy is the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" the rule of true courtesy is, "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." The King who violated the most alphabetic law of etiquette, by pouring the tea from his cup into his saucer to cool and then drinking it from his saucer, in order to give countenance to a guest who had done so, while the courtiers laughed in their sleeves at his ignorance, exhibited a model of courtesy, because he showed a perfection of tact. Courtesy is simply love applied in social life to the conduct of small affairs. Good feeling and good sense underlie almost all rules of courtesy. The first thing, therefore, for one to do who wishes to develop a courteous habit is to develop good feeling and good sense. The truth finds expression in the Greek original rendered in our English Bible, be courteous; it is literally be friendly-minded. All true courtesy is the product of a friendly mind. Boorishness is a product of selfishness far more than a product of ignorance; or at least a product of that ignorance which is itself a product of selfishness. I was once at a wedding breakfast in a rural community in the West. The groom ate in silence the food that was set before him, dispatched his meal before the rest of us were more than half through, pushed back his plate, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and, turning to his bride, said: "Well, Sally! you may as well get used to my way at the beginning, and I always leave the table when I have got through with my meal." With these words he went out to pick his teeth on the door-steps, leaving his bride with a flushed face and a pained heart, the object of our commiseration. The man was a boor, you say. True! What made him a boor? The fact that he selfishly thought only of his own comfort. It never entered his head to inquire whether his conduct would be agreeable or painful to his bride.

The foundation of courtesy is laid in the home. If early lessons are not taught there it is well-nigh impossible to compensate for the lack by subsequent culture. If the child is taught to be unselfish, sympathetic, considerate of the feelings of others in the home, he will carry this habit with him wherever he goes. He may be ingorant of those conventional laws of etiquette which vary in different localities, but he will everywhere be recognized as a man of good breeding. Thus it is that courtesy becomes a family and even a national trait. The Frenchmen and the Japanese are courteous, because they are trained to consider the feelings of others. The English as a nation are not courteous. Their courtesy is a matter of court etiquette, and adjusts itself according to classes. There is more conscience on the English side of the Channel, more courtesy on the French side. So, again, courtesy shows itself in certain old families. It has become a second nature by long processes of training and inheritance. Nothing can quite take the place of this good breeding in producing good manners, for nothing less will make tact a second nature. Courtesy, for instance, requires me, if I go into a Roman Catholic Church, to bow my head when all the worshipers are bowing theirs. I have no right to impose my disbelief upon other religious worshipers, and so wound their feelings and interrupt their worship. A member of one school of medicine may refuse to consult with a member of another school of medicine, but he has no right to do it in a discourteous manner—that is, in a way needlessly to wound the feelings of his brother-man. The sum of the whole matter, then, is this: To be courteous is to be friendly-minded; it is to have tact; it is to be sympathetic with other people, and observant of their needs, their wishes, their feelings, and in speech and action considerate of them. If one lacks this spirit of sympathetic consideration, no study of rules of etiquette will make him truly courteous. If he possesses this spirit of consideration, he will be instinctively courteous to all men and women in all circumstances, and will then have only to inform himself as to certain general rules of courtesy applicable alike in all localities and stations, and as to some specific rules of etiquette which convenience has established in special cases and in particular localties or for existing social conditions. All the general rules of courtesy and most of the special rules of etiquette have a foundation in common sense as well as in kindly feeling.—*Lyman Abbot, D D., in Chautauquan.*

Not the Key-Hole.

A citizen stood in an unsteady way gazing at a front door on First street the other night, and another belated who passed that way halted and asked:

"Looking for the key-hole, old fellow?"

"Chee-hole!"

"Yes."

"No, zur. I've goz way beyond zhat, sur. I'm looking for 'er door itself. Sheems to be too many of 'em here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COUNTERFEIT MONEY.

The Vast Amount of Queer Goods in the Government Treasury.

"There is money enough there to make you and me rich for the rest of our lives," said a Secret Service official to the correspondent. The conversation took place in one of the rooms of the Secret-Service Division in the Treasury Department, and "there" was a vault from which messengers were carrying little canvas bags and packages done up in manila paper and sealed with red wax. "But I am afraid," the official continued, "that it wouldn't do us much good. There are a couple of million dollars there, but, every cent of it is bogus."

The "queer" was being taken out of the Secret-Service vaults to be examined by a committee which has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury for that purpose previous to being destroyed. It is eleven years ago since the last counterfeit money in the Treasury was destroyed, and these $2,000,000 represent the work of the counterfeiting fraternity since that time. Whenever a shover of the queer is captured with any bogus stuff on him the money is sent to Washington, where it lies in a vault until enough has been accumulated, when it is destroyed. Each capture is kept separate from the others, and the bogus coin is treated just the same as if it were United States money, just issued from the mint. The care which is exercised is shown in the manner in which the packages are marked. Here is a sample:

"No. 104 B. One thousand and forty-eight.

"A. One hundred and twenty dollars ($120), twenty-five cent coin."

The number and letter A refers to a record and complete inventory which is kept of every cast.

"We have in that collection," said the Secret Service man, "gold and silver and every thing in the shape of paper from a one-cent revenue stamp up to a thousand-dollar government, which is the largest bond that has ever been counterfeited. There are 208 of the thousand-dollar bonds which were made by the great firm of Brockway, Smith & Doyle, probably the three greatest men in their business we have ever known. Some of the work on the bonds is finer than the genuine, but that is accounted for when you remember that Smith was the engraver who did the work for the Government, and when he went into business for himself he improved on his first effort.

"Stories connected with this money! I should say. Here is some stuff (and he picked up a bag of half-dollars) which was taken from a gang of eighteen that operated in West Virginia in 1882 and 1883. Their leader was a member of the State Legislature, and when we bagged him at last he boasted of having spoken on the floor of the House with counterfeit money in his pockets. No, I can't tell you his name, because since his release from prison, where we sent him, he has been living a respectable life and is now in business in West Virginia and is doing well."

"There's some stuff we captured at Oswego, N. Y., in 1880. The brains of that gang was a Mrs. Ingersoll, and a pretty bad woman she was, too. Two of her daughters were with her, and, as they were very pretty girls, the old woman found them very useful in fascinating young men of a certain class, so that at last they were willing to do any thing the girls wanted. This package recalls a tragedy. It was made by a big gang in Indiana some years ago, and when our men went to arrest them one of the fellows shot an officer through the hand, and he promptly returned the fire and shot his man through the heart."

"Is there much counterfeiting going on at the present time?"

"No, very little. The only man of any prominence in the business we know of now out of jail is Pete McCartney, and he is now being tried in New Orleans for raising one dollar silver certificates. You see, it takes a good deal of money to counterfeit notes. There must be a good engraver, a man who knows his business thoroughly, and a first-class printer. It takes from six months to a year to engrave the plates, and during that time the men have to live. McCartney's principal work was issuing bogus $20 greenbacks, and in his time he must have made thousands and thousands of dollars out of them. About three months ago he was released from prison, but he had no money, and to tide him over until he could get funds he tried to turn one dollar silver certificates into fifties and was caught."

Besides the $2,000,000 of bogus money, there are millions of dollars in what are known as "flash" notes. These imitations are greenbacks used for advertising purposes, and although they were not got up for fraudulent purposes, it is a violation of the law to make any sort of imitation of United States currency or Government obligation. These flash notes are often passed off on the Negroes of the South as good money by confidence men. The Secret Service people at a rough guess believe they have $50,000,000 worth of flash notes in their possession. All this bogus money will be counted by the Treasury Committee. The notes will be sent to the macerator and ground into pulp and come to life again in the shape of sickly-looking pug dogs or busts of Garfield and Cleveland, while the coin will be melted down at the Navy Yard and perhaps become eventually part of the new navy.—*Washington Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—A Yankee tailor has invented a new style of boys' trousers which is highly recommended. They have a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, are riveted down the seam, and have waterproof pockets to hold broken eggs.

TEMPERANCE READING.

WHAT THEY DO.

The Saloon a Kindergarten for Instruction in Drinking—How the Rum Thirst Is Created.

Save in the States and portions of States in which the traffic in rum has been outlawed, there is not a city in which the streets are not dotted with saloons with open doors, inviting all to enter; not a town where they are not found, not a village but has its dramshop. They cater for all classes of men, from the pretentious saloon on a prominent street, adorned with paintings and resplendent with mirrors and frescoing, its bar frequented by well-dressed men, whose calls are served by bartenders in immaculate linen and diamonds, down to the lowest dive, filled with the poorest and most degraded, whose demands for rum are responded to by a dirty keeper, who serves out doctored whisky and stale beer. To a visitor from some other sphere, it would appear that the males of the human race are possessed of a strange thirst, a madness for rum, that requires the means of its satisfaction to be easily accessible to every one.

The fact in the case is, however, that the saloons are not so much the means through which the craving for rum can be conveniently satisfied without loss of time, as they are training-schools for drunkards, kindergartens for instruction in drinking. Instead of being established for the purpose of satisfying a terrible thirst, which must be appeased, they are the means whereby the thirst is first awakened in tens of thousands of men. It is an awful fact that there exists such a thing as the rum thirst—that, through indulgence, the physical system of the drinker becomes so diseased that it demands more of the same poison as the only means of deliverance from its pangs. It is a thirst which has its parallel in the opium habit and other phenomena of the kind. But if the saloons were to be confined to the supplying of the demands of the unhappy victims of this accursed thirst, they would soon die out for want of patronage; for the man who has become the slave to rum is an habitual drunkard, and in the majority of cases soon becomes so poor that his custom is not profitable; while his life, after he reaches this stage, is short, as disease and rum soon carry him to a dishonored grave.

We repeat, if the patronage of the saloons were restricted to this class of men—these in whom the rum habit is fully established—they would speedily become largely reduced in numbers. At least half of them would at once become unprofitable, and their keepers would be driven to close their doors and turn their attention to some better occupation. Hence, it follows that half the saloons, at least, exist solely because of the persons who are dallying with rum, and allowing the rum appetite to grow upon them by insidious steps. They exist because of the men who are learning to be drunkards—who are slowly debasing their manhood by making themselves dependent upon alcohol in some form.

These men are "moderate drinkers." They scorn the idea that they should ever become the besotted, debased victims of the rum habit, yet they are treading the path which leads directly to that goal. The great majority of these frequenters of the saloon are young men—men with life all before them, and with but little to aid them in the struggle to achieve success save their talents and energy. They are full of ambition, buoyant with hope; yet they indulge in "moderate" drinking, oblivious of the fact that moderate drinking leads directly to immoderate drinking. Rum palsies physical and mental energy, deadens ambition, and substitutes leaden despair for buoyant hope; and he who aspires to achieve success in his life-struggle with the world would better daily with a venomous serpent than to indulge in rum, even though it be in moderation.

There are examples, we know, of men who achieved success who were also drinking-men, but they are the exceptions. For every one of these who can be named, there are a thousand—yes, ten thousand—who have failed in business and made a wreck of their lives through rum. The vast majority of men can not fight the world successfully with rum for a friend. Then, too, the young man should consider the fact that the feeling is growing everywhere that the young man who frequents saloons is an unsafe person to employ. No merchant wants him for an important clerkship, no business firm desires to trust him, no self-respecting young woman wishes to put her life's happiness into his hands, no one wishes to put business responsibilities under his control. The shortest and best avenues to worldly success are closed against him from the start.

Man is a gregarious animal, and loves to meet his fellows. Here is one secret of the saloon's success, of its terribly debasing power over mankind. With its light, and warmth, and sociability, the saloon's attractions are great to many men, especially if they lack that finer mental fiber which revolts at coarseness, and rudeness, and ribald or vulgar conversation. In place of seeking to find ennobling and safe associations, of making a social place for themselves among pure surroundings, they take the ready-made society they find in saloons. Once a part of the current they go steadily downward with it.

The saloon is thus the primary school in which men take their first lessons in drinking. It is an institution which caters to an unworthy appetite which in every man will struggle to overmaster him, and which will come out the victor in the struggle in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. If the saloons were all swept away, the total amount of drinking would be reduced probably one-half at one stroke. Tens of thousands who have just begun the insidious habit of moderate drinking would be saved from what is now their certain destiny—drunkenness and ruin.—*Toledo Blade.*

Wine at Communion.

A correspondent desires to know if there are any cases on record of reformed drunkards being led astray by use of fermented wine at the communion table. We have no doubt that many cases could be cited. Of one case we have knowledge. A Scotch judge, member of the Presbyterian church, with whom the writer's father was on intimate terms, was peculiar for his refusal to receive wine at the communion table. He had contracted a strong liking for wine when a student, had become so much the victim of it that he judged total abstinence his only safeguard, had been tempted again and again by the sacramental cup, and had finally declined to put himself in the way of temptation by refusing the cup altogether. There is nothing unphilosophical about this. The appetite for drink once contracted, even when fairly mastered, is not necessarily entirely eradicated. It may be, like a trained wild beast, only harmless till the opportunity and temptation to be ravenous occurs, and then it asserts itself with all the old-time domoniac fierceness. The very dubiousness of the risk incurred by a temptable nature's tampering with the wine is a sufficient reason for his refusal to thus expose himself. The end of the communion is sacramental. It may also be a sacrament to resist evil in the refusal to be tempted by fermented wine.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

Real Reformation.

The honest and intelligent worker in reform believes that real reformation means action; that no one ever reformed who did not forsake the causes which kept him depraved and sinful; that the reformed man must maintain an active and vigorous warfare against the enemy that betrays him into infamy; that he must be cheerful and high-spirited; that he must turn his back upon the saloon and face away from temptation; that he must covet the good things that are in the good man's heart and repulse the evil things that follow corrupt associations; that he can not love and follow God's commands and live in low and vulgar dissipation; that he must be watchful of his appetite lest he put into his stomach that which will open the floodgates of the devil and engulf the soul by destroying the body; that he must love and educate his family; that he must be humane and generous toward the weak and feeble; that he must be honest and industrious. For no man can reform if he be not honest with himself and those around him. He must get close to nature, for God is there and nature is everywhere.—*The Washingtonian.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

SCOTLAND has one hundred and thirty-seven post-offices kept in places where intoxicating liquors are sold.

FIVE HUNDRED of the seven hundred women in Warksworth work-house, London, have been drunkards.

DR. G. A. SHURNLIEF, former superintendent of the Stocton (Cal.) State Insane Asylum, says that intemperance produces more insanity on the Pacific coast than any other influence.

THE Quebec & Lake St John Railroad Company, on pain of dismissal, prohibits its employes from taking intoxicants while on the cars or premises of the company.

IT is said that persons who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants will find that a tumbler of milk heated as hot as can be sipped will be an equivalent that is as satisfying and more enduring in its effects.

MENROVIA, Cal., less than two years old, but with a population of 2,500, has passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor under a penalty of $500—each day of selling to constitute a separate offense.

ALDERMAN SHERIDAN says there are four hundred saloons in his ward, but that, personally, he is in the undertaking business. The alderman is fortunate. Very few of the city fathers can thus indirectly boast of four hundred active partners in business.—*Chicago Journal.*

JUDGE WHITE, of Pittsburgh, Pa., recently published a letter in which he says: "From thirteen years' experience in the criminal court I am thoroughly convinced that there are far more evils resulting from the use of beer in this country than from whisky."

THE American Consul at Chemnitz reports that the beer production of Germany in 1885 was 1,100,000,000 gallons, enough to make a lake more than one square mile and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers."

JUDGE WILLIAM A. CHENEY of California, says that during his term as a criminal judge, out of every one thousand cases which came before him whisky had something to do with making the criminal in nine hundred of these cases; that is the greatest evil on earth, and that he will die before another drop shall pass his lips.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

STORY OF A PISTOL.

A Lesson in Self-Conquest—The Courage of a Fine Soldier.

Fifty years have passed since a merry trio met in Mason street. Bright lads were they, as full of youthful fire and enthusiasm as any of their age now-a-days. John was by birth and ancestry an American, and so was Leopold, despite the foreign ring to his name, but Franz was the son of a German soldier, who had served under the great Napoleon.

Herr Niebuhr delighted in rehearsing for his son's entertainment glowing tales of martial exploits under his adored leader, and even the horrors of the Russian campaign had a strange charm, told in his impassioned German. What boy ever listened, unmoved, to stories of courage and heroism? Franz's soul was fired, and he was wont to meet his gay companions at their daily rendezvous in the little stable adjoining John's house, and there repeat his father's stories with kindred fervor and enthusiasm. Listening to these tales of war, the boys made a very natural mistake; fire-arms seemed an essential adjunct to heroic deeds, and they longed to possess some weapon as a sort of preparation for future acts of valor.

"Suppose we each carefully save our money," John proposed, "and constitute it a common fund. Then, when we have enough, buy a pistol."

"Agreed," cried Franz and Leo.

A few weeks passed, and the boys, having amassed a sufficient sum, enthusiastically marched in a body to select the long-coveted article. They bought a pistol, after much haggling, for a dollar and a quarter, and plentifully supplied themselves with powder, shot and percussion caps. The little weapon, which they handled with so much pride, would now be considered a very insignificant affair. It had a wooden handle, the barrel was of brass, and the rest of the weapon was of steel.

The first flush of joyous possession passed, and Franz echoed the thought of each when he asked, "Where shall we keep it?" for each boy knew that his parents would disapprove of the purchase The upper floor of the barn was their council chamber, and here between the beams they hid their treasure.

They frequently met to stealthily admire the weapon and to plan hopefully for some future opportunity to practice with it.

"I declare," cried Franz, one day, "it's a lot of fun stealing up here to see this pistol. I wish we could go off somewhere and shoot at a target, as father does."

"Wouldn't it be glorious!" cried John; "but I don't see how we ever can manage it," he added, dejectedly.

"It's a shame we can't just fire her off here," said Leo.

"Oh, mercy!" cried John, in dismay; "it would be worse than a hornet's nest, for we should have the whole neighborhood about our ears in no time."

"Wouldn't we get a blowing up if our folks knew?" said Franz.

"We'd lose our pistol mighty quick," Leo replied.

"Hush," said John, treading on Leo's toes, "father's coming;" while Franz whisked the pistol into his pocket, just as the stalwart form of Mr. Carter appeared.

"What's this about a pistol, boys?" he asked.

The boys were confounded, but ready-witted Franz replied: "We think it would be so nice to own one, sir."

"Is that all, John?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Ye-es, sir," stammered John, blushing, and looking very uncomfortable under his father's keen glance.

"I suppose you believe, boys, that to be a soldier is to be a hero?" said Mr. Carter.

"Yes, sir," answered Franz, decidedly.

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Carter continued, "many soldiers have been true heroes, but the men who have become soldiers from pure love of adventure, or hope of reward, by far outnumber those who have taken their lives in their hands to fight for a principle. All honor to the noble souls who have given their all for what they considered a great cause—there are many glorious instances of such in history, but I particularly like to think of the large army who have fought, and are ever fighting, bloodless battles and winning deathless victories."

"Who can you mean, father?" said John, wonderingly.

"You boys are so taken with wars and battles that you forget that there is something higher than mere physical courge," said Mr. Carter. "The Bible says: 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' And this is the kind of warfare you boys need to engage in. It takes the highest kind of courage to conquer one's self, and through all the ages, the men who have done the noblest work for their kind have been those who first fought this fight. It is said of Luther that his words were half-battles. Read his life, boys, and see what sort of courage he had, and try to get something like it," was Mr. Carter's parting injunction.

"I do feel so mean," said John, as his father disappeared; "I am a coward to deceive such a good father. But I wouldn't have him find it out now for any thing. We must put the pistol somewhere else."

"I've thought of a capital place," said Leo; "let's put it under the plank-walk; no one will ever find it there."

That night the pistol, with powder, shot and percussion caps, was snugly stowed away under the planks. The next few days were rainy, and when the boys again met to examine their possessions, they found their property greatly damaged.

"The powder's just good for nothing, Franz declared, greatly disgusted; "and the metal is corroded; here we haven't fired a shot, and our pistol's ruined."

"Glad of it!" Leo boldly cried; "we've had precious little fun since we've owned it."

"The truth is, boys," said John, "our consciences haven't been quite easy. Let's go over to the common and make an end of the whole thing:"

The others easily assented, anxious to rid themselves of their troublesome property. The powder, shot and percussion caps were quietly dropped into the pond, but the pistol received severer treatment; each boy successively tried his strength upon it with a heavy stone, and the fragments were left, a monument of blighted hopes.

"We haven't had such a frolic in a long time," said Leo; "good riddance, bad rubbish!"

"So say I," echoed Franz.

John parted from the boys with a merry laugh, but his heart was heavy.

"They haven't lied outright," he reflected. "Can I ever atone for these weeks of deception? Shall I ever be happy again?" he asked himself. "I have it! I must tell father the truth."

Mr. Carter was grieved and shocked, and yet gratified that his son possessed the courage to confess his fault.

"You have been acting a cowardly part, my son," he said, "but you have at last shown the courage of a true soldier; henceforth be loyal to truth, don't dally with temptation. One sin begets another. Ask yourself: 'Is this right?' and turn from a wrong course with decision. The world is in need of honest and true men, and they are the world's best heroes."

The history of the pistol is fresh in John's mind to-day, and he would say to the thoughtless lad, beware of the first wayward act; value the simple but grand principles of honesty and truth; be a hero in the temper of your mind, and your life will be heroic. — *Elizabeth E. Backup, in Watchman.*

WINTER CLOTHING.

Comprehensive Directions for Putting It Away for Summer.

Where the house is roomy, and the closests so arranged that they may be aired frequently, it is a very easy matter to keep the winter clothing free from the depredations of moths. But if this is not the case, the next best thing is to know how to put the clothes away properly.

All clothing before being placed away should be aired thoroughly. Hang out in the air all coats, dresses, furs, etc., whip free of dust, turn all the pockets inside out, brush with a corn brush broom, and let hang in the air an hour or two. If there is a brisk wind blowing, all the better, and in this case less time is required to air them. When sufficiently aired take in. Have made some little muslin bags, into each one of which put a small piece of camphor. Place one of these bags into each coat or dress pocket. Turn each dress skirt inside out, fold neatly, place a newspaper between each one, and do all up in strong newspaper, pasting it so as not to leave the smallest crevice by which a moth could enter.

Coats should be folded lengthwise, but never across, and done up the same as the dresses. Furs should be placed in their boxes, a camphor bag put in with them, the boxes done up in newspaper, and the ends fastened with paste. If no boxes are convenient, then simply put the camphor bag inside the muff, and wrap the set in newspaper fastened as above. Newspaper is much better than wrapping paper for this work, as moths abhor printers' ink. Some use cloth for this purpose, making cotton bags especially for it, but cloth is not as good as the paper. Felt hats and bonnets, bits of plush, velvet, etc., should be put in a box, into which put a camphor bag, and do up securely in newspaper.

Have ready the shelves, drawers or boxes in which the clothing is to be placed. If shelves, cover with newspaper, place the bundles as neatly as convenient in them, and cover all with newspaper. Line drawers in the same way, cover with newspaper, tucking it in all around. Where a person can afford it, a cedar chest is the best receptacle for winter clothes, requires no camphor, and will last a lifetime. Cedar chips are excelent to scatter among clothes; they give them a pleasant odor, and are very obnoxious to moths. When placing the clothing away in boxes or trunks, line the insides with newspaper, pasting it firmly to the wood, pack the bundles in carefully, and cover with newspaper, tucking it in around the edges. Bitter apples are said to be a sure preventive for moths. They can be bought at the chemist's, put in muslin bags and placed in chests, drawers, etc., and moths will not trouble any article in these places. A tallow candle wrapped in brown paper, and placed among the clothes that are laid away for any length of time, will keep the moths at a distance. This is an old-fashioned remedy, but a good one.—*American Cultivator.*

—Increase of weight may be produced by change of climate. Incidents are known proving that a man may be stout in one place and thin in another.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Kentucky river is 210 miles long, and there is not an island in it anywhere.

—A man who was begging in the streets of Mobile the other day is said to have lost and paid $75,000 in wagers on Tilden's election.

—The origin of trusts has been traced back to Vermont sheep-owners, who formed a combination in the long ago to monopolize the merino sheep business.

—Mormon Elder (to wife)—"I understand that our beloved brother, Elder Brigham, has an addition to his family." Wife—"Is it a boy or girl, Joshua?" Mormon Elder—"Neither; it's a new wife."—*Epoch.*

—Chinese pheasants are so thick in the Waldo Hills, Colorado, that they have to be shooed out of the furrows by the plowmen, so greedy are they in gobbling up the angleworms. They are becoming a nuisance.

—Two lovesick Mormon maidens in New Mexico fought a duel recently. Both loved the same cowboy, hated each other intensely, and, meeting by appointment in an obscure place, "fought it out." One was seriously wounded by the fire of her antagonist, who at once fled from the scene.

—Of eighty-eight specimens of woods described by Mr. L. H. Pammel, of St. Louis, as growing in Southwestern Wisconsin and Southeastern Missouri, forty-six are of European and thirty of American origin. One-third of the latter class, and nearly one-fourth of the entire list, are composites.

—The conversation was about bishops; and one fervent dame said: "How good the dear Bishop of —— is! What a good man!" Instantly, a gentleman replied: "There is no merit in that, Bishops ought to be so. They get five thousand a year for being good, while we are expected to be good for nothing."—*Exchange.*

—By an ingenious device the management of the Battle of Gettysburg, in New York, contrives to waft warm breezes over the spectators' platform by way of adding to the illusion that the visitor is standing in the midst of a wheat field similar to that over which Pickett's charge swept. These breezes apparently blow down from the tops of the mountains.

—"Speaking about clubs," remarked Mr. Cumso, who had just been elected a member of the Manhattan, "they are the sign-posts of civilization. You never hear of savages forming themselves into societies for mutual improvement and pleasure." "O, nonsense," replied Mrs. Cumson. "I've heard of Indian clubs ever since I could walk."—*Tid bits.*

—Two young ladies of South Chester, Pa., went into a store where there was a galvanic battery, and the proprietor asked them to try it. Each grasped a pole of the battery, and wondered why no shock was felt. The proprietor suggested that they kiss each other. They did so, and then there was a shock indeed. One of the young women shrieked and fell over backward. The other made no sound, but fainted. Cold water brought them both around, none the worse for the kiss.

—A tramp who was frequently seen in the vicinity of West Somers, N. Y., is known as the "Old Leather Man." He passes through the place about once in five weeks. His dress is entirely of leather, made of small pieces which he picks up in his travels. He never talks to any one, refuses money or any thing but food, which he gets at regular places on his route, which is always the same. He never enters a building, sleeps in the timber and tramps day by day through heat and cold and storm. Where he came from no one knows.

THIEVES BY BIRTH.

New York Detectives Say There Is No Such Thing as Kleptomania.

"Two skilled detectives agree in the theory that the disease known as kleptomania does not exist. 'When a rich woman steals fifty dollars worth of goods she has kleptomania,' said one of them, 'and when a poor woman steals fifty cents' worth of bread to feed her starving children she is a thief. Show me a panper with a real bad attack of kleptomania,' and I will believe that there is such a disease, for, if there is, why should not the poor be as susceptible to it as the rich? My impression at present is that people are born thieves, as they are born musicians or singers—it is a gift, though a deplorable one, and is accompanied by great cunning and sagacity. Another fact which disproves the kleptomania theory is that never in my experience of many years have any goods been returned or paid for by the friends of people afflicted with this imaginary malady; it is only when discovered stealing that they and all their friends call them kleptomaniacs. When a woman comes in here and buys a new bonnet and walks off bold with it on her head without paying for it, or takes a waterproof off a figure and puts it on herself before us all, I know she is a victim of mental aberration and treat her accordingly. If, however, there are kleptomaniacs, one of the best known remedies for them is found in a police court—it is almost a sure cure. Many rich women who have large accounts at stores, and are apparently unlimited as to money, will take twenty-five cent articles surreptitiously if they can, and the clerks make up the deficit in their bills or accounts. A wagon load of goods was recovered in the house of a rich woman by one firm, the goods being stowed away under the servant girl's bed, and never having been used or cut into. But the peculiarity among rich shoplifters lies in the cheapness of the articles they pilfer, which would signify a rather diseased mental condition and a desire simply to steal."—*N. Y. Sun.*

FORESTRY FOR FARMERS.

An Intelligent Estimate of Varieties of Trees For Different Purposes.

The high price which black walnut lumber has brought for a few years has set the unthinking to planting it largely, when in fact it is one of the poorest possible trees for general utility, and on many soils is not a rapid grower. The black walnuts now being marketed at a price which makes a single log pay for an acre of land, were in the nut stage about the time the Pilgrims landed, and are materially different in size and quality from the spongy growth of thirty or even fifty years, and the farmer who would dabble in forestry for the benefit of the next following generation can scarcely do worse than plant the black walnut. For the smaller uses of the farm—such as handles and whiffletrees—the shell bark hickory is excellent. It thrives in many kinds of soil, and under cultivation will reach a diameter of five inches, three feet from the ground, in twenty years, from the seed. For strength, elasticity and finish second-growth hickory excels any other known wood. For the larger hardwood repairs on the farm—such as wagon-poles and axles, levers, wagon and sled stakes and doubletrees—the white ash is the most desirable tree a farmer can plant. It is rapid in growth and the wood is tough, elastic and durable when painted. It will sprout from the stump after cutting, and thus indefinitely continue the plantation, once established. It seems to thrive equally well in clay or gravely loam, and is readily raised from seed.

For fencing, there is no rapid-growing tree so good as the sweet American chestnut, but it does not seem to thrive on prairie soils or heavy limestone clays, its natural home being the sandy ridges underlaid by conglomerate. The durability of chestnut timber either in or out of the ground is second only to red cedar, and I wonder that more farmers do not start plantations of this valuable wood. On a farm near where I live are chestnut rails still doing duty in a fence that were split in 1815; and the other day I took out a greenhouse post of second-growth chestnut that had done service for eighteen years, and for an ordinary fence I think it would have lasted ten years longer. In localities where the chestnut does not thrive I would plant the yellow locust, which is so generally well known. The only objection is its liability to injury by the borer, and I have no doubt that some means will be devised to head off this pest, when there is a general demand for such a remedy. For profit other than its timber value I believe it will pay to put out sugar-maple groves. On good soils, if not planted too close (say forty trees per acre), trees will do to tap at thirty years from planting, and probably for 100 years thereafter. Toward the close of the decade ending with 1860 there was quite a boom in street-tree planting throughout Northern Ohio, and in some counties premiums were offered by agricultural societies for the best row of twenty-five maple trees planted by one individual. Many of these trees are now from twelve to sighteen inches diameter, and on some farms have been tapped three or four times. When planted most of them were about one and one-half inches diameter, and were taken from the woods, the top being cut off at a suitable height. Had smaller trees from a fencerow or nursery, with better roots, been planted, probably nearly all would have lived, instead of less than twenty-five per cent., and the trees would have been as large or larger now. The maple is natural to dairy regions, and in such sections young trees can generally be had for the digging. The planting and staking of a few acres of pasture would cost but little, as it could be done in early spring, and the pasturing value of the ground would be but slightly impaired for at least two-thirds of the time it would take to get the trees to a sugaring-producing age. The most profitable part of many dairy farms is the sugar-bush, the labor of which is mostly performed when nothing else can be done, and it seems to me that it would be wise to extend the maple orchard for the benefit of another generation.—*L. B. Pierce, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Food for Young Chicks.

As feed for young chicks, boiled rice and oatmeal are very good; but as they are sticky it is best to stir in dry cornmeal or some other dry meal, to make it easier to eat. All soft food for chicks should be so dry as to crumble when dropped. Soft, watery messes should be avoided. Feed chicks when young four times a day, and as soon as they can run around well a feeding coop of laths on three sides, the fourth one being of boards, should be placed on each spot where there are several coops of chicks. The spaces between the laths should be large enough to admit the chicks only. Turn the boarded side to the south, to keep the sun off the food, which should be placed inside, so that the chicks can get it when they please. This should be cracked corn or wheat; the wheat is much the better, but only enough of all should be given, as they will eat up clean each time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A convict in the State prison at Jeffersonville, Ind., adopted a desperate method to escape work. He was on the way to the foundry, where he was assigned to labor, when he dropped out of line, and before the guard discovered his object ran into the machine shop, and seizing a hatchet, placed his hand on a block of wood and deliberately chopped off all his fingers. He is serving a term of eight years for burglary.

WHY BROWN WAS JILTED.

A Domestic Melodrama and Its Harrowing Consequences.

The other day Miss Jones spent the afternoon with her friend and former school-mate, Mrs. Smith, who has been married several years and has a beautiful boy.

"I heard the other day that you were engaged to Mr. Brown. Is there any truth it?" asked Mrs. Smith of her friend, who was holding the baby.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Brown."

"But ain't you going to be? He is such a nice, steady young man."

"That depends upon circumstances. One thing is sure, if he expects me to take advantage of my leap-year privileges he will wait a good long while," replied Miss Jones.

"But would you accept him if he were to propose?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"I am not quite sure that I would. Men are so unreliable."

"Don't you love him?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O, he is a very nice gentleman, but there are so many unhappy marriages that I don't think I care to take any risks."

"You should get married by all means. I used to think and talk just like you, but now that I am married I am twice as happy as I was. I have a good, kind husband."

"You never quarrel, I suppose. He never says any thing rude or unkind, and he never goes out at night and comes home late?"

"O, no, of course not."

"Never grumbles about the expense?"

"What a strange girl you are? What makes you ask such foolish, silly questions?"

"Well, you know there are some such husbands."

"I've read about some such cases of brutality, and I've heard people talk about such husbands, but I don't know any thing about it."

"I am so glad for your sake that you are happy. How sound the dear little fellow sleeps."

"Yes; I wish you would take him in the next room and put him in his little cradle," said Mrs. Smith. Her friend complied with her request.

While Miss Jones was in the next room the door was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith entered. He had just come home and did not know Miss Jones was in the house. It was plain to see that he was as mad as a wet hen. Shaking a bill at his wife, he said in a hoarse, cynical tone:

"Here is another one of your infernal bills. You must think I'm made of money."

"H-u-s-h!" said his wife, putting her finger to her lips and pointing into the other room.

"Hush," he blanked, "I don't give a continental whether the blank brat squalls or not. I want you to understand that I don't propose to put up with any more of your extravagance. This is is the second hat you have had since we were married. Do you propose to break me up in business with your senseless extravagance? By the way you buy new hats one would suppose you had half a dozen fool heads on your shoulders."

"O, George! Dear George!"

"Just cheese that 'deah George' racket (mimicking her.) Only last week I I paid a grocery bill of one dollar and thirty-seven cents. You must think I'm a little Jay Gould on wheels. Did a man bring a demijohn of brandy and two hundred cigars for me?"

"Yes, and here is the bill for fifty-seven dollars."

"For heaven's sake quit looking as if you were going to blubber! I just came home to tell you not to sit up for me. After the lodge is out I am going so attend a little oyster supper with the boys and some theatrical people down at the hotel. I may not get back before three o'clock," and off he was.

Of course Miss Jones heard every word of this joint discussion, and when, shortly afterward, Brown proposed, he was jilted and bounced so promptly that he left the house without his hat and cane. He was even more astonished than the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing 1,756,843 pounds of giant powder.—*Mocking Bird.*

Printers Exempt from Cholera.

The printers have been exceptionally exempt from falling victims to the cholera epidemics which have recently occurred in the South American continent. When the yellow fever epidemic in 1868 created consternation here the Typographical Union had only to pay the expenses for two members, and both of them recovered. Now today the same incident is recorded in Chili with respect to cholera, where we find that, according to the report of the president of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso, up to the date of his last report, not one of the one hundred members of the Union had been attacked. Thus they enjoyed the same good fortune they had experienced during the previous year.—*Lima (Peru) Prensa.*

Why He Could Think So.

Two men on a railway train began to discuss a book which the newsboy had left on the seat.

"I think it is a very weak thing," said one of them. "I examined it awhile ago, and I see that the characters are weak and ill drawn."

"I like it very much," the other man replied. "I think it is one of the finest pieces of fiction ever produced in this country."

"I don't see how you can think that."

"I do, for, you see, I wrote it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A blind physician at Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and goes about the streets unaided.

A HOME IN INDIA.

Where Comfort, as We Understand It, Is Comparatively Unknown.

A mud-paved court open to the sky—that glorious sun-illumined sky of India, that gives poetry to every thing; but enclosed with walls and surrounded by a sort of arcade or veranda. Within it three or four women—wearing the loose trousers of the Mussulman woman, and colored sarees like the Hindus—and several young girls. They were not handsome, being rather of the thick-lipped Nubian type; but several of them, as especially the elder women, who teaches in the little school, looked intelligent, and they received us with courtesy and apparent pleasure. The children from outside were not present, a circumstance for which the elder woman apologized; but she brought forward her own children to be examined, and they acquitted themselves with credit, reading fluently from an Indian primer, and answering all the questions my friend put to them.

This family, poor as their surroundings seemed to be, enjoys a moderate prosperity. Comfort, as we understand it, is unknown in Indian homes.

Our next visit was to a Hindu family of the poorer class. Our scramble over rubbish heaps and drains recommenced, and landed us at the foot of a break-neck flight of stairs, which, when we had ascended, we came upon the funniest little corner of the world in which it has ever been my lot to find myself. It was part of a house, but what part of it was, one found it difficult to make out. To me it seemed like a balcony or ledge hung on the side of the house. On one side guarded by a high parapet, it was open to the sky, and looked down on a large bare court, while on the other side was a range of untidy-looking cupboards and cells.

In this curious nest a little flock of women, young and old, with a few children were gathered together. They received us with the utmost courtesy (a grace that never deserts the Hindu at home) set for us the wicker stools that are kept for visitors, and, drawing their sarees about them, squatted round us after their fashion. One and another in the meantime, were pouring out little ejaculations of welcome, which my friend, who is a fluent speaker of Hindustani, answered smilingly. Presently there came out from a small enclosure, which was more like a bathing machine than any thing else I can think of, a young and very pretty woman, with a small baby in her arms. The little creature who appeared to be the latest arrival in the crowded nest, was handed round, kissed, praised and commented upon, while the young mother stood by smiling. I learned upon inquiry she was eighteen years of age, and that this was her fourth child.

The baby having received the fitting amount of attention, a bright little girl, with eyes as brilliant as stars, was brought forward to read her lesson. She was only seven years old, and her readiness, intelligence and pretty, winsome manner made her one of the most bewitching little creatures I ever beheld, while I must say that no English child of her years could have surpassed her in knowledge. Other little ones, who were not so brilliant, followed, and then the women took their turn, spelling out the Indian primer patiently.—*Quiver.*

WALKING FOR HEALTH.

An Exercise Which Is a Nerve Tonic and Appetizer Both in One.

Few people who have not tried the experiment know how much health there is in walking. It is a nerve tonic, an appetizer and a general system invigorator all in one. When the weather is too fickle too discard winter wraps, and when occasional warm half-hours suggest seersuckers and white hats, a "dead-and-alive feeling" is apt to result, which may not be a disease, but but which is very akin to illness. "Spring bitters" and old-fashioned "sulphur and molasses" are time-honored remedies, but the best cure of all is exercise, taken regularly and in doses sufficient to effect a cure. To a majority of people engaged in active business walking is the handiest exercise procurable. The man who walks to and from his office or store not only gets up an appetite and a circulation, but he wards off congestion and pneumonia, and if he is of an observing turn of mind he also sees many incidents and traits of character which will both amuse and instruct him.

Writing about the benefit to be gained from walking, an eminent London physician says: "Until I took up walking to and from my office I was a hollow-chested, dyspeptic man, weighing about 125 pounds, very nervous and very dissatisfied with myself and the world in general. As soon as I began to walk regularly a change for the better was noticed. I now weigh 160 pounds, I sleep well and have a perfect digestion, all of which I credit to pedestrianism, These were the benefits I sought, but they were not all I gained. I am an old resident of London, and naturally I know a great many of its citizens by sight. I soon discovered that some of the wealthiest and most successful men I knew were regular pedestrians. I also observed that the men who had themselves won great success were the fastest walkers, passing by their fellow pedestrians in their walks to this city. I now lay it down as an axiom that the man who outstrips his competitors in walking on the streets will also win in whatever business he undertakes."—*Boston Globe.*

—As soon as the weather gets warm enough for iced drinks the sea-serpent will begin to be seen through strong glasses.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

STORY OF A PISTOL.

A Lesson in Self-Conquest—The Courage of a Fine Soldier.

Fifty years have passed since a merry trio met in Mason street. Bright lads were they, as full of youthful fire and enthusiasm as any of their age now-a-days. John was by birth and ancestry an American, and so was Leopold, despite the foreign ring to his name, but Franz was the son of a German soldier, who had served under the great Napoleon.

Herr Niebuhr delighted in rehearsing for his son's entertainment glowing tales of martial exploits under his adored leader, and even the horrors of the Russian campaign had a strange charm, told in his impassioned German. What boy ever listened, unmoved, to stories of courage and heroism? Franz's soul was fired, and he was wont to meet his gay companions at their daily rendezvous in the little stable adjoining John's house, and there repeat his father's stories with kindred fervor and enthusiasm. Listening to these tales of war, the boys made a very natural mistake; fire-arms seemed an essential adjunct to heroic deeds, and they longed to possess some weapon as a sort of preparation for future acts of valor.

"Suppose we each carefully save our money," John proposed, "and constitute it a common fund. Then, when we have enough, buy a pistol."

"Agreed," cried Franz and Leo.

A few weeks passed, and the boys, having amassed a sufficient sum, enthusiastically marched in a body to select the long-coveted article. They bought a pistol, after much haggling, for a dollar and a quarter, and plentifully supplied themselves with powder, shot and percussion caps. The little weapon, which they handled with so much pride, would now be considered a very insignificant affair. It had a wooden handle, the barrel was of brass, and the rest of the weapon was of steel.

The first flush of joyous possession passed, and Franz echoed the thought of each when he asked, "Where shall we keep it?" for each boy knew that his parents would disapprove of the purchase The upper floor of the barn was their council chamber, and here between the beams they hid their treasure.

They frequently met to stealthily admire the weapon and to plan hopefully for some future opportunity to practice with it.

"I declare," cried Franz, one day, "it's a lot of fun stealing up here to see this pistol. I wish we could go off somewhere and shoot at a target, as father does."

"Wouldn't it be glorious!" cried John; "but I don't see how we ever can manage it," he added, dejectedly.

"It's a shame we can't just fire her off here," said Leo.

"Oh, mercy!" cried John, in dismay; "it would be worse than a hornet's nest, for we should have the whole neighborhood about our ears in no time."

"Wouldn't we get a blowing up if our folks knew?" said Franz.

"We'd lose our pistol mighty quick," Leo replied.

"Hush," said John, treading on Leo's toes, "father's coming;" while Franz whisked the pistol into his pocket, just as the stalwart form of Mr. Carter appeared.

"What's this about a pistol, boys?" he asked.

The boys were confounded, but ready-witted Franz replied: "We think it would be so nice to own one, sir."

"Is that all, John?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Ye-es, sir," stammered John, blushing, and looking very uncomfortable under his father's keen glance.

"I suppose you believe, boys, that to be a soldier is to be a hero?" said Mr. Carter.

"Yes, sir," answered Franz, decidedly.

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Carter continued, "many soldiers have been true heroes, but the men who have become soldiers from pure love of adventure, or hope of reward, by far outnumber those who have taken their lives in their hands to fight for a principle. All honor to the noble souls who have given their all for what they considered a great cause—there are many glorious instances of such in history, but I particularly like to think of the large army who have fought, and are ever fighting, bloodless battles and winning deathless victories."

"Who can you mean, father?" said John, wonderingly.

"You boys are so taken with wars and battles that you forget that there is something higher than mere physical courge," said Mr. Carter. "The Bible says: 'Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' And this is the kind of warfare you boys need to engage in. It takes the highest kind of courage to conquer one's self, and through all the ages, the men who have done the noblest work for their kind have been those who first fought this fight. It is said of Luther that his words were half-battles. Read his life, boys, and see what sort of courage he had, and try to get something like it," was Mr. Carter's parting injunction.

"I do feel so mean," said John, as his father disappeared; "I am a coward to deceive such a good father. But I wouldn't have him find it out now for any thing. We must put the pistol somewhere else."

"I've thought of a capital place," said Leo; "let's put it under the plank-walk; no one will ever find it there."

That night the pistol, with powder, shot and percussion caps, was snugly stowed away under the planks. The next few days were rainy, and when the boys again met to examine their possessions, they found their property greatly damaged.

"The powder's just good for nothing, Franz declared, greatly disgusted; "and the metal is corroded; here we haven't fired a shot, and our pistol's ruined."

"Glad of it!" Leo boldly cried; "we've had precious little fun since we've owned it."

"The truth is, boys," said John, "our consciences haven't been quite easy. Let's go over to the common and make an end of the whole thing;"

The others easily assented, anxious to rid themselves of their troublesome property. The powder, shot and percussion caps were quietly dropped into the pond, but the pistol received severer treatment; each boy successively tried his strength upon it with a heavy stone, and the fragments were left, a monument of blighted hopes.

"We haven't had such a frolic in a long time," said Leo; "good riddance, bad rubbish!"

"So say I," echoed Franz.

John parted from the boys with a merry laugh, but his heart was heavy.

"They haven't lied outright," he reflected. "Can I ever atone for these weeks of deception? Shall I ever be happy again?" he asked himself. "I have it! I must tell father the truth."

Mr. Carter was grieved and shocked, and yet gratified that his son possessed the courage to confess his fault.

"You have been acting a cowardly part, my son," he said, "but you have at last shown the courage of a true soldier; henceforth be loyal to truth, don't dally with temptation. One sin begets another. Ask yourself: 'Is this right?' and turn from a wrong course with decision. The world is in need of honest and true men, and they are the world's best heroes."

The history of the pistol is fresh in John's mind to-day, and he would say to the thoughtless lad, beware of the first wayward act; value the simple but grand principles of honesty and truth; be a hero in the temper of your mind, and your life will be heroic. — *Elizabeth E. Backup, in Watchman.*

WINTER CLOTHING.

Comprehensive Directions for Putting It Away for Summer.

Where the house is roomy, and the closests so arranged that they may be aired frequently, it is a very easy matter to keep the winter clothing free from the depredations of moths. But if this is not the case, the next best thing is to know how to put the clothes away properly.

All clothing before being placed away should be aired thoroughly. Hang out in the air all coats, dresses, furs, etc., whip free of dust, turn all the pockets inside out, brush with a corn brush broom, and let hang in the air an hour or two. If there is a brisk wind blowing, all the better, and in this case less time is required to air them. When sufficiently aired take in. Have made some little muslin bags, into each one of which put a small piece of camphor. Place one of these bags into each coat or dress pocket. Turn each dress skirt inside out, fold neatly, place a newspaper between each one, and do all up in strong newspaper, pasting it so as not to leave the smallest crevice by which a moth could enter.

Coats should be folded lengthwise, but never across, and done up the same as the dresses. Furs should be placed in their boxes, a camphor bag put in with them, the boxes done up in newspaper, and the ends fastened with paste. If no boxes are convenient, then simply put the camphor bag inside the muff, and wrap the set in newspaper fastened as above. Newspaper is much better than wrapping paper for this work, as moths abhor printers' ink. Some use cloth for this purpose, making cotton bags especially for it, but cloth is not as good as the paper. Felt hats and bonnets, bits of plush, velvet, etc., should be put in a box, into which put a camphor bag, and do up securely in newspaper.

Have ready the shelves, drawers or boxes in which the clothing is to be placed. If shelves, cover with newspaper, place the bundles as neatly as convenient in them, and cover all with newspaper. Line drawers in the same way, cover with newspaper, tucking it in all around. Where a person can afford it, a cedar chest is the best receptacle for winter clothes, requires no camphor, and will last a lifetime. Cedar chips are excelent to scatter among clothes; they give them a pleasant odor, and are very obnoxious to moths. When placing the clothing away in boxes or trunks, line the insides with newspaper, pasting it firmly to the wood, pack the bundles in carefully, and cover with newspaper, tucking it in around the edges. Bitter apples are said to be a sure preventive for moths. They can be bought at the chemist's, put in muslin bags and placed in chests, drawers, etc., and moths will not trouble any article in these places. A tallow candle wrapped in brown paper, and placed among the clothes that are laid away for any length of time, will keep the moths at a distance. This is an old-fashioned remedy, but a good one.—*American Cultivator.*

—Increase of weight may be produced by change of climate. Incidents are known proving that a man may be stout in one place and thin in another.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The Kentucky river is 210 miles long, and there is not an island in it anywhere.

—A man who was begging in the streets of Mobile the other day is said to have lost and paid $75,000 in wagers on Tilden's election.

—The origin of trusts has been traced back to Vermont sheep-owners, who formed a combination in the long ago to monopolize the merino sheep business.

—Mormon Elder (to wife)—"I understand that our beloved brother, Elder Brigham, has an addition to his family." Wife—"Is it a boy or girl, Joshua?" Mormon Elder—"Neither; it's a new wife."—*Epoch.*

—Chinese pheasants are so thick in the Waldo Hills, Colorado, that they have to be shooed out of the furrows by the plowmen, so greedy are they in gobbling up the angleworms. They are becoming a nuisance.

—Two lovesick Mormon maidens in New Mexico fought a duel recently. Both loved the same cowboy, hated each other intensely, and, meeting by appointment in an obscure place, "fought it out." One was seriously wounded by the fire of her antagonist, who at once fled from the scene.

—Of eighty-eight specimens of wood described by Mr. L. H. Pammel, of St. Louis, as growing in Southwestern Wisconsin and Southeastern Missouri, forty-six are of European and thirty of American origin. One-third of the latter class, and nearly one-fourth of the entire list, are composites.

—The conversation was about bishops; and one fervent dame said: "How good the dear Bishop of —— is! What a good man!" Instantly, a gentleman replied: "There is no merit in that. Bishops ought to be so. They get five thousand a year for being good, while we are expected to be good for nothing."—*Exchange.*

—By an ingenious device the management of the Battle of Gettysburg, in New York, contrives to waft warm breezes over the spectators' platform by way of adding to the illusion that the visitor is standing in the midst of a wheat field similar to that over which Pickett's charge swept. These breezes apparently blow down from the tops of the mountains.

—"Speaking about clubs," remarked Mr. Cumso, who had just been elected a member of the Manhattan, "they are the sign-posts of civilization. You never hear of savages forming themselves into societies for mutual improvement and pleasure." "O, nonsense," replied Mrs. Cumson. "I've heard of Indian clubs ever since I could walk."—*Tid bits.*

—Two young ladies of South Chester, Pa., went into a store where there was a galvanic battery, and the proprietor asked them to try it. Each grasped a pole of the battery, and wondered why no shock was felt. The proprietor suggested that they kiss each other. They did so, and then there was a shock indeed. One of the young women shrieked and fell over backward. The other made no sound, but fainted. Cold water brought them both around, none the worse for the kiss.

—A tramp who was frequently seen in the vicinity of West Somers, N. Y., is known as the "Old Leather Man." He passes through the place about once in five weeks. His dress is entirely of leather, made of small pieces which he picks up in his travels. He never talks to any one, refuses money or any thing but food, which he gets at regular places on his route, which is always the same. He never enters a building, sleeps in the timber and tramps day by day through heat and cold and storm. Where he came from no one knows.

THIEVES BY BIRTH.

New York Detectives Say There Is No Such Thing as Kleptomania.

"Two skilled detectives agree in the theory that the disease known as kleptomania does not exist. 'When a rich woman steals fifty dollars worth of goods she has kleptomania,' said one of them, 'and when a poor woman steals fifty cents' worth of bread to feed her starving children she is a thief. Show me a pauper with a real bad attack of kleptomania,' and I will believe that there is such a disease, for, if there is, why should not the poor be as susceptible to it as the rich? My impression at present is that people are born thieves, as they are born musicians or singers—it is a gift, though a deplorable one, and is accompanied by great cunning and sagacity. Another fact which disproves the kleptomania theory is that never in my experience of many years have any goods been returned or paid for by the friends of people afflicted with this imaginary malady; it is only when discovered stealing that they and all their friends call them kleptomaniacs. When a woman comes in here and buys a new bonnet and walks off bold with it on her head without paying for it, or takes a waterproof off a figure and puts it on herself before us all, I know she is a victim of mental aberration and treat her accordingly. If, however, there are kleptomaniacs, one of the best known remedies for them is found in a police court—it is almost a sure cure. Many rich women who have large accounts at stores, and are apparently unlimited as to money, will take twenty-five cent articles surreptitiously if they can, and the clerks make up the deficit in their bills or accounts. A wagon load of goods was recovered in the house of a rich woman by one firm, the goods being stowed away under the servant girl's bed, and never having been used or cut into. But the peculiarity among rich shoplifters lies in the cheapness of the articles they pilfer, which would signify a rather diseased mental condition and a desire simply to steal."—*N. Y. Sun.*

FORESTRY FOR FARMERS.

An Intelligent Estimate of Varieties of Trees For Different Purposes.

The high price which black walnut lumber has brought for a few years has set the unthinking to planting it largely, when in fact it is one of the poorest possible trees for general utility, and on many soils is not a rapid grower. The black walnuts now being marketed at a price which makes a single log pay for an acre of land, were in the nut stage about the time the Pilgrims landed, and are materially different in size and quality from the spongy growth of thirty or even fifty years, and the farmer who would dabble in forestry for the benefit of the next following generation can scarcely do worse than plant the black walnut. For the smaller uses of the farm—such as handles and whiffletrees—the shell bark hickory is excellent. It thrives in many kinds of soil, and under cultivation will reach a diameter of five inches, three feet from the ground, in twenty years, from the seed. For strength, elasticity and finish second-growth hickory excels any other known wood. For the larger hardwood repairs on the farm—such as wagon-poles and axles, levers, wagon and sled stakes and doubletrees—the white ash is the most desirable tree a farmer can plant. It is rapid in growth and the wood is tough, elastic and durable when painted. It will sprout from the stump after cutting, and thus indefinitely continue the plantation, once established. It seems to thrive equally well in clay or gravely loam, and is readily raised from seed.

For fencing, there is no rapid-growing tree so good as the sweet American chestnut, but it does not seem to thrive on prairie soils or heavy limestone clays, its natural home being the sandy ridges underlaid by conglomerate. The durability of chestnut timber either in or out of the ground is second only to red cedar, and I wonder that more farmers do not start plantations of this valuable wood. On a farm near where I live are chestnut rails still doing duty in a fence that were split in 1815; and the other day I took out a greenhouse post of second-growth chestnut that had done service for eighteen years, and for an ordinary fence I think it would have lasted ten years longer. In localities where the chestnut does not thrive I would plant the yellow locust, which is so generally well known. The only objection is its liability to injury by the borer, and I have no doubt that some means will be devised to head off this pest, when there is a general demand for such a remedy. For profit other than its timber value I believe it will pay to put out sugar-maple groves. On good soils, if not planted too close (say forty trees per acre), trees will do to tap at thirty years from planting, and probably for 100 years thereafter. Toward the close of the decade ending with 1860 there was quite a boom in street-tree planting throughout Northern Ohio, and in some counties premiums were offered by agricultural societies for the best row of twenty-five maple trees planted by one individual. Many of these trees are now from twelve to sighteen inches diameter, and on some farms have been tapped three or four times. When planted most of them were about one and one-half inches diameter, and were taken from the woods, the top being cut off at a suitable height. Had smaller trees from a fencerow or nursery, with better roots, been planted, probably nearly all would have lived, instead of less than twenty-five per cent., and the trees would have been as large or larger now. The maple is natural to dairy regions, and in such sections young trees can generally be had for the digging. The planting and staking of a few acres of pasture would cost but little, as it could be done in early spring, and the pasturing value of the ground would be but slightly impaired for at least two-thirds of the time it would take to get the trees to a sugaring-producing age. The most profitable part of many dairy farms is the sugar-bush, the labor of which is mostly performed when nothing else can be done, and it seems to me that it would be wise to extend the maple orchard for the benefit of another generation.—*L. B. Pierce, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Food for Young Chicks.

As feed for young chicks, boiled rice and oatmeal are very good; but as they are sticky it is best to stir in dry cornmeal or some other dry meal, to make it easier to eat. All soft food for chicks should be so dry as to crumble when dropped. Soft, watery messes should be avoided. Feed chicks when young four times a day, and as soon as they can run around well a feeding coop of laths on three sides, the fourth one being of boards, should be placed on each spot where there are several coops of chicks. The spaces between the laths should be large enough to admit the chicks only. Turn the boarded side to the south, to keep the sun off the food, which should be placed inside, so that the chicks can get it when they please. This should be cracked corn or wheat; the wheat is much the better, but only enough of all should be given, as they will eat up clean each time.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A convict in the State prison at Jeffersonville, Ind., adopted a desperate method to escape work. He was on the way to the foundry, where he was assigned to labor, when he dropped out of line, and before the guard discovered his object ran into the machine shop, and seizing a hatchet, placed his hand on a block of wood and deliberately chopped off all his fingers. He is serving a term of eight years for burglary.

WHY BROWN WAS JILTED.

A Domestic Melodrama and Its Harrowing Consequences.

The other day Miss Jones spent the afternoon with her friend and former school-mate, Mrs. Smith, who has been married several years and has a beautiful boy.

"I heard the other day that you were engaged to Mr. Brown. Is there any truth it?" asked Mrs. Smith of her friend, who was holding the baby.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Brown."

"But ain't you going to be? He is such a nice, steady young man."

"That depends upon circumstances. One thing is sure, if he expects me to take advantage of my leap-year privileges he will wait a good long while," replied Miss Jones.

"But would you accept him if he were to propose?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"I am not quite sure that I would. Men are so unreliable."

"Don't you love him?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O, he is a very nice gentleman, but there are so many unhappy marriages that I don't think I care to take any risks."

"You should get married by all means. I used to think and talk just like you, but now that I am married I am twice as happy as I was. I have a good, kind husband."

"You never quarrel, I suppose. He never says any thing rude or unkind, and he never goes out at night and comes home late?"

"O, no, of course not."

"Never grumbles about the expense?"

"What a strange girl you are? What makes you ask such foolish, silly questions?"

"Well, you know there are some such husbands."

"I've read about some such cases of brutality, and I've heard people talk about such husbands, but I don't know any thing about it."

"I am so glad for your sake that you are happy. How sound the dear little fellow sleeps."

"Yes; I wish you would take him in the next room and put him in his little cradle," said Mrs. Smith. Her friend complied with her request.

While Miss Jones was in the next room the door was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith entered. He had just come home and did not know Miss Jones was in the house. It was plain to see that he was as mad as a wet hen. Shaking a bill at his wife, he said in a hoarse, cynical tone:

"Here is another one of your infernal bills. You must think I'm made of money."

"H-u-s-h!" said his wife, putting her finger to her lips and pointing into the other room.

"Hush," he blanked, "I don't give a continental whether the blank brat squalls or not. I want you to understand that I don't propose to put up with any more of your extravagance. This is is the second hat you have had since we were married. Do you propose to break me up in business with your senseless extravagance? By the way you buy new hats one would suppose you had half a dozen fool heads on your shoulders."

"O, George! Dear George!"

"Just cheese that 'deah George' racket (mimicking her.) Only last week I I paid a grocery bill of one dollar and thirty-seven cents. You must think I'm a little Jay Gould on wheels. Did a man bring a demijohn of brandy and two hundred cigars for me?"

"Yes, and here is the bill for fifty-seven dollars."

"For heaven's sake quit looking as if you were going to blubber! I just came home to tell you not to sit up for me. After the lodge is out I am going so attend a little oyster supper with the boys and some theatrical people down at the hotel. I may not get back before three o'clock," and off he was.

Of course Miss Jones heard every word of this joint discussion, and when, shortly afterward, Brown proposed, he was jilted and bounced so promptly that he left the house without his hat and cane. He was even more astonished than the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing 1,756,843 pounds of giant powder.—*Mocking Bird.*

Printers Exempt from Cholera.

The printers have been exceptionally exempt from falling victims to the cholera epidemics which have recently occurred in the South American continent. When the yellow fever epidemic in 1868 created consternation here the Typographical Union had only to pay the expenses for two members, and both of them recovered. Now to-day the same incident is recorded in Chili with respect to cholera, where we find that, according to the report of the president of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso, up to the date of his last report, not one of the one hundred members of the Union had been attacked. Thus they enjoyed the same good fortune they had experienced during the previous year.—*Lima (Peru) Prensa.*

Why He Could Think So.

Two men on a railway train began to discuss a book which the newsboy had left on the seat.

"I think it is a very weak thing," said one of them. "I examined it awhile ago, and I see that the characters are weak and ill drawn."

"I like it very much," the other man replied. "I think it is one of the finest pieces of fiction ever produced in this country."

"I don't see how you can think that."

"I do, for, you see, I wrote it."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—A blind physician at Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and goes about the streets unaided.

A HOME IN INDIA.

Where Comfort, as We Understand It, Is Comparatively Unknown.

A mud-paved court open to the sky—that glorious sun-illumined sky of India, that gives poetry to every thing; but enclosed with walls and surrounded by a sort of arcade or veranda. Within it three or four women—wearing the loose trousers of the Mussulman woman, and colored sarees like the Hindus—and several young girls. They were not handsome, being rather of the thick-lipped Nubian type; but several of them, as especially the elder women, who teaches in the little school, looked intelligent, and they received us with courtesy and apparent pleasure. The children from outside were not present, a circumstance for which the elder woman apologized; but she brought forward her own children to be examined, and they acquitted themselves with credit, reading fluently from an Indian primer, and answering all the questions my friend put to them.

This family, poor as their surroundings seemed to be, enjoys a moderate prosperity. Comfort, as we understand it, is unknown in Indian homes.

Our next visit was to a Hindu family of the poorer class. Our scramble over rubbish heaps and drains recommenced, and landed us at the foot of a break-neck flight of stairs, which, when we had ascended, we came upon the funniest little corner of the world in which it has ever been my lot to find myself. It was part of a house, but what part of it was, one found it difficult to make out. To me it seemed like a balcony or ledge hung on the side of the house. On one side guarded by a high parapet, it was open to the sky, and looked down on a large bare court, while on the other side was a range of untidy-looking cupboards and cells.

In this curious nest a little flock of women, young and old, with a few children were gathered together. They received us with the utmost courtesy (a grace that never deserts the Hindu at home) set for us the wicker stools that are kept for visitors, and, drawing their sarees about them, squatted round us after their fashion. One and another in the meantime, were pouring out little ejaculations of welcome, which my friend, who is a fluent speaker of Hindustani, answered smilingly. Presently there came out from a small enclosure, which was more like a bathing machine than any thing else I can think of, a young and very pretty woman, with a small baby in her arms. The little creature who appeared to be the latest arrival in the crowded nest, was handed round, kissed, praised and commented upon, while the young mother stood by smiling. I learned upon inquiry she was eighteen years of age, and that this was her fourth child.

The baby having received the fitting amount of attention, a bright little girl, with eyes as brilliant as stars, was brought forward to read her lesson. She was only seven years old, and her readiness, intelligence and pretty, winsome manner made her one of the most bewitching little creatures I ever beheld, while I must say that no English child of her years could have surpassed her in knowledge. Other little ones, who were not so brilliant, followed, and then the women took their turn, spelling out the Indian primer patiently.—*Quiver.*

WALKING FOR HEALTH.

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—As soon as the weather gets warm enough for iced drinks the sea-serpent will begin to be seen through strong glasses.

Suffering in the South.

"You northerners knew very little about the sufferings that war entails," said a southern woman. "Some of you may have lost money; some surely did lose husbands, sons, brothers or relatives of some degree; but none of you suffered the pangs of hunger, as we did."

"I have heard there was much privation, but I suppose we could not realize it from mere discription."

"Bless you, no. As the blockade grew tighter and tighter it was as though a bandage was being tied closer and closer around the neck of each one of us poor dwellers in the south. That cut off our luxuries that had almost become necessities so much had they become the component parts of our every day meals. Oh, how I have sighed for a cup of real coffee, after drinking decoctions of burnt rye or potatoes. And I used to dream how fragrant a cup of real simon pure tea would be, after sipping for months vile decoctions of sassafras."

"The army in the field also depleted the land and drew away not only provisions, but the men that might have replenished the storehouses and larders by supervising the work in the fields. The slaves were wonderfully loyal to their masters' households while the masters were away fighting. They worked faithfully, but they could not work as understandingly as when they were directed by their old employers. So the field crops were not as large as usual. And it had always been the curse of the south that it devoted so large a share of its energies to raising cotton. The Egypt of the south, Hyde county, in North Carolina, was as fertile as ever, and its stalks of corn grew, as usual, so tall that they would hide a man on horseback if he penetrated half a dozen rows into their waving mass; but the army of Virginia drew largely from that granary, leaving less for the consumption of the people.

"I remember that when Sherman's army came along many persons, once wealthy and who never knew want, watched till the cavalry horses had left their feeding troughs and then went and picked up the grains of corn the horses had wasted."

"What was the article whose loss troubled you most?"

"Salt. It grew scarcer and scarcer. After a while we boiled the bags in which bacon had been shipped and the coverings of the hams. Then, after that supply was exhausted, the ground under the smoke houses was dug up and mixed with water in huge caldrons, and roaring fires were set going. As the water bubbled up under the fierce heat, we skimmed the salt from the surface. Doubtless much sickness was chargeable to the lack of salt, which could not be procured for love or money."

"Did anybody absolutely starve?"

"I never saw any statement that anybody actually died in the south for lack of food, but many came very near it. One case that came under my own observation was particularly sad. One lady, with her daughter and two little boys, were left alone upon a farm of 150 acres, the father being absent with the army. The confederate currency had become almost worthless, its purchasing power being so diminished that I saw $50,000 given for an old horse. This family had eaten everything there was on the farm except one old hen that had escaped the raid of the foraging soldiers by running under the barn. A little corn that had been hidden in the boarding of the barn had at last given out, and the old hen was killed and cooked. There was no salt or pepper with which to season it, but it was set upon the table for what seemed to be the last meal the family would ever eat, when the door was burst open and a party of camp followers swept the fowl from the table and tore it limb from limb. A kind-hearted federal officer came along shortly after and gave the poor woman some rations. Had it not been for his providential appearance she and her little ones must have starved."

"Then it is probable you would not like to participate in another war?"

"No, no. We've had enough of war. It is the most horrid curse that ever afflicted the earth!"

Gathered Treasures.

Do your duty in little things, and you will be faithful in great ones.

Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.

If we are God's children we need not fear the developement of His providence.

Flattery is a false coin which has circulation only through vanity.

No estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

Gaming is the child of avarice, but the parent of prodigality.

The pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.

Insulting the People.

About the most disgusting piece of hypocrisy that has appeared lately is that portion of the New York Democratic platform which refers in laudatory terms to Cleveland's "reform" policy. "During his incumbency," says the platform, "our system of government has been restored to the honest simplicity impressed upon it by its founders, and integrity and ability have been substituted for artifice and incapicity in public places, the civil service has been purified, elevated and improved." Was there ever such unadulterated rot? Every word of this declaration is notoriously and abominably false, and every intelligent man knows it. Under Cleveland the public service has been prostituted to a degree never before known in the country's history, and every department of government has suffered by the substitution of inexperienced men for old and tried employés; and every intelligent man knows it. What is to be accomplished by such palpable lying? Nobody will be deceived. Every honest man will be disgusted.

Is it possible that this arrant hypocrisy is to be persisted in by the Administration, and carried through the coming campaign? It would seem so. The New York platform was prepared under the direction of those close to the President, and is a type of what may be expected in the national platform. In its assumptions it is monstrous. It assumes that the American people are such fools as to believe that black is white because they are told to. Notwithstanding that the record of the Administration is spread out before them in flaring colors, evidenced by unimpeachable facts and unyielding statistics, they are asked to believe that all they see is the reverse of what it appears, that faults and virtues, blunders, triumphs and failures reform. Faugh! It is nauseating in the extreme.

If Cleveland presumes to insult the intelligence of the country by going before it in the coming contest as a reformer, the majority that will go up against him in November will be something stupendous. The people will not be mocked.—*Ex.*

Kindness to the Aged.

The loneliness of age! How few think of this, and treat with due tenderness and consideration those who have outlived their generation, and whose early companions and friends have been taken from them. Unable to engage in the activities of life, they are no longer brought into contact and sympathy with those around them, and no tie of common interest and mutual dependence binds them together. Their views and tastes have naturally grown apart. They share little in common with others. The future of this life has nothing to inspire their ambitions or excite their hopes. What calls forth the energies of others has no inspiration for them. They necessarily to a great extent, live in a world of their own, with which those around them are not familiar. The communing of their hearts are with the scenes of the past and the companions of other years who have long passed away. Lovers and friends have been taken from them, and acquaintances laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone, the eyes that looked into theirs are sightless, and the voices that cheered and stirred their souls have long been silent. Their early world of hope and life has become desolated, and they sit in silence contemplating the ruin that has been wrought. They have but little to interest them in this world. Who would not do what he can to cheer the loneliness of age, to smooth their pathway, and comfort them in their declining years.—*Methodist Recorder.*

HOMOEOPATHY.—A good Homœopathic book—a "domestic physician"—is a medical missionary in many families and a trusty adviser in all; to one of these add a case of Homœopathic medicines and the family is as well prepared to meet sudden emergencies and sickness as human foresight can provide. The cost is not great, and when compared with the advantages sinks out of sight. Catalogue and price list mailed free on request. Our medicines are kept by leading druggists who will give also our valuable little *Medical Index* free. It is safest to buy medicines bearing our labels for they are known to be strictly reliable by the medical profession of America and Europe. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic pharmacists and publishers, 212, W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., and 938 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Business established in 1835.

Gems for Thought.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.

The best instruction is to practice what we teach.

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

No good book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best at first.

When two friends have a common purse, one sings—the other weeps.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under the love which it cannot return.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

Concentrate all your energies for good, scatter all your bad desires, and life's harvest will fill your granery with wealth.

Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing, but if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface it.

When the sun is setting, cool falls its gleams upon the earth, and the shadows lengthen; but they all point toward the morning.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home.

One bottle, at least, of Roger's [illegible] ment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles,

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72'87 1y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

RECEIVERS' SALE OF LUMBER!

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed in a cause wherein John W. Shaw is plaintiff and Stone, Bowman & Co., are defendants, the same being No. 428 Equity in said Court, the undersigned Receivers were authorized and empowered to sell either at public or private sale all the hereinafter described property, and by the authority conferred as aforesaid we will, on

the 12th Day of June, A. D. 1888,

AT 11 O'CLOCK A. M., AT

Hoffman's Mill, Garrett Co.,

near Hambleton, W. Va., offer for sale at public auction, all the following described property, to-wit:

About 1f0,000 feet of spruce joists, sill plates and framing lumber, ranging in thickness from 2 to 6 inches, in width from 6 to 12 inches and in length from 16 to 32 feet. A large portion of said lumber is 3x10, 24 feet long. Also about 5,000 feet of spruce lumber ranging in thickness from one to one and a half inches, 8 inches wide and 16 feet long.

The above described property is good merchantable lumber, nicely assorted, and in good condition.

Also about 25,000 feet of spruce lumber in the log.

Lumber will be offered in such quantity as purchasers may desire.

TERMS OF SALE—As prescribed by said order, cash.

FRED. A. THAYER,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
5 26 td Receivers.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZER

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

Estate of Marion S. Hauser, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the real and personal estate of

MARION S. HAUSER,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 8th day of May, 1888.

ALMEDIA S. HOYE,
5 12 3t Administratrix.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC.
Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE.
It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE.
Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

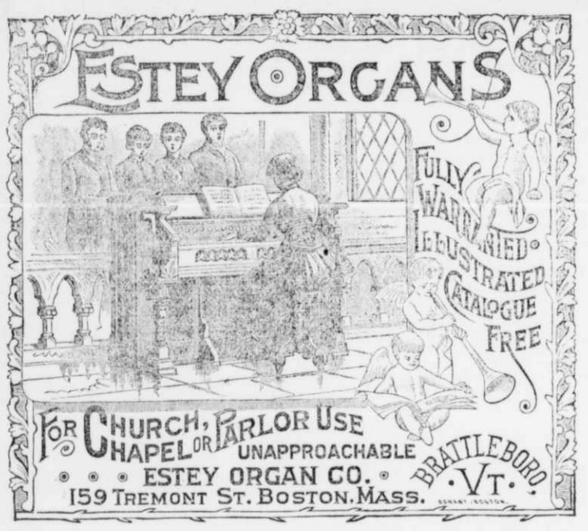
A DIURETIC.
In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circulars, giving full particulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

—THE LEADING—
PIANOS & ORGANS
OF THE WORLD.



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

are doing a large business with the World Renowned Estey Organs, having sold during the last twelve months more than two hundred of these noble instruments in Allegany and Garrett counties. That the ESTEY ORGAN is the

LEADING ORGAN OF THE WORLD.

goes without a challenge from any responsible source. It is endorsed by the best musicians all over the World. The factory is the largest and most complete on earth; it employs 700 skilled workmen, and turns out 60 organs per day. It has a capital of $1,200,000, and a record of more than 40 years. The ESTEY ORGAN is absolutely supreme in the Organ World.

Messrs. M. & S. also handle the Famous

WEBER, DECKER BROS., FISCHER AND ESTEY PIANOS,

instruments too well known and appreciated to need any commendations at our hand. Their reputation is abundantly established and thoroughly understood. Parties who are contemplating the purchase of a piano or organ, should not fail to confer with Messrs. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG, Cumberland, Md., who have the best instaurments and the best facilities as well.

Also agents for the

New Home Sewing Machine,

the finest machine manufactured. Send for beautiful catalogues, free.

MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, Meyersdale, Pa.,
Branch Office, 63 Baltimore St., next Postoffice,
9 17 '87—1y Cumberland, Md.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 9th 1885.—1 y

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist,

SALISBURY, PENNSYLVANIA,

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his Professional Services to those requiring Dental treatment. Natural teeth regulated and filled. Artificial teeth inserted in all the improved styles known to the profession. All work warranted. Charges moderate. Address Elk Lick, Pa.
May 7, '87, 1y

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 34—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6	11.14 A. M
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

fl 24 DAVID LITTLE.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Andrew B. Gonder, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Edward Z. Tower, Administrator of Wm. H. Tower, deceased, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Amelia Berriam I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Amelia Berrian, in and to all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in Election District number 4, Garrett county, and known as

DUNDALK,

and containing one hundred and thirty-seven acres, more or less. Said tract adjoins the lands of William Klinstine and John Swan, and lies on the North Branch of the Potomac River. It is well TIMBERED and is underlaid with COAL, and I hereby give notice, that on

Wednesday, June 27th, 1888,

at 3 o'clock P. M. at the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

E. E. SOLLARS,
6 2 4t Sheriff.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 188.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock, either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references.

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 13 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

MASSEY HALL
PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Trinity Term commences MONDAY, April 9th, continues 10 weeks, and ends June 15th. Annual examination will be held in study room Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of following week.

For terms, &c., address

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hoppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

VALUABLE
STOCK FARM
FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888. NUMBER 17.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S



FLOATING SOAP

IS

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.
☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.
Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.
THAYER & SINCELL,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND
VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.
☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88
☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.
Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's
COUGH KILLER
CURES
Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property.
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
6 4 tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Dr. I. D. Newman,
OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.
Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge
Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.
Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.
2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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In a Red Wood Forest.

The tourists and sight-seer, as well as the capitalists, can spend a week nowhere more profitably than in visiting that most wonderful forest growth in the world, the redwoods of northwestern California, says a Santa Rosa letter in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. There are small groups in Mariposa and Calaveras counties, in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and more extensive areas in Santa Cruz and Monterey counties, along the coast south of San Francisco, but the only considerable forests available for commercial and local building purposes extend from the Oregon line south about four hundred miles. The belt varies in width from twenty to a hundred miles. One peculiarity of it is its steps beginning at the Oregon line and ending at the Russian river in Sonoma county. From this body of timber California is mainly supplied with building and fencing material, and vast quantities are shipped by steamers and sailing-vessels to Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the Pacific, and by rail to several sections of the United States. Hundreds of saw-mills and thousands of axe-men and loggers are engaged in the work of destroying these forests, and converting the mighty trees into lumber and shingles for the use of men who inhabit the timberless regions. Eureka, a seaport in Humboldt county, and Guerniville, the terminus of a branch of the San Francisco and North Pacific railroad in Sonoma county, seventy-two miles from San Francisco, are the centers of the lumbering industry, from each of which many million feet of the manufactured article are annually shipped. The march of the army of axe-men and sawyers keep pace with the extension of railroads. But it will be several decades, perhaps a century, before the present growth is consumed, and as the redwood is a rapid grower and producer, there will in that time be a sufficiency of younger growth to supply local demands at least.

A tramp through a redwood forest affects one with a sense of fear, loneliness, and littleness. The writer accompanied by the manager of a lumbering company of Guernville, recently took a half-days ramble through the big tree reservation, beginning one and a half mile west of that place. No adequate idea can be conveyed of the impressions received by a "tenderfoot" in the center of a forest where such gigantic trees stand in solid phalanx. Three trees, selected at random in different parts of the forest, measured respectively eighty, seventy-six, and seventy-four feet in circumference six feet above the roots, and the first branches appeared to be at least 150 feet above the ground, to which point there is no apparent dimunition of size. A comparison of those standing with others of equal size and height that had been felled proved them to be more than 350 feet from root to topmost leaf. To see an isolated tree of such proportions is an interesting spectacle, but to be in a narrow path where they are in such proximity to each other as to momentarily change one's course is a novel experience, yet a strangely pleasurable one.

In the early morning the solemn stillness is only broken by the faint call of squirrels retreating into or emerging from their homes, hundreds of feet above you, or the twitter of the innumerable birds as they flutter in the topmost branches. But when the ocean breeze of the afternoon sweeps with violence through the thickly-interwoven branches overhead, there is a commingling of sound so fascinating and yet so unearthly that the immagination easily distorts them into music from voices and harps in spirit land.

These forests, besides furnishing the agriculturists in adjacent valleys and foot hills abundant and cheap building and fencing material, perform another important function. The leaves absorb the chilling moisture of the sea breeze in summer and break the force of the northwest wind in winter. This is a very important consideration with wool-growers and dairymen in the openings, and with fruit-growers and vineyardists, in the adjacent valleys and foothills. The forest protects the former from extreme cold in winter and the latter from late frosts in the spring.

The redwoods are not continuous over the territory called the "Redwood region." They occupy it in groups and forests, leaving wide stretches of mountain and tableland on which grass grows luxuriously several months of the year, and then curling in the hot sun becomes nutritious hay. Lands denuded of redwood trees are also soon covered with grass between the stumps.

The Invalid Child.

Once I knew a workingman—a potter by trade—who had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of day. He managed, however, to bear each evening to the bedside of the "wee lad" as he called him, a flower or a bit of ribbon, a fragment of crimson glass—indeed, anything that would lie out on the white counterpane and give a color in the room. He was a quiet, unsentimental Scotchman, but never went he home at nightfall without some trinket, showing that he had remembered the wan face that lit up so when he came in.

I presume he never said to a living soul that he loved that sick boy so much; still he went on patiently loving him. And by and by he moved that whole shop into positively real but unconscious fellowship with him. The workmen made curious little jars and tea cups upon their wheels, and painted diminutive pictures down their sides before they stuck them in corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit in the bulge of his apron, and another some engravings in a rude scrap book. Not one of them all whispered a word, for this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put them in the old man's hat where he found them; so he understood all about it. And I tell you seriously, that entire pottery, full of men of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew quiet as the months drifted, becoming gentle and kind, and some of the ungoverned ones stopped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond any mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day now somebody did a piece of his work for him, and put it upon the sanded plank to dry, thus he could come later and go earlier.

So, when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the door of the lowly house, right around the corner out of sight, there stood a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery, with their clean clothes on, most of whom gave a half-day of time for the privilege of taking off their hats to the simple procession, filing in behind it, and following across the village green to its grave that small burden of a child, which probably not one of them had ever seen with his own eyes.—*Anon.*

Woman's Physical Superiority.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

True, she cannot sharpen a pencil, and, outside of commercial circles, she can't tie a package to make it look like anything save a crooked cross-section of chaos; but see what she can do with a pin! I believe there are some women who could almost pin a glass knob to a door. She cannot walk so many miles around a billiard table with nothing to eat and nothing (to speak of) to drink, but she can walk the floor all night with a fretting baby, without going sound asleep the first half hour. She can ride five hundred miles without going into the smoking car to rest (and get away from the children.) She can go to town and do a wearisome day's shopping, and have a good time with three or four friends without drinking a keg of beer. She can enjoy an evening visit without smoking half a dozen cigars. She can endure the torturing distraction of a house full of children all day, while her husband cuffs them howling to bed before he has been home an hour. Every day she endures a dress that would make an athlete swoon. She will not, and possibly cannot, walk five hundred miles around a tan-bark track in six days for five thousand dollars, but she can walk two hundred miles, more or less, up and down the crowded aisles of a dry-goods store when there is a reduction sale on. She is afraid of a mouse, and runs from a cow, but a book agent can't scare her. She is the salt of the church, the pepper of the choir, the life of the sewing society, and about all there is of a young ladie's school or a nunnery. A boy with a sister is fortunate, a young man with a sweetheart is happy, a fellow with a cousin is to be envied, and a man with a wife is thrice blessed more than they all.

A minister had preached an hour, then he remarked: "Another wide field opens from the subject in another direction." Just then an old colored saint ejaculated: "Please, Lord, shet up de bars."

What Cost the Most.

Cost is, of course, a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, says the *Decorator and Furnisher*, and yet there is an unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure:

The highest priced piano in America is owned by H. C. Marquand, of this city. The case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost $46,000.

Sir Donalp Smith, of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It cost when landed in Montreal, $27.000.

The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Henry E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room and was built for $47,000. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving.

Mr. Marquand is the posessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was $25,000.

J. W. Mackay furnished about $75,000 in weight of silver, and paid $120,000 for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents $195,000.

The costliest string of pearls in this country belongs to a New York lady and cost $15,000.

Another New York lady has a solitaire diamond ring for which she paid $48,000.

The late Mrs. Morgan paid $250,000 for her necklace.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost $250,000.

The famous picture by Meissonier called "1807" was painted for the late A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery, Henry Hilton bought it for $66,500 and presented it to the Metropolitan museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America.

Sir Donald Smith is the posessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale $115,000.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagra," and the price was $13.000. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid $25,000 for Bierstad's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as at the distribution of his effects the picture brought less than $6,500 the first price was probably a fable.

In the Lenox library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Guttenberg bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth $25,000, and nothing better has ever been done since. Brayton Ives, of this city, has an imperfect copy, for which he paid $15,000.

J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid $10,000 for a bible. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of woodcuts, manuscripts, engravings and etchings has been expanded to 60 imperial folio volumes.

Of the original edition of the sonnets of William Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British museum. For the other $6,000 was paid. It is a little book about 7 by 4 inches in size. A somewhat hardheaded clerk figures that it cost $480 an ounce.

A sixteenth-century vellum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the Lenox library $12,000.

A Departed Editor's Reward.

An editor died and slowly wended his way down to where he supposed a warm reception awaited him. The devil met him and said: "For many years thou hast borne the blame for the many errors the printers made in the papers. The paper has gone for a dollar and a half and the $1.50, alas! has failed to come in. The printers have bedeviled thee for wages Saturday night when thou hadst not one cent to thy name. Men have taken the paper without paying for it, and cursed thee for not getting up a better paper. Thou hast been called a dead beat by passenger conductors when thou hast shown the annual pass to their envious gaze. All these thou hast borne in silence. Thou canst not come in here." And as he did so he murmered to himself, "Heaven is his home, and besides if we let him come in here he would have been continually dunning his delinquent subscribers, and thus create discord in my kingdom."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE GREEN IN THE TREES.

In spring, when the green gits back in the trees,
And the sun comes out and stays,
And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze,
And you think of yer barefoot days:
When you ort to work and you want to not,
And you and yer wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
When the green gits back in the trees—
Well! work is the least o' my idees
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,
In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please"
Old gait they bum roun' in;
When the groun's all bald where the hay-rick stood,
And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
And the green gits back in the trees,
I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees!

When the whole tail-feathers o' wintertime
Is all pulled out and gone!
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down
At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like jes' a-loaferin' roun'
When the green gits back in the trees—
Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I—durn—please—
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees!

—James Whitcomb Riley, in N. Y. World.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES.

An Old Engineer Tells of Some of His Adventures.

An Unsuccessful Attempt at Suicide by a Man Now Prosperous—The Closest Possible Escape From a Terrible Collision.

Alderman De Witt C. Kellogg was not always a grocery man, or a politician, more than he has always been an Alderman. It has only been within the present year that that Alderman shied his castor into the political arena. For twenty years previously he was one of the most reliable locomotive engineers that ever leaned out of a cab window and raced over the earth from town to town, from county to county and from State to State.

The engineer Alderman sat in the Council chamber yesterday morning, entertaining a cluster of his brother-Aldermen with stories of narrow escapes during the years he was on the road. They were intensely interesting, as the speaker was full of animation and not at a loss for words.

"Coming into Detroit, and while approaching the Grand River avenue crossing," said he, "you can see down the street a long way. One day I noticed a fellow drive slowly toward the crossing. I tooted the whistle to let him know we were coming, and the fellow took his whip and touched up the horse with it. The horse was a fine-looking animal, young and full of life, and the buggy a new one, altogether a very handsome rig. The horse trotted faster toward the crossing and we were pounding along at a good speed ourselves. As we got closer I measured the distance and saw that if both of us kept up the same gait we would surely come together on the crossing. I jerked the whistle several times to warn him; he looked at us coming, but I'll be hanged if he didn't touch up the horse again. On we both raced, and about one hundred feet from the crossing I saw we were going to collide without a doubt. It was too late then to stop. Just as we dashed upon the crossing his horse swerved around, threw the buggy on the track in front of us, and the next moment buggy, man and horse were pitched crashing into the cattle guard and ditch. I stopped as soon as I could and backed up. The fellow was just crawling out of the wreck. His face was as white as his shirt-bosom. The horse was dead, with a spoke of one of the wheels sticking through his ribs. The man's hat—a big white one—lodged on the pilot of the locomotive. I pulled it off and handed it to him. His hand trembled so that he could hardly hold it.

"'Didn't you hear the whistle?' I asked him.

"'Yes,' he said, 'but I thought I could beat you across.'

"Now here is where the rub comes in. Railroad money seems to be regarded as prey for any body who can get it. A few weeks afterwards a gentleman called on Superintendent Blodgett. In case an engineer strikes any thing he is required to make out a written report of it, with full particulars. I had done so in this case. The superintendent's visitor stated that he had been struck by a Lake Shore train, his horse killed and his buggy smashed into kindling wood. He himself, fortunately, escaped with his life. The horse and buggy he estimated to be worth $350, and he came to see if he couldn't get a little something from the company for their loss. He was willing to come down to $250.

"'Did the engineer blow the whistle?' asked Blodgett.

"'No, he did not,' said the man. 'I can bring half-a-dozen people who will swear that the whistle was not blown.

"The superintendent called a clerk and sent for my report. He read to the man his answer to my question as to whether he heard the whistle or not, and then the clerk was directed to show the gentleman how the door looked on the outside. He went and the road was sued.

"A man who is now on the police force here," continued Ald. Kellogg, "had the closest escape from being cut into mince-meat that I ever saw. He got to drinking, then left his family and stayed away about a year. He was returning empty-handed and sorrowful when I saw him that day sitting on the end of a tie just the other side of the Rogue bridge. I was coming up from Toledo, my regular run, and was trying to make up fifteen minutes' time which we lost in leaving Toledo. There was a fifteen-mile stretch between here and Wyandotte in which we did not have to make a stop and the boys used to call it the race course. Well, I was booming over the race course at about forty miles an hour. When I saw this man, I blew the whistle and noticed that he looked around at us. Now, when a man looks at my engine I never pay any more attention to him as it may be presumed that most of mankind have enough gumption to leave the track and allow a locomotive to pass by without trying to molest it. As we neared the bridge, which was at the end of a curve, I noticed the fellow still sitting there and remarked to my fireman that I did not think he was quite clear. I blew again. Just as we rushed upon him what do you suppose he did? The —— fool threw himself backwards over the rail. Great God—that was all I had time to think of. You gentlemen, who may never have been on a locomotive under those circumstances can not understand the horror of the sight. But he was not killed—how did he escape? The heel of the pilot struck him and the next instant he was flying down into the swamp. We were going at such high speed that I think it was three-fourths of a mile before we came to a stop. I backed up and the fellow had crawled out of the mud and water and taken a seat on the other side of the track. I thought he was killed, you know. I suppose he was going to try it again with the next train. We loaded him into a baggage car and brought him to town. He let on that he could speak German only, and we could not get much out of him. There wasn't, though, a scratch on him.

"A year or so afterward," the Alderman went on as his auditors drew a sigh of relief, "a man walked up to my engine, down at Brush street depot, just as I was about to pull out. I was down on the ground looking the old machine over to see that every thing was all right.

"'How do!' he said.

"'How are you, sir,' I replied. He was dressed in a policeman's uniform. I didn't know him from Adam.

"'Know me?' he gently inquired.

"'I do not,' I said, 'you have the best of me.'

"'Well, I know you,' he said, as he walked up to the pilot and stooping down looked at it intently.

"'Well,' I said.

"'This is the engine that came near killing me—cutting my head off. This is the spot, I guess, which struck me,' and he pointed to the heel of the pilot.

"Recollection of the incident then flashed on me, and we had a talk about it. He said he did not have the heart to return to his family, and sat down there, having made up his mind to throw himself under the first train that came along. He got a start, somehow, braced up, reunited with his family and is now doing well and is happy. But he had a close call, boys, —the closest I ever saw. The tears came into the policeman's eyes as he stooped down and looked at the wheels. But old 235 never committed murder as long as I had hold of her throttle."

"Were you ever in a collision?" inquired one.

"Not quite," responded the engineer Alderman, "but I was once so mighty close to it that I measured the distance between me and the spot where I thought I should die. It is terrible—riding over the track with another engine and death staring one in the face a few yards ahead.

"I was running No. 4 out of Toledo," resumed the speaker proceeding to narrate the experience, "on the day when this happened. We usually waited at the wagon works for the Canada Southern, No. 9, if she was only a few minutes late, but if she was much overdue we would pull out and pass her up the road. Beyond the wagon works the road takes a sharp and rather a long curve, and No. 4 and No. 9 ran in opposite directions on the curve and on the same track. We were dead on time that day and number 9 was no where to be seen or heard. An engineer would have been put down as insane if he left the wagon works at that time without orders. I had a careful conductor. I received the signal to pull out. The conductor was on the other side of the train from me.

"Who gave that signal?" I asked my fireman.

"The conductor," he said.

"Sure?"

"Don't I know the conductor?" he growled.

"Well, I let 'er out, and away we spun. The train was made up of a baggage and mail car and two passenger coaches. Just before I let 'er go, I looked over towards the station to see if there was any signal out. If there was a red flag out, that was orders to back down on the side track and wait for No. 9. I saw no flag out and left, feeling positive that no flag was there. We were a few minutes over the schedule in leaving, and I pulled out the throttle with the determination to make up all of it as quickly as I could. I never thought of No. 9 after we left the wagon works—until about six minutes later there came an impression of the train that will last as long as I live. We were just humming along—the track was well laid though it was a curve, and there isn't any more danger to speak of on a good piece of curved track than there is on a straight away section. I sat on the inside of the curve, and inadvertently raising my eyes upon the track ahead, there she was!

"'My God, Jim,' I said to my fireman, 'there is No. 9.'"

"And she's flyin', too,' said Jim. 'What'll we do, Kell?' he shouted.

In a few moments she would be on us.

"Guess we'd better stay, Jim," I said, and without shutting her off I braced my feet against the boiler, threw her over and clapped on the sand and the air. This action reversed the drive wheels of the engine and set them running backward, while the other wheels of the engine and of the train ran forward. This greatly increased the resistance against the forward motion of the train, and is only resorted to by engineers when a crisis is imminent, as there is danger of blowing out the cylinder heads and otherwise straining the locomotive.

"Gentlemen," said Kellogg, "a steam engine on a railroad never looked so big to me before as that No. 9. Talk about the City Hall being big, why it was an ant hill to the size of No. 9's locomotive. I could see her old drivers spinning around on the inside rail of that curve. There was no time to blow the whistle until after I had reversed her. Galloway—Alex. Galloway was No. 9's engineer—saw me about the same time I saw him. What he did I don't know; I suppose he did the one as I, but this I do know, and that is that when those engines came to a stop the pilots were, by actual measurement, just eight feet apart. Alex. and I climbed down and shook hands across those eight feet.

"Of course I was overdue when we ran into Detroit," he continued "but it was not until I had looked over my engine, washed and changed my clothes that I began to feel the effect of my narrow escape. I broke completely down, and recollect walking into Superintendent Blodgett's office with my knees so shaky that they would hardly hold me up."

"Well, said I to Blodget, you've heard about it. Am I to blame?"

"Heard about what?" he said.

"O come, now; I know you know all about it—the narrow escape on the curve. Am I to blame?"

"I don't know."

"I'll take the matter in my own hands then, Mr. Blodgett. I resign, and you must get somebody else to take out my engine in the morning."

"Don't do that, Kellogg," said he, wait and see before you resign. You are excited now; you will think differently when you are composed.'

"No, sir," I said, "I know what I'm doing, and mean what I say. I didn't see any flag out at the wagon works. I have been on this road a good many years, Mr. Blodgett, and if there was a flag out there and I didn't see it, it is high time that I should resign before something serious does happen."

"This is a sensible way to talk, Kellogg," said he. "Now you think his matter over until morning, then you know."

"You see if I was to blame," explained Kellogg aside, "I did not want to give them an opportunity to discharge me."

"I concluded to investigate myself," said Kellogg, "and told the superintendent that I would call at his house at nine o'clock that night and inform him of my final decision. He said that would be satisfactory, and I jumped on a street car in the evening and rode out to West Detroit to intercept Galloway on his return to Detroit. Alex showed up all right and on time, though I could see that he was still a little shaky."

"'How is it, Alex?' I asked, climbing into his engine, 'was the flag out?' (He ran into Toledo right after I left, and would know whether the flag was out or not.)

"'No,' he said, "Kel, it wasn't!"

"I thought not," I said, "and that saves me. Where was Brown?"

Brown, the narrator explained, was the chief train dispatcher of the division and a very careful and reliable man. It was his duty to have the flag put out if he wanted No. 4 to side-track for No. 9. He had not done it.

"Where was Brown?" repeated Alex. "When I ran in Brown was in a dead faint on the platform and they were throwing water in his face, which was as white as a sheet, trying to bring him to."

Brown was checking off some cars to make up a train, a duty that was then imposed on dispatchers, and his brain being mixed up in the combination he forgot all about us for the moment and neglected to send out the flag. In the meantime I ran in and seeing no flag outsupposed the track was clear to the first siding and pulled out. A moment after I left Brown rushed out on the platform and cried.

"Where is No. 4?"

"There she goes around the curve," was the answer.

"Great God!" said Brown and fell in a dead faint on the platform. He expected there would be an awful slaughter in a few minutes more. He was powerless to prevent it and he knew that No. 9 was on that curve too.

"Did you resign?"

"No. I went around and told Blodgett that I had proved there was no flag out and would stay."

"Did Brown resign?"

"No; but he was laid off for ten days, then reinstated and some of the work taken off of him. An assistant chief dispatcher was appointed, whose duty was to look after the train lists. This was a concession that Brown had too much to do. Many accidents on the railroads are due to the overworking of the employes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The difference between Lot's wife and the average college sophomore is too palpable to need any extended explanation.—*Somerville Journal.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Dejones (of Chicago, who is visiting a friend in St. Louis in summer)—"I say, Tom, old boy, how far is St. Louis from Hades, anyway?" Tom (a native)—"Just 310 miles by rail."

—The printers object to having the convicts taught the mysteries of the art preservative. The locking-up of forms, they think, is quite enough for prisoners to know.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The freak who writes and eats with his feet is proud of the flexibility of his big toe. He says it has earned as much money by its writings as over Harriet Beecher Stowe did.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"Mr. Dusenberry, you were outrageously cheated in buying that suit. You are too easily satisfied." "Yes, dear. That's what my mother told me when she heard I was going to marry you."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"I don't wish to say any thing against the individual in question," said the very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark in the language of the poet, 'that to him truth is stranger than fiction.'"

—A fond mother called the other day upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction or return the boy."—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Emerson says a man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about 2,000 years, and then have the original points on.—*Rose-Bits.*

—Happy young husband—"Belle and I get along amicably. Not the slightest coldness has occurred, and we have been married almost a year." Wise father—"Did you ever try to match any trimming for her?" "No I haven't." "Then your experience hasn't commenced yet."—*Life.*

—Young Mr. Freshly (to his tutor)—"Will you tell me something of the reign of terror? You know all about it, I believe." Absent-minded professor—"Reign of terror? Know about it? I should say I did. Six children at my house—oldest nine—youngest three—and all down with the whooping-cough."—*Judge.*

—"You have studied the Russian language?" "No, but I think I can understand it." "If you haven't studied it you certainly can not understand it." "I believe I can, though." "What makes you think so?" "I am constantly reading letters which are written by typewriter operators."—*Troy Times.*

—It is a curious study in the workings of the human mind to attempt to understand why the suburban or country resident should choose to disguise the fact. The country is fashionable, very. Urbans pay heavy bills and plenty of them to secure none too desirable board and lodgings therein. Surely those to the manner born should plume themselves upon their good fortune.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

NEW USES FOR TAR.

How to Render Drains and Roofing Tiles Perfectly Water-Tight.

The coating of brick and wooden structures with coal tar, as a rough and ready means of preserving them from the action of damp, has been common from the earliest days of gas industry. It has also been usual in chemical works to protect the stones used in the construction of acid tanks, etc., by a preliminary soaking in heated tar. But the great improvement in strength and impermeability to moisture, which results from the simple operation of boiling bricks and stones in gas tar, is certainly not so generally known as it should be. Professor Lunge, in the new edition of his work, "Coal Tar and Ammonia," draws attention to the subject, and indicates several useful applications. He points out that drain and roofing tiles, which are quite porous and brittle as they leave the kiln, may be rendered absolutely water tight and much stronger by immersion in a bath of hot tar. Building stones are greatly improved by similar treatment; and for many purposes the dead black color which results is an advantage rather than an objection. The tar should be deprived of water and its most volatile oils; and to produce good results the bath must be maintained at a temperature of 100 degrees C. The articles to be treated should be thoroughly dried, and allowed to remain in the tar for some time.—*Christian at Work.*

Society at an Army Post.

One of the Irish laundresses at a Western post was evidently infatuated with army life, as she was the widow of a volunteer officer, and therefore drew a pension—a fact which proves that money could not have been the inducement that brought her back to a frontier post.

At one time she forsook her fascinating clothes-line, and went into the family of an officer to cook, but was obliged to leave from illness. Her place was satisfactorily filled, and when she recovered and came back to the officer's wife, she was told that the present cook had been engaged to remain, but that she might find a place with the wife of another officer.

It seems that the latter woman had also been a laundress at one time, and this the applicant well knew. Squaring herself off in an indescribable manner, she placed her arms akimbo and announced her platform:

"Mrs. Blank, I ken work for a leddy, but I can't go there. There was a time when Mrs. —— and I had our toobs side by side."—*Tenting on the Plains*

ADULTERATED LARD.

A Simple Test for Detecting the Presence of Cotton-Seed Oil.

The recent examinations of lard made at the Agricultural Department have resulted in the discovery of a test by which the presence of cottonseed-oil may be detected instantly by any dealer or housekeeper. The experiment is as follows: As much lard as can be taken up on the point of a case-knife is placed in a teacup. About a quarter of an ounce of sulphuric acid is poured upon it and thoroughly mixed with it. If the lard is pure, it will coagulate, and there will be a little difficulty in the mixing. If it is adulterated with cottonseed-oil and stearine, the mixture will take place immediately and easily. After half a minute, one-fourth of an ounce more of sulphuric acid should be poured upon and mixed with it. The whole process thus far should not occupy more than one minute.

The substance thus obtained is poured into a common test-tube, such as may be bought at any chemist's shop for a few pennies. The acid, somewhat colored, will sink to the bottom, and the fatty substance will remain on top. If the lard thus tested was pure, the color of the latter will be that of a light-colored sponge, changing in a minute or so to a dark cinnamon color. If it has been adulterated with cottonseed-oil, the color at first will be darker, changing immediately to a dark brown. These differences of color are so marked that no experience is required to detect them.

Cards might be printed upon which the colors produced by the sulphuric acid re-action for both pure and adulterated lards might be shown; and dealers, by using this test, may prove to their customers in a minute or two that the lad that they are selling is an unadulterated article. The experiment is simple, and the cost of it almost nothing. The novel thing about it is the placing of the mixture in a test-tube in which the acid may become separated from the fatty substance, thus making the test much more decisive and satisfactory. This was first suggested by Dr. Thomas Taylor, who has extended his experiments to a great number of different animal and vegetable oils.—*Science.*

A Lesson to Young Men.

Two young men and two young women attended the theater together in St. Louis a few evenings ago. At the end of the first act the young men rose and crowded their way out of the row in which they sat and disappeared in the refreshment-room. Their female friends were displeased by the maneuver, and one of them proposed that they should also leave and go home. The other thought it best to give the young men another chance. The clove-eaters returned, pushed their way back to their seats, and the play went on, but the young women showed less interest in their attentions. When the curtain rang down on the second act the young men again went out for more breath. Quickly the young women left the theater, took a cab, and went home. The young men, on discovering the empty seats, flushed in the face and straightway took their departure. It was a good lesson for them.—*Chicago Times.*

"There is rest for the weary," remarked the policeman as he took the belated and stupified vagrant into custody.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Private Box—the Sentry's.—*Life.*

How far must a statement go in order to be proved? Till it gets beyond question.

The eternal fitness of things is faithfully regarded when the remarks of a hail fellow well met are greeted with a storm of applause.—*Boston Gazette.*

Out on the Fly—a cop in plain clothes.

If your face is pale from dyspepsia, diet.—*Boston Courier.*

Roosters can generally chanticleer note.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A man of the steadiest gait will sometimes so far forget his dignity as to "run" for office.

When the young writer reads the reviews of his first work he often finds it is a guyed book instead of a novel.—*The Journalist.*

Warranted to wash—a Chinaman.—*Texas Siftings.*

"All the world's a stage," but the fare does not suit every body.

The members of the sugar trust know pretty well how to manipulate the sugar "scoop."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The only case where an absolute divorce will fail to operate successfully, is where a man is hopelessly wedded to his own opinion.

The old-fashioned clock, like a pugilist, had a striking weight, and likewise it couldn't do any thing when it was run down.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

The lawyer's motto—work with a will.

A Legal Technicality.

"Yo' honor," said a plaintiff in a Kentucky court, "this man (pointing to the defendant) called me a liar."

"No cause for action," replied the judge, "for I know that you are."

"Yes, yo' honor, but he called me a bare-faced liar, when you can all see that I wear a full beard."

"Ah!" exclaimed the judge. "Then, sir, we will put him through a course of sprouts. We will teach him what it is to slander a man."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The only thing a chronic borrower will not take is a hint.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Twenty Years' Experience.

770 Broadway, New York, March 17, 1886.

I have been using Allcock's Porous Plasters for 20 years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back Allcock's Plasters fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, croupy coughs, colds, pain in the side, back or chest, indigestion or bowel complaints. C. D. Fredricks.

It is "touch and go" with people who incautiously handle electric-light wires.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A Good Dakota Town.

Sturgis, Dakota, appears to have greater advantages than any town in the rich and wonderful Black Hills country. Her location gives her the name of the "Key City." She has never had a "boom," but her growth has been and will be constant, vigorous and healthy. Property purchased this week is sure to be worth more money next week. With rich gold and silver mines on one side, good rich farming lands on the other, and the trade of Fort Meade with a garrison of a thousand men at her very door, she has an assurance of prosperity which falls to the lot of few towns. She has good schools, four flourishing churches, a well-equipped fire department, and a thoroughly organized board of trade, the secretary of which will give any desired information regarding the town or surrounding country.

Gentlemen learning the cornet should employ private tooters.

The Vale of Tears,

As our sojourn on earth has been lugubriously denominated, is woful enough, if its few oases of enjoyment are rendered barren by ill health. Nervous, debilitated invalid, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters if you would feel the zest that vigor gives to life, if you would cease to take a gloomy view of it, and cultivate acquaintance with its bright side, stimulate digestion, arouse the liver, regulate the bowels with this superb tonic and alterative. Cures fever and ague and kidney troubles.

Pay as you go and don't go till you pay.—*Saturday Gossip.*

Shun Ointments and Lotions for skin diseases, use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye.

The most reliable weather report—a clap of thunder—*Burlington Free Press.*

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EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A PUZZLE.

There's one thing I don't understand;
It really seems to me so queer
That my mamma last night should say:
"Be sure and always mind, my dear;"

And when I got that dreadful fall
This very morning, from a chair,
Should pick me up and cuddle me,
And pat my cheeks, and smooth my hair;

And press her face down close to mine,
That I might hear her whisper, kind—
The while she kissed my tears away—
"There, there! my darling; never mind!"

—*Youth's Companion.*

PREFERRING ONE ANOTHER.

Mabel's Victory Over Self, and the Good Her Loving Words Accomplished.

"I choose the hammock."

"No, I want it."

"But I'm the oldest, so I'm going to have it."

"I'm the youngest, and you ought to give up to me."

"Well, I'm not going to this time, any how," and Mabel seated herself in the hammock with a determined air and commenced to swing back and forth.

"I'm going to tell mamma," said Bessie, in a tearful voice, turning toward the house; but as she did so she raised her eyes to her mother's window where the blinds were closed and the curtains drawn. Then she remembered that in that darkened room lay mamma with one of her dreadful sick-headaches, and she knew that at such a time she must not be disturbed in any way, for it always made her worse. Bessie couldn't see why mothers always had sick-headaches. Her mamma had them so often and Cora Lane's mamma did, too. It seemed very inconvenient and uncomfortable to her, particularly now when she had a grievance to tell. If she had known of the heavy throbs of pain that beat in the poor aching head, as the angry words were borne in through the closed blinds, she might have felt conscience-smitten, but she did not know, and she only paused and commenced boring her heel into the smooth turf of the lawn while a dark frown disfigured her usually bright little face.

She wished that she was bigger than Mabel, then she would show her what it meant to have an older sister who never gave up to her—that's what she would do. Bessie forgot then how often and how kindly Mabel yielded to her; it is so easy to forget kindness in the face of an injury.

Mabel lay in the hammock swinging gently to and fro, apparently perfectly contented, so Bessie knew there was no chance for her; and she saw her little white kitten walking about in the garden, springing now and then to catch some unwary fly or grasshopper. She cast one resentful glance at Mabel, then running toward the kitten she took it in her arms and commenced to pour her troubles into kitty's patient ears.

Mabel did not feel as contented as she looked, for she was really a very unselfish little girl, and gave Bessie the preference far more than was for her younger sister's good. But something was wrong that day; mamma had a headache, her door was closed and her curtains drawn, and there was no one to set things right. It was not really a desire to thwart each other that had caused the conflict between the two little girls, but it was that feeling of ruffled spirits that is known to us all, which grown-up people call nervousness in themselves, but in the little ones is too often designated as ill-temper.

Mabel, too, looked up at her mother's window. Poor mamma! How she did suffer when she had a headache! She thought of a time when she slipped into her mother's room and saw the pale face lying on the white pillow. She wished then that she could do something to ease the pain, and she wished it now with all her heart; but she was such a little girl, and knew nothing about sickness. As she looked down into the garden, and saw Bessie wandering about with the kitten in her arms, she wondered what she was thinking about. Was she angry with her for not giving her the hammock? She almost wished she had given it up, for she really did not care for it very much. But why should she always give up every thing to Bessie? She had some rights, even if she was the elder? Bessie never thought of giving up to her. And then like a flash it all came to her mind; how could she have forgotten!

For when they were both sick with scarlet fever, and Cora Lane, Bessie's dearest friend, sent her a beautiful red rose, she would not keep it by her bedside—only one little minute—but made mamma carry it to Mabel and insisted that she should keep it until it withered; and Bessie loved flowers so much, particularly red roses. She could never do any thing for Bessie, she was sure, that would be so sweet and self-sacrificing as that, and she felt very sorry now that she had not let her have the hammock. What was a hammock on a lovely summer day, when there were so many nice things all about her, compared with a beautiful, fragrant rose when she lay burning with fever in a darkened room?

"Bessie," she called, as she saw her sister moving aimlessly about with the little white kitten still held fast in her arms. Bessie turned at the sound of her voice. How small she looked among the tall dahlias and hollyhocks, and how forlorn!

"Come here, please," called Mabel, in a winning voice.

Bessie shook her head rather resentfully, but kitty was purring soothingly in her ear, and, after a moment's hesitation, she came slowly toward the big elm tree where Mabel sat in the hammock.

"Bessie," she said, rising from her seat, "you may have the hammock if you want it."

"I don't want it now," said Bessie, decidedly, in a tone which meant that she did want it very much, but she wished Mabel to understand that she was not to be made friends with so easily.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Bessie," nothing daunted by her sister's repelent air; "let's sit in the hammock together and make a little nest for kitty between us. I'm sorry I didn't think of it before." Pussy purred with all her might, as though she understood and quite approved the plan, and Bessie's face brightened, but still she did not move.

"Come," said Mabel, who by this time had grown very enthusiastic, in her generous attempt to make peace, "you get in first with kitty while I hold the hammock."

Bessie could not resist her any longer, and the smiles broke all over her face as she ran to Mabel's side and said:

"No, sister, you sit down first, then I can climb in, and you may hold my kitty if you want to."

Bessie's forgiveness was slow in coming, but when it came it was whole-hearted and complete. It was the kind of forgiveness that also forgets.

So they sat side by side, and if you have ever sat with some one else in a hammock you know how very close together they were. There was not room between them for the little kitten, so she lay across both of their laps and they both stroked her soft, white fur, while they chatted merrily together; and kitty purred softly in a self-satisfied manner, quite as though she were the cause of this happy arrangement. And as the loving little voices floated in at mamma's window, a tender smile replaced the look of pain on her pale face, and soon she fell into a refreshing sleep, and when she awoke the headache was all gone.

Mabel did not know that, in her winning action toward her little sister, she had done any thing more than bring about a very happy state of feeling between themselves, and she would have been happier still if she had known of the relief that came to her suffering mother as she heard her loving words. This was not all, either; she had done something greater still for she had won a victory over herself, and "He that ruleth his spirit is; greater than he that taketh a c' "—*Nellie Helm, in Interior.*

Street and Roadside Shade Trees.

In no branch of rural economy, perhaps, are Americans so far behind the people of almost every country of Europe as in the selection, planting and care of street and roadside trees; and this is particularly true in the case of the plantations made in most of our large cities and their suburbs. So says our admirably-conducted cotemporary, *Garden and Forest.* Two mistakes are almost invariably made in undertakings of this character in the United States; the work is done too cheaply, and the trees are badly selected with reference to future effect. Saplings dug from the woods, with mutilated roots and branches, are planted in shallow soil, and are then left to struggle unaided against the enemies which beset urban and suburban trees.

There is no poorer economy than trying to plant trees cheaply. Unless the work can be done well it had better not be done at all. The ground should be thoroughly prepared, and well-selected nursery-grown trees, carefully pruned for the purpose, should alone be used. The American habit of taking saplings from the woods, cutting off all their branches and half their stems, can not be too strongly condemned. The result of such treatment is this: A fork is formed by two or more horizontal branches pushing up from the top of the stem. Water gathers and stands in this fork, and gradually carries decay down into the trunk of the tree, destroying it long before it reaches maturity.

In the matter of selection we make as many mistakes, and almost as serious ones, as in our methods of planting. It is a well-established rule, based upon common sense, that trees of one variety only should be planted on one continuous street or avenue. The reason is obvious. If trees of different varieties are used that uniformity essential in urban planting to the production of harmony of effect will be lost. Trees of different varieties grow differently. Some grow more rapidly than others; some, as they approach maturity, assume a stately and others a graceful aspect, and a variety which may make a country roadside beautiful is entirely out of place in connection with the formal lines of city buildings. This rule is rarely observed in the United States. Trees of one variety are rarely planted in continuous lines. The pendulous American elm alternates with the rigid-branched sugar maple, or a heavy horse chestnut is seen between two sprawling silver maples.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Dental ethics are peculiar, but inexorable. A dentist in Pennsylvania advertised for a wife and got one worth $50,000 without forfeiting his standing in the profession, while a Wisconsin dentist who advertised for customers was ejected from the State Association.

—If you want to take the gimp out of a stuck-up man, mistake him for the conductor, and offer him your fare as he comes along.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Fruit on the table regularly will do much to counteract the craving for alcoholic stimulant.

—Never sun feather beds. Air them thoroughly on a windy day in a cool place. The sun draws the oil and gives the feathers a rancid smell.

—The farmer who by draining or extra manuring increases his crops may not for the time seem to be making any thing, but he is laying sure foundations for future success.

—To take rust out of steel rub the steel with sweet oil; in a day or two rub with finely powdered unslaked lime until the rust all disappears, then oil again, roll in woolen and put in a dry place, especially if it be table cutlery.

—The greatest inventions of the world were first conceived by the moderately educated classes, and the practical experience of a careful, observing farmer is often of more value than the costly experiments of highly educated professors.

—Charcoal roads have given good results. They are only of value in sections where timber is so cheap that it can be burned to get rid of it. The lesson for other sections to learn is that it will pay to cart the remains of a charcoal pits into the parts of the road that contain too much water.

—Some weeds provide pasturage when they are young and tender; hence a flock of sheep turned on a field infested with weeds will do good service in not only eradicating the weeds but in converting them into mutton. By preventing weeds from seeding they will soon become extinct unless they are of varieties that propagate from roots.

—Orange cake: Two cups of sugar, two cups of flour, one-half cup of water, a pinch of salt, the yolks of five eggs and whites of three, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Beat the whites and add sugar for frosting, and the grated rind and juice of one orange. Bake the cake in layers and put frosting between.

—Hominy Drop Cakes: Stir the beaten yelks of two eggs into a pint of freshly-boiled hominy; if cold hominy is used heat it without adding water and stir up lightly with a fork to separate the grains; then stir in the beaten whites and salt as may be required, using less if the boiled hominy is already salted. Drop, with a tablespoon, on well-buttered tins and bake to a good brown in a quick oven."

—In this Western country, says Secretary Graham in the *Industrialist*, it is noticeable, as it is the world over, that the immigrant farmer who builds a small residence and a large barn, and always has both well painted, and every thing about his farm in good repair, will have, in time, a large house to live in and other red barns as well; while he who expends his surplus in an imposing house, and "knocks together" a few cottonwood poles and some slough grass for his stock shelter, will not get a second coat of paint on his house before the mortgage is foreclosed.

VALUE OF DRAINAGE.

How Land Is Beautified by Thorough and Practical Underdraining.

There are hundreds of acres sowed to oats and planted to corn every spring, that are spoiled in the cultivation because the land is too wet to till to good advantage; yet it is the best that can be done under the circumstances. You must go on whenever it is possible for the team to travel across it, or the field sowed in such a manner, put in when the ground is so soft that the harrow does not fill up the horse tracks, then followed by a hot sun that bakes a hard crust on the surface through which the air can not circulate freely. Indeed, when we consider the unfavorable conditions the plants have to contend with, it is surprising that we get the crops we do. Then let us look at a field that has been properly drained. The low spots are dry and fit to work as soon as the knolls. You can get on to work it easier and in better shape; the surplus water instead of lying on the surface until it evaporates, leaving the ground baked and the oats in a very sickly condition, goes through the earth to the channel provided for it, thus making innumerable little passages through which the air can penetrate and sweeten the soil. The drained land absorbs more heat from the sun; plants get the benefit of this heat and air; are healthier; grow better, and therefore give larger yields, and as a rule the growing season is considerably lengthened. This one advantage of getting oats sowed early, often makes all the difference between a poor and a good crop.

Another important point in favor of tile draining, in my opinion, is the greater benefit we derive from the manure applied, as compared with wet land not drained. It is the plan of most farmers in this locality to haul out the manure in the winter and early spring and spread it on the fields intended for corn. After the ground thaws out and before the manure is turned under, we generally have some heavy rains, and I am sure every observing farmer must have noticed (on wet lands) the streams of liquid manure running down the furrows seeking their way to the nearest water course, because the ground was full of water and there was no other alternative. In the case of the tiled land the water level is always on a level with the tiles, consequently when the manure is spread on the surface, that which the rain washes out and carries with it, must be nearly all left in the earth as the water filters through to reach the drains.—*W. T. Bethune, in Ohio Farmer.*

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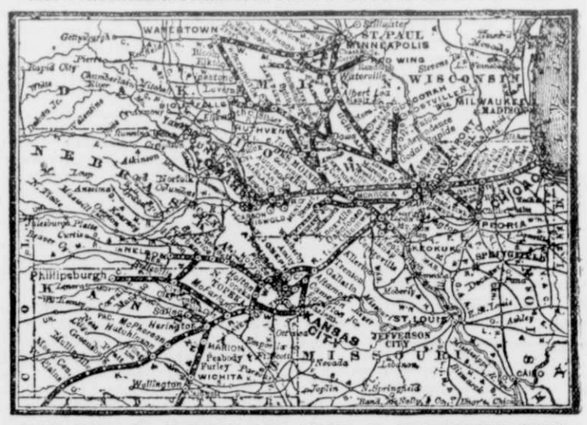
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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the INVALIDS' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A BOON TO WOMEN. **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

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CURES THE WORST CASES. **"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure** for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation, and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

FOR THE KIDNEYS. **"Favorite Prescription,"** when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion, or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION, *directed to the cause,* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 PHYSICIANS FAILED. Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.,* says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured,* and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.* I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

A VOICE FROM CALIFORNIA. Mrs. ED. M. CAMPBELL, of *Oakland, California,* writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good work."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. EVA KOHLER, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.,* writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

Doctors Failed.—Mrs. F. CORWIN, of *Post Creek, N. Y.,* writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. JOHN STEWART, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.,* writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

At the time of going to press Thurs- day we had no news from the Na- tional Convention which would indicate the nominees.

The St. Louis Convention is mor- ally indictable for conspiracy against American interests and American labor. It has deliberately organized **a plot to ruin both.**

The star-eyed goddess of Free- Trade has been formally endorsed. She now regards herself as a bigger girl than the Goddess of Liberty, and it will take her until November to find out that she isn't.

It will take a bigger life-preserver than Allen G. Thurman to reach around the waiste of Grover Cleve- land and float him safely through the coming storm. You can't float an elephant with a champagne cork.

In September, 1886, Judge Thur- man said to a party of visitors: "I am only waiting for the grim ferry- man to row me over the Styx." The venerable old man has had to wait until now for the selection of his oarsmen.

The Rochester, New York, *Union* is a strong Democratic sheet, yet it is getting disgusted at the effort to drag Mrs. Cleveland into the coming campaign on her husband's behalf. It says:

This dragging of petticoats into politicts — this pantomimic-hippo- promic exhibition of a woman upon the stump for the purpose of influenc- ing the votes of men must present to the mind of every right-thinking person a degrading spectacle, to say nothing of the insult it gives to the intelligence of the people.

The Washington *Post*, Democratic, talks right out in meeting about the nomination of Thurman. It says:

He is necessary now. Too old in 1885 to be secretary of State, too weak and infirm in 1888 to be either associate justice or chief justice of the Supreme court, he is still strong enough in 1888 to run the gauntlet of a Presidential campaign, and quite young enough to be inaugurated Vice President in 1889.

Verily the stone which the build- ers rejected has become the head of the corner.

Hon. Binger Herman, the Repub- lican Representative from Oregon, while the House was discussing the free lumber clause of the Mills bill on Tuesday, in a speech referred to the Oregon election of the previous day. He told the House that the campaign was conducted solely upon the issue of the Mills bill and the fa- vor it would show to chinese labor. He said that the Democrats had turned every stone possible to secure success, so as to get an indorsement of their tariff bill, and that they met such a Waterloo as they never en- countered before. St. John and other Prohibitionists were turned into the canvass by the Democrats, with a view to diverting Republican tem- perance voters to the Prohibition ticket. The Mills bill was given a fair and free test at the polls, was overwhelmingly defeated, and he predicted that the entire North would follow Oregon's example. The indi- cations all point in that direction, most certainly.

The Boston *Journal* discusses the question, "Do we want Mugwump votes?" in the same spirit that should prevail at the National Convention at Chicago. Its answer is both "no" and "yes"—the former as regards the of- fensive free-trade mugwump faction, and the latter as to the other indepen- dent voters. Its remarks are well worth reproducing. It says:

If the question means, Do we want the mugwump free-trade vote enough to be willing to weaken or abandon the Republican principle of protec- tion, we answer emphatically, No. The Republican party does not re- gard the existing tariff as a fetich too sacred to be disturbed. It perceives the evil of the surplus and the neces- sity of revision; but it insists that such revision as is necessary shall be made in harmony with the protec- tive principle, and in such a manner as to avoid the disturbance of indus- tries and to sustain the prosperous condition of American wage earners. No gain in votes which could be had by surrendering this principle or diminishing the emphasis placed up- on it could compensate for the dis- grace of the surrender.

But if the question relates to the independent voters who, for other reasons than attachment to free- trade, voted with the Democrats at the last Presidential election, but are still in most of their opinions more Republican than Democratic, we an- swer frankly, Yes. We do want their votes, and hope to have them in the coming contests. There were a great many of these voters who were de- ceived by Mr. Cleveland's voluble professions of reform purposes, and taking up hastily with the notion that he was "better than his party," helped to make him President, only to find that his promises were made but to be broken, and that the Dem- ocratic spoilsmen were in full con- trol.

These voters are angry and disap- pointed. It will be hard for them to vote again for the man who has broken his pledges, and who stands as the representative of the party whose character and principles are precisely what they were when their votes were given against it. Why should we not make it easy for these men to return to the party in which, by their sympathies and opinions, they belong, and to vote for the Re- publican candidates next November? A strong ticket and a good platform will win thousands of such voters, **and hold thousands more who might be alienated by a mistaken policy.**

A Voice on the Tariff.

PITTSBURGH, PA., June 13.—The Amalgamated Association placed itself on record to-day on the tariff question. The Tariff Committee ap- pointed several days ago has been carefully weighing the matter before drawing up any resolutions, and at the forenoon session of the Conven- tion they were presented. They were received with general favor and some slight changes were made in them. The corrected resolutions are as fol- lows:

WHEREAS, There has been intro- duced and now under discussion be- fore Congress a bill known as the Mills bill, for the reduction of the present tariff on customs, and there- by put a check on the prosperity of our beloved country in favor of for- eign countries, *especially England;* and whereas, we as workingmen know that any reduction on the present tariff would menace the wages of those who earn their living by the sweat of their brow; and whereas, there is joy among the ill- paid workingmen of Europe, joy among the members of the English Cobden Club because they hope to obtain control of the market of this Republic; therefore, as representa- tives of the iron and steel workers of the United States in convention as- sembled, representing New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Ala- bama and other States in this Union, be it.

Resolved, That we are in favor of the sentiment, "America for Ameri- cans" native and natura'ized, and we endorse the words of Daniel Webster, who, 51 years ago, said if the people can obtain fair compensation for their labor they will have good houses, good clothing, good food and the means of educating their children. Labor will be cheerful and the peo- ple happy.

Resolved, That in our judgment the citizens and industries of this country cannot be protected in any better way than by placing a protective tariff on all articles imported from other coun- tries that can be produced by our own people, in order that those who pro- duce them may be better able to de- mand that to which, as citizens and upholders of this government, they are justily entitled to—an equitable share of the profits of their toil to maintain their families in decency: that they may be able to educate their children and teach them, as they advance toward manhood, to de- fend the principles of our system of government.

Resolved, That we are most em- phatically opposed to any reduction of the present tariff, and hereby ex- press our unqualified condemnation of the provisions of the Mills bill, believing as we do that its adoption as a law would be detrimental to the interests of the American working- men, and we respectfully call upon our representatives in Congress to vote against it.

Cleveland and New York.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The parties in New York were so evenly balanced in 1884 that the Democratic plurality was just 1,047. In no State has Mr. Cleveland de- clined so much in popularity in the past three years as he has in New York. But apart from the antagonism to him of thousands of those who gave him their support in 1884, the number of new voters who will join the party of his opponents this year will undoubtedly be great enough to give the Republicans a safe majority in the Empire State.

A Political Flop.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 18.—The *Evening Sun*, a Bourbon Demo- cratic paper, will appear as a Repub- lican morning daily on Tuesday morning. It has secured the Asso- ciated Press franchise of the late *Commercial*. The paper has been a free-trade, Bourbon Democratic sheet. The same editors have pledg- ed themselves to support the Repub- lican candidates and preach tariff doctrine.

It is Cleveland, who is alleged to be stronger than his party, who killing it. The following extrac from a letter written by a gentlema of one of the interior counties Kentucky are significant. The writ says:

"I was raised a Jackson Democr have voted for ten Presidents, a never voted for a Republican Pre dent in all my life, but if the Dem crats adopt Cleveland's views on t tariff question at St. Louis, I sh certainly vote for a Republican t time. I am one of those farmers th the Mills bill is trying to help alo by making wool, sugar, hemp a flax free. I say the farmers are n looking at it in that light in this sec tion, and next November's electio will show it."

The Handkerchief Campaign.

New York Paper.

A novelty mannfacturing firm o Spruce street has commenced the manufacture of tens of thousands of handkerchiefs bearing the Stars and Stripes of the Union. They will be elaborately gotten up in fine muslin and lawn, and are to be distributed as an offset to the red "wipes" of the Democracy. On Friday next a great order of these goods will be shi to Chicago, where they will be sold as souvenirs of the Republican con- vention. The Stars and Stripes will be the emblems of '88 for the Repub- licans.

How Cleveland Lost Hs Hed and Indiana.

Even the Mugwumps intersperse their expressions of continuing ser- vility to "Boss" Cleveland with oc- cassonal references o his solemn pro- testations against a second term and mildly mutter their feeble regrets and disappointments. But if the Mugwumps were logical they would see that Mr. Cleveland could only se- cure the Democracy by throwing ov- erboard all his pledges to the Mug- wumps, that about a second term in- cluded. The Mugwumps seem too much dazed to realize the fact tha they have been thrown overboar and that Mr. Cleveland, in order t run for a "first term" as a Democrat had to become a Democrat and t make tolerably near a "clean sweep" of the Republican officeholders.

It was then that he became auto crat of his party and so far lost h head in consequence, that he ha made Indiana a Republican State, by throwing overboard Indiana's candi- didate for Vice-President. Did he thus disdainfully treat the Indian Democracy because they resented his boorish treatment of Mr. Hendricks, the Idol of the Indiana Democracy? Whatever the motive, Mr. Voorhees plainly notified the assembled De- mocracy in St. Louis that the Presi- dential treatment of Indiana's candi- date had made Indiana sure for the Republican nominees. Mr. Voor- hees has not forgotten, and the rest of the Indiana Democrats have not forgotten, that Mr. Cleveland stolidly unfeelingly and, in disregard of all considerations of ordinary propriety, refused to attend the funeral of Mr. Hendricks and aggravated the offense by pretending to be afraid of assassination!

Enough Indiana Democrats will remember this and o her irritating displays of Autocrat Cleveland's ill- will, jealousy and bad temper to- ward Mr. Hendricks, to prepare a political funeral for Mr. Cleveland, next November, by staying away from the polls. Much stranger po- litical retributions have punished ar- rogance and folly in high places.— *N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Republican Confidence.

Try as they may, Democrats can- not disguise from themselves the fact that the Republican party this year is better organized and more hopeful than it has been for years be- fore, and that there is good ground for its confidence. It is not only united on the leading issues before the people, but is thoroughly aroused at the threatening danger to Ameri- can interests, and will make the most vigorous and aggressive fight this year that it has ever done since the election of Grant.

Never before were the men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow so seriously menaced. Never before were farmers and manufac- turers so thoroughly in earnest in a palitical campaign. Never before were the agents of foreign interests so impudent and determined in their efforts to invade our markets with the products of pauper labor, and to break down American industries. Never before were the Southern bal- lot-box stuffers and intimidators so open and defiant in their frauds upon a free ballot. Never before have the adherents of a treasonable cause been honored and rewarded above the country's loyal defenders by a Fed- eral administration. The people are alarmed at the possibilities of anoth- er term of Democracy, and are only waiting the opportunity to avert the threatened dangers with their votes.

It is therefore easy to explain why the friends of protection and a free ballot are so active and hopeful. There is much at stake.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 18, 1888.—Senator Sherman was asked if he considered ex-Senator Thurman a strong man before the people. His reply was "No, I do not. The only elective office that he was ever a can- didate for was the governorship of Ohio, and he was then badly defeat- ed by Rutheford B. Hayes." This will doubtless be new to many peo- ple. For if one may judge from the amount of gush printed about Thur man in some of the Democratic news- papers, many supposed him to be a kind of popular idol, when the fact is, that he has never held the very smallest elective office, in fact never received but one nomination, and was then defeated. He would never have been put on the ticket with Cleveland if it had not been found necessary to put him up to head off Gray of Indiana, who was particu- objectionable to Cleveland.

A joint resolution has been passed by Congress granting leave to all persons in Government employ, who participated in the battle of Gettys- burg, to attend the re-union in July.

The Senate has passed a bill appro- priating $1,500 to place a bust of the late Chief Justice Waite in the Su- preme Court room.

On motion of Senator Stewart a resolution has been passed by the Senate, instructing the Secretary of the Treasury to report to the Senate the names of all parties who have offered to sell, and the names of all parties of whom bonds have been purchased since April 1, 1888.

An attempt was made Friday night to hold a Cleveland and Thur- man ratification meeting in this city. The attendance was very small and the enthusiasm was entirely lacking, notwithstahding the fact that red bandannas were plentifully distributed around the hall.

The Government Printing Office investigation is at last over. There will be two reports; the Democrats will condemn the methods of Bene- dict's Republican predecessor, and commend those of Benedict. The Republican report will not waste any space or time in defending a dead man, who was unable to defend him- self during the investigation, and who is beyond punishment no mat- ter how guilty he might have been, but will plunge at once into the mis- management of the present Public Printer, as proven by his own wit- nesses, and rumor says the report will recommend his impeachment.

About one third of Congress is in Chicago, but the routine business is moving quietly along. The regular appropriation bills are taking up the most of the time. It will require some quick work to get all the regu- lar appropriation bills through by July 1, the beginning of the fiscal year.

Mr. Blaine will sail for this coun- try July 9, and immediately upon his arrival, so he writes to a friend in this city, he will take the stump for the nominee of the Chicago Conven- tion. He will speak wherever the national committee may think his services are most needed.

Further consideration of the Fuller nomination has been postponed until the 5th inst. Likewise the fisheries treaty.

Ex-Senator McDonald and Wm. H. English, who was the Democratic nominee for vice president in 1880, called on Cleveland Friday, doubt- less to receive his congratulations on the neat manner in which they killed the Gray boom.

Senator Chandler proposes an in- vestigation into the peculiar election methods in vogue in the State of Louisiana. The Senate has an op- portunity before accepting the cred- entials of Senator Gibson, who has been re-elected to the Senate by the legislature, to get to the bottom of some things that are certainly pecu- liar if nothing worse.

The spot where John Quincy Ad- ams fell in his fatal illness in the old hall of the House of Representatives, now known as statuary hall, is to be marked by a bronze tablet on which is inscribed "John Q. Adams, Feb. 21, 1848." This is around the rim of the tablet, and in the centre is the word "Here."

Chicago is the magnet toward which we are all drawn this week, but the character of the members of that convention is such that all Re- publicans are willing to trust them, feeling sure that whatever is done will be the proper thing, as well as the best, and that "Vim, Vigor and Victory" will be the result.

General Sheridan who has been slowly improving for several days, is again worse, and fears of his death are once more expressed on all sides.

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not mur- der. In this country some girls are believed to have no hearts, but if a jilted young man was to kill one of them, the law would make as much fuss as if she had a heart as big as a water bucket.

Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, June 15.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s review of trade for week end- ing Saturday, June 16, has this:

The moderate improvement in trade noticed a week ago does not yet seem to be more than the slight reaction which occasionally breaks a period of uncertainty and comparа- tive inactivity. The signs of a last- ing improvement in trade do not yet appear. Uncertainty still prevails and buyers are conservative, confin- ing their transactions to immediate wants in most branches of business. In some, moreover, the cold and wet spring has so far curtailed trade that retailers are carrying over stocks larger than usual. There is uncer- tainty about the tariff and its effect upon many branches of manufacture, about the crops and the foreign de- mand for exportable products, about transportation rates in the near fu- ture, and about financial prospects.

Crop prospects have not changed for the worse, but the extent of the loss in a winter wheat is more defi- nitely realized, while the prospects as to spring wheat and other crops are necessarily vague. With favor- able weather the general results would probably be fair in some quar- ters a decidedly hopeful feeling be- gins to prevail. Want of confidence in the future is the prevailing tone in all the markets. This cannot be at- tributed to financial influences, for money is overabundant, and quoted at 1 per cent here notwithstanding the renewal of gold exports. The treasury has raised its prices paid for bonds taking a large amount of the day, but the only considerable efforts since have been $2,000,000 at an eighth above its new limit for fours and a like amount three-eights above the limit for 4½s. There is a growing impression that bonds will not be forthcoming at acceptable figures as it becomes important for the treasury to make large disbursements.

The iron trade manifests no im- provement, though the sales of 39,000 tons of steel rails are reported for $30 at the mill and the allotment is said to be disregarded by some Eastern makers. Southern pig is quoted at $17 for No. 1, but the quality is not in all cases found satisfactory. Bar iron is weaker with $1.75 to $1.80 quoted for large lots of best refined.

In the dry goods business there is a lack of activity and yet in cotton goods a more confident feeling with print clothes higher at 3.87 and low grades of bleached goods very firm. Woolens are still dull with very good transactions for men's goods, and wool is quoted lower at Chicago.

Emperor of Germany Dead.

POTSDAM, June 15.—Emperor Fred- erick III, of Germany, after a reign of three months, died at eleven o'clock this morning. His death was daily expected for the last week. An hour after migdnight this morning the Empress dismissed the members of the imperial family to their apart- ments; and prepared herself to pass the night watch in a room adjoining the sick chamber of the Emperor. Dr. Hovell shared in the vigil. At this time the Emperor was in the full possession of his faculties. Shortly after one o'clock he wrote on a slip of paper the following questions, which he handed to Dr. Hovell: "How is my pulse?" "Are you satisfied with it?" He then wrote something more, but retained the piece of paper in his hand after erasing the words. Between two and three o'clock his breathing became terribly labored, and some moments of struggle would occur, alternating with spasms and great distress, as the hard fight with approaching death progressed. By this time the strength of the dying Emperor was seen to be waning. As soon as it be- came evident that the end was near, the Empress caused the royal family to be summoned. At 8 o'clock all gathered around the bedside. Dr. Koegel, court chaplain, who had been summoned by telegram from Ems, did not arrive in time to ad- minister the last sacrament. Dr. Persius, therefore, officiated in this ceremony. Pastor Kogge was also present in the death chamber. Dur- ing the administration of the sacra- ment, and indeed even to within fifteen minutes before his death, the Emperor appeared to be quite con- scious. He showed by the expres- sion of his eyes and by the move- ments of his eyelids that he still recognized all who approached the bedside, relatives and others. A number of officials, who had been summoned early in the morning, reached the palace before death had taken place. Among those present at the time the Emperor died were Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, Gen. von Albedyll, Count Enlen- berg, Gen. Rauch, Count Radolin- Radolinski, Gen. Pape and Gen. Lindequist.

There is a fortune in store for the milliner who shall devise a bonnet that can be worn in any part of the church and always present its trim- med side to the congregation.

The Harper's Ferry Mill Case.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., June 16.— The famous Harper's Ferry mill case, which has been in the United States Court so long, has been decided by Judge John J. Jackson. The plain- tiff in the case was the Harper's Fer- ry Mill company and the defendant Thomas H. Savery. An effort was made by plaintiff to prevent the de- fendant from completing a larges pa- per mill, already under way, upon the Shanandoah. The plaintiff claimed ancient rights of waterway, which the defendant, by building his mill, would materially interfere with. After a long contested litiga- tion the decision was in favor of Sav- ery. This decision effectually dis- poses of the Harper's Ferry Mill company.

HOMŒOPATHY. — 3077 patients were treated at Ward's Island Hos- pital, N. Y., in 1876; the death rate was 6.07 per cent and the cost of med- icine 43½ cents. During same year 5,651 patients were treated at Bellvue Hospital, N. Y., with death rate of 12.03 and cost of medicine per patient $1.46. At Ward's Island the treat- ment is Homœopathic, at the last it is not. Surely these official figures should open peoples eyes to the folly of ignoring Homœopathy, the only school of medicine in the world on the Rock of Natural Law, on which alone, humanly speaking, life and health are safe. If local drug- gists cannot supply our Homœpathic medicines--not "specifics," mind— send name for a copy of our Cata- logue and Index and order desired medicine by mail. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœopathic Pharmacists, 212 W. Fayette St. Baltimare, Md., 938 F. St., Washington, D. C., or 1011 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. Business established in 1835.

Dealers who have job lots of old bandanas will find that this is the time to unload. The articles will be fashionable for a short time only.

Excursion Tickets to Colorado.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. has placed on sale excursion tickets to Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo, also to the Yellowstone Na- tional Park, at greatly reduced rates. These tickets are good to return un- til Oct. 31st, and will remain on sale during the summer months. For in- formation in detail, call upon or ad- dress nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent, or L. M. Cole, General Ticket Agent, B. & O. R. R. Co., Baltimore, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE.

I, Wm. D. Hoye, Clerk of the Common Council of Deer Park, do hereby certify that Theadore Hoff, Herman Beckm an and John T. Mitchell, Commissioners appointed to lay out "Oak Street," in said town of Deer Park, did, on the 15th day of June, A. D. 18 8, re- turn the following damages assessed to par- ties affected by the opening and laying out of said street:

Daniel Annan, lots No. 15 and 3	$10 00
School Coms. of Garrett Co., Lot No. 13..	5 00
Roger Perry Heirs, Lots No. 12, 10, 9 and 4..	20 00
Mrs. Chas. Perry, Lots No. 11 and 2	10 00
H. G. Davis & Bro., Lot No. 8 & other land	1 00
Emil F. Droege	1 00
Peter W. Conneli, Lot No. 6	55 00

WM. D. HOYE, Clerk.
DEER PARK, June 19th, 1888.—5t.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 16th, 1888.

The County Commissioners of Garrett coun- ty will meet in their office at Oakland, on

Thursday, June 28th, 1888,

for the transaction of any proper business which may come before them.

By order
W. H. HAGANS,
6 23 td Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Bernard N. Todd and others, &c., vs. Eliza- beth A. White.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sit- ting in Equity. No. 419 Equity.

ORDERED, This 18th day of June, in the year 1888, by the Circuit Court for Gar- rett county, Md., sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by W. P. Townshend, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause thereof to the con- trary be shown on or before the 16th day of July, 1888; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Md., once a week for three succes- sive weeks before the 16th day of July, 1888.

The report states the amount of sale to be $432.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
6 23 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special in- ducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents, Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmith- ing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the won- ders of inventive pro- gress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country with- out separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and im- portance to you, that will start you in busi- ness, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Au- gusta, Maine.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Our telegraph office is now open.

—Summer guests are arriving in large numbers.

—The safe for the County Treasurer's office arrived Tuesday.

—The Oakland and Deer Park Hotels open Saturday, June 23d.

—A pic-nic and tournament will be held at Deer Park on the 4th of July. Music and refreshments.

—There will be a Children's Service next Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in Lutheran Church. All welcome.

—Robert E. Paugh, killed a large rattlesnake on the 14th on his father's farm, near Bethlehem church, this county.

—Hon. Geo. W. Wilson left Oakland Sunday evening, bound for Chicago, to attend the National Convention.

—Prof. Z. K. Brown, formerly Principal of the Oakland public schools, spent several days here with his many friends this week.

—Work has been commenced on the bank building. Capt. J. M. Jarboe has the contract. Mr. Lloyd Chambers is doing the stone work.

—Married, at Deer Park, Md., June 19th, 1888, by Rev. N. A. Kiracofe, Mr. A. J. Bouser and Miss Jennie Archibald.

—Mr. Thomas Bell returned to Oakland, on a visit, after an absence in New York City of several years. He was accompanied by his wife.

—If you want fine fresh candies, fine cigars and tobacco, first-class Ice Cream, &c., &c., go to J. M. Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. Ben. Sincell, a late employee of the REPUBLICAN office, and who has been working at his trade in Washington, D. C., returned to Oakland Monday night.

—We received a letter from Mr. W. H. Butler, announcing his safe arrival at the Soldiers' Home near Fortress Monroe, and that he has somewhat improved in health.

—Mr. John Shartzer and family, who left here in March for California, returned Saturday evening. Miss Maggie Chambers, who accompanied Mr. Shartzer, remains in San Francisco.

—The festival for the benefit of the Salvation Army workers in Oakland, which was held in Offutt's Hall Monday and Tuesday evenings, was largely attended, and was in every way a success.

—Jane Rogers, of Kingwood, Preston county, W. Va., was attacked by a vicious cow Monday of last week and killed. One of the animal's horns entered the woman's abdomen, disemboweling her.

—J. M. Litzinger's Ice Cream parlors, next door to B. & O. depot, are now open for the reception of the public. Ice cream by the plate, or in quantity. Families, parties, and festivals promptly served.

—Company B, 2d Batt. M. N. G., were paid for last year's encampment and inspected at their armory here last Saturday night, by Col. John Saunders, of Gen. Brown's Staff. The Colonel complimented the men on their creditable inspection.

—An entertainment will be held in Offutt's Hall, June 28th, 29th and 30th, for the benefit of the Lutheran Church. A drill by young ladies dressed in costumes representing "The Flags of all Nations," will be given. An "Ancient Family" is also expected to arrive to amuse the audience. Refreshments will be served. Admission ten cents.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Employes' seventh annual excursion to Island Park, Harper's Ferry, will be Friday, June 29th. The speakers for the day will be Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, Mrs. S. H. Martin, Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Addie Sherman. For tickets and information, call on W. C. L. Correll, Oakland, Md.

—Dr. T. R. Rogers, senior partner of the firm of T. R. Rogers & Sons, Moundsville, W. Va., manufacturers of Roger's Specific Cough Cure, Worm Syrup, Specific Liniment, &c, called on us Tuesday and ordered his advertisement continued in the REPUBLICAN for another year. The Doctor says he feels sure the advertisement during the past year paid him well. We found him a pleasant and genial gentleman.

—When you come to Oakland don't forget to call at J. M. Litzinger's, next door to B. & O. depot, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. John O. Michael returned to his home here Thursday night of last week, after several months spent in California and other Pacific and Western States.

—Mr. Charles E. Kimmell, son of Mr. Chauncey Kimmell, was seriously injured a few days ago by the falling of a tree near William, W. Va. He had three ribs broken and his hip and side badly bruised. He was brought to Oakland and is improving under the care of Dr. Ravenscraft.

—Messrs. I. S. Brownfield, Wm. Barton, John Hutchinson and J. A. King, of Uniontown, Pa., passed through Oakland Tuesday on their way home from a fishing and hunting excursion, and a visit to the battlefields of West Virginia. They were successful in fishing, secured some game, and took back with them a large amount of shot and shell picked up from the various battlefields visited. They were out about four weeks, thoroughly tanned and no doubt physically improved.

—Jacob Grove's little child aged two years, was killed by a cow on Monday. Mr. groves lives in Valley District, and was in Kingwood when he got the news of the sad event. The little fellow was playing in the yard where the cow was grazing, a dog got after the cow, and when the cow turned on the dog to horn it, the dog ran around the child with the cow after it. The horn of the cow entered the little one's eye, pierced through the brain and soft skull, and killed it. Death was almost instantaneous.—*Kingwood Journal.*

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., June 19, 1888.

All taxes not paid on or before June 30th, 1888, will *positively* be collected according to law. I have extended the time as long as possible. My books must be closed up, road supervisors paid, &c. This will be the last notice, and delinquent payers will save costs by paying on or before the above time.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
Collector.

Mountain Lake Programme for 1888.

Following is the programme of exercises at Mountain Lake Park for this season:

July 4th.—Our Nation's birthday—Orations—Music—Fireworks.

July 7th–16th. — Camp-meeting, conducted by Revs. David B. Updegraff and Dugan Clark, Ministers of the Society of Friends.

July 17th–20th. — Interstate Convention of the Teachers of Maryland and West Virginia. (The Teachers of Delaware and of the District of Columbia have also been invited.)

July 24th–27th.—Seventh W. C. T. U. Interstate Conference and Training School.

July 31st to August 13th.—Mountain Lake Park Assembly of Sunday School Workers—Lectures, Normal Courses, Concerts, Kindergarten, Elocution, Languages, C. L. S. C., &c. Those who have completed the C. L. S. C. course will be graduated on Recognition Day, August 11th, and will receive diplomas.

August 1st–15th.—The Fifth Annual Session of the School of Amateur Photography will be held in the photographic rooms of Assembly Hall, August 1st, 10 A. M., to August 15th, 4 P. M. Conducted by Prof. A. A. Line, of Carlisle, Pa. Rare advantages for amatuers.

A Camp-meeting to be conducted by ministers of the different denominations from the adjoining counties of West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland, will be held later in the season.

Positively Last Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all book accounts and notes, of the late firm of Garthright & Duckworth, must be settled by the twenty-fifth of June, inst. All accounts and notes remaining unsettled after that time will be placed in the hands of an attorney for immediate collection. Will take wool on account as cash, at highest market price.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

The Glorious Fourth.

An old time Fourth of July celebration will be held at Mountain Lake Park this year, to which all are invited, and especially the Sunday Schools. The Sunday Schools of Oakland and Deer Park will make a full turn out and representatives from all Schools within reaching distance will be in attendance. Eminent Speakers will deliver addresses, and the Oakland Brass Band will furnish music. If you want to see a large crowd and enjoy a good time you should be present.

A Minister's Wife and Family Pounded.

MR. EDITOR:—Some of the people of Deer Park came to the home of the U. B. Pastor, in Deer Park, on last Friday evening, June 15th, and right into his house without being invited and took charge of his house, gave his wife and family an unexpected and undeserved good pounding with flour, meat, coffee, sugar, rice, butter, fruit, dress patterns, money and many other good things we might mention. Now I do not know what other people may say or think about such treatment to a preacher's wife, but I know it was undeserved and a good pounding. We shall not forget them for such treatment soon. We hope and pray God may abundantly reward them both in this world and in the next for so doing. N. A. K.

SWANTON, MD., May 23d, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—In your issue of March 24th, I notice you give place to a valuable article on "Practical Forestry." It is hard to realize here in the best timbered portion of our country east of the Mississippi, that there is any likelihood of timber being a valuable crop in the near futuee, but the U. S. Commissioner of forestry is good authority for the statement that "there is not enough timber now growing in the United States to last at its present rate of consumption until another crop can be grown." Many of the railroad companies are seeing this and setting out hundreds and hundreds of acres of catalpa.

Allow me to mention some of the more valuable kinds. As noted above the catalpa speciosa grows rapidly, and is very durable for posts or rails. Russian mulberry is also a quick growing durable timber for such purposes. Of our native trees locust and and cestnut should always be encouraged; hickory and white ash are much used for mechanical purposes, but there is probably no quick growing tree as profitabe as the black walnut in ground at all suitable.

As to evergreens nothing grows more rapidly nor is more valuable, than white pine. Norway spruce is good and hemlock spruce makes an excellent wind-break. It is now just the right season to set evergreens, and what would make a farm more handsome or sell better than a row of white pines around every field to which the wire for fencing could be secured, to say nothing of their benefit as wind-breaks. Count up the number you could thus set on your farm at one rod apart—say 1,000 black walnut or white pines—and that they could be cut every 33 years, which is equivalent to 30 every year. Even at present prices they would bring you more than you make off of your entire farm. "You would never get any benefit?" If you sold your farm in May would you get no more for it if there were several fields of wheat making fine growth? Most certainly; and the above varieties grow rapidly. Mr. C. T. West says his mills now are often on ground that he cut over about twenty years ago.

This spring I am setting 500 each of the following: White pine, Norway spruce, hemlock, catalpa, Russian mulberry and black walnut. All timber should be close enough to grow tall, thinning out as required, and evergreens set shallow and the roots not allowed to become dry for they have a resinous sap which will not circulate after it has become hardened.

C. T. SWEET.

Basket Pic-Nic.

There will be a basket pic-nic held at Mason's School House, Saturday, June 30th, 1888, by the Sundy school. Good speaking and music. At night there will be a grand display of fire works. The public are cordially invited to attend. Come one, come all and enjoy the day.

C. A. COMBS,
H. G. SAUNDERS,
B. F. SHAFFER,
Committee.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of F. & C. Felty, either by note or book account, will please call and settle the same on or before July 1, 1888, otherwise all claims will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

Yours Respectfully,
F. & C. FELTY.

More Testimonials.

ST. GEORGE, W. VA., June 8, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

SIRS:—We purchased a "Home Comfort" Range of your salesman and are so well pleased with it that we would not have it taken out of our house for $100, if we could not get another just like it.

DAVID STEMPLE,
MRS. R. S. BROADWATER,
NICHOLAS PARSONS & WIFE.

FAIRMONT, W. VA., RECOMENDS.
ARNETTSVILLE, April 8, 1888.

The "Home Comfort" Range manufactured and sold by the Wrought Iron Range Co., of St. Louis, is the greatest blessing that has ever been bestowed on the people of this State. We would not part with ours for any amount of money, if we could not procure another like it.

Respectfully,
D. M. ARNETT.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been using one of your celebrated "Home Comfort" Ranges purchased of your salesman, J. L. White, and would not take twice what I agree to pay for it and do without one. Am sure its equal never has been made, nor its superior ever will.

Respectfully,
M. L. CRANE.
Lenox, Preston county, W. Va.

Mountain Lake Park.

Our groceries will be more abundant this year than before. Mr. F. P. Arnold and H.C. Duckworth have opened up at the depot, and Mr. J. F. Miller & Co. will open up a general store in the Bowman building.

Mrs. Geo. I. Richardson came up from Baltimore on Friday last.

A bridal party arrived at the Allegany House last week.

Mrs. C. S. Hardy, whose husband died here last winter, will open for this season what is known as Brier-dendcottage and annex, both in the beauiful south Park, one affording a grani western view and the other a panoamic view toward the east. She will be able to accommodate comfortaily about twenty guests.

Numbers have been kept away each season for the want of accommodations, but this vear many more can beentertained.

A general invitation is again extended to the public on the fourth of July, but the Sunday schools of all denominations are especially invited.

Please add to the arrivals Mrs. Wm. B. Simpson, of Wheeling, Mrs. M. E. Howe, of Morgantown, Mrs. Parris, of Keyser, Mr. Hazlet, of Wheeling, Rev. Wm. Sampson and wife, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. John F. Miller, of Dale City, Pa.

J. A. E.

Elkins, Md.

Mrs. William Faherty, of Meyersdale, Pa., formerly of this place, is visiting friends here.

Mr. Calvin Thompson, of Ryans Glades, and Miss Allie Crabtree, of Davis, were united in the bonds of matrimony on the 6th of this month. We extend to them our most hearty congratulations. Mr. Thompson is erecting a new house in which to take his wife.

Mr. J. H. Beckman has purchased lots at Parsons, W. Va., on the extension of the W. Va. C. & P. R. R., and is now building a store-house on them in which to do business in the future.

Mr. M. G. Williams has a large contract of painting at Dobbin, W. Va.

The Spring Garden Coal and Coke company have their coalshoot about completed. A switch and side track are being put in for them. Drive No. 1 is in more than two hundred feet. They are also opening another mine closer town.

Sabbath school is progressing nicely. All old and young attend. We trust no one will get too old to go.

Preaching at 10.30 A. M. on Sunday by Rev. Mr. Welch.

Kentucky has produced a mule with eight legs. If the Irish skirmishes want to ship something more terrible than an infernal machine to England, let them buy that animal.

Old grumbler: "Well, my dear, you may have the bronchitis, and you may have asthma and you may have sore throat, but dang it, woman, there's nothing the matter with your tongue.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

☞ Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas and Shade Trees.

☞ Address: P. O. Box 113 6 23

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICE

—TO THE—

TAX-PAYERS OF GARRETT CO.

The taxpayers of Garrett county will take notice that the annual tax-levy for said county for the year 1888 has been made and completed, and that the undersigned, as Treasurer for said county, is now ready to receive the taxes so levied as aforesaid, and will for that purpose be in his office, in person or by deputy, at the Court House in Oakland, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., Sundays, legal holidays and visits to the several Districts excepted.

The tax so levied is due and payable on the first day of August, 1888.

From all tax bills for county purposes paid in full prior to September 1, 1888, a discount of 5 per cent will be deducted, and from all such tax bills paid in full during the month of September, 1888, a discount of 4 per cent. will be allowed. And all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on December 31, 1888, shall be in arrear, and interest will be charged and collected thereon—but no deduction on County tax will be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes be paid when due as provided by the Act of Assembly hereinafter referred to.

On all State taxes paid on or before September 1, 1888, a deduction of five per cent. will be allowed, on all such taxes paid on or before October 1, 1888, a deduction of 4 per cent, will be allowed and on all such taxes paid on or before November 1, 1888, a deduction of 3 per cent. will be allowed.

Payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889, will be enforced in the manner set forth in Chapter 515 of the Acts of 1888, of the General Assembly of Maryland, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

The tax bills of each tax-payer can be had upon application of the person, persons or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bills is assessed.

Notice is also given, that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the times and places following:

Bloomington	July	2
Swanton	"	3
Deer Park	"	4
Elkins	"	5
Greggs	"	2
Accident	"	3
Selbysport	"	4
Sang Run	"	5
Oakland	"	6
Grantsville	"	9
Johnsons	"	10

ROSS COMPTON,
6 16 4t Treasurer.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets.

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888.—3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Classes will be formed and studies begin on

Wednesday, June 13th, 1888,

For advanced and Preparatory work.

Special Rates for Teachers

and close attention to individual requirements.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

Valuable

LANDS FOR SALE.

The undersigned as agent and attorney for John McFarran will sell at private sale his 2-3 interest in a tract of land called

"Recourse,"

situated abont ten miles Northwest of Oakland, in Garrett county, immediately on the Yough river, containing 1,116 acres. Title regular and safe. The other ⅓ is also for sale. There are upon the premises in the way of improvement, a

DWELLING HOUSE

and a considerable amount of cleared lands; also a SIX-FOOT VEIN OF GOOD COAL. The whole tract is heavily timbered—150 acres pine and spruce of very excellent quality—the balance with all kinds of hard timber, with abundant means to float timber and lumber down the Yough to market. The B. & O. R. R. Co. have a narrow guage railroad under way, that will quite or nearly touch this land. Additional to these advantages there is upon the property

A MINERAL SPRING

whose waters have affected many cures of severe chronic diseases. It is believed this water could be made of great utility to the suffering part of humanity by a reasonable amount of development.

Price and terms fair and reasonable, which will be promptly furnished by

JACOB BROWN,
6 9 tf Att'y and Agent, Cumberland, Md.

Wrought-Steel

RANGES.

We have just received a sample of one of the finest

WROUGHT-STEEL RANGES

In the market, for coal or wood. It is rigidly braced, bolted and riveted as strong as iron and steel can make them, elegantly and substantially mounted with high finish in Nickel and black Enamel. Handsome in appearance, convenient in arrangement, and economical in fuel. Will save 20 per cent in fuel. Anti-clinker shaking grate and drawout. Balanced and ventilated oven doors. Large warming closet. Shelf with brackets. Extra large ash pan. Heavy steel plate doors, Japanned and Nickeled. Handsome Nickel side rails. Large top, size 30x39, with six holes,

ALL FOR THE SMALL SUM OF $45

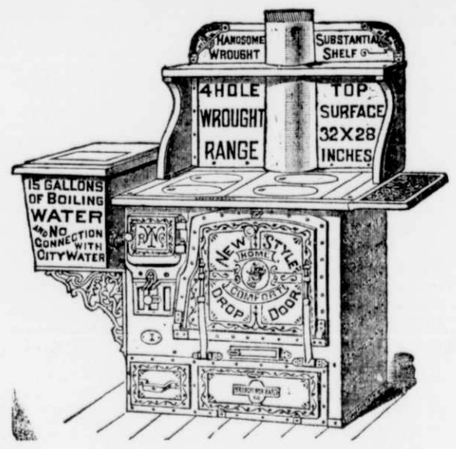
Parties thinking of buying a Range should give us a call before buying, or send for circulars and cuts, as we will save you money.

We also have a full line of Cast Iron Stoves and Ranges, we can sell you from $15.00 to $35.00, full trimmed.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
6 2 Oakland, Md.

HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Wrought Iron Range Co.



St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

We come among you as business men, conducting a straight forward, legitimate trade, giving in all cases full value for the money

WE SELL OUR RANGES FROM WAGONS ONLY,

and have but one price and never deviate from it. A small boy can purchase one of them from us as cheap as any one else.

The agents of this Company are not allowed, under any circumstances, to misrepresent anything pertaining to the sales of their Ranges. They are not working on commission, but are paid a regular standing salary, hence they could have no object in misrepresentations. We adopted the plan of delivering our Ranges at the homes of our purchasers for the better accommodation of such purchasers, and the more readily to introduce an article becoming more and more a household necessity.

We employ in all cases men who can bring the best recommendation as to character, sobriety, &c. We own our own teams, instruct men to pay all bills promptly, and endeavor in all cases to transact business in such a manner as will continue to increase our sales.

We accept notes in full or part payment, and when due send our own men to collect them, going to each party indebted to us individually.

WE DO NOT SELL, BARTER OR DISPOSE OF THESE NOTES,

under any circumstances. Any person indebted to us, desiring to pay the same, can find his note in our possession, at our office in St. Louis, at any time before maturity.

No Range in the world is made of such

SUBSTANTIAL AND LASTING MATERIAL

as is the Home Comfort, the body and ovens are made of the best refined soft steel, tempered specially with a view of its working and durable qualities. The body is in one piece, only one seam behind and well riveted with Norway rivets and the oven is in one piece, thoroughly riveted. Parts not steel—fire lining and top plates—are made of the

Finest Quality of Malleable Iron,

and can not be broken. Our Water Backs are made of malleable Iron, thus insuring them against cracking. The ovens being of Wrought Steel nothing dries up when cooking, as is the case in all cast iron ovens. All flues are asbestos lined, thereby saving twenty-five to fifty per cent. of fuel.

We claim that a

Home Comfort Range will Last a Lifetime.

We naturally feel as though we were really benefiting mankind by the introduction of Home Comforts and naturally aid in making happy and comfortable homes.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

LININGS.

"Nay, nay, dear child, I can not let you slight
Those inner stitches on your gown's fair hem
Because, you say, they will be out of sight,
And no stern critic will discover them.

"You do but build a most inviting hedge,
Behind which falsehood and deceit may lurk.
When you embroider fair the outer edge,
And to the inner give no honest work.

"The silken chain of habit which you wear
So lightly now upon your careless youth
Will strengthen strand by strand; then have a care!
Else it may throttle the sweet soul of truth.

"I hold that every stitch untruly set
Weaves a soiled thread along your web of fate;
And each deceitful seam may prove a net
To hurt and hinder, trust me, soon or late.

"Ah, dearest child, on everything you do
Let the white seal of honor stamp its grace.
Keep all your soul as clean with Heaven's dew
As the pink flower of your tender face.

"God makes no clumsy linings. Mark this bloom!
A fairy's glove;' and though it grieves my heart
To send the smallest blossom to its tomb,
We'll tear the dainty little glove apart.

"In this and every flower that we behold,
From crimson robe to pansy's purple vest,
God sews the velvet on the inner fold,
And makes His linings fairer than the rest.

"Is it not perfect, from the slender stem
To the brown dapples on the curling rim?
God folds not carelessly the foxglove's hem;
Then try, my little child, to be like Him."

—*Hay Riley Smith, in N. Y. Observer.*

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK.

An Account of the Pinson Family's Trip to the Circus.

"I kin be done, Nance, an I'm a-goin' to do it ef it busts me." Newt Pinson brought the forelegs of his raw-hide-bottomed chair down on the puncheon floor with a thump, and slapped his knees emphatically with his hairy hands.

"Five dollars air a mighty heap to spen' fer sech foolishness, Newt," replied his wife, turning the squalling baby over on its stomach and pounding it vigorously on the back. "Mo'over," she added, after a pause, "I don't see ez ye be *got* the five dollars, nohow."

Mr. Pinson stretched out one long leg and thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. "Ye're mighty right, Nance, I 'ain't," he admitted, blowing the loose tobacco from the handful of coin fetched up from the honest home-made depths; "I've got jes three dollars and a half lef' outa what Sam Leggett paid me fer the yearlin.' But me an' the children hev been a-talkin' of it over, an' they hev conclusioned to th'ow in ther aigg money; Dan fo' bits, an' Pete fo'; Joe an' Jed hez two bits betwix' em, an' Polly M'riar say ez how she hev fifteen cents. I'm lackin' of a dime, but I reckin I kin scratch thet up somewhers."

"Ther's my two bits up yan in the clock," Mrs. Pinson remarked, with pretended indifference; "ye kin take that ef ye air sech a plumb fool ez to pike the whole passel of us inter town to see the circus."

"Shucks, Nance!" he returned, indignantly; "I ain't a-goin' to *tech* yo' two bits." Nevertheless he got up and fumbled about in the clock case on the high mantel-shelf until he found it. "Anyhow," he added, as he reseated himself, "I kin pay it back whence ye git ready fer ye' nex' bottle o' snuff."

"Will they be a el'phant?" demanded one of the freckle-faced urchins gathered round the heads of the family, listening, breathless, to the discussion.

"A dollar fer Nance, an' a dollar for me," Mr. Pinson counted, gravely, taking no notice of the interruption, "an' fo' bits apiece fer Beck an' Dan an' Pete an' Polly M'riar an' Joe an' Jed. Children half price"—he glanced casually at the flaming circus poster tacked against the chinked wall in the chimney corner—"not countin' of the baby. An' fifteen cents left, by jing!"

"Do ye reckin I kin git in fer half price, paw?" This question, which came from Becky, the oldest of the Pinson brood, who stood five feet six and a half inches in her bare feet, might have been meant as a bit of covert sarcasm, had not the eager voice belied any such intention. Her father's eyes traveled slowly up from the hem of her homespun frock, as she stood leaning against the chimney jamb, to her pretty round face framed in its shock of frizzly red hair. "Waal, I be dinged, Beck!" he exclaimed, in dismay, "I keep fergittin' ez how ye air growed up! His face clouded, and he looked ruefully at the pile of dimes and half-dimes lying in his large palm.

"An' Sam Leggett's gone to Kansas on a cattle drive," murmured the twelve-year-old Dan, with a meaning leer at Becky. A vivid blush overspread her face; she dropped her eyelids and squirmed her shapely toes, But Mr. Pinson was absorbed in a mute recalculation, which ended presently in a beat-out whistle and a mournful shake of the head.

Mrs. Pinson, with the colicky baby laid over her shoulder, was jolting her rockerless chair to and fro, and singing, in a sweet drawling undertone:

"Far-ye-well, oh, far-ye-well:
When ye git to hev-ven ye will pa-art n-o-o m-o-o'!"

She interrupted herself to observe, quietly: "Ye kin tote the baby, Beck; an' I kin tote Joe; an' yo' paw *he* kin tote Jed, twel we git inside the tent. They ain't no charge for children in arms. It says so."

"Lord, Nance!" exclaimed her husband, in an ecstacy of admiration, "ye air the beatenes' white woman on Rastler's Creek! That settles it oncet mo'! Fetch me a coal fer my pipe, Polly M'riar."

Becky heaved a deep sigh of relief, and sank down on her heels, reaching under her mother's chair at the same time for the snuff bottle.

"Will they be a el'phunt?" persisted Jed, the tow-headed boy next to the baby, already in long trousers, which were hitched up to his shoulders with a single white cotton "gallus."

"Of co'se. They is al'uz a el'phunt with a circus," replied his father.

"I 'aint nuver seen no circus," said Mrs. Pinson, in jerks between the long-drawn swells of her mournful lullaby.

"Nuther hev I," admitted Newt, "but I jes natchly know that ever' circus has *got* to hev a el'phunt an' a clown."

"Didn' I tell ye so!" cried Dan, triumphantly, following with a dirty forefinger the head-lines of the poster. "Ain't the el'phunts right here, a dancin' an' a stan'in on they heads, an' a-rollin' o' barrils! An' ez fer *clowns*' they is four mirth-pro-vo-king clowns in this here show. It says so. An' five beau-ti-ful and ac-com-plished lady bare-back riders;" and he continued to spell out laboriously the manifold and unrivaled attractions of Riddler's Mammoth Circus and Menagerie, billed—for one performance only—in Johnsburg at two o'clock p. m., Monday, the 18th of October. Come One. Come All.

Becky, struck by a sudden thought, stared at him, shifting the brush uneasily from one corner of her mouth to the other. "Like ez not," she broke out, abruptly, "Brother Skaggs 'll preach agin it nex' Sunday. She's yo' bawn, Brother Skaggs air a-goin' ter preach agin it."

Mrs. Pinson stopped singing; Polly Maria and the boys turned stricken faces upon their father.

His eyes twinkled under their bushy red brows, but his voice was decorously sober as he drawled: "Brother Skaggs hev gone to Confunce, an' he won't be back twel Sat'day week. Ye min', Nance," he continued, "it air thirty-one mile to town, an' ef we lay to git ther in time fer the show Monday, we got to camp somewhers 'bout Jim-Ned Creek Sunday night."

"Jes to think o' me goin' to town oncet mo'!" said Mrs. Pinson, meditatively, that night, when she and Becky were getting supper in the brush arbor behind the cabin. "I 'ain't been sence you was a baby, Beck. Yo' paw an' me went to Wash Dingwall's infair—he died with his boots on four year ago; an' Tempunce Loo—thet's his widder—she's married agin to Bijy Green. I rid behin' him, an' he toted you on his lap. Townfolks air mighty bigaty," she added, warningly; "'n' ye mus' do up thet pu'ple culiker o' yourn, Beck, an' put on yo' shoes an' stockin's."

"Seems lak fo' days won't nuver go," fretted Beck, "an' ole Baldy air sho to lame his se'f, or sump'n'. It's alluz that a-way whence a body are plumb set on doin' a thing."

But the four days did go, and when the eventful Sunday afternoon came, old Baldy, unusually sound and spirited, was with Jinny, the gaunt gray mule, harnessed to the wagon; the patched and dingy cover was drawn over the bows, a bundle or two of fodder and a few oars of corn were thrown into the hinder part, and Mr. Pinson drove gayly alongside of the rail-fence in front of the cabin. The rickety house door was drawn to with a rock behind it to keep it shut. A couple of chairs were handed up for Mrs. Pinson and Becky, and they clambered in with the baby. The yellow cotton poke, well stuffed with corn bread and bacon, and the battered coffee-pot and frying-pan, were stowed under the chairs. Polly Maria and the boys sat on a quilt spread over the sweet-smelling fodder; Rove, Ring and Spot, the lean, long-eared brown hounds, yelped and whined against the wheels.

They jolted away, serious, as became a perfessin' fambly on a Sunday, but full of inward excitement. At night they camped on the pecan-fringed banks of Jim-Ned, and were off betimes in the morning. But not too soon to find the roads lively with friends and acquaintances from all the settlements around, bound on the same joyous errand as themselves. They passed Joe Holder, with his wife and sister-in-law and the thirteen children of the two families, creaking along in a huge freighter's wagon drawn by five yoke of gaunt, wide-horned oxen; they were overtaken and outstripped by a noisy squad of girls and young men on horseback from the Fork Valley neighborhood; they kept within hailing distance for a dozen miles or more of old Daddy Gardenbrier and his wife, riding double on their blind yellow mare. The Mount Zion folks, they heard, were ahead of them by some hours, and an impatient youngster who trotted by on a paint pony threw over his shoulder the information that the Big Puddle lay-out was coming on behind.

"Lord, Nance!" Mr. Pinson exclaimed more than once that morning, "I wouldn't of took five dollars to of staid at home."

"Nuther would I, Newt," Mrs. Pinson as often returned, with a kind of solemn delight on her thin, sallow face.

The long reaches of post-oak "rough" were heavy with sand; the shinn-oak prairies between were a tangle of roots that zigzagged across the road, and made progress slow and painful; the abrupt banks of the frequent "dry creeks" were steep; the October sun was hot; and by noon old Baldy had become utterly dispirited. He had, moreover, fallen a little lame, and he moved dejectedly along by Jinny, who long ago had flopped her big ears downward in sign of weariness and discontent.

The Pinsons under the dingy wagon cover were well nigh speechless with impatience.

Suddenly Dan stood up, knocking his head against the low wagon bows. "Jes over yan," he declared, "pas' one little bit o' shinn-oak prery, an' crost a dry creek, an' up a hill, is town." Dan had been to town once with Sam Leggett to lay out his long-hoarded egg money in a four-bladed knife and a pair of store suspenders.

Polly Maria, slim and thin-legged, standing up beside him, pitched backward into the fodder as the wagon came to a sudden halt behind a group of dismounted horsemen, who, with their bridles over their arms, were squatting down, apparently searching for something in a half-dried mud-puddle to the right of the road. "Hullo, Jack!" called Mr. Pinson; "what ye lost?" One of the men looked over his shoulder. "Hy're, Newt? Howdy, Mis' Pinson?" he cried, springing to his feet and coming back to the side of the wagon, where he shook hands all around. "We 'ain't lost nothin'," he went on, putting a foot upon the hub of the front wheel and resting his arms on the hot tire; "we done found sump'n', though, you bet! A genooine el'phunt track in the sof' mud yander, plain ez daylight, an' no mistake."

Polly Maria and the boys scrambled in hot haste over the tail-board. Mr. Pinson threw down the reins, and held the baby while Becky and her mother jumped out.

"Wish I may die ef it *ain't* a el'phunt track sho!" he exclaimed, when he had joined the wondering circle gathered about the huge footprint.

"It looks to me lak ez ef it were hind-side afore somehow," said Mrs. Pinson, timidly.

"I have just been explaining to Mr. Jack Cyarter here and these other gentlemen, madam," said Mr. Tolliver, the old Virginian who taught the school at Ebouzer Church, "that it is a fact in natural history that the track of the elephant always presents that appearance." He removed his hat as he spoke, and made an old-fashioned courtly bow.

"Ye don't say!" murmered Mrs. Pinson, over-awed.

Jack Carter and his friends mounted their horses and dashed away, followed at a more sober pace by Mr. Tolliver on his slab-sided plough-mule.

The Pinsons climbed back to their places and jogged on, across the bit o' prery and over the dry creek—where they came near getting stalled—and up the hill. On its crest Newt Pinson involuntarily drew up. "By jing! this beats *me!*" he ejaculated, with widening eyes. The square at the foot of the slope was in an uproar. Horses stood nose to nose around the court-house fence, and were hitched to the scraggy mesquit-trees that shaded the town well. The dusty streets leading away from the plaza were blocked with wagons little and big, carts, ambulances, dilapidated hacks, high-swung, red-bodied stages—every imaginable kind of vehicle—and all the intervening spaces as well as the irregular sidewalks in front of the four infacing rows of stores, were alive with men, women and children, who elbowed one another, whooping, laughing, gesticulating—surging about in a state of the wildest, best-natured excitement. Beyond the unpainted little Baptist church, on the further side of the square, the circus tents were visible. Flags and streamers were flying from their poles, and a vanishing burst of music came floating from them up to the top of the hill.

"This beats *me!*" ejaculated Mr. Pinson again. With a deep-drawn breath he gathered up the ragged, homespun lines and drove down into the square, picking his way dexterously through the crowd until he halted alongside the shaky platform in front of Bush Gaines' store. "Hollon agin, Newt—that you?" grinned Jack Carter from behind the counter within, where he was helping himself to a plug of tobacco. "Ye're jes' a minute to late to see the percession. It air certain a fine show. The el'phunt were ther', mighty nigh ez big ez Ebenezer Church. An' seech a clown! You'd a laughed yo'sef to death to 'a seen him. His breeches air mor'n a yard wide, an' he 'aint got a hair on his head!"

"Ef we hadn't of stopped to look at the el'phunt's track—" began Newt, regretfully; "but nuver min', Nance, it air a heap better to see it fust off fum the inside."

"O, a heap better," responded Mrs Pinson, with cheerful alacrity. Bush Gaines, measuring off some jeans for a Mt. Zion matron, called to Newt to bring his fambly in the sto' an' set down, an' pass the time o'day. But after a brief consultation with his wife, during which Becky took mental note of some town girl in looped overskirts and bangs—an observation which bore fruit at the next Quarterly Meeting—Mr Pinson declined with thanks, and drove on to the town well—all but gone dry from the excessive strain upon it—where Daund Pete watered the team.

Afterward they crossed the square, stopped by the Baptist church, in full view of the circus tents, whence arose at this moment a prolonged and sullen roar. "They're feedin' of the nannnuals," exclaimed Mr. Pinson, in a familiar, off-hand sort of way, whereat Mrs. Pinson shuddered and hugged the sleeping baby closer to her bosom.

Old Baldy and Jinny were unhitched and fed from the trough at the back of the wagon; the panting dogs laydown in the shade of the church; the children had a snack all around out of the yelow poke, and Becky and her mother fetched out the chairs and sat down to "have a dip."

"It air a haffn hour yit twel the do's is open," said Mr. Pinson, finally. "Jes ye an' the childern stay right here, Nance. I'm goin' to tramp down to the pos'-office an' git the las' 'leefon news, an' sich. I'll be back the minit air time, an' min' all be ready, lessn we don't git no seats."

Mrs. Pinson nodded, and he strolled away. "This here beats *me*," he kept saying to himself. Johnsburg was indeed in an unwonted state of excitement. Riddler's was the first circus that ever quitted the line of railway and ventured across the long sandy reaches of post-oak rough to the little isolated town in West Texas. And the whole surrounding country had pulled to its doors like he Pinson's, and responded to the invitation of the huge posters: "Come One. Come All."

Newt's progress was slow, owing to the frequent encountering of neighbors and the necessity of inquiring after the halth of their families. He did at last, however, reach the post-office, a ram-shackle building next to the blacksmith shop. As he turned the corner he came upon a cake-and-lemonade stand. His hand went instantly down into his pocket, and came up with te extra fifteen cents, which he exchanged for three solid slabs of mahogany-colored gingerbread. "Fer Nance an' the children," he explained, as the woman in charge wrapped up his purchase. The bleary oil creature looked at him with a sudden kindly smile, and slipped a stick of peppermint candy into the parcel.

With one foot on the post-office step, he paused to look at a man who had opened a gigantic yellow umbrella out in the dusty square, and, standing bareheaded beneath it, was yelling some unintelligible argon at the top of his lungs. Mr. Pinson hurried over and joined the ring of gaping spectators. On a bit of board in the shadow of the umbrella a couple of odd little marionettes of colored metal were circling in a kind of grotesque waltz. "*Lots* of fun for twenty-five cents!" shouted the showman, stooping now and then to touch up the figures with a stubby forefinger. "Lots of fun for twenty-five cents! The greatest toy invented in this age or any other. So simple that a crawling child can not fail to manage it! Those who know the trick will please say nothing. *Cheap*, gentlemen, for *twenty-five* cents. O, I see the gentleman is going to buy!"

Newt grinned and shook his head regretfully.

"One for one, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*!" bawled another individual who had set a table near by covered with wooden nine-pins. Jack Carter and his crowd were throwing at these with little painted balls. A cigar, Jack explained to Newt, was the reward for one pin knocked down at a throw; two cigars went to the player who knocked down two; while the lucky thrower who succeeded in knocking down three received fifty cents. "One for one, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*," went on the proprietor monotonously. "Three throws for *five* cents. Step up, gentlemen, and try your luck! For a *nickel!* One for *one*, two for *two*, three gets the half-a-*dollah*!"

"Lord! ef I hadn't of bought this durned ginger-cake!" groaned Mr. Pinson in spirit, gathering the paper-parcel more securely under his arm and moving on with the crowd.

A step or two brought him to an open wagon from which a patent-medicine man was holding forth. "*Try* the remedy," he whined, flourishing a stout black bottle and a pewter spoon. "Cures all diseases! *Try* the remedy! Administered free of charge to any one in the crowd. This superb bottle filled with the remedy *only* fifty cents. The wise man tries, the fool dies. *Try* the remedy!"

"This here beats *me*," murmured Newt, mechanically wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and backing against the court-house fence, where he leaned fairly exhausted with the variety and novelty of his emotions. "The haffn hour must be nigh 'bout up. Dinged of I ain't glad," he continued, letting the crowd drift on without him to where the health-lift man was exhorting the cautious ranchmen to "try the machine, *try* the *wonderful* machine, gentlemen. *Excellent* for the constitootion! Only five cents a trial. *Try* the machine," and the reckless cowboys were emptying their pockets at the invitation of the vender of the prize-boxes.

"Curious game that, sir," said a smooth voice at his elbow. He looked around, startled. A seedy but respectable-looking personage was standing by him with his arms crossed on the low fence. He jerked his head as he spoke toward a little knot of men hanging around the stile-steps leading into the weed-grown court house yard.

Newt walked over and looked on. It was a simple-enough-looking game at cards. An innocent-faced little fellow with black hair and curly mustache was manipulating the greasy deck. The bet was five dollars. Two countrymen, unknown to Newt, with suspiciously stiff white collars above their coarse hickory shirts, and scrupulously clean finger-nails, won successfully five dollars, and the dealer much chagrined, seemed on the point of giving up.

Newt made half a step forward. His heart was beating violently and the blood was surging in his ears. "I'm a perfessin' member," he argued mentally, with himself, while the cards were once more shuffled and spread out, "yit it air jes 'bout the easies' thing in creation to tell which one of them cyards air the right cue. An' Nance an' me'll hev mo'n time to trade out the five dollars whence the show air over. Shucks!"

And he counted out and laid down his handful of dimes and nickles, and hazarded a bet. He bent forward eagerly, and unconsciously stretched forth a hand. "This here monty air a mighty deceivin' game," remarked the blacksmith, with an air of conviction, as the dealer raked Mr. Pinson's money into his own pocket and walked jauntily away.

Newt turned about, half dazed by the suddenness of the whole transaction, and bewildered by the jeers of the by-standers. Just then, however, a noisy burst of music from the circus tents gave the signal for the opening of the doors; a wild rush immediately began in that direction, and in a few moments the square was deserted, except by the patent-medicine man and the owner of the big umbrella. These joked each other loudly and slapped significantly their silver-weighted pockets.

Newt passed them with his head bent, heedless of the sneering laugh which they sent after him. As he approached the church he saw that Becky had the baby; she was holding him up and smoothing the pink calico skirts over his fat white legs. Mrs. Pinson looked at him with an unwonted sparkle in her solemn black eyes as he drew near, and lifted the chunky Jed in her arms. 'She looks lak she did whence I war a-courtin' of her," he thought, with a sore pang. Joe plunged toward him with a sudden whoop. "Hurry, paw, hurry!" screamed Polly Maria, "we ain't a-goin' to git no seats lessen we hurry." He put Joe aside roughly and strode on to his wife. His face was set hard, though his mouth twitched convulsively.

"Lord-a-mighty, Newt Pinson, what ails ye?" ejaculated Mrs. Pinson, letting Jed slip from her arms.

"Nothin' ain't ailin' me ez I knows on," he returned, in a dry, harsh voice; "we got to go back home 'thout seein' o' the show, thet's all. I done bet away every cent of ourn an' the childern's circus money on a fool game o' cyards—yander. O Lord——" he ended with a groan. A single wild wail burst from Polly Maria and the boys. Then they huddled against their mother's skirts in mute agony.

A faint flush passed over Mrs. Pinson's thin face, and the light faded from her dark eyes.

"'Tain't no diffunce, Newt," she said, lightly, catching the baby from Becky's limp and nerveless arms. "Jes ye hitch up, quick ez ye kin, an' le's get outn this here bigaty town. Me an' the childern air plumb beat out wi' these stuck-up townfolks, anyhow!"

Newt stared at her in silence, and slouched away. Her gaze followed him to the rear of the wagon; when he was beyond the reach of her voice she whirled around and blazed in a threatening half-whisper: "Ef ary one o' ye says a word to yer paw 'bout this here misfortin o' hisn, or 'bout hankerin' a'ter the show; *or* ef ary one o' ye ain't thet gamesome an' lively lak ez ef they wa'nt no sech a thing ez a circus, *or* a clown, *or* a el'phunt in this here livin' worl'—sho's ye bawn I'll shet the do' in Sam Leggett's face an' cowhide the balance o' ye twel ye can't set down fer a week!"

Becky's ruddy cheeks grew pale. "Yes, maw," she returned in a subdued tone.

"Yes, maw," echoed Polly Maria and the boys, stolidly, not without squeezing back some ungamesome tears, however, as they stood in a row against the Baptist church and watched their father bring around Jinny and old Baldy.

Had they only known it, they might have seen, while they waited, the Lilliputian Lady and the Fat Woman go by in a shaky hack with torn curtains, and descend before the painted flaps of one of the side shows. But they did not know.

The wagon was turned around; they climbed over the wheels and settled themselves under the dingy cover. As they moved slowly across the silent square a tremendous shout from the spectators within the tent, and a pompous fanfare from the brass band, announced that the Grand Entry had begun.

Newt stalked along beside the tired team downcast and miserable. "I've even fergot wher' I lef' the childerns' ginger-cake," he muttered to himself, as his mind went over and over the incidents of that fatal halfn hour.

A curious hilarity prevailed that night around the little camp-fire. Mrs. Pinson, usually silent almost to taciturnity, had become all at once loquacious. She painted to the family-circle in glowing colors the pride and wickedness of town-folks; she pictured the denunciatory wrath of Brother Skaggs when he should learn that perfessin' members of Siloam Church had been inside of a circus tent; she related the experience of sundry sinners who had been overtaken by divine vengeance while in the very act of laughing at the antics of the clown; she even lifted up her voice and sang some particularly flame-and-brimstone promising hymn tunes. Becky, mindful of Sam Leggett away off in Kansas, seconded her efforts to keep the general cheerfulness up to a proper pitch. If it showed signs of flagging, however, a warning look, shot from beneath their mother's drooping eyelids, acted like a charm on Polly Maria and the boys.

Newt, who sat mournfully hugging his knees at first, and gazing into space, presently caught the infection himself, and when, finally, he unrolled a patch-quilt and threw himself thereon, closing his eyes in peaceful slumber, it was almost with the conviction that the five dollars had been well lost in keeping a perfessin' fambly out of the worldly and soul-destroying circus tent.

Mrs. Pinson, sitting alone by the smouldering fire with the baby in her arms, looked at his unconscious face upturned in the dim moonlight; her gaze traveled slowly from one muffled, indistinct form huddled under the shadow of the wagon to another; she sighed heavily, and her face relapsed into its usual somber expression. "I wisht—" she muttered; then after a long pause, as she stretched herself on the quilt beside her slumbering spouse and wrapped the baby's feet in an old shawl, she concluded with a little touch of triumph in her whispered tones: "Anyhow, I hev seen the el'phunt's track!"—*M. E. Davis in Harper's Weekly.*

—To keep flannels as much as possible from shrinking and felting, dissolve one ounce of potash in a bucket of water and leave the fabric in it for twelve hours. Next warm the water, with the fabric in it, and wash without rubbing, also draw through the water repeatedly. Next immerse the flannel in another liquid containing one spoonful of wheat flour to one pailful of water, and wash in a similar manner.

—Until it is shown that earth below the five or six inches tilled is destitute of the elements that enter into plants it is wise to go deeper, particularly in what are called heavy soils.

TEMPERANCE READING.

A WICKED SPIDER.

I know a dingy corner where a wicked spider clings;
Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses, jugs and other things;
And I listened in the shadow as one day I passed along,
And I heard the wicked spider, as he sang his cruel song:

"Will you take a little cider? Will you call while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider to the buzzing little fly.
"Will you take a little lager? Surely you will not decline
Just to take a drink for friendship; say, just sip a little wine."

"He is coming for his cider!" said the wicked, cruel spider;
"He is coming for his wine, and my cord shall round him twine;
While he sits and sips his lager, I will whet my little dagger,
And when he has drunk his wine he will find that he is mine!

Ha! the little fool is coming, I can hear him buzzing, humming;
Ye who comes to visit me, vainly struggles to be free."

"Ye are welcome to my parlor; I am glad to see you come,
But not stay outside the entrance; please to make yourself at home.
Will you take a little lager while I sharpen up my dagger?
Will you take a drop of wine? then you surely shall be mine;
I will bind you, I will grind you, though you struggle, weep and pray;
I will tie your hands behind you, you shall never get away;
I will fight you, I will smite you, I will stab you, I will bite you,
I will make you poor and needy, I will make you old and seedy,
I will make you bleared and bloated, with rags and tatters coated,
And your hat will look so shocking that the boys will all be mocking;
I will haunt you till you die, then I'll hang you up to dry!"

O my boy! beware of cider, and of lager, and of wine,
Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get a child of mine.
Let us storm his ugly castle, let us tear his web away;
Let us drive away this spider. Heaven in mercy speed the day!

—*The Little Christian.*

HIS WILL PARALYZED.

Terrible Experience of an Habitual Drunkard—His Downfall, Ruin, Resistance and Final Cure.

In a recent number of the *Westminster Review* a reformed "habitual drunkard" unbosoms himself in an article whose dark and dreadful pictures recall the weird dreams of the opium eater. Although the writer fails to give his name, he is evidently well up in the social circles of Great Britain, while the high character of the *Review* is a sufficient guaranty of the genuineness of the narration.

After telling of his many and disastrous yieldings to the terrible appetite for alcohol, which had deprived him of position after position, the repeated warning of friends, and his own efforts to escape from the demon of drunkenness, the author describes the abject powerlessness of the habitual drunkard:

"The habitual drunkard, however, is powerless to regard all warnings. His conscience may be as keen as his remorse is great. He may earnestly long and strive to do what he knows to be right. He may even be strong-minded in all that concerns the business of life, save in one particular failing; but, as De Quincy says of the opium-eater: 'His intellectual apprehension of what is possible infinitely outruns his power, not of execution only, but even of power to attempt.' He lies in sight of all he would fain perform, but is powerless as an infant, and can not even attempt to raise. He drinks, not because he likes drink, or likes to get drunk. He often detests the one, and shudders at the thought of the other; but he drinks because he has an uncontrolable and morbid impulse to swallow intoxicating liquor. He may surround himself with every conceivable restriction, but in vain, as I shall show in the sequel; until at length the restless turbidness that is one of the punishments of habitual debauchery paralyzes all the efforts of a decrepit will, and he ceases to think seriously on the subject. He does not dare to think on it, for if he do it produces a melancholy that sends him all the sooner to drink again."

Thoroughly alarmed by the realization of his own powerlessness, the writer threw himself at the feet of eminent physicians and social reformers to plead for help. But like the friends who had warned him before they could give him no hope but in total abstinence by the exercise of his own "resolute will" and the forsaking of former companions.

"My experience, however, teaches me," continues the author, "that haunts and companions have little to do with leading the dipsomaniac to the fatal cup; although good companionship has a great influence in keeping the convalescent away from it. As a rule the habitual drunkard avoids companions, drinks in solitary communion with his own bitter thoughts, building castles in the air, cursing every glass he drinks, and inwardly resolving that each particular debauch shall be his last. When, too, he turns away from his old haunts it is to discover new and perhaps more enticing ones. The glittering gin palaces stares him in the face wherever he turns his eyes. The publican is everywhere. It is the same to-day as it was in 1408, when Hoccleve wrote:

"'The outward sign of Bacchus and his lure,
That at his doore hangeth day by day,
Exciteth folk to taste of his moisture.
So often that man can not well say nay.'"

Nevertheless the drunkard does not despair. On the advice of physicians he surrounded himself with the most stringent restrictions. "I have often left home for London," he says, "a distance of five miles with no more money in my pocket than would purchase a railway ticket for the return journey, so as to make it reasonably impossible to buy drink. What has been the result. 'The outward sign of Bacchus and his lure' has been too much for me. I have preferred to walk both journeys in order that I might drink my money." Hunger and fatigue and isolation are no protection to the drunkard.

"On one occasion, during my terrible sojourn in a continental city already referred to, I was three days without food. Nothing passed my lips but water, and my head was full of thoughts of suicide. On the fourth morning I discovered in my pocket-book five *cartes-postales*. I sold them for eight *sous*, intending to buy bread with the money, and surely, one would think, my circumstances and condition were sufficient to prevent any miscarriage of my intention. But on my way to the *boulangerie* I came to a wine-shop, and three *sous* went for a glass of *vin rouge*; a second wine-shop took other three *sous*, and I must now believe that had I possessed still other three *sous* they would have been similarly spent, but as the remaining two *sous* would not purchase drink they were invested in roasted chestnuts. I have known similar occurrences in regard to other persons; and the advice to avoid old haunts and evil companions, however well intentioned, is therefore of little or no avail to a dipsomaniac.

Of the methods of cure advised there remains then but the "effort of the will.

"But the effort of the will is a physical phenomenon, and is not entirely under the control of any man. It obeys fixed laws. Its strength or its weakness consists of the impulses which act upon it. There is a limit to its power. It is even conceivable that it alone may be a constant quantity at a time when other impulses of the brain are not. At any rate it is but a movement of nervous matter, and the proper strength and direction of that movement depends upon a healthy condition of the brain. The use of alcoholic stimtiant (it has been proved) destroys that essential condition. The toxic agent acting upon the brain changes its organic composition and deteriorates its functions. There is a weakening of the controlling power of the higher brain centers, a pollution by alcoholic poisoning of the source whence flows the dictates of the will. Indeed, there are structural alterations of the whole nervous system until at length the nervous batteries become so feeble that not only is there no spontaneous overflow of nervous power, but no discharge whatever, and the will is paralyzed. When such is the case, every motive for prudence and restraint, all the force of dear-bought experience is as nothing compared to the craving for drink. The sense of the most lasting interests does not move the will so strongly as does the relish for stimulants. The determination to have acts with far more energy than the determination not to have. To a man in such a condition the advice of his friends, his own knowledge and experience, his surroundings, all motives for sobriety are as naught."

Continuing, the writer describes his voluntary confinement in a retreat as the last resort to escape the allurements of the open saloon. Dipsomania, he concludes is as much a disease as fever, and the one can only be prevented as the other, by avoidance of the cause. The cure lies in the prevention of any possibility of contact with the cause of the disease, or if such contact has taken place, in abstinence till the craving dies out for lack of sustenance. How long is such abstinence necessary?

"The question is a difficult and intricate one. The only rule that can be laid down is that there should be time for the morbid conditions to wear out or, as Dr. Alfred Carpenter expresses it, 'until the time arrives at which all the tissues of the body have been changed, and a new tissue laid down in its place.'"

Finally says the writer:

"The foregoing experiences establish to my mind two propositions; (*a*) that dipsomania is a disease of the mind, due to physical causes, the victims of which are incapable of managing themselves or their affairs; and (*b*) that total abstinence from alcoholic drinks for a prolonged period is essential in order that a cure may be effected."

GOOD REASONS.

Why You and Every Other Man Should Sign the Pledge.

"I'm not a drunkard."

"I don't drink any thing to speak of."

"If I *want* a drink I take it; if I don't I let it alone."

"I never take so much that I don't know what I am about."

"I can drink little or much; it never hurts me."

"I can drink or let it alone."

"Why should *I* sigh the pledge?"

Because:

1. You don't want to be a drunkard. I never found a man who did; and the disappointment of men who wake to find themselves drunkards is something too terrible to take the slightest chance on, and a pledge of total abstinence taken and *kept* will turn any man or woman from the path of the drunkard and the shame it leads to, and hedge him in with sobriety just as effectually as a good barbed-wire fence will turn a careering colt from all that lies outside of its paddock, and keep him within his own place.

A deliberate promise is the strongest tether with which any man can bind a good purpose. You have a purpose to be sober, reliable, pure; then bind the habits of your life to it with a solemn promise to abstain from intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and you are safe from *that* dragon.

2. You should sign the pledge and stop *all* use of intoxicating drinks, because if you drink it ever so moderate you are in danger. The subtle poison of alcohol has just one way with human blood and nerves and brain, and if you take one glass to-day of light wine, the chances are ten to one that you will die a drunkard. You will follow in the same road that is filled up with the staggering, profane, unclean throng of drunkards who all began just as you are doing, drinking the one first glass which opened the gate to all that has followed of shame and sorrow.

3. You should sign the pledge, even if you never touched a drop of alcoholic drink, that your name and influence may be on the right side of the question. If you have a boy or girl, that you may lead your child in the right way. As citizen, for the sake of the tempted and weak who need the strength which would come to them from your name on the pledge; as a member of society, that the social world may sooner adopt the fashion of purity; as a *man*, that every other man and woman may know just where you stand, and that no one shall dare to call your position in question.—*Mrs. S. M.I. Henry, in Union Signal.*

In his sermon on a recent Sunday, Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, said of the saloons: "The saloon is the enemy of the laborer, the corruptor of youth. It has no moral standing in any community. We asked the City Council to take a short step in the direction of restricting this evil. We did not wish the saloon to be within whispering distance of our churches and schools."

Who can measure the damage the liquor traffic entails on homes and families, the moral injury it works, the soul-ruin of which it is the source? Surely it is time for thoughtful men to devise some alleviation or remedy for this gigantic burden.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Less than one-half of the Senators now in office were born in the States which they represent. Americans seldom emigrate out of the country, but they do a good deal of emigrating about in their own land.

—Agent—"Madam, can't you induce your husband to take out a life-insurance policy for $10,000 in your benefit?" Madam—"I'll try; but I have my doubts about the benefit. John's got the constitution of an ox."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The revival of the ancient Grecian and Roman custom of so fitting up the house roofs as to make them available as children's play-grounds, or breathing spots for older persons during the summer months, is advocated by a New York physician. He argues that the scheme would be an especially happy one for the more crowded cities.

—Overheard on the Rialto.—First actor—"Ah! Cholly! Thought you were in England." Second actor (languidly)—"Naw, I had a fair offer and I crossed the pond; but I couldn't stand it—really couldn't." First actor—"Beastly climate, eh?" Second actor—"Not that. I got so sick on the steamer that I threw up the engagement."—*Dicken's Magazine.*

—A Montana newspaper say that the days of staging in the hills are rapidly departing. Steam is fast taking the place of horse and mule power, and Pullman coaches are crowding out the swayback stages of old. The noted Northwestern Transportation Company has begun to dispose of its plant, and is preparing to hunt for business on the rapidly receding frontier.

—A citizen of Volo, Ill., claims to have discovered a peculiar phenomenon in the woods in Fremont, Lake County. As described by him, it consists of the natural ingrafting of a burr oak tree upon a white oak. The burr oak leans against the other from the ground up, and is dead. The dead trunk, however, seems to go right through that of the living white oak, and the branches of both varieties of tree, all green and vigorous, mingle together in about equal proportions.

—Cultivated in groves, the average growth in twelve years of several varieties of hard wood has been ascertained to be about as follows: White maple reaches 1 foot in diameter and 30 feet in height; ash, leaf maple or box elder, 1 foot in diameter and 20 feet in height; white willow, 18 inches and 40 feet; yellow willow, 18 inches and 35 feet; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches and 40 feet; blue and white ash, 10 inches and 25 feet; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches and 20 feet.

—An astonishing experiment may be performed with no apparatus but a piece of string five or six feet long. A person's hands being held over his ears, this string is passed around his head by another person, who holds both ends in one hand, and by drawing the fingers or nails of the other hand over the cord produces upon the tympanum of the subject impressions of almost startling intensity. Sharp peals of thunder, changing into a distant and prolonged rumbling, are effects that may be readily given.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Exposes a Pinchbeck Lecturer on Economy.

"It ar' my duty to explain," said Brother Gardner, as the hall grew quiet, "dat de Hon. Gawge Washington Jones, of Memphis, arrove heah two days ago on purpose to deliber a lecktur' befo' dis club. De name of lecktur' ar': 'How an' When to Economise.' I had a chance to look de gem'lan ober an' size him up, an' las' night I walked him down to de ribber, pinted across to Canada an' told him to skipp. He skipped. Sich of you as had your moufs all ready for sumthin' good, will no doubt feel a bit disappointed until I furder explain. By a keerful study of the Hon. Jones I diskibered most of his pints.

"I found dat he was economizin' on boot-heels to buy mo' brass watch chain.

"He was makin' one shirt las' him doorin' de spring sezun in order to buy fo' pink collars which reached up to his ears.

"He hadn't any underclothes, but he had a galvanized watch dat run twenty-six hours to de day.

"He was barfut in his butes, but he wore a glass diamond dat nobber cost less dan thirty cents.

"He hadn't any obercoat, but he wore a pair o' bewtiful yaller kid gloves dat made ebery street-kyar hoss stop dead in his tracks.

"While he didn't carry a comb nor brush, he swelled out wid a blue handkerchief on which de Czar of Russia might hev ached to blow his nose.

"He showed me a dozen blank checks on varus banks dat he was luggin' around fur show, but it took his las' nickel to git across to Canada.

"He had a bewtiful way of speakin' to you, but three different policeman war gwine to run him in fur a suspichus character.

"While he hadn't had a good squar' meal fur two weeks, he was armed with a dozen cheap cigars to make a show on de streets.

"I looked ober him, an' under him, an' all around him, an' I cum to de conclushun dat we didn't want any of his hints on economy. I didn't want to seem too cold and severe wid him, an' arter turnin' de subjick ober in my mind I decided dat de United States was an onhealthy climate fur his system."

On motion of Waydown Bebee, the thanks of the club were tendered the president for his action in the case, and a resolution of sympathy was extended to Pickles Smith for having loaned the Hon. Jones $2 in cash without security. —*Detroit Free Press.*

WHAT CONSCIENCE DOES.

A French Murderer Voluntarily Gives Himself Up to Justice.

Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and Erckmann-Chatrian in "The Polish Jew," have depicted the case of criminals who preferred surrendering themselves to justice rather than to longer endure the feeling that they were being hunted down like wild beasts, but such a case of conscience has actually happened here in Paris. This same feeling has just driven a murderer to give himself up to the police after they had hunted for him in vain everywhere. A poor devil named Cornu killed a dealer in birds at the little town of Saint Maur, and then he wandered over the face of the earth in company with a man whose acquaintance he had picked up on the road. The two made no long halts at wayside inns, they avoided towns and villages, slept under hedges or in such sheltered corners as they could find, and they made long detours to dodge the gendarmes. In this way they crossed four departments; occasionally they were noticed and were chased by gardes champetres, who perhaps knew instinctively that they were suspicious characters on whom it might be well to lay their hands, and, although they managed to escape arrest, they had the fear of it constantly upon them, and the specter of the guillotine was ever before their eyes. Perhaps, too, remorse, or at least regret for a useless crime, hung heavily on Cornu, murdering his sleep just as it did that of the successful Macbeth. Finally the two tramps arrived safely at the frontier and stepped across into Belgium. They were now, comparatively speaking, safe from pursuit, and Cornu's companion, who doubtless, also, had his reasons for shunning the gendarmes, had papers to prove his identity when, on reaching Antwerp, they applied for passage as emigrants to the Congo. He was accepted, but as Cornu had nothing to show who he was or where he came from, he was refused, the agents of the Free State of Congo being determined to keep the wilds of Africa uncontaminated by the presence of European criminals. It was not in the heart of the "dark continent" that the repentant, or least regretful, murderer could be permitted to begin a new life. Before seperating the two made a division of the few francs that remained in the joint purse, and then Cornu mechanically commenced retracing his steps toward his own country. He re-crossed the frontier, followed the same roads, slept under the same hedges and dodged the same gendarmes; finally, footsore and starving, he reached the capital, went straight to the Palais de Justice and said to a policeman: "Arrest me; I am Cornu, the murderer of the bird dealer of Saint Maur." Now it was misery as much as any thing else that put Cornu in the hands of justice. But one of the ways in which remorse sometimes acts on a guilty man is that it makes him feel himself isolated from the rest of mankind. There are murderers who are haunted by avenging furies quite as terrible as those which women, crowned with writhing serpents and waving lurid torches, represented on the ancient stage, and such men can only find refuge from this mental anguish in a prison cell.—*Paris Letter.*

THE MAN UNDER THE BED.

His Irresistible Fascination Upon the Mind of Woman.

This fascination, undoubtedly, may be accounted for largely upon traditional and hereditary grounds. Scientists tell us that persistent personal habits tend to reproduce themselves from generation to generation.

Then again, women will continue to look under the bed so long as the world lasts, I suppose, from sheer ingrained curiosity. Who was it that said: "Life would not be worth living for a woman were it not for the constant possibility of finding out some secret?" At all events this is plainly the reason why the women hide their pockets in their dresses: why they organize sewing circles; why they yearn to become postmistresses. Curiosity comes as natural to a woman as singing does to a cat. This looking under the bed every night is one of those innocent little excitements which brighten the dull hue of everyday life and fringe it with romance and poetry. What if the anticipated boots should some time appear! There is excitement enough in that thought to keep even a hard-working society woman in a pleasant flutter all day. Aye, blessings on those superstitious boots! What a dull prosaic life most women would lead if it were not for them.

To look under the bed is a woman's ancient and prescriptive right. Occasionally a witticism is perpetrated which hinges upon some woman's having forgotten to perform this time-honored ceremony. But whoever sets forth, or banks upon, such a witticism, shows his gross ignorance of woman-nature. A woman never forgets to look under the bed. That is a duty and a principle which it is psychologically impossible for her to omit. When a rooster forgets to crow early in the morning, or a plumber forgets to make out a bill in the glad spring-time, we will listen to the amateur humorist who imagines that a woman ever forgets to look under the bed as a prelude to peaceful slumber.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—To give shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs a glossy appearance, one ounce of white wax and two of spermaceti are melted together and a little of this is put into the starch; or, sometimes a little of a thick solution of gum arabic is used in the starch, a tablespoonful being enough for a pint of starch.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

The Kind of Operative That Will Succeed in Any Circumstances.

A young lawyer once complained to a member of the same profession, who was a very successful practitioner, that the profession was crowded, and that there was but little chance for a young man like himself, whereupon the old and wise man gave the young man a little advice. He said: "Young man, that the lower stratum of the profession is crowded there is no doubt, and it always will be; but, as in all kinds of business, so in ours—there is plenty of room at the top. Get out of the lower ranks and come up higher, and you will not be crowded." While these are not the exact words of the wise doctor, they convey the idea actually expressed, and teach a lesson to laborers and professional men. Did you never notice in an orchard the finest apples and cherries and peaches are always in the very top of the tree, and that they are not crowded, but have plenty of room to grow, and plenty of air and sunshine and dew and rain to assist in their development? Do you not know that the upper rooms of a house are the healthiest to live in, because of the pure air and sunshine. But you will notice they are almost always unoccupied, because, we suppose it is too much like work to climb the stairs. There are some operatives who are never idle. They always have employment and get good wages, and it is just because they have climbed the stairs, and have thoroughly mastered their business; and not only so, they have mastered themselves, and in addition to being proficient in their respective callings, they have trained themselves to be gentlemen, and have given some attention to business principles. They are known to be sober and industrious and well qualified. Such men do not have to seek employment, but employers have an eye on them, and when they wish to change their locations, positions are open to them. Such men become foremen, and eventually the superintendents. In the lower positions, representing the majority of the operatives, will be found those who are all the time complaining that their ranks are crowded. They whine that they get no work to do. The trouble is that they have not the ambition to get up into the place where there is room. Do you ask how I can get to the top? Begin with yourself. If you have nothing else, and be a gentleman. Be sober and honest, and when you find some kind of an opening, go right in and do your best. Slight nothing, and do the best it is in your power to do, and you have made several steps toward the upper room. Too many of the craft are given to frequenting the drinking places, and while we are willing to accord to every man personal liberty and all that kind of thing, we know that employers are not seeking that class of help, nor in just that locality, for foremen or superintendents. Put yourself in the way of employment, and you will not only find it, but it will find you.—*Baldwin's Textile Designer.*

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.

Revival of the Demand for Curious and Old-Fashioned Time-Pieces.

A book agent: "There seems to me to be quite a revival in the demand for cuckoo clocks. In the days of our grandmothers these were very common, and then for a number of years they became quite scarce. I notice now, however, in my rounds through the country, that nearly every second or third house I go into has a cuckoo clock.

"The cuckoo clocks that I remember to have seen in my childhood, were generally regarded as poor time-pieces, for they had wooden movements which, of course, soon wore out; but those which I notice about the country nowadays are excellent clocks with good metal movements.

"By the way, talking of cuckoo clocks reminds me of a story I used to hear my grandfather tell about them. At the close of the last century an assortment of these clocks was taken out by the missionaries to the Friendly Islands. The native chiefs who received these gifts gazed upon the primitive cuckoo's performance with inexpressible awe. They looked on the mysterious bird as a spy on their actions, and did not care to do any thing within its supposed range of vision which they did not wish the missionaries to know of.

An old islander, being ill, requested the good offices of a missionary and the loan of his cuckoo clock. The sick man believed that the medicine prescribed by the first would be all the more effective for the potential magic which, as he believed, was exercised by the cuckoo.

"One chief, of an inquiring turn of mind, sought to get at the heart of the mystery, and took clock, cuckoo and their respective machinery to pieces in order to discover the secret. Having failed to find it, and being equally unsuccessful in his attempts to put the time-teller into working order again, he applied to the missionaries to help him; but they knew nothing of clock making, and the thing remained worthless, a silent object eliciting the contempt of those who had taken it for an oracle and had trembled in presence of an imaginary power that had no share of potentiality."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

—Stranger (in Omaha)—"How much is this lunch?" Barkeeper—"Nothing. That is a free lunch, sir. We do not charge for it. You owe twenty cents for drinks, though." "Eh? You charge for the drinks and throw the lunch in?" "Yes." "That's a new idea to me. Down in Kansas they charge for the lunch and throw the drinks in."—*Omaha World.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The *Manufacturer and Builder* declares that there are at present no less than 10,000 electric motors in use throughout the United States.

—One of the most remarkable mechanical changes of the day is the setting aside of steel and the readoption of iron for some of the most important parts of locomotives on many railroads. It is only comparatively a few years since the change was made, on most roads, from iron to steel.

—The nettle is among the substances which science has put to use during the past few years. This weed is even being cultivated in Germany, its fiber having proven valuable for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and one-half pounds.

—According to Prof. Sargeant, the strongest wood in the United States is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell-bark hickory standing far below it. The least elastic, and lowest in specific gravity, is the wood of the ficus aurea. The highest specific gravity, upon which in general depends value as fuel, is attained by the bluewood of Texas.

—The two acids, sulphuric and sulphurous, have been found in snow which has freshly fallen, the amount increasing with great rapidity after it has lain on the ground for a length of time. It recently fallen snow seven millegrammes of the two acids were found per kilogramme; the same snow, after the lapse of two weeks, was found to contain ninety-two millegrammes of the acids.

—The Westinghouse Electric Company has completed an incandescent lamp which is expected to give better results than any lamp now in use. Formerly a lamp which burned 800 hours was considered good; but the new one is expected to burn easily from 2,500 to 3,000 hours without discoloration. Discoloration has been a stumbling-block in the way of incandescent lamps ever since they were invented.—*Electrical Review.*

—There are twenty blast furnaces in and about Pittsburgh, thirty-five rolling mills, thirty-nine steel works, fifteen window-glass works, thirty-seven flint-glass works, and eleven green-glass works. The blast furnace makes 900,000 tons of iron per year, the rolling mill 575,000 tons, steel works 750,000 tons plate-glass works 3,250,000 square feet window-glass works 900,000.

—There are a number of woolen mills and knitting factories in operation in Utah where hosiery, mittens, leggings, ladies' knit skirts and mens' knit underwear are turned out in large quantities. These goods are exported throughout the entire mountain region. In one of these mills the outpnt is 1,000 yards of material per day. Thousands of dozens of hand-made scarlet and mens' gray hose are sent into Colorado and Montana. Their carriage robes and blankets find a ready market in Chicago, and the orders for these goods are often fully up to the capacity.

—The coast of Maine is so indented by bays and inlets that the actual shore line is fully 2,400 miles in extent. Along this shore are many of the chief cities, towns and important industries of Maine. One of the most important of these industries is the catching, transportation, canning and sale of lobsters. This is an industry that has grown in thirty years from a business that gave employment to a few score of hands. It now employs more than 2,000 fishermen, nearly 2,000 boats and forty vessels, and distributes in various ways more than $600,000 annually. The business of lobster catching in general requires two men to a boat, with 200 traps, at a cost of about $300 for the entire outfit.

SERVANTS IN CHINA.

A Country Where Housekeeping Is Indeed Made Very Smooth.

The ways of the housekeeper are indeed made smooth for her in China, indeed so smooth that, unless she has children to care for, her time often hangs very heavily on her hands. The interior management and care of the house is entirely entrusted to the major domo, or butler, called the "Kwan Su," or the chief of the bottles. But more frequently he is called "boy." Bells not being much used in China, you often hear the cry of "Bhooy!" coming from the neighboring houses. Do not be alarmed. It is probably only the time calling for her sedan chair, or the master who wants a glass of brandy and soda, the standard drink of foreigners all over the East. In taking a house in China the first thing is to get a good boy, the second is to have him "secured." The securing consists in getting some reputable of wealthy China man to agree if the boy runs away with any thing, he will either produce him, or pay the amount of the loss. The servants in the East are all of the male sex, and women are never employed about the house except where there are children, or where a lady has an amah as her personal attendant. The amah's duties lie in keeping her mistress' room in order, dressing her hair, in short, performing the duties of a lady's maid, and, if there are young children, in looking after them. In most cases there is one amah to each child. She receives, according to her qualifications, from five to ten dollars a month as wages, out of which she feeds herself, her wages in fact being higher than those of the other servants. Female servants are in China, as everywhere else, a source of internal discord, as they are constantly carrying tales or making mischief. A lady who can do without an amah thereby gets rid of almost the only vexation in her housekeeping life.—*Good Housekeeping.*

GIRLS IN FACTORIES.

The Sturdy Maidens Employed in the Wire Mills of Pittsburgh.

There are probably a thousand women in the city of Pittsburgh who work in iron mills making bolts, nuts, hinges and barbed wire. Over three years ago the men who had been working in the bolt works gave such dissatisfaction that the proprietors decided to try girls at the same work. The venture was such a success that nothing would induce them to go back to the boys and men. Just about the same time the wire mill was removed from Illinois to Pittsburgh, and, as the girls were such a success in the bolt works it was decided to give them a trial in the wire mill. Once again they made a success and the doors of the hinge factory were thrown open to them.

For just this purpose the factories were visited to see what kind of people worked there, what prospects they had in life and what they aimed at. At the first sight of the bolt works one can not believe that any thing bright or interesting could live inside. At the call of the 6:30 a. m. whistle girls are seen coming from all directions towards the factory. They are generally dressed tidy and well, and with their lunch baskets on their arms are not unlike any working girl one may see. The first thing they do after entering the building is to change their street dress for one to work in, tie up their hair, roll up their sleeves, and putting on a coffee sack apron are ready to begin the day's labor. At seven o'clock the last whistle blows, the wheels groan and screech as if they were weary to resume another day's work, but in a little while they began to move with more rapidity and the noise amounts to something terrific.

Little girls from six years up to twelve put the nuts on the bolts and pack them. The "nutting on" is also accomplished by machine power. The worker puts a nut on a plate, then, after catching the head of a bolt in the jaws above, she presses her foot on the pedal, when, presto! the work is done. At long tables, built of substantial wood, are rows of young girls, interspersed with a scattering of women whom life cast forth in their old age. They pile the bolts, row after row, alternate heads, then wrap them in strong paper.

The girls always come to the factory clad neatly and well. It seems rather strange, but they never mingle with the men in the same factory. They invariably find sweethearts elsewhere and marry well. The girls were very happy and every thing moved as smoothly as steel on ice, until a forewoman was introduced to take the place of a foreman. Immediately she put a stop to all singing during the day and all dancing at noon. There was a decided stir among the girls at these new rules, but they were forced to submit. Since then they spend the noon hour reading and doing fancy work. Most of the girls are experts with the needle, and those who read would surprise a scholar with their quotations. Still the majority are much addicted to love stories of the "Duchess" order. There are more handsome girls in this factory than could be found among the same number at a reception. They are beautifully formed, and the influence of the oil keeps the hands white and prevents them hardening from contact with the iron.—*Nellie Bly, in Philadelphia Press.*

SOLVING OLD MYSTERIES.

Opening of a New Era in the Matter of Exploration and Discovery.

The announcement that a commission of savants will shortly set out for Mount Ararat, or the elevation in Western Asia designated by that name, recalls the alleged attempt some years ago to recover from the bed of the Red Sea, at the point where the children of Israel were supposed to have crossed, some relic of the lost hosts of Pharaoh. These statements are but the exaggerated outgrowth of legitimate enterprises having for their object the discovery of archæological treasures, the corroboration of Biblical statements by external evidence. The work of Layard, Lenormant, George Smith and others on the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon testifies how much the world owes to men of this stamp. At their recent meeting the authorities of Yale College appointed a professor to accompany the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania to Babylon, to make further research among its ruins for relics of the mighty city of many gates. The indefatigable labors of Champollion in Egypt, which first gave to the world nearly all we know of the early dynasties of that ancient civilization, are among the most valuable in the history of exploration, while second only in importance are the labors of the missionary priest who wrung history out of the hitherto undecipherable monuments of the Mayas in Mexico. It would seem that a new era is about opening in the matter of exploration and discovery. A Danish expedition will shortly start to explore the interior of Greenland; a Mexican party is preparing to invade the undiscovered interior of Yucatan; the sources of the Amazon are being penetrated, while the Russians are pushing their discovies in Northern Siberia and their possessions within the Arctic Circle. Stanley is in the heart of Africa, and while waiting to hear from him the world listens to the story of the wondrous discoveries in the planetary world by the aid of the superb Lick telescope. Taken all in all, the indications are that before the dawn of the year 1900 many of the mysteries of lost cities and forgotten nations, of nebulæ and stars and interplanetary space will have been revealed to the glorious light of the nineteenth century.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY.

Some Light Thrown on a Comparatively Unknown Subject.

If there is any one thing that the average American knows next to nothing about it is the standing army of this great and glorious Republic of ours. The other day a recruiting officer stationed in Baltimore was here, and I had the pleasure of a long conversation with him, and in talking of army matters naturally drifted into the character of the men who enlist, and the causes that have led to so many deserters from the army in the past few years. Speaking of the nationalities of the men who enlist, my friend said:

"I find that, as a rule, the foreign-born recruits are better educated men than the natives. It often happens that a German or Austrian, who applies to me for enlistment, came to this country in the hope of much better employment than the military service affords. He finds when he arrives that the situation has been painted in hues rather more rosy than the circumstances warrant. He is a stranger in a strange land. He is, perhaps, unfamiliar with the language, and knows nothing of the customs of the country, and, after spending all the money he may have brought with him, he finds only the United States army open to him.

"The pay here is better than in Europe and the service very much shorter; and, although he may have left his native country to avoid military service, he seizes upon it here as a means of support. Only this week I enrolled one man who was familiar with several languages and who had served with credit as an officer in the army of Austria."

"Do these men usually re-enlist when their first term expires?"

"No, not often. At the end of the five years they have generally acquired a thorough knowledge of the English language, and saved some little money, and are able to return to their birthplaces or to find some other employment. It is not often that an educated foreigner re-enlists after his first term of enlistment has expired."

"Do the desertions come from this class of foreign recruits?"

"No. On the contrary, they usually are faithful soldiers and retire with an honorable discharge."

"From what class do the desertions come principally?"

"Usually they come from a class of profesional deserters, men who enlist for the purpose of getting out of trouble originally and tire of the military service. When opportunity presents itself they desert, and after remaining out a few months again enlist much to to the detriment of the service."

"Have you any method for marking a deserter now?"

"No, not at the present time. Branding was once resorted to, but this has been abandoned by order of the War Department. It was ineffectual, because the brand would not be discovered unless the soldier attempted to re-enter the service, when an examination would at once disclose the mark."

"What, in your opinion, would prove the most effectual method for preventing desertion?"

"In a report of the Secretary of War for the present year, one of our Generals recommends that every man who enters the United States Service would be tatooed at some place on his arm 'U. S.' In order that there may be no stigma about this it is suggested that the tattooing be extended to the officers as well as to the men. If this was done I think it would have a good effect, although there is a good deal of opposition to the proposal in the army. Some officers assert that they would never submit to the so-called degradation, and they insist that they would retire from the service before permitting the tattooers to do their work. But in my opinion, there are very few officers who who would throw up their commissions for a thing of this kind, especially when it would be so general as to prevent the cry of degradation. It would certainly mark every man who applies for enlistment so well that we could tell in a moment whether he ever served in the army before, and would absolutely prevent the re-enlistment of the men who once desert. If the army could be relieved from the chronic deserters the number of desertions would materially diminish, and there would be fewer reports on this subject to the War Department each year."—*Toledo Blade.*

How Beauty Fades.

When a woman begins to show her age, the first part to lose its firm, youthful contour is the face and chin, then the neck and bust, and no amount of alum-water washes nor "astringent pomades" will restore firmness to the flabby muscles, and it then becomes necessary to look about for some other beauty that nature spared a little longer, and the upper part of the arms and the back keep their whiteness and delicacy long after the rest of the woman is passed. For that reason was V-shaped back invented, and therefore were sleeveless waists made which leave the arm exposed up above the shoulder. Long gloves hide many a wrinkled hand and withered fore-arm, and the modestly high front of the waist veils the faded bust, while the black velvet ribbon tied tightly around the throat retains the loose flesh in its snug embrace, while it whitens the rest of the neck by contrast, and it also sustains the baggy double chin, together with the 'wrinkle annihilator,' which is made of alum and paraffine and a little sweet almond oil. —*Dress.*

—A young woman at Beloit, Kan., was recently paid the bounty on the scalps of nine young wolves which she captured while herding cattle.

How to Plant Trees.

It is always better to plant small trees than large ones. They are more easily and cheaply moved, recover sooner and grow more rapidly. A transplanted tree two or three feet high will soon overtake and surpass a much larger one, and will grow into a more vigorous and beautiful specimen. A vast amount of money and a great deal of time is wasted every year in trying to transplant large trees. It is no essential in digging up trees to preserve a large ball of earth about the roots. A very heavy mass of earth often breaks the tender roots, and is, therefore, a danger rather than an advantage to the tree. It is essential, however, to preserve as many of the small feeding roots as possible, and care must be taken in digging a tree not to unnecessarily break or mutilate them. All broken roots should be carefully cut away with a sharp knife before the tree is replanted. Care must be taken not to expose the roots to the drying influence of the sun and wind. They should be covered, as soon as the tree is dug, with a piece of cloth or matting, or they may be dipped in wet mud until they become thoroughly coated. The secret of successful transplanting is to have the soil brought into close and immediate contact with the roots. It is better, therefore, to plant dry and not in wet, rainy weather. The coating of mud not only protects the roots from drying but helps the earth thrown about to adhere more closely. Two men are required to plant a tree. The hole should be twice the width of the mass of roots, and the bottom should be worked fine with a spade. One man should then hold the tree erect, with its roots carefully spread out in all directions in the hole, while the second man should break the soil taken from the hole, so as to make it as fine as possible, and then let it fall from the spade down upon the roots, while the first man should lift the tree gently up and down that the fine earth may penetrate and fill all cavities about the roots. When the hole is nearly filled in this way the earth should be pressed down with the foot, beginning at the outside of the hole and working in toward the stem of the tree. The hole may then be filled and the soil rammed down solid. Tall trees should be carefully and securely staked as soon as planted. The operation is then finished. It is not uncommon to see water being poured into the hole while it is being filled up. This practice does harm rather than good, as it washes the fine soil away from close contact with the roots.

Tramps in Saxony.

Writing from his consulate at Annaberg, Germany, Mr. George B. Goodwin says: Saxony has found a satisfactory way of dealing with tramps. In every town and village there is at least one lodging and eating house for the tramp or other person who seeks food and lodging, and has little or no money to pay for the same. The station and all its appurtenances are the property of the town, and are controlled by the town authorities. A person who applies at the station for food or shelter, or both, and has money with which to pay for the same, secures all that he needs, of common but wholesome quality, for a very moderate but fixed price.

If he be a respectable man, seeking work, that fact will be manifest, and he will be cared for during the days or weeks he may wish to remain. If he has no money, be he a professional tramp or not, he is set to work in the yard cracking stones or splitting wood, for which work he is allowed fifteen pfennings per hour; if, then, he works four hours per day, he earns sixty pfennings, or fifteen cents, and this sum will supply supper, lodging and breakfast.

No bill of fare will be laid before him from which to choose a soup, a roast, a side dish and dessert, and he will find no mosquito netting over his bed and no shams over his pillows; but for his four hours' work he will get a supper consisting of a "chunk" of bread, that tastes better than it looks, a dipper of coffee that will at least warm him up a bit and stimulate the system, and perhaps a piece of oleomargarine; he will get a bunk to sleep in, liberally provided with warm coverings, and as clean a one as can be expected in a lodging-house of this kind. For breakfast he will get about the same as he had for supper, and with perhaps the Saxon imitation of an Irish stew. The station is self-supporting.

As a result of this system, the roads of Saxony are the finest in the world. They are as hard and white as a hound's tooth. Every country road is made with the same care as a city street. One may drive mile after mile in any direction from Annaberg and pass over beautiful roads, hard and smooth, not a loose stone to be seen, not a wheel rut and no debris of any kind. The roads on both sides are flanked by beautiful shade trees. All of the work on the roads is not done by tramps, but much of it is.

What a Blind Man Can Do.

While in the employ of the New Jersey Southern Railroad, a few years ago, Charles H. Fennimore, of Farmingdale, had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye, the result of getting a hot cinder from the locomotive in it. About a year afterward, while working in a marl pit at Lower Squankum, he got a small sharp pebble in the other eye. He was taken to an infirmary in New York, where every effort was made to save the sight, but he became totally blind.

Revolving in his mind various projects for the support of his family, he determined to try keeping a country store. His friends endeavored to dissuade him from the undertaking, but he was resolute and opened a small store in Lower Squankum, three miles from Farmingdale. He soon showed an aptitude for the business, and accomplished things which seemed marvelous.

His dwelling house is over a mile distant from the store. At first his little daughter regularly took him by the hand at morning and evening and conducted him to and from his occupation. A little later he said he could go alone, and has done so ever since. His method is to count the steps from the front of his house to his store, and he has experienced no difficulty in reaching both in safety. He locks and unlocks the door and opens and closes the shutters without assistance. His son sweeps out and dusts the store, but he expects soon to do this without assistance.

His sense of touch and memory are simply wonderful. Every sort of goods put up in packages is so arranged under his direction that he can deal out anything in his stock that is called for. This he does by counting the steps from either end of the counter, and the number of shelves, beginning with number one at the bottom, and enumerating the dividing spaces from either end of the rows of shelves.

He weighs anything from a quarter of a pound of tea to twenty-five pounds of flour, being guided by touch in arranging the weights and the tipping of the scales.

His memory of voices is so sensitive that he has never been known to make a mistake in a persons name. As a test a stranger to him was sent to the store. He was a fair mimic, and he endeavored to personate a man well known to Mr. Fennimore. He signally failed, the blind storekeeper interrupting him at once, and saying, "I don't know who you are, but you are not George Brower."

Perhaps Mr. Fennimore's greatest evidence of an unfaltering and accurate memory is the facility with which he makes change. Every morning Mrs. Fennimore arranges his wallet for him. The $5 notes are placed in the bottom, the $2 notes in the middle, and the $1 notes on the top of the package. He always knows to a penny how much change he has in an ordinary shot bag, and can tell the instant he touches any piece the value which it represents. Thus equipped he is ready to give a customer change for a note or silver currency, and his accuracy in making change equals that of any merchant in all the country round. Tried one day with a $5 gold piece which was laid in his hand, he looked toward the owner of it as if he could see him, smiled, rang the coin upon the counter, and said: "This is a $5 gold piece; what did you wish to buy?"

He is expert at addition and subtraction, readily keeping in his mind a dozen articles and their price, and telling a customer the amount the moment the last article is served. He is pleased with his occupation, and has made his business a modest success.

Can't Get too Much.

There was a bridal couple coming in on the Bay City train the other day, and the passengers in that particular car were on the grin most of the time over their antics. The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care a copper who saw her pillow her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to feed her gumdrops or squeeze her hand whose business was it? A littld old man, dried up and baldheaded, sat directly in front of the couple, and he looked around so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We're just married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled baldhead.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't—be darned if you kin."

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you," continued the husband.

"Does it! does it!" cackled the old fellow, as he bobbed around. "Well, you bet your life she doesn't. I've been right thar three times over, and am now on my way to Canada to marry a fourth! You orter see me a week hence. I'll hug and squeeze and fondle at the rate of 40 miles an hour, and darn the skunk that laffs at me. Silly! Why, children, it's parrydise biled right down!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Stray Sunbeams.

The cup that neither cheers nor inebriates—the hiccup.

Laziness grows on people. In this respect it resembles corns.

Josh Billings says: "Next to a clear conshience, for solid komfort, cums an old shu."

The Missouri train robber transacts business on the C. O. D. principle. Come Omediately Down.

When a young man is alone with his best girl he is generally supposed to be "holding his own."

"I vote the way I shot," is sometimes said by a man who, when the war broke out, shot for Canada.

Gate posts should be set out firmly. A great deal may hinge upon them as your girls grow up.

A party just returned from a long tour thinks a good many hotels ought to be called man shun houses,

Nineteen apple pies of ordinary size in half an hour was the achievement of a victor in a Louisville eating match.

"Write 'foregoes' on your slates," said the teacher to the juvenile class in spelling, and a little girl wrote "Go, go, go, go."

It is said that a baby in Ohio, which was fed on elephant's milk gained twenty pounds in one week. It was the baby elephant.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Oh!" chuckled the boy, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

Several notably happy marriages have been made on two hour's courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a pic-nic.

You can't make good out of evil any more than you can skim the cream off the top of a pan of milk and then turn it over and skim it off the bottom.

We are all of us very much like the poor ignorant woman who when asked if she had religion, replied that she had slight touches of it occasionally.

"Dad, if it's so injurious to smoke why don't chimneys get sick and die?" The old gentleman merely replied that he had a trunk strap handy.

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While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72'87 ly,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

[THAYER & SINCELL, Attorneys.]

Order of Publication.

Maria Grove by her husband and next friend, William P. Grove, vs. Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband.

No. 433 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for a sale of certain mortgaged premises in Garrett county, which were mortgaged by the defendant, Amanda Moore, to William P. Grove, of whom the complainant is the assignee.

The bill states that on the 31st day of March, 1883, William P. Grove sold to Amanda Moore, wife of John J. Moore, a tract of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, at and for the sum of four thousand dollars, and on the same day executed and delivered a deed of conveyance for said land to the said Amanda Moore.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore on the 31st day of March, 1883, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove, a mortgage on said land to secure the payment, on or before the 1st day of April, 1884, the sum of three hundred dollars, and also to secure ten annual payments according to the tentor of ten single bills in said mortgage mentioned, the same being for the balance of the purchase money for said land.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore, jointly with her husband, the said John J. Moore, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove their ten joint and several single bills; two of said single bills have been paid, and the other eight remain unpaid; that on the 18th day of February, 1885, the said William P. Grove, for value received, assigned said mortgage, together with said notes to the said Maria Grove; that there appears a credit on one of said notes of two hundred and fifteen dollars, and there now remains of said purchase money, together with the interest thereon accrued unpaid and owing the sum of $2,908.83.

The bill further states that default has been made in the payment of said purchase money; that the said land was purchased by said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate and that the money paid on account of said purchase money was paid by the said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore has been living separate and apart from her said husband, the said John J. Moore, and charges that the said John J. Moore never had an interest to any extent whatever in said property, and that he doth not reside in the State of Maryland.

The bill prays that said real estate may be sold for the payment of said mortgage debt and interest accrued, for such other and general relief as the nature of the case may require, and for process against the defendants.

It is thereupon ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 4th day of June, 1888, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks, before the 9th day of July, 1888, giving notice to the said John J. Moore, and warning him to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 5th day of September next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
6 9 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

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11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2		7.41 A. M
No. 38	Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6		11.14 A. M.
No. 82	Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4		11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3		4.49 A. M.
No. 81	Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5		5.00 P. M.
No. 65	Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1		9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

☞ Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued by Andrew B. Gonder, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Garrett county, at the suit of Edward Z. Tower, Administrator of Wm. H. Tower, deceased, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Amelia Berrian I have seized and taken in execution, all the right, title, claim, interest and estate, at law and in equity, of the said Amelia Berrian, in and to all that piece, parcel or tract of land, situate in Election District number 4, Garrett county, and known as

DUNDALK,

and containing one hundred and thirty-seven acres, more or less. Said tract adjoins the lands of William Kilpatine and John Swan, and lies on the North Branch of the Potomac River. It is well TIMBERED and is underlaid with COAL, and I hereby give notice, that on

Wednesday, June 27th, 1888,

at 3 o'clock P. M. at the Court House door, in the town of Oakland, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash.

E. E. SOLLARS,
6 2 4t Sheriff.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references.

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The Improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888. NUMBER 18.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n17.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.
Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Netukin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my farm in Garrett county, a part of the tract called "Gleanings," adjoining lands of William Casteel, Geo. E. Bishoff and others, containing 74 acres, 35 acres, of which are cleared and most of it in grass. The improvements consist of

TWO DWELLING HOUSES,

two barns and other out-buildings, two young orchards of nursery fruits, and good sugar camp. The land is well timbered and contains an abundance of lime stone. A county road runs through the farm. Will sell in one or two lots.

For terms and particulars apply to or address,

GEORGE DEWITT,
Sang Run, Md.
RUFUS DEWITT,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

6 4 tf.

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Heibig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to.
3 15 1y.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing, Reliable Men, to canvass for Nursery Stock. Permanent Employment Guaranteed. Salary and Expenses Paid. Apply at once, stating age.

2 25 12 GLEN BROTHERS,
(Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th'1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSTIPATION

IS called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being excreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system



"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a wineglassful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—GEO. W. SIMS, Ass't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

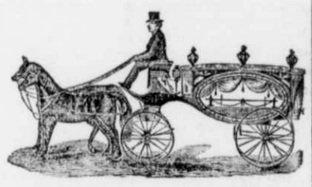
Take only the Genuine,

Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of

J. H. ZEILIN & CO

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb. 25, '88.

E. F. STANSBERRY,

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov. 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 21 '87

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

Soldier Against Soldier.

In the side of the high bluff on the northern bank of the Chattahoochee River, near De Foor's Ferry, could be seen a freshly cut trench stretching as far as the eye could reach.

It was the 4th of July, 1864, and Sherman's army had pushed Hood's forces from the hard fought battle at Resaca down to New Hope church and Kennesaw and from there on to the banks of the Chattahoochee River. A picket line from the 42nd Georgia had been detailed to prevent as long as possible the Federal forces from crossing the river.

The trees on the Federal side proved quite an ally to them. Under cover of the darkness they would creep to the thickest portion and there await the coming of daylight. From this elevated position they could look down into the trench of the Confederates and pick off the men one by one, until they were discovered and shot down or forced to descend from the number of bullets whizzing around them.

The morning dawned bright and beautiful, and soon the air above the bottom lands was quivering in the torrid heat steaming from the god of day as he looked down upon the soldiers from a cloudless sky. The heat was so oppressive that neither side appeared to be doing much fighting, but contented themselves with making the best of a bad business in endeavoring to keep comfortable.

About 10 o'clock a Confederate soldier named House poked his head from between the branches to see what the other side was doing.

He looked but a moment, and that moment was his last, for the shot he presented was too good a one to be overlooked by the Yankees. A well directed bullet from one of the soldiers perched in a tree top, penetrated the skull of the venturesome man, and he fell back dead among his comrades.

A storm of bullets from the Confederates poured into the tree from which the shot had been fired, and the blue-coated soldier was forced to make a hasty descent.

As he touched the ground and tumbled behind the breastworks he cried out in a taunting voice:

"Why don't you fellows fight fair? You are afraid to do it, and would rather act like cowards and burrow in the dirt. I dare any one of you to stand out and fight a fair and square fight to the death!"

"We are not afraid, but it's you are afraid and can't fight without hiding in tree tops," replied a young Tennessean from the trench in the lowlands.

"I dare you to fight me fair and square," replied the Yankee.

"I'll do it," came back the answer from the Tennessean, "if your side will declare a truce."

"All right, come on, then," called the Yankee, stepping upon the breastworks, gun in hand.

The dialogue, which could plainly be heard from both sides for a considerable distance, was listened to in eagerness by all the soldiers. They were all attention at the prospect of something out of the ordinary course of events, and seeing that both soldiers meant business, the men began crawling out of the trenches until they were lined with blue coats on one side and with gray jackets on the other.

"Well, Johnny, we'll fire an artillery signal and then we'll both shoot until one or the other bites the dust," called out the Federal; "will that suit you?"

"Yes, I reckon that's fair enough, Yank; give the word when you are ready," replied the Confederate, cocking his piece.

"I'm heeled; are you ready?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

The heavy boom of a cannon sounded out upon the summer air and went rolling and rumbling down the river.

The crack, crack, of the two guns sounded almost simultaneously upon the ears of the excited witnesses to this strange duel.

Both soldiers were unharmed and began loading for dear life, for their lives depended upon who should make the next shot.

Bang, bang, went the guns again, but still the soldiers were both standing unhurt, and began to frantically recharge their pieces.

With bated breath the bystanders looked on as shot after shot was being fired until each man had sent five bullets whistling toward his opponent. The strain on the nerves of every man was terrible, worse than when in an actual engagement with the enemy. With dilated eyes and half opened mouths they bent forward in their eagerness to see who would fire the next shot.

The Yankee's piece was loaded first, and as the Tennesseean was raising his gun he fired.

The gray jacket started forward, threw out his arms, from which fell his gun, and, staggering forward, fell dead. A sigh burst from the heart of every Confederate, a sigh of regret rather than pity, that they had been beated by the Yankees. A shout of triumph burst from the Federals, a long continued shout, which awoke the echoes of the river, and was taken up all along the line until it sounded for miles down the stream.

Caps were thrown in the air, and for a time a scene of enthusiasm rarely witnessed prevailed among the Federals. The shouts maddened the Confederates and were answered by a rebel yell. Fifty of their number defied the Yankees, and defied fifty of them to fight a duel with them, one at a time. The challenge was accepted, and for a time it appeared that a dueling battle was about to be fought.

The unusual commotion attracted the attention of the Confederate officers, and upon learning the cause of the excitement they ordered the men back to their places and declared the truce at an end.

"Get to your hole, Johnny!" "Get to your hole, Yank!" were the shouts sent forth by the opposing forces, followed by a general scramble, and soon not a head was seen above the trenches.

The unusual duel was the theme of conversation for many nights around the soldier's camp fires, but the Confederates asserted that the Yankee used a Wentworth gun, while the Tennesseean had an inferior gun, an Enfield rifle. Even now the old veterans often get together and discuss the singlehanded engagement between the Yankee and the Tennesseean. The story was given me by an eye witness who did not know the name of eiter the young Confederate or his Union enemy.

He Didn't Stay Long.

In this connection, says the gossiper of the Omaha *Herald*, in referring to Col. Peter A. Sarpy, a prominent figure in the early history of Nebraska, it will not be out of place to relate an incident characteristic of Col. Sarpy. During a general conversation in the main room of the Bellevue trading post one evening in 1885, he portrayed in glowing colors the noble traits of the Indians, and denounced the injustice and wrong which they had suffered at the hands of the whites, who had by means of one-sided treaties deprived them of their lands. He was rather rudely interrupted by a stranger, who said:

"This talk about the Indians as good, brave and intelligent may suit you traders, who have been enriched by exchanging your worthless gewgaws for their valuable buffalo robes, but I have lived among them too, and know them to be a lying, thieving, treacherous race, incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and the sooner they are exterminated the better it will be for the country."

Col. Sarpy walked up to the stranger and said to him in a very excited manner: "Do you know who I am, sir? If you want to fight, sir, I can whip the devil, sir! If you want satisfaction, sir, choose your weapons, Bowie knife, shot-gun, or revolver, sir, I am your man!"

Thereupon he whipped out his revolver and fired at a candle on a table about ten feet distant. The bullet extinguished the light, leaving the room in darkness, under cover of which the thoroughly frightened stranger made his escape.

A little colored boy in South Carolina made an attempt to write an excuse to his teacher for his absence as follows: "Dear Affectionately teacher: Ise sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday, but I couldn't cause it rain and dat's de way it go in dis world. If he Lord shut de door, no man can open de door. If de Lord say open de door, no man can shut de door. If de Lord say 'it rain,' no man can stop it rain. But de Lord, he do all things well, and you oughtn't to growl about it."

A Congressman, on receiving his hat from the cloak-room, asked the waiter how he knew it was his hat, and was promptly answered: "I don't know it was your hat; I only knows it wuz the hat you gub to me."

The Issue of 1888.

The tariff plank of the Democratic national convention was the result of a thirty-six hours' struggle in the committee. The point at issue in that prolonged contest was the wording of the tariff plank. Understand clearly that it was not the position which the party should take, but the phraseology in which that position should be stated. There were two factions in the committee, one headed by Senator Gorman, of Maryland, the other by Henry Watterson, of Kentucky. Both were animated by a desire for the success of the Democracy this fall, and only differed in opinion as to what language could catch the greater number of voters.

Watterson, at the head of the free-trade contingent, believed that a square committal of the party to tariff reduction was the thing that would be most fruitful of votes. Gorman, at the head of the other faction, believed that the plank should be one that could be interpreted as protectionist in manufacturing states, and as free-trade elsewhere, as it would succeed better. The outcome of the fight was that Gorman was allowed an indorsement of the "straddle" of the platform of 1884, while Watterson was allowed the sentence which declares the President's free-trade message to be the correct Democratic interpretation of that plank.

The result of that compromise was the following utterance on the tariff:

The Democratic party of the United States, in national convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to Democratic faith and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884; and endorses the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff; and also endorses the efforts of our Democratic Representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation

This is distinctly free-trade. How the protectionist Democrats can stand upon that narrow endorsement of the 1884 platform passes our comprehension, when the President's message is declared to be its official Democratic interpretation, and considering that the convention immediately thereafter adopted the following resolution without dissent:

Resolved, That this convention hereby endorses and recommends the early passage of the bill for reduction of the revenue now pending in the House of representatives.

For, be it remembered, that the bill here mentioned—the Mills bill—provides for:

Free trade in lumber, which we produce to the value of nearly *three hundred millions* of dollars annually.

Free trade in wool, of which we produce over *three hundred millions* of pounds annually.

Free trade in tin plates and cotton ties, which we already import to the value of *seventeen millions* of dollars annually.

Free trade in hemp, flax, manilla, jute, and other fibres, and importations of which already supplant American products to the value of *thirty-five millions* of dollars annually;

Free trade in cement, potash, lime and brick;

Free trade in meats, game and poultry;

Free trade in vegetables, peas, and beans;

Free trade in marble and stone;

Free trade in at least one hundred other articles produced in this country, most of which would be produced in sufficient quantities for home consumption if properly protected.

It is clear that, despite the attempted shuffle, the free traders triumphed, and that, for the first time in its history, the Democratic party stands clearly committed to a policy of revenue reduction that strikes at American industries and at the employment and wages of American workingmen. That is the issue of the campaign. The Republican party stands pledged to reduce the revenue, but by methods which shall protect these interests. The voters of the nation have their choice between business stagnation, low wages and bankruptcy on the one hand, and good wages, good business and prosperity on the other.—*Toledo Blade.*

Young Wife.—"John, I wish you would rock the baby.

Young Husband.—"What'll I rock the baby for?"

Y. W.—"Because he is not very well. And what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him."

Y. H.—"Well, don't half belong to you?"

Y. W.—"Yes."

Y. H.—"Well, you can rock your half and let my half holler."—*Cleveland Town Topics.*

PALLAS-ATHENE.

Done Over for Fourth of July.

[Written for This Paper.]



JOHN BULL long ago
Had a pain in his head,
Such a terrible pain
That it sent him to bed,
And there he lay groaning from morning till night;
While hither and thither, in nervous affright,
Ran nurses and quacks with their plasters and potions,
With strife incoherent and conflict of notions.

As always, when doctors abound very thick,
The patient grew momently more and more sick,
Till finally they were constrained to agree
One thing might relieve him—a strong cup of tea.
With wild incantations and desperate haste
They made it and sweetened it up to his taste,
Then rushed to his bedside, plumb full of advice,
And poured the hot flood down his throat in a trice;
When lo! from a crack in his cranium's top
Our Goddess of Liberty sprang with a hop,
All clad in the garments of wisdom and might,
With a loud martial shout and a screech of delight.

Poor Johnny fell over, as scared as a goose,
Quacking something or other about the "abuse,"
While a mad exclamation that rhymes with the same
Fell off from his lips in a way scarcely tame;
But the gods high in council, they greeted the maid,
Declaring she shouldn't be cast in the shade
By her brow-beating governor, not if they knew it,
He'd better lie low, or he'd certainly rue it.

The old gent recovered, made up with his daughter,
And gave her a free passage over the water.
The years came and went, and his confidence grew;
He'd let her sling, sometimes, her thunderbolts, too;
Supply her with weapons of goodly advice.
And though they cost nothing, they always were nice.

Now when she does something remarkably fine
He smiles in a way that is sweet and benign,
And, chucking her under her chin, exclaims:
"Ah,
My beauty, how much you resemble your pa!"
And when he is very good-natured, you know,
He will joke—just a mite—of the time long ago,
When he thought in his soul he should certainly die
Of that pain in his head on the Fourth of July.

JULIA H. THAYER.

IN WINTRY WOODS.

A Romantic Tale of One Fourth of July.

[Written for This Paper.]



YOU can't fool a kid, fellows, and they hain't no use o' talkin'. The fust time I sees him an' her together I sets it all down in my mind that they was jest the niftiest couple as ever walked inter the mission. Ye 'member them days I were a reg'lar perfeshnal bootblack—a "shine 'em up," ye savey, and no more dreamed o' bein' "tiger" to a fine lady than you kids dream o' bein' Governer. Bet I yurned my place, my honies, and don't you forget it!

As I was sayin', when I see them two beeyootiful creachers a-walkin' side by side inter the mission—one a teacher o' boys an' one a teacher o' gals—I jest sets in my mind that God made them two fur each other, sure—and I haint got no reason to change my 'pinion as yet.

"I allus loved him—he was so grand, and tall, and strong-lookin', and fur all his grandness and tallness and strong-lookinness, thar was that gentle, sweet, kind way he had as 'ud make a kid wanter lay his poor, little, lonesome head agin the beeyootiful black shoulder, and jest stay there all night. I done that very thing wunst—honest Injen, kids, I axshally done it—and I haint surprised at yer 'stonished looks; 'cause I were so lifted clean outen myself by the heaven I dreamed of comin' true that I clean forgot who I were and where I were, and that my name was only Tim Lee. I didn't think o' nothin' but mother, and Heaven, and angels, and all them kind o' thoughts—for he held me close and soft and easy, jest like mother sister, and I forgot the awful pain in my broken leg, and was 'most glad I broke it if I could keep on layin' there so close in his arms and touch his fine clo'se with my cheek, and breath the sweet stuff on his hunky chiff!

And *she* kem over, too, and looked awful solemn and pityful at me, and ax me how I kem to slip right offen the Mission steps, and how thick were the ice there and why weren't it shoveled off!

I couldn't answer her, 'cause I didn't know nothin' about it; but I watched the perty eyes a meetin' his, and his eyes a turnin' away with a queerish look in 'em that haint never lost on a kid like me. I knowed from that moment he loved her; but he were so simple, somehow, like a innercent child that he never made her read the riddle in his eyes—gee, but they was daisies, kids! Great big brown eyes that jest melted alter pieces with nothin' but the warmth that kem a wellin' up from his gener's heart!

How soft he spoke ter me—how gentle he touched my poor broken leg; and when I writhed his chin, that looked like one that I wunst saw outer a marble stature in a dime museyum, shivered and shook like a hurt thing.

Oh, he were a darlin'! And when I were all well again and outen the hospital, I uster watch fur him on his own particklier home-comin' street and make him let me give him a shine fur a present—and he'd smile and pat my red head and jest let me do whatever I wanted ter with his elegant boots.

Han'some? Not any—leastways he weren't han'some in the same curly way her really truly beau were. His mustaches didn't have no filligree trimmin's at the ends ner his hair go a wavin' from the middle of his head in slick scallops; ner he didn't wear no shinin' pale-blue neck-tie, ner sport yaller leather gloves with black stitchin' all down the outside—oh, no; yer kin betcher sweet life he didn't! He'd never be obleeged ter have ter dipend sech make ups as them fur *his* fine looks—not by a good deal! He were jest plain and honest good lookin'; and his heart were as perty as his big brown eyes—fur he showed it every day of his life, while the other fellar hid his'n—sech as it were—under his striped silk wescut.

Every Sunday at the Mission I see 'em, all through the cold spring and the late comin' summer; and the more I sees 'em the more I watches their goin's on; and I see the haint come to even guess he loves her like blazes and is jest too innercent and back'ard to up and tell her so; but, jeeminy, if the other fellar haint got the glitterin' brass on his cheeks! He jest shinnies 'round and is all grins and perlite bows and makes a pertendance at teachin' us fellars at the Mission, and we kids know as much as he do and gives him sech points on religious questions as staggers the moke. But he keeps on a readin' Scripter ter us, though we kin see he could kill every last one of us cheerful enough; and all 'cause *she* bleeves in sech goin's on, and he has a eye on the rich young woman as kin afford to ride them kind o' hobbies.

And when the Fourth of July is perty nearly here, the rich young woman says as how she's goin' ter give us kids a picnic in the Wintry woods. Ole Job Wintry's her uncle and she's his sole airss, and she kin do jest what she wants ter with both of 'em. And she tells the lady and gentlemen teachers of the Mission that she shall expect 'em to help her "entertain the lambs of her little flock;" and I see the curly wolf a bowin' and a scrapin' and I makes up my mind to stay close by the fold and not git alone with *him* in the Wintry woods!

The fellar that runs the weather racket were kind and perlite as chips that Fourth of July. Such sunlight and big pink clouds and shinin' waters and soft warm winds! I kep' close ter my teacher, and his lovin', kind eyes kep' lookin' so glad down inter my face, that, somehow, I felt he was goin' ter do some pleasant thing fur me; and then and there I made up my mind if the chance came I'd do somethin' fur him.

The whole caboodle of us were driv out in 'busses—sech a jolly percession of 'em! But she and the curly fellar went flyin' 'long past us in a stylish buggy hitched outer two spankin' showy gray nags—her



"I THANK YOU, JIM."

own turnout, yer mind, kids. Then a little cloud kem up, somehow, at sight of 'em, and I see it settle over my dear teacher's watchin', wistful eyes; and I filed a vow on top o' tother one that I'd just go right to her and tell her *my* 'pinion o' them two lovers o' hern. Seemed like she didn't have nobody to tell her nothin', or she'd a never wasted no time on that hifalutin' dandy. O' course her ole aunt were allus a trapesin' along with her—a whiein' and goin' on ridiculous; but she were worse than jest nobody at all; 'sides, I knowed she druther have the curly man, any day, fur his looks.

The wintry woods was cool and green and chuck full o' dancin' lights and shadders, and the air in it were sweeter than the lovely stuff on my teacher's Sunday hankychiff. I breathed so deep, kids, that I 'most got tipsy on the smell o' the spicy woods—I wanted ter yell, and howl, and roll over and over in all the loveliness. And I *does* roll over; and 'cause the air was so cool, and the shadders so deep, and the grass so soft I falls sound asleep. And when I gets ter dreamin' I thinks I hears *her* a talkin' soft and quiet like—and a arguin' this away and that; and, will you b'leeve me, fellers, when I opened my eyes, lo, if they weren't somebody talkin' right on the opposite side o' the big tree I were a layin' under—and it were *her* voice!

"It is true," I heered her a sayin', "it is true that I have known you for quite a while, Mr. Montressor, and that I have every reason to think you are an upright and honorable gentleman, but the question you have asked me is one that I can not answer, I fear, without giving you pain—"

"Ah, *do* not say that Miss Wintry!"—kids, it were the curly man a holdin' forth. "Think how dark my life will become without your sweet presence! All will be a blank to me, and my heart will be crushed and broken! Oh, Miss Wintry, I have longed for this hour—I have lived in the sweet consciousness that my suit was not displeasing to you—that my love would surely win love in return, and that—"

Fellars, I couldn't help it. I got so scairt, fearin' she would up and lissen approovin' ter that perty speech o' his'n, that I jest gave one awful yell like a Injun in a fit!

My yell had two twin echoes—Mister Montressor and Miss Wintry jest screeched like all possessed, and the curly dude 'fore he got the right lay o' land axshuly struck out and *run!* I crawled round through the green ferns and grass to where she were a sittin', and axed her pardon fur scarin' her, humble enough; but she jest laughed hearty, and put her dazzlin' white hand on my red top-knot, and says:

"I thank you, Jim; you have done me a great service!" and laughed again.

"Miss Wintry," says I, a kneelin' close beside her dress of perty white stuff that was a layin' like foamin' billows all round her, "Miss Wintry, don't lissen to that man no more; he hain't wuth one sweet glance o' yer perty eyes. Turn yer 'tention to one who loves yer as the flowers loves the dew—one who is as innercent and back'ard as the vi'lets theirselves, and who wouldn't dare ter speak out his love like that speechifyin' dandy, 'cause its too great and holy and—"

"Boy," and I heerd a little tremble in her soft voice, "of what are you speaking? By whose authority—"

"Don't know what that means, 'um, but I'm speakin' of my teacher, Mister John Gray."

"And can not he speak for himself?" she says, unconscious like.

"It seems as if he can not, 'um; and——"

"There—that will do. You are a good boy and I like you, Jim, and I wish—I wish—that what you imagine were really true!" And, Kids, she looked away off through the wintry woods with a soft mist in her beeyootiful eyes, while her perty hand smoothed my brow like the touch of a lovin' little white cloud. I think she furgot us both fur a minute or two, fur she kep' a pattin' me and a talkin' soft to herself: "As flowers love the dew—backward as a violet—and why! Because—no, that will not serve for an excuse—this is the nineteenth century and the man is—a coward!"

"Who's a coward, Miss Wintry!" says I, a jumpin' onter my feet.

"Your teacher, John Gray!"

"That's not true!" I says, stung at her words, yet not exactly understandin' 'em. "He's the bravest man that ever breathed, and you will have to say so before the day is ended—you, Miss Wintry, who haint half good enough fur him—no, ner no woman that lives!"

Kids, I left her there with her face hid in her hands—not cryin' but lookin' like a hurt child. I were awful sorry; but she made me too mad fur me to want ter stay a minute more nigh her. John Gray had got to be *avenged!* What could he be made ter do that 'ud show her he were brave and darin'! I went off by myself and thought it all out; then went and found my dear teacher.

"Mister Gray," says I, whisperin', "you done me lots o' good turns, and if you'll jest foller my lead mebbe I kin do you a couple er so."

"All right, Jim," says he, laughin', "I never take a dare—what's to be done?"

"Oh, nothin' jest now. Only keep close ter Miss Wintry all day long fur *one* thing, save and 'ceptin' the times *I* need yer help. Promise me ye won't git riled at what I does, no matter how reckless it 'pears ter *you*."

"Pleasant conditions to begin with, Jim; it's a bargain—I promise. My boy, there's a fierce light in your blue eyes—what sort of storm does it betoken?"

"Like nuff *you* kin tell me when the thunder and lightnin's over, sir?" And then I leaves him a-laughin', and perceeds—on the strict quiet, ye mind, fellers—to climb a tall tree near to where they was beginnin' to spread out a galorious lunch. I takes a stout piece o' rope up with me (it kem from 'round the crockery box) and makes it fast to a long bent limb. Then I slips the other end 'round my own body, safe and fast, catches my jacket up over a twig I broke off on perpose, and perceeds to hang there in the air—leastwise that's what I 'pear to be doin' ter the folks below. With one direful shriek I call fur [illegible] pertend ter see nothin' nor nobody but ter Montrissor, and I howl for him ter come up and help me 'fore I perish. He looks up with his mouth so full o' cheese and crackers that I 'most spoil my pertin' and laugh out loud. But he didn't move anywheres near the tree, you bet, an Miss Wintry screams: "Oh, save the child!" At these words off goes one man coat, and John Gray is shinnin' up the tree like mad, and in a twinklin' I am picked up onter the limb.

"You little monkey!" says he, a breathin' and a pantin'.

"You kin bet I wished I *were*," says I, a whisperin' back; "for monkes have got a soft snap of it—a wrappin' their tails round limbs o' trees—I had er use *this*," and I showed him the rope that kep' me from fallin'.

"By all that's marvelous—"

"Don't ye git excited, sir; it's the *fust trick*—and you jest foller my lead all day and we'll come out ahead—that's all!"

We slid down the big tree and was met by all the picnickers with cries of joy. I kep' my face straight, and when *she* kem up and clasped his hand I saw the blood go a flyin' to his honest face, and he turned away, shy and silent.

It were a rip-snortin' good dinner, fellars, and no mistake. We, bein' the lions, eat the lion's share—leastways I did. But I managed to git through it 'fore any o' the others. You kin bet I didn't slight nothin' from sanditches ter pie; but I got through fust, as I were a tellin' ye, and went sneakin' off towards where them two grays was a munchin' their nooday oats. They was tied to a couple o' saplins', and it weren't long 'fore I were on the back o' the friskiest looking one of 'em and a goin it slambang through the woods. I had a good safe grip on the short rein, I kin tell you, fellars; and I knowed what I were about. The harness were all on, trim and trig, and nothin' less'n partin' with his own hide would a throwed *me!* I haint rid the trick mule at the circusses, *I* haint, fur *nothin'*. Yet I 'magine I must a looked perty scarified as I kem a yelpin' past the pic-nickers at a fearful gait—lookin' all the world like the wax Mazepper I seen at that same museum last summer—only I were 'lire and kickin'! Kickin'! Well, I should reckon—and a thrashin' out with my best leg like mad and succeedin' 'mazin' well in my object—which were ter frighten the nar clean outen his senses! Clean outen the woods we rushed like the wind, and when I'd got out o' sight behind a little hill I pulled him cleak square round ter stabbord and went gollopin' back agin. They was all lookin' anxious toards where I disappeared, and John Gray were ready fur me (as I knowed he would be), a comin' ter meet me on tother gray nag. I yelled "help!" so you could a heared me a plumb mile, and on kem John Gray toards my poor scairt beast.

O' course he cotch us easy as wink—but it looked like a wild West show—fur *he* rode like Wild Bill and I yelled like a Comanche! When we was a quietin' down and trottin' passive up ter the place where their dinner was a-waitin' for them poor 'bused hosses, I says:

"Trick number two—oh, we're a-doin' beeyootiful!"

"You little rascal—what are you up to?"

"I'm up to my knees in catnip, if yer please," says I, as I slid down from my foamin' steed and sniffed at the sweet smell o' crushed leaves.

Some performance of congratulatin' us both. Some claspin' of John Gray's hand by her perty white one. Some blushin' and turnin' away of eyes—but more light in hern—and a softness and sweetness that were encouragin' to behold.

All us kids run like wild through the Wintry woods. They was a perty little stream called Silver creek, 'cause it were so clear and ripply. Jest a stone's throw from the place dinner were eaten the creek got wider 'n' made a dandy place to row a skiff in. Right on the banks of this stream we all shot off fire-crackers fur hours, pack after pack, kids; hiyi, but weren't it fun on the half-shell! I 'most furgot my avengin' business in the high ole times I were hevin', and 'tweren't till I [illegible]



"LIKE A FELLOW IN A BUMBLE-BEE'S NEST.

of the little spit-fires into a tin can that I see my way clear ter make a p'int. I fills a sardine box nearly full of fire-crackers, pressed down the bent lid and slips it slyly inter the gaping pocket of the curly Montressor, who sits close by Miss Wintry a holdin' her bambersol over her head and a hanging onter every syllabub she says, waitin' his chances, like snuff, ter go over the same perlaverin' I nipped in the green, green bud earlier in the day. It were the neatest fit, kids, yer ever seen, and thanks ter that same parashoot he were holdin', he never see me gettin' in my work. I skinned up a convenient tree and watched fur the fust act in the new skit. Dreckly the fun begun—the fuse cotch on and sech a scairt man ye never heern tell on! Give you my word he danced round like a feller in a bumble-bee's nest a yellin' fit ter kill! Hurt him? How could it? The crackers was all inside the tin box and though it did *sound* perty lively it couldn't *hurt* him. Well, he performed like a rooster with his head off a tryin' to git some one to help him and nobody a knowin' what on earth were the matter. Bimebye John Gray cotch on and marched up ter the screamin' Montressor and begun ter take his tony summer coat offen him, laughin' so hard that the tears went rollin' down his face. Miss Wintry, when she found there weren't no danger laughed, too—though she tried ter be perlite and sympathizin'. But her laughin' were too much fur the curley swell, and he got so outrageous mad he dove into the heart o' the woods and cut across country to the nearest station and went home 'thout so much as by yer leave!

There were a little skift on the brink called the "Undine," or some sech heathenish sort of a name, and I rowed myself out inter the stream. 'Twere 'most time ter be a-goin' home, fur the sun had gone clean down behind some shoomack bushes on the top of the high hill near by, and the frogs and the katydids began to croak louder fur the night. There were only one thing more ter be done in the avengin' line, and I done it. I began ter rock the tipsy little craft as I stood up on the seat in the very middle of the boat, and when I got her into full swing, jest gave one unearthly yell and upset her before their eyes. Down I went like a regular shot and there I stayed till I knowed they must be gettin' clean crazy about me. I hadn't paddled 'round our docks at home fur nothin'—no more 'n I'd ride the trick mule every chance I'd git, and I jest kep' under water till I could'nt stand it no longer, then bobbed up serecnly kerslap agin John Gray's arm. I knowed he'd be there and I jest played faint and laid as limp and still as I could over his strong right arm.

"Are you crazy, boy—what *have* you done this for?" I heerd close into my ear.

"*Fur effeck*," I whispered without openin' my eyes." I kin swim like a whale, boss, but you jest hold onter me and lug me ashore. When you git me thar roll me fur *more effeck*, and I'll come to."

He were very obejint. And when I, slow and solemn-like, opened my eyes, there stood Miss Wintry a cryin' over us both. I see she cried most over John Gray, who never were in no danger, and took ter wringin' him out—now this drippin' sleeve, now that, and a declarin', between breaths, that he were the bravest man she ever saw!

Avenged!

Well, fellars, the other gentleman there hitched the hosses up in a hurry, bundled us wet folks inter the stylish wehickle, and *she* told John Gray to drive as fast as he could ter ole Job Wintry's and wait there fur her. My teacher were rigged up in a ole suit o' Job Wintry's and I were fixed up in togs jest like this very same harness, kids—braid down the pants, brass buttons and all.

Then I heerd how the 'busses kem and took the other kids home. The ole uncle sent his big keeridge over fur Miss Wintry and her aunt, his sister. And then we stayed all night—and there I'm stayin' yit.

So's John Gray.

Yer never see any thing work so slick as them schemes o' mine! When Miss Wintry kem softly inter the great hall where a fire had been made ter warm and dry us, she went straight over to where John Gray sat and stood before him. He jumps up when he sees her there, but she makes him jist sit right down again, and fetches a little stool from the corner herself and sits down 'most like it was at his feet.

"Do you know," says she, in sech a tremblin' voice, "that a little fairy—a brownie—came to me in the woods to-day? Ah, I thought not! And he told me so many things—told me of a great soul, so brave, and tender and true—yet so modest, withal, that he dared not give utterance to the one wish of his heart! Who loves a kindred being, the brownie said, as flowers love the dew; who is backward as a violet, and for whom Miss Wintry is not half good enough—no, nor any other woman that lives!"

"Miss Wintry!"

"That is what the brownie said, sir! And when I called the man a coward for his silence, this fairy rebuked me and said I should take it all back—as I do, John Gray, as I do now, with a thousand apologies for the wrong I have done you in my heart!"

"Hooray," I yells, "it's all comin' out jest like a dime novel—herowine and all! Haint ye goin' ter answer her, Mister Gray?"

"With all my heart, Tim, when you have given me a chance. But—but—I fear I do not understand—"

"How hard you make it for me—*John?*"

Well, there weren't much trouble after that, I kin tell yer. And I been "tiger" for Missus Gray ever since that day two years ago, with money o' my own in bank and a yearly liberal 'lowance o' crackers 'n' torpedoes to celebrate the anniversary of that Fourth o' July, when my master, John Gray, followed my lead!

EVA BEST.

We All Have Our Influence.

Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life, because they can not be this or that great or eminent person. Why not be willing to be *themselves?* No person who ever has lived, or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most of *that?* Since you can not grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers? No person in the world is exactly like *you*. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellencies individual to yourself. *Give them air.* Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you can not go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you can not build a palace, should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it *is* your own? Will not the sun also shine into your windows if you do not obstinately persist in shutting it out? If you can not have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose?—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Stay in the Sun-Light.

Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours as possible in the sunshine and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear vails, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. It is not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine will be a patent influence in this transformation.—*Family Visitor.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Fortunately for the self esteem of the rest of mankind, doctors are not half as wise as they look.—*Indianapolis Journal*

—Most women don't care a rap about going to the polls to vote so long as they have the privilege of casting the decisive ballot at home.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Edison's agent—"Wouldn't you like to buy a phonograph? It will store up everything you say and repeat it to you. Want one?" Omaha man—"No; got a wife."—*Omaha World.*

—First bald-head—"That's a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing." Second bald-head—"Ah, it is one that will always haunt me." "Why?" "It is the only one my daughter knows."—*New Haven News.*

—English railway trains run with greater speed than those of the United States, but they ought to. The farmers' daughters don't come out to the gate to flirt with the drummers.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Ethel, weeping—"I am so disappointed in him. I am sure he was tipsy last night—he threatened to kiss me." May—"Well, there's no knowing what men won't do when they're drunk."—*Life.*

—There are 320,000 species of insects in the world, and how on earth a drummer can have the face to come downstairs in the morning and jump on the landlord about one particular species is a conundrum.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—When you reflect that at picnics one hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-by, all the enthusiam about national progress seem to be a grave mistake.—*Scranton Truth.*

—He (a pessimist)—"Yes, mankind has greatly degenerated, particularly in wit and beauty. I'm going to write a book on the subject." She—"I should advise you to lecture; your appearance would lend such force to your argument, you know."—*Town Topics.*

—Old man—"My boy, I have made a success of my life, and I owe it to the principle taught me when I first went out into the world to earn my own living." Young man—"What was the principle?" "Be slow and sure." "What did you do when you first went out to work?" "I was a telegraph messenger."—*St Paul Globe.*

—It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is the law made?" said the instructor. "O," said a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then the President has to veto it!"—*Boston Beacon.*

—"The bulk of my fortune I wish to bequeath to my scapegrace nephew George," said the dying man. "Why, it was only yesterday that he called you an old skinflint," said the lawyer. "I'd cut the boy off." "That's all right," replied the testator. "You make the will out the way I tell you. I know enough about wills to know that if I leave him all the money he won't get a cent of it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Minister's wife (whose husband is short of a sermon): "Here is an old one, dear, that you preached several years ago, before you accepted your present call; why not use that?" Minister: "What is the text?" Minister's wife: "It's about the camel and the eye of a needle." Minister: "That wouldn't do at all. Don't you know that I preach to a two hundred million dollar congregation every Sunday morning?"

BARBER AND SALES-GIRL.

A Tender Love Romance of the Decidedly Modern School.

"My beautiful Choolie, I neffer tire of luking at your lofely hair."

The young couple sat in the elegant parlor of a hotel, enjoying a tete-a-tete. They were on their wedding tour. Julia Van Slankins, the beautiful Pennsylvania heiress, who had met the distinguished foreign nobleman, Count de Bergamot, while on a visit to her friends in the metropolis, had yielded to the impulsive ardor with which the Count pressed his suit, and after a brief courtship the two were married. Life looked blissful and romantic to the ecstatic young couple, and a future full of rose-embowered vistas, endless moonlight reveries, and the dreamy dolce far niente of far away tropical Edens, whose existence was guessed by both, but unspoken by either, rose before their rapturous vision.

The head of the beautiful bride rested confidingly on the shoulders of her husband, the noble Count de Bergamot, and at the sound of his voice she looked up.

"I am glad, my dear Count," she said, "that my hair pleases you."

Lifting the lovely head from his shoulder, the noble foreigner ran his fingers through the wavy masses of her golden hair for a few moments in silence, and then with a deferential, suggestive inflection of voice, he absently said:

"Have a shampoo, sir?"

Recovering himself as his bride looked at him with a start of surprise, he drew from his pocket a rather lean wallet, took a bank note from it and handed it to her.

"My tear Choolie," he said, "let me haf te happiness of giffing you my first present of pin-monish!"

The fair bride took the note, looked at the figures that indicated its denomination, tapped in a mechanical way on the center table, and called out in a shrill voice:

"Ca-a-sh!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Mrs. Dingham, a Dutch woman, the wife of Queen Elizabeth's coachman, first publicly taught how to starch linen 319 years ago. She charged twenty-five dollars for showing the process, and two dollars extra for showing how to manufacture the starch. The ancients made all their starch from wheat.

—During a recent severe storm in Hillsboro, Ga., a drummer was exhibiting samples in one of the stores there. Some one shouted "Cyclone!" and the drummer jumped through an open trap-door in the floor. He expected to land safely in the cellar, but instead found himself floundering about in a deep cistern. He was almost dead when fished out.

—A countryman from Northern New York, after visiting the ice bridge at Niagara, declared it was the greatest swindle he had ever seen. Said he, "Me and my wife went down there, and twan't nothin' but an old ice jam, sech as we have all winter long in the creek down to hum. Jest a plain sheet o' scrap ice stretchin' acrost an' nothing more. It's a fraud; that's all it is."

—A farmer of Montgomery County, Pa., owns a hen which lays double eggs. The outer eggs are unusually large, weighing from five to six ounces. Upon breaking the shell the albumen and yelk, such as are in an ordinary egg, flow forth; but in the center of the egg is another complete egg, shell, albumen and yolk. Both eggs possess as fine flavor as the ordinary production of a chicken.

—Says an Englishman who has recently been visiting the States: "I thank God daily that I am not an American. No bawths, ye know, and such beastly vulgarity. The great difference between the English and the Americans is, that the former are high bred, while the latter are hybrid, don't ye know. Clever thought, and original, ye know. I fahney 'Punch' would like it."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—An applicant for a marriage license in Savannah could not remember the name of the girl he was going to marry, and had to tramp back six miles into the country to find out. He had called her "Gallie," but couldn't tell any more. He returned after his twelve-mile tramp and said it was Mary Jane Daniels, and married her the next day. The bride herself joined in the laugh at the groom's expense, not seeming to think his ignorance particularly reprehensible.

—A rather novel device was introduced at a recent dinner given at the Harmonie Club of New York. A large aquarium filled with fine fish was the center piece of the table and of attraction while the convives were eating their clams. "There, gentlemen," said the host, "are your fish." Sure enough, the tank was soon removed, a flower piece substituted, and the guests began eating the fish that had been swimming about.

—It was in a Southern State, after the polls had closed on election day, that a bowie-knife met a revolver in a secluded place and asked: "What are you doing here?" "I am merely taking a quiet smoke after the excitement of the election," was the reply. "You appear very calm to have been excited recently," said the bowie-knife. "Yes," said the revolver, "but the man I quarreled with is even calmer than I."—*Chicago News.*

—Right here in Boston lives a lady who has in her parlor a very elegant bookcase filled with standard works in choice bindings, protected from dust by glass doors which are kept carefully locked, the key being removed. A friend was calling there and asked for the key, as he wished to examine some of the volumes. "On no account," said the hostess. "I had a man to come up from the book store to fit them in, and I wouldn't have them disturbed on any account."—*Boston Herald.*

—A society with one million dollars capital has been formed in New York City, which proposes to do a business similar to that of the pawnbrokers, offering to the poor who have to resort to such institution a safe, fair and reasonable accommodation. The intention is to establish about twenty offices in that city and ten in Brooklyn. It will be operated upon the plan of the "Mont de Piete," which is conducted by the French Government. Interest upon loans will be but ten per cent. per annum. The society will also aid the poor people who are known to the managers, or when unredeemed goods are sold, if the price realized is more than the loan and interest amount to, the amount received in excess will be paid over to the pledger.

Plague of Rats in China.

A late number of the Pekin *Gazette* contains an announcement that reads like one of Grimm's fairy tales. It is to the effect that it will be necessary to change certain postal routes in Outer Mongolia because of the appearance of swarms of rats. For two years past the pasturage in this region has suffered much, and last year the grass was nearly all eaten by these vermin. The whole country has been honeycombed by their burrowing. Camels and horses are suffering for food, and the courier service throughout this district can not safely be continued because the burrows are a source of danger to all mounted travelers.

Some Other Kind.

He had 'em stretched across the car for everybody to stumble over, and after surveying them for a minute a little girl turned to her ma and said:

"Is that the kind we had for dinner yesterday?"

"What, dear?"

"Why, pickled pig's feet."

He blushed and drew 'em up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A DEAR LITTLE BRIGAND.

Oh, he is a terrible brigand
All through the long, long day,
With his crimson sash and his fierce mustache,
And his hat with its feather gay.

Yes, he is a terrible brigand,
As he hides in parlor or hall,
And rushes out with triumphant shout,
To capture Nannie or Paul.

But he is a dear little brigand
When the sun sinks low in the west,
And with sleep in his eyes he drops disguise,
Begging to be undressed.

Yes, he is a dear little brigand
When his childish prattlings cease,
And he holds my hand till he's safe in the land
Where brigands are all at peace.

—*Emma C. Dowd, in Our Little Ones.*

THE THREE GOLD PIECES.

A Story from the Life of King Frederick the Great.

Early one summer morning, a great many years ago, a boy was lying sound asleep on a bench in one of the rooms at Sans-Souci (the country palace of the King of Prussia) with all his clothes on. Very gay clothes they were, from the trim blue jacket, with its embroidered cuffs and shining brass buttons, down to the smart shoes, with their well polished steel buckles. But the poor little fellow's face was not as gay as his dress by any means. It looked sadly pale, and as worn and tired as if he had been up all night.

So indeed he had; for tough old King Frederick, who could work from four in the morning till ten at night without seeming a bit the worse, sometimes forgot that his poor little page-boy was not as strong as himself, and would often keep him on duty till Karl fell asleep from sheer fatigue, just as he appeared to have done now.

All at once a bell rang sharply in the next room. At that signal the page ought to have jumped up and gone in to receive his orders for the day, as he had to do the first thing every morning, no matter at what hour he might have gone to bed. But he was so fast asleep that he never heard it, and the bell rang again, still more sharply, without any answer.

Then the door of the inner room opened, and out came a very strange figure, indeed.

It was a small, lean, gray-haired old man, in a shabby uniform coat and a pair of long riding-boots, which looked as though they had not been cleaned for a month; and as if he were not untidy enough already, he had smeared the whole front of his coat with snuff, which fell off in flakes when he moved.

His face might have been carved in stone, so cold and hard did it look; but in the midst of it there gleamed an eye so large and bright and piercing that it seemed to go right through every one upon whom it rested. But for this commanding glance, one would most likely have taken him for a beggar, and have wondered what business such a slovenly old fellow could have in the palace at all.

But in reality this queer, shabby little old man was no other than King Frederick of Prussia himself, the greatest General and statesman in the world, and famous throughout all Europe under the name of "Frederick the Great."

One could see by the flash of his eye and the set of his hard old mouth, as he came striding out, that he was very angry at being kept waiting, and that a terrible scolding awaited the poor little page, who lay sleeping there so peacefully, knowing nothing at all about it. But as the King's eye fell upon the lad's unconscious face, his mood seemed to change.

"Hum!" muttered he, with the very ghost of a smile flickering over his iron face. "How famously the young dog sleeps! I only wish *I* could have such a nap now and then. One can see that *he* hasn't got to worry himself about governing five millions of men, or carrying on war against five nations at once. Ha! what's this?"

A crumpled sheet of coarse paper, which seemed to have dropped from Karl's hand, was lying on the floor beside him.

The King picked it up, and these were the first words that caught his eye, written in the shaky, straggling hand of a very feeble old woman:

"I thank you much, my dear child, for the money that you have so kindly sent me, which has been a great help. Take your old mother's blessing for it, and see that you always do your best to be a worthy and faithful servant to our master the King, whom God bless and preserve."

As he read that simple message, the soldier King's grim face softened as no one had ever seen it soften before. Perhaps the memory of his own mother, dead years ago, rose up in his own mind once more; perhaps he was touched by the old woman's prayer for himself, or by the discovery that *this* had been the boy's last thought before he fell asleep.

"Were all my subjects like *that*," he murmured, "I should be the luckiest King in Europe. And so he has been saving money from his wages (and poor enough wages they are, I'm sure) to send to his mother! Well done, my boy, thou'rt a true Prussian!"

At that moment Karl moved slightly, as if about to awake.

The King noticed it, and a new idea appeared to strike him, which must have been a droll one, judging from the momentary twinkle that lighted up his stern eyes.

"Yes, that will be the best way," said he to himself, "and a fine surprise it will be for him."

Stepping back into the room whence he had issued (which certainly had very little "royal luxury" about it, for it was almost as bare as a cattle-shed, with no furniture save a battered old deal table and a broken chair), Frederick hunted in the table-drawer till he rummaged out a well-worn writing-case, from one of the pockets of which he took three gold coins.

These he slipped into the page's pocket along with the letter, taking great care not to awake him in doing so. Then he rang his bell violently, and called out:

"Karl, come here!"

The sharp, stern voice effectually roused our hero, who started up at once, and drew back in dimay as he saw Frederick's keen eyes fixed upon him.

"Pardon, your Majesty, pardon!" stammered he. "I was—"

"Never mind about that just now," interrupted the King. "Come in here and get your orders."

As Karl sprang eagerly forward to obey, the money, which had been put loosely into his pocket, rolled out again, and fell ringing and chinking upon the floor.

"Hello, young man!" cried Frederick, "you ought to be a good deal richer than I am, if you can afford to fling your money about like that."

"Oh, sire!" cried the boy, imploringly, "I don't know any thing about this money. I don't, indeed! Somebody must have meant to ruin me by putting it into my pocket, and then saying that I had stolen it."

"No," said the King, gravely, "that money is God's gift to you, to help you in assisting your mother. Write and tell her that I know all about her, and that I'll take care of her, and of you, too."

And King Frederick kept his word. —*David Ker, in Golden Rule.*

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

The Fixedness of Habit—The Importance to the Young of Doing Every Thing Well.

Practice makes perfect, but perfection does not necessarily come from much practice. Every thing depends on the character of the practice. The oftener we do a thing carelessly, the more firmly we fix the habit of not doing that thing well—the harder we make it to do our best when need comes for the exercise of our highest skill.

Habits count for more than capacity in the conduct of life; and if our practice does not tend to make our best work habitual, so that it is easier to do well than ill, we will not be much advantaged by it.

In practical life, "well enough for the purpose" is a good rule. It is folly to put ten dollars' worth of work on a five-dollar job. We do not finish a door-yard fence as we would a handrail of our stairway inside, nor a field fence like the fence about the house. The fine skill put upon the finishing of a carriage would be out of place upon a dump-cart.

A working-drawing, or an ordinary note of invitation, or penciled memorandum, must be correct or clearly intelligible, but need not be artistic in style or finish. In all such cases it is not the doing, but the thing done, that is of importance. Doing for the purpose of self-training—indeed, for any purpose except sheer necessity in early life—comes under a different rule.

In youth, when our habits are forming, we misspend our time if we do any thing—work or play—indifferently well. There is then no "well enough" except our very best. The thing we set out to make may not be worth much when it is finished, yet we can not afford to make it badly. There is as little solid enjoyment in a piece of poor work as in a badly-played game.

Besides, if the joining made, the blow struck, or the line drawn, is not true to the best of our ability, the practice got in doing it will hinder rather than help us toward that condition of off-hand, unconscious, habitual skill fulness which is the secret of easy and successful accomplishment.

We may not have—are not likely to have—the rare gifts which constitute genius, but we may draw near to, perhaps surpass, the achievements of genius, if in all our training work we never allow ourselves in any thing to fall short of the best that we are capable of doing. Practice of this kind leads toward perfection; all other away from it.

With the high demands and fierce competition of modern life, the chances are heavily against those who are capable of third or fourth-rate work. Every avenue of life is crowded with those who can do work that is just tolerably good; but superior workers are fewer.

In every art or profession there is abundant "room at the top;" and the uncrowded workers, though few—rather because they are few—reap the lion's share of the rewards. For the products of superior knowledge and skill there is always a demand at good prices, and the first-rate man or woman commands the situation, while the third-rate goes a-begging for something to do.

When one has learned how to do superior work, and has acquired the habit of doing it as a matter of course, it is as easy to do that rapidly as poor work; and the superior worker in every field of effort receives twice, thrice, often ten times the pay of the inferior worker. This unequal pay for equal labor is the prize which the world offers for superior quality in work, and that quality is very largely the result of taking pains when working habits are being formed.

Accordingly we would say to our young friends: Don't let your pastime work train you to be "botches." You are making not playthings merely, but yourselves; and a bad job at that is the worst job you can undertake. Better be doing absolutely nothing than practicing any thing in a careless, haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion.

It is easier to learn good habits than to unlearn bad ones, and any practice that fixes bad habits—manual, mental or moral—will not pay.—*C. E. Corson in Golden Days.*

ADVICE FOR FARMERS.

Although Offered Gratuitously, It Should Nevertheless Be Heeded.

In early days, when land was cheap, produce of small value, expenses light and wants few, the "cut-and-cover" process was tolerable; but in modern times, when land is dear and largely sapped of its virgin fertility, taxes, labor and living high, and produce low, old methods lead to a precarious existence. It is possible to make the average farm yield double what it does now, and turn off just as much profit as usual while bringing it up to this condition. Then with land $100 an acre the man with fifty acres is doing annually $300 better than one with 100 acres, for he saves this much in interest. Till less land, till it better, do not spread a little labor over a great deal of land and manure in proportion. Remove old stumps, roots and plow-destroying boulders. Uproot briars and bushes in fence-corners and foul weeds all over the farm, and plant fruit and forest trees in waste places. Keep less and better stock and care for them with wise liberality; it costs no more to raise a good animal than a scrub; the average dairy cow makes 150 pounds of butter; it is easy to increase that to 300 pounds. Keep all stables, pens and poultry-houses warm and clean; keep buildings and fences in repair and tools housed and painted. Keep some sheep on most farms; they consume rough forage which other stock will not eat; lambs and mutton are marketable any time of year; sheep do more good, less harm and are more profitable weight for weight than other stock. Acquire the reputation in market of always having excellent products in attractive packages and all holding out equal to the sample on top; and always tell the truth.

It is not economy to sell off the young stock, for the purchaser gets all the benefit; nor to allow straw-stacks to rot down; these should be fed to stock and used in stables for litter and absorbent. Do not seed permanent pasture-land with only one or two kinds of the grasses; various kinds should be sown, those that mature early, late and between, and such as are adapted to the soil and locality, and then the surface will be all covered continuously. Do not sell hay, straw or much grain off the farm; better feed it at home. The reason the soil of England is so productive is because she not only consumes all she raises but imports large quantities of meats and cereals, and as it is a law of nature that not a particle of matter is ever lost the "balance of trade" in plant food is largely in her favor. A thoughtful farmer stood on the dock at New York when a foreign vessel grain-laden swung out into the river. "There," said he, with much truth. "America has robbed her soil of another cargo of manure to enrich the Old World." It is a mistake to permit the soil to remain bare any length of time. Nature proves that. She abhors a nude surface as much as a vacuum and proceeds to cover it with some kind of vegetation in her own slow but sure way. She can be anticipated by sowing seeds of useful plants; rye answers an excellent purpose sown after potatoes, corn, garden vegetables and other crops which leave the surface exposed. And, finally, it does not pay to make personal use of narcotics and stimulants.—*Terra, in N. Y. Tribune.*

The Queen's Beef-Eaters.

"Beef-eaters" is a familiar name for the yeomen of the guard, a corps organized by Henry VII. for his own protection on the day of his coronation, October 30, 1485, and which has served as a body guard of the English sovereign ever since. The word is usually derived from buffetier, but the etymology is doubtful, as the yeoman never had charge of the royal buffet or side-board. Preston ("History of the Yeoman of the Guard," 1885,) suggests that they may have received their name from a bird called beef-eater, whose strong, thick bill bore some resemblance to their partisans. Indeed, the yeomen were often referred to as "bill-men," because they carried a weapon with a hook like the beak or bill of a bird. The tower wardens, an entirely different body of men, are uniformed like them, and popular parlance classifies them all as "beef-eaters."—*American Notes and Queries.*

Marion Harland.

The celebrated authoress, so highly esteemed by the women of America, says on pages 103 and 445 of her popular work "*Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother*":

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases for perhaps a fortnight."

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"HAMLET" is a play for all time. It will never give up the ghost.—*Puck.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it 25c.

THAT "dead men tell no tales" is not an article of faith with Spiritualists.—*Martha's Vineyard Herald.*

IT is to be presumed that the Christianized Indians are all Lo church people.—*Boston Courier.*

THE sphere of the weather prophet—atmosphere.

BILL of the Play—Bill Shakespeare.—*Life.*

A MAN doesn't get even when he gets married two times.—*Critic.*

IT is in a bass drum that two heads are better than one.

A COMMERCIAL traveler's motto—"Don't give up the grip."—*N. Y. Journal.*

A CITY man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks every body would take it.

A MAN may be truthful in every thing else, but he always played a better game of billiards several years ago than he does now.—*Philadelphia Call.*

CAUGHT in the act—the player who forgot his lines.

MOST men go to the penitentiary as a result of their convictions and not merely from prejudice.

HAPPINESS is only relative, and some people find that it is a very distant relative indeed.—*Journal of Education.*

"Room for one more," said the retired mariner, when he ushered into the parlor the fourth gentleman who had called within an hour to see his flirtatious daughter.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A PEN may be driven, but a pencil does the best when it is lead.

THE extreme weariness of summer is plaintively expressed by the yawning windows.—*The Colonel.*

IT is absurd to speak of the "foot-prints of time," when it is well known that time flies.—*N. Orleanian.*

THE truly esthetic girl with an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things uses blue note paper when she tells her admirer that she can never be more than a sister.—*Merchant Traveler.*

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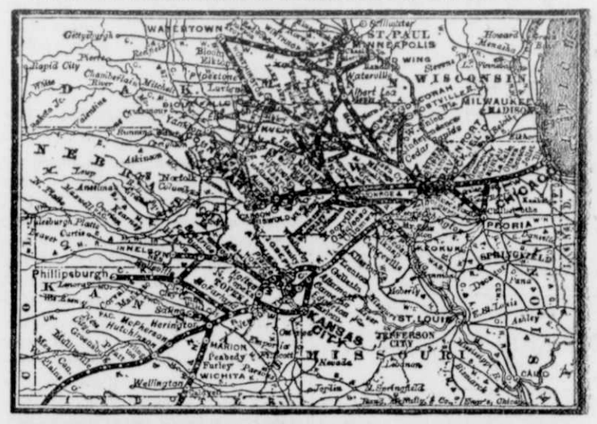
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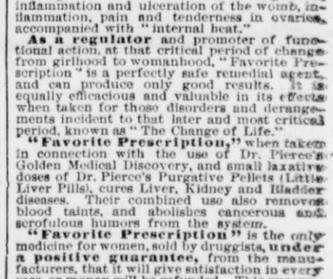
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FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJAMIN H. HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

The National Convention.

After a session of six days, and on the 8th ballot, Monday, General Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, received 544 votes, and was then declared the unanimous choice of the convention, amid great enthusiasm. Hon Levi P. Morton, of New York, was nominated for Vice President on the first ballot.

With this ticket and the admirable platform adopted by the convention, we should, and we honestly believe we will be successful in the coming election.

BENJAMIN H. HARRISON.

Sketch of Our Candidate for President

General Benjamin Harrison, son of Hon. J. Scott Harrison, and grandson of President William Henry Harrison, was born at the home of his grandfather, North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. He was thus seven years old when his distinguished ancestor was elected President of the United States, in 1840, on the Whig platform of protection for American industry. He graduated at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, in 1852, when he was nineteen years old, with high honors. He began the study of law in Cincinnati, and a year after his graduation he married Miss Carrie L. Scott, of Oxford, whose acquaintance he had made while in college. In 1854 he commenced the practice of law and settled in Indianapolis. He soon rose to distinction in his profession, and gained prominence as a successful lawyer. In 1860 he was a candidate for reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and after many joint debates with Governor Hendricks, was elected, In July, 1862, having taken an active part in raising the Seventieth Indiana Regiment, he was elected and commissioned colonel by Governor Morton, and at once went into active service in Kentucky, Tennessee and elsewhere with the Army of the Cumberland. During his absence the Democratic Supreme Court declared his office vacant, but in 1864 he was re-elected by a large majority.

He served in the army until the close of the war, attaining the rank of Brigadier General, and receiving high commendation from his commanding general.

When the war was over he resumed the practice of law, in which he became well known throughout the State, and was often engaged in the most important law suits occurring in the West. In 1876 he was induced, much against his inclination, to accept the Republican nomination for governor, but was defeated, although leading all other candidates on his ticket.

In 1880 he headed the Indiana delegation at Chicago, where he combatted the "third term" movement, and was largely instrumental in bringing about the nomination of Garfield. In the campaign of 1880 he was very active, and the Republicans gaining the ascendency in the legislature, he was elected to the United States Senate, where he served six years with distinction. In 1884 he was often spoken of as an available nominee for the Presidency; but he declined to allow his name to go before the convention. In that campaign the Democrats, coming into power again, made an infamous gerrymander of the legislative districts of the State by which they supposed the election of a Republican Senator was rendered impossible. But in 1886 the Republicans, under the leadership of Harrison, and the main issue being the question of his re-election, elected their State ticket, as well as a majority of the legislature; but one of the houses, being Democratic, unlawfully expelled Republicans enough to give themselves a majority of two on joint ballot, and thereby defeated the will of the people and elected Turpie.

This year, delegates favorable to the nomination of Harrison had been chosen in every congressional district in the State of Indiana, and the State convention instructed the delegates-at-large to exhaust every honorable means to secure his nomination. Thus Indiana was solid for her favorite son,

Sketch of the Nominee for Vice-President.

Levi P. Morton, the nominee for vice-president, is descended from George Morton, one of the Puritan fathers who landed at Plymouth, New England, in 1632, and is a son of the Rev. Daniel Morton. His birthplace was Shoreham, Vermont, where he first saw the light on May 16, 1824. Having a strong preference for a business career, when 16 years old he was placed in a country store. By the time he attained his majority he was made a partner by his employer. In 1849 he removed to Boston, where he was admitted as a partner in a wealthy mercantile firm, his good fortune being due to his ability alone, as he had neither adequate capital nor influential friends to gain him the promotion. Five years after he made New York his residence, and opened a place of business in that city. Prosperity attended him, and in 1863 he founded the banking houses of Morton, Bliss & Co., New York, and Morton, Rose & Co., London.

Mr. Morton was elected to Congress from the eleventh district of New York in 1878 as a Republican. His majority was over 7,000 votes. He was re-elected two years after. President Garfield nominated him as minister to France, which was unanimously confirmed by the Senate in March, 1881. The vacant seat thus created in the House of Representatives was filled by Roswell P. Flower, after a memorable contest. Mr. Morton was recalled from France by President Cleveland.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Grandest Document Ever Presented by Any Party.

The Republicans of the United States assembled, by their delegates, in National Convention, pause on the threshhold of their proceedings to honor the memory of their first great leader, the immortal champion of Liberty and the rights of the people, Abraham Lincoln, and to cover also with wreaths of imperishable remembrance and gratitude the heroic names of our later leaders who have more recently been called away from our councils—Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Logan, and Conkling. May their memories be faithfully cherished. We also recall, with our greetings and with prayers for his recovery, the name of our living heroe, whose memory will be treasured in the history both of Republicans and of the Republic, the name of that noble soldier and favorite child of victory, Phillip H. Sherdian.

SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND AND BRAZIL.

In the spirit of these great leaders and of our own devotion to human liberty, and with that hostility to all forms of despotism and oppression which is the fundamental idea of the Republican party, we send fraternal congratulation to our fellow Americans of Brazil upon their great act of emancipation which completed the abolition of slavery throughout the two American continents. We earnestly hope that we may soon congratulate our fellow citizens of Irish birth upon the peaceful recovery of home rule for Ireland.

EQUAL RIGHTS AND A FREE BALLOT.

We reaffirm our unswerving devotion to the National Constitution and to the indissoluble union of the States; to the autonomy reserved to the States under the constitution; to the personal rights and liberties of citizens in all the States and territories in the Union and especially to the supreme and sovereign right of every lawful citizen, rich or poor, native or foreign born, white or black, to cast one free ballot in public elections and to have that ballot duly counted. We hold the free and honest popular ballot and the just and equal representation of all the people to be the foundation of our Republican government and demand effective legislation to secure the integrity and purity of elections, which are the fountains of all public authority; we charge that the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress owe their existence to the suppression of the ballot by a criminal nulification of the constitution and laws of the United States.

PROTECTION WITH A BIG P.

We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection. We protest against its destruction as proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe. We will support the interests of America. We accept the issue and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. *The protective system must bemaintained.* Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests, except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily endorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage. We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish

FREE AND ADEQUATE PROTECTION

to that industry. The Republican party would effect all needed reduction of the National revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production, except luxuries, the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a large revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government, we favor the entire repeal of the internal taxes *rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system* at the joint behest of the whisky ring and the agents of the foreign manufacturers.

CONTRACT LABOR AND TRUSTS.

We declare our hostility to the introduction into this country of foreign contract labor and of Chinese labor—alien to our civilization and our Constitution—and we demand the rigid enforcement of the existing laws against it, and favor such immediate legislation as will exclude such labor from our shores.

We declare our opposition to all combinations of capital organized in trusts or otherwise to control the condition of trade among our citizens, and we recommend to Congress and the State legislatures in their respective jurisdictions, such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, by unjust rates for the transportation of their products to market. We approve the legislation by Congress to prevent alike unjust burdens and unfair discriminations between the States.

PUBLIC LANDS.

We reaffirm the policy of appropriating the public lands of the United States to be homesteads for American citizens and settlers not aliens, which the Republican party established in 1862 against the persistent opposition of the Democratic party in Congress, which has brought our great Western domain into such magnificent development. The restoration of unearned railroad land grants to the public domain for the use of actual settlers, which was began under the administration of President Arthur, should be continued. We deny that the Democratic party *has ever restored one acre to the people*, but declare that by the joint action of Republicans and Democrats about fifty millions of acres of unearned lands originally granted for the construction of railroads have been restored to the public domain, in pursuance of the condition inserted by the Republican party in the original grants.

We charge the Democratic administration with failure to execute the laws securing to settlers title to their home-steads, and with using appropriations made for that purpose to harrass innocent settlers with spies and prosecutions under the false pretense of exposing frauds and vindicating the law.

ADMISSION OF TERRITORIES.

The Government by congress of the Territories is based upon necessity only, to the end that they may become States in the Union. Therefore, whenever the conditions of population, material resources, public intelligence and morality are such as to insure a stable local government therein, the people of such Territories should be permitted, as a right inherent in them, to form for themselves constitutions and state governments and be admitted into the Union. Pending the preparation for statehood all officers thereof should be selected from the bona-fide residents and citizens of the Territory wherein they are to serve. South Dakota should of right be immediately admitted as a State in the Union under the constitution framed and adopted by her people, and we heartily endorse the action of the Republican Senate in twice passing bills for her admission. The refusal of the Democratic House of Representatives, for partisan purposes, to favorably consider these bills, is a wilful violation of the sacred American principle of local self-government and merits the condemnation of all just men. The pending bills in the Senate for acts to enable the people of Washington, North Dakota and Montana Territories to form constitutions and establish state governments should be passed without unnecessary delay. The Republican party pledges itself to do all in its power to facilitate the admission of the Territories of New Mexico, Idaho and Arizona to the enjoyment of self-government as states, such of them as are now qualified as soon as possible, and the others as soon as they may become so.

THE MORMON CHURCH.

The political power of the Mormon Church in the Territories, as exercised in the past, is a menace to free institutions, too dangerous longer to be suffered; therefore we pledge the Republican party to appropriate legislation, asserting the sovereignty of the Nation in all Territories where the same is questioned, and in furtherance of that end to place upon the statute books legislation strong enough to drive the political from the ecclesiastical power, and thus stamp out the attendant wickedness of polygamy.

A SOUND FINANCIAL POLICY.

The Republican party is in favor of the use of both gold and silver as money and condems the policy of the Democratic administration in its efforts to demonetize silver.

We demand the reduction of letter postage to one cent per ounce.

AID TO FREE SCHOOLS.

In a Republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign, the people, should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us a free Nation. Therefore the State or Nation, or both combined, should support free institutions of learning, sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common school education.

OUR AMERICAN MARINE.

We earnestly recommend that prompt action be taken by Congress in the enactment of such legislation as will best secure the rehabilitation of our American Merchant Marine, and we protest against the passage by Congress of a free ship bill as calculated to work injustice to labor by lessening the wages of those engaged in preparing materials as well as those directly employed in our ship yards. We demand appropriations for the early building of our navy, for the construction of coast fortifications and modern ordnance and other improved modern means of defense, for the protection of our defenseless harbors and cities, for the payment of just pensions to our soldiers, for necessary works of national importance in the improvement of harbors and the channels of internal coast wise and foreign commerce, for the encouragement of the shipping interests of the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific States, as well as for the payment of the maturing public debt. This policy will give employment to our labor, activity to our various industries, increase the security of our country, promote trade, open new and direct markets for our produce, and cheapen the cost of transportation. We affirm thisto be for the better of our country than the Democratic policy of loaning the Government's money without interest to National banks.

THE FOREIGN POLICY.

The conduct of foreign affairs by the present Administration has been distinguished by its inefficiency and its cowardice. Having withdrawn from the Senate all pending treaties affected by Republican administrations for the removal of foreign burdens and restrictions upon our commerce for its extension into better market, it has neither affected nor proposed any others in their stead. Professing adherence to the Monroe doctrine it has seen with idle complacency the extension of foreign influence in Central America, and offering trade everywhere among its neighbors it has refused to charter, sanction or encourage any American organization for constructing the Nicaragua canal—a work of vital importance to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine and our national influence in Central and South America and necessary for the development of trade with our Pacific territory with South America and with the islands and further coasts of the Pacific ocean.

THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN FISHERIES.

We arraign the present Democratic administration for its weak and unpatriotic treatment of the fisheries question and its pusillanimous surrender of the essential privileges to which our fishing vesssls are entitled in Canadian ports under the treaty of 1818, the reciprocal maritime legislation of 1830 and the comity of nations and which Canadian fishing vessels receive in the ports of the United States. We condemn the policy of the present administration and the Democratic majority in Congress towards our fisheries as unfriendly and conspicuously unpatriotic and as tending to destroy a valuable national industry and an indispensible resource of defense against a foreign enemy. The name American applies to all citizens of the redublic and imposes upon all alike the same obligation of obedience to laws, and at the same time that citizenship is and must be the panoply and safeguard of him who wore it, and protect him, whether high or low, rich or poor, in all his civil rights. It should and must afford him protection at home and follow and protect him abroad in whatever land he may be on a lawful errand.

A SIDE WIPE AT THE MUGWUMPS.

The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884 and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom and purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to-wit: The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under the Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.

PENSIONS TO UNION SOLDIERS.

The gratidude of the Nation to the defenders of the Union cannot be measured by law. The legislation of Congress should conform to the pledges made by a loyal people and be so enlarged and extended as to provide against the possibility that any man who honorably wore the Federal uniform shall become an inmate of an alms house or dependent upon private charity. In the presence of an overflowing treasury it would be a public scandal to do less for those whose valorous service preserved the government. We denounce the hostile spirit shown by President Cleveland in his numerous vetoes of measuees for pension relief and the action of the Democratic House of Representatives in refusing a consideration of general pension legislation.

In support of the principles herewith enumerated, we invite the cooperation of patriotic men of all parties and especially of all working men whose prosperity is seriously threatened by the free trade policy of the present administration.

New York *Sun*, (ind.:) "Harrison is not a great man or a great political genius, but nobody need believe that he is an insignificant candidate. Everybody who has ever belonged to the Republican party can support him—Stalwarts, half-breeds, Blaine men, Conkling men, all can take Harrison without any sacrifice of feeling. * * * * Levi P. Morton having been absent as minister to France during the whole period of Garfield and Arthur's administration, he is not involved in the bitter factional fights of that time, and there is nothing in his nomination to interfere with the conciliatory qualities of General Harrison. It is a respectable ticket all through. We wrrn the Democrats that they will have to put forth their best efforts and bring out their utmost strength. It is no sham battle."

The grandfather of our Presidential nominee 48 years ago ran against a man from New York, who was after a second term, the issue being the same as now, the tariff. William Henry Harrison defeated this man from New York, who was after reelection and who advocated a low tariff. Now, 48 years later, we have the grandson of William Henry Harrison pitted against another man from New York, who very much desires re-election and the issue is practically the same as in '40. The parallel does not cease here, either. Our Harrison will be elected, as was his grandfather and the man from New York will be snowed under, as was Van Buren.

Blaine to Harrison.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., June 26.—General Harrison last night received the following from Mr. Blaine:

Linlithgow, Scotland, June 25.—General Harrison, Indianapolis: I congratulate you most heartily upon the work of the national convention. Your candidacy will recall the triumphant enthusiasm and assure the victorious conclusion which followed your grandfather's nomination in 1840. Your election will seal our industrial independence as the declaration of '76, which bears the honored name of your great grandfather, saved our political independence.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 25, 1888.—Everybody, including not a few Democrats, is praising the grand platform unanimously adopted by Chicago convention. It breathes victory. Hon. W. D. Kelley, often referred to as "the father of the House" says: "It will carry all the doubtful States of the North, and give us a fair fighting chance for Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky." The opinion of Judge Kelley is concurred in by every Republican with whom your correspondent has talked. This platform is one of the grandest political documents ever put forth, as embodying the views of a party. Every Republican in this broad land should feel pr ud o the good work done by the representatives of the party in convention assembled. Before this letter is in print the telegraph will have informed you of the nomination of the convention for President and Vice-President. They are sure to be our strongest men. The delegates who got up this platform can make no serious mistake, and, after all, with such a glorious declaration of principles, it matters little who the candidates are.

Cleveland has again wrapped himself in the mantle of Civil Service Reform, after having trampled it under foot for months. He has secured the nomination, and now he wants to do a little posing to catch the votes of such Mugwumps as George William Curtis. But the people have long ago seen through the hypocrisy of Mr. Cleveland. Four years ago he succeeded in fooling some very good people, but he will never do it again.

Since the St. Louis Convention Washington has been overrun with New York Democratic politicians, and the most of private secretary Dan. Lamont's time is taken up by conferences with these gentlemen.

The subject matter under discussion is doubtless the political situation in New York State. There are rumors that Cleveland intends to keep Governor Hill out of a nomination, because he dared to allow his name to be used as a prospective presidential candidate. Some say that Cleveland's candidate for Governor will be ex-Mayor Grace, of New York City, and others that private secretary Lamont is the favored individual. My own impression is that Cleveland will not quarrel with Hill—he dare not, but if he can get him to retire by promise of future honors, he will probably be very glad to do so.

Here's a specimen of Cleveland's boasted moral courage: Through the influence of a real estate syndicate of this city, Congress passed a bill appropriating $30,000 to build a new and ornamental bridge over a creek, which runs near Mr. Cleveland's country residence, near this city. There was no necessity in the world for this appropriation. There was a good substantial wood bridge already over this creek, and the idea of building a new $30,000 bridge would never have been heard of if the real estate syndicate before mentioned had not bought all the property adjacent to Cleveland's place on the other side of the creek. Clevelann knew that this appropriation was made for the benefit of speculators and himself. Did he veto the bill? Not he. Neither had he courage enough to sign it. He allowed it to become a law without his signature. Had it been a bill giving a pension of $4 or $5 a month to the poor widow of some soldier, he would have vetoed it quick enough.

News from the Chicago convention has been eagerly sought after and discussed here, since it has been in session. At the capitol but little else was talked about. The secretary of the Senate received dispatches which were bulletined on a temporary blackboard put up in his office for the purpose. In the main corridor of the House the Western Union put up bulletins, both places were crowded whenever the convention was in session, the Democrats seeming to be as deeply interested as the Republicans.

The Senate has passed a bill appropriating $40,000 to pay the expenses of having the Government department represented at the Columbus, Ohio, Centennial exposition, in September and October.

Senator Frye has presented his report in favor of the river and harbor bill. It appropriates more money by $2,800,000 than any other similar bill ever passed by Congress. The bill is almost certain to pass the Senate.

The Nebraska Representatives gave the rascally special agents of the General Land Office a terrible scoring in the House Wednesday.

The House having finished with the general appropriation bills, will now resume the fight on the Mills bill.

General Sheridan continues to get better, but the improvement is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, except when you compare his present condition with that of two weeks ago.

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Just received at Offutt's store, 2,000 bushels of oats and 1,000 bushels of corn.

—Died, June 19th, 1888, at Summit Mills, Pa., Edith Elitia Folk, aged 2 years, 1 month and 22 days.

—Mr. W. L. Boughner and family, of Fairmont, W. Va., were with relatives and friends in Oakland last week.

—Mr. Thomas Stanton, who is studying for the Priesthood, returned to his home here Tuesday to spend the summer vacation.

—Don't forget the pic-nic to be held July 4th, on the lands of Mr. Silas Walters, on Deep Creek. Good music and refreshments on the ground.

—The finest strawberries of the season which came under our observation, were raised by Mrs. William Casteel, in the southern suburbs of Oakland.

—Col. J. E. Wood and family, who spent the winter in Baltimore, arrived in Oakland Wednesday. They will spend the summer on their large farm near Oakland.

—A lot on the corner of Alder and Sixth streets has been purchased by the Episcopal congregation of Oakland, and a rectory to cost about $3,000 will be erected thereon this summer.

—We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from Mr. J. A. Nydegger to be present at the nineteenth anniversary of the Philomathean Society of St. John's College, Annapolis, which took place on Tuesday last.

—Married, Thursday morning, June 28th, 1888, in St. Peter's Catholic church, Oakland, by Rev. Father Mattingly, Mr. Joseph P. Helbig and Miss Ella Hart. The happy couple left on the noon train for Philadelphia on a bridal tour.

—Cheap John can't be kept down. He has started a bottling establishment in the building on Main street, opposite the Memorial church, where he will also supply his friends with the purest and best soda water, candies, cakes, fruits, &c.

—A new and attractive ice cream parlor has been opened opposite the Glades Hotel and next door to Offutt's store. Families and entertainments can be supplied with delicious cream and all kinds of home-made cake. A fine line of confectionery.

—Married, June 21, at the residence of Mr. Jacob Gnagey, the bride's home, by Rev. J. M. Evans, Noah Warnick and Miss Annie J. Gnagey, both of Grantsville, Md. The happy couple left at once for Ohio, where they expect to remain sometime, and perhaps make their home. The kind wishes of many friends go with them.

—Died, at his home in Oakland, Md., Sunday afternoon last, after an illness of several years, of heart disease, Joseph Painter, in the 59th year of his age. Deceased had been a resident of Oakland for a number of years, and was universally esteemed for his quiet unobstrusive life and strict integrity. He was a consistent member of the Lutheran Church. A short service was held at the home of deceased Tuesday morning, conducted by Rev. J. S. Foulk, of the Presbyterian Church, and the interment took place the same day at Carmel, W. Va., after a funeral sermon by Rev. G. W. W. Amick, of the Oakland Lutheran Church.

—A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday, June the 20th, at the beautiful home of Mr. John S. Michaels, near Firm Rock church, this county. The groom was Mr. Joseph C. Shaw, son of Mr. George W. Shaw, of near Grantsville, and the bride Miss Mollie M., daughter, of John S. Michaels. As the clock told the hour of 4 P. M. the couple entered the parlor, where the Rev. Pasco, of Bloomington, performed the ceremony in a beautiful and imposing manner. The bride handsomely attired in white albatross cloth, trimmed in orange buds and carrying a beautiful boquet of orange blossoms, was attended by her maid of honor Miss Carrie Michaels, wearing a beautiful dress of white cashmere trimmed in cream satin. The ceremony was witnessed by a large number of relatives and friends, who, after tendering their congratulations, were escorted to a luxurious repast served in honor of bride and groom. This being over the bridal party, amid a profusion of well wishes, slippers and flowers, started for the groom's home, near Grantsville, where they were tendered a reception by his parents Mr. and Mrs. George W. Shaw. Among the many present were Dr. and Mrs. Michaels, Wm. Payne and wife, A. B. Shaw and wife, Mr. and Miss Hay, Mr. and Miss Dorsey, Mrs. and Miss Morehead, Mr. Tibbets, Mr. Hocking, Mr. Slick, Mr. Stanton, Mr. C. A. Murphy and Mr. and Miss Bancord. The presents were many, handsome, and useful.

"SOMEBODY."

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 8 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

Notice.

My son, Gilderoy J. Slabach, having this day left his home without just cause, all persons are hereby warned not to trust him on my account, as I will not be responsible for any debts which he may contract.

D. J. SLABACH.

June 27th, 1888.

Fourth of July Pic-Nic.

A grand pic-nic and festival for the benefit of St. Peter's Church, Oakland, will be held in Mrs. Kilbourn's Grove in the suburbs of Oakland, on July 4th. Ice cream, fun and all kinds of refreshments will be furnished. The Browning Orchestra, consisting of Stephen, John, Abel and Ralph Browning will furnish music.

JOS. SMITHMAN,
PAT. GARRETT,
MARTIN HUGHES.
JOHN HART,
Committee.

Sunday School Institutes.

The Maryland Sunday School Union have been for several days holding Sunday School Institutes in this county, beginning at Sang Run Friday night, June 22d. An all day meeting was held at Johnstown on Tuesday, and an institute was held at Accident, beginning on Wednesday night and closing on Thursday night. The closing institute began at New Germany yesterday and will close on Sunday night. As usual the meetings were largely attended. The Union is represented by State Supt. W. A. Baker. Rev. Geo. H. Nock and Mr. W. D. Hoye.

Photographs.

At Pritchard's Gallery you can get Photographs cheaper than in the cities, and just as well furnished as city work. My object is to please my customers. In all cases a proof will be furnished, and if not satisfactory as to light, expression, &c., another negative will be cheerfully taken. Give me a trial and I will guarantee to make my word good, and to give entire satisfaction.

G. H. PRITCHARD,
6 30 2t Oakland, Md.

Excursion to Atlantic City.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. has arranged for a select excursion to the Seashore on Thursday, July 5th. Train will leave Oakland 7.41 A. M., 11.14 A. M. and 11.43 P. M. Parlor cars will be attached to the 11.14 A. M. train, and Palace Sleeping Cars to the other trains. The tickets for the round trip have been placed at the low rate of $8.50, are good for ten days, and embrace the privilege of a stop off at Washington on the return journey.

For further information address nearest ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Co.

Fourth of July Excursions.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to and from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River at reduced rates on account of the National Holiday. Excursion tickets will be sold for all trains July 2nd, 3d and 4th, valid for return passage until July 5th, inclusive.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

GRANTSVILLE, MD., June 19, 1888.

All taxes not paid on or before June 30th, 1888, will *positively* be collected according to law. I have extended the time as long as possible. My books must be closed up, road supervisors paid, &c. This will be the last notice, and delinquent payers will save costs by paying on or before the above time.

JONAS E. GNAGEY,
Collector.

Building for Time.

[The following verses were composed by Miss Lucia Hendrickson, aged twelve years, and as a production would be creditable to one of more mature years.]

Material for building Education's edifice,
Was collected and inspected by parents kind advice.
The cellar and foundation was laid with wondrous zeal
By a competent mechanic, whose name was M. E. Deahl.

But walls for this mental structure, by skillful hand and trowel,
Were directed and erected by Miss Rebecca Powell.
Then may all the fine adornments of French and music grand
In the future be completed by a right artistic hand.

And when this structure's finished, and the storms of life descend,
May faith in a loving Saviour its walls and towers defend;
And may all the kindly benefits of Truth and Love allied,
Within its walls of beauty forever more abide.

DEER PARK, June 26, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: — Permit me to say through your paper that my name was used on the committee of arrangements of the the pic-nic at Deer Park without my knowledge or consent.

GEO. CONNELL.

Excursion to Gettysburg, Via Historic B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Gettysburg for all trains June 28 to July 2d, good returning until July 6th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip. The tickets are valid for passage via Washington and Baltimore, and good for stop over at Harper's Ferry.

Almost the entire line af the B. & O. east of the Ohio River passes through scenes made historic by the civil war, and old soldiers enroute to the encampment and re-union at Gettysburg will have a fine opportunity to revisit ground over which many of them marched and fought.

More Testimonials.

CRANESVILLE, PRESTON CO., W. VA.
JUNE 13th, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman Mr. H. L. White, on the 13th day of June, 1888, a "Home Comfort" Range, and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

Respectfully,
WILLIAM ENGLE,
E. ENGLE.

MORGAN'S GLADE, June 19, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri:

GENTLEMEN:—We purchased of your salesman, Mr. H. L. White, on the 16th day of June, 1888, a "Home Comfort" Range, and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction. This certificate you can use in any manner you see proper.

Respectfully,
H. OTTO AND WIFE.

HOYES, MD., June 23, 1888.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

SIRS:—We purchased a "Home Comfort" Range of your salesman, H. C. Hale, and it gives perfect satisfaction. We would not take $100 for it and be without it. It saves labor and fuel.

Respectfully,
EMANUEL CUSTER.

Wrought Iron Range Company, St. Louis, Missouri:

GENTLEMEN:—This is to certify we bought of the Wrought Iron Range Company a "Home Comfort" Range, and are pleased to say it gives entire satisfaction, and we would not take $200 for it if we could not purchase one just like it.

Respectfully,
JAMES C. HOSTETLER,
SARAH E. HOSTETLER.

To be Commended.

OAKLAND, MD., June 26, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—During my last trip to Oakland I was glad to notice the general spirit of renovation as regards the cleaning of our streets. The enterprise that is manifested in the removing of the box that is tattered and torn, and the bag that is burnt and worn, and the general sweepings of morn from the buildings that our town adorn, is a source of congratulation, but the good work and this dirt of uncertain description and fragrance is not carried on *quite far enough*. Why should those offensive heaps of litter be allowed to remain before our store doors, for the wind to hurl not only under the feet but in the very faces of our towns people and visitors? There should be no half-way doings about this admirable branch of industry. While to the uncultivated eye these heaps of litter may present an appearance charmingly quaint, by those whose motto is "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," such spectacles in our streets are offensive to good taste; and not only so regarded by our own people, but visitors who come for *pure* air and *tidy* walks point the finger of scorn at our thoroughfares, and taunt us with aggravating remarks concerning some accumulation of "abomination of desolation." The only available walk from the North-western part of the town to the hotels was looked upon last summer with horror and aversion. It was simply a pit-fall for the unwary. No one wishes to discourage sweeping and cleaning, but rather let us promote this landable activity one degree further. Let the useless paper box follow the antiquated tin-can. Let the disabled yeast powder bottle join the tricky old barrel hoops. Let them all be banished. Let the trash at our doorways be driven forth to perish. Let the heaps of rubbish be clean put away from among us. Let them *die* as it were, "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Then shall the visitor admire and the resident rejoice. Then shall Oakland, as a body politic, as well as strangers pronounce our town the sweetest, cleanest and purest of mountain resorts.

AN INTERESTED CITIZEN.

Friendsville.

Spring has come and gone since we last wrote you.

We are having some very hot weather at present.

Crops are generally looking well. Wheat is beginning to change color, indicating an early harvest.

The fruit yield will most likely be ligh this year, especially cherries.

Bainess is about as good as usual this tme of the year.

Thee is but little excitement as yet over election matters. Hope it may so continue.

Our town is still improving. We will soon have another large store building in the place. There are other improvements of minor importance. Mr. Isaiah Friend, of Elder Hill, is also building a new house.

We saw Dr. Rogers, of Moundsville, W. Va., pass through this place last week enroute to Selbysport.

Mr. Louis Vansickle, of Blooming Rose, is not expected to live.

Mrs. Chas. Liston, of Selbysport, is quite low also.

Mrs. Polland, an aged lady, also of Selbysport, is quite poorly at this writing.

Our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. R. T. Frazee and his estimable wif, returned the 3d inst. from their visit to Sharpsburg, Md. While they were gone they took in the Decoration ceremonies at Antietam National Cemetery, near the above named place, and visited the battlefields of Antietam. Mr. Frazee brought home with him a fine collection of pieces of shell, grape shot and bullets from these historic battlegrounds. Mr. Frazee's brother, J. T. Frazee, one of Garrett's heroic sons, is buried in Antietam Cemetery. Including Mr. J. T. Frazee there are 90 of Maryland's noble sons buried in those beautiful grounds, where their graves are strewn with flowers regularly. Mr. Frazee is loud in his praises of the site, the condition of the grounds, and of the kindness of the people generally. He makes special mention of the name of Superintendent Geo. Hess, whom he considers a gentleman in the strictest sense, and he says he has no fears as to the care of the dead there buried while Mr. Hess is superintendent, and so assures all who have friends buried there. He says he expected to find everything looking nice, but it was all beyond his anticipations. The aged mother of R. T. Frazee is well known in this community and though she is well stricken in years, she has never forgotten the time when she bade her son good-bye, when he went away to fight for his country never more to return, and it is gratifying to her to know that he rests in a place of such great beauty awaiting the resurrection morn, when the dead shall arise incorruptible. This cemetery was dedicated September 17th, 1867, and at present contains more than 4,700 of the Nation's dead, representing 19 States. Mr. and Mrs. Frazee's many friends in Garrett are glad but not surprised to know that they were so kindly received and entertained during their visit.

Please pardon us for our lengthy letter this time, but remember your readers had a respite of several weeks, however.

More anon. S.

HOMOEOPATHY. — 3077 patients were treated at Ward's Island Hospital, N. Y., in 1876; the death rate was 6.07 per cent and the cost of medicine 43½ cents. During same year 5,651 patients were treated at Bellvue Hospital, N. Y., with death rate of 12.03 and cost of medicine per patient $1.46. At Ward's Island the treatment is Homœopathic, at the last it is not. Surely these official figures should open peoples eyes to the folly of ignoring Homœopathy, the only school of medicine in the world on the Rock of Natural Law, on which alone, humanly speaking, life and health are safe. If local druggists cannot supply our Homœpathic medicines--not "specifics," mind—send name for a copy of our Catalogue and Index and order desired medicine by mail. BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœopathic Pharmacists, 212 W. Fayette St. Baltimare, Md., 938 F. St., Washington, D. C., or 1011 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa. Business established in 1835.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas aand Shade Trees.

Address: P. O. Box 113 6 23

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICE

—TO THE—

TAX-PAYERS OF GARRETT CO.

The taxpayers of Garrett county will take notice that the annual tax-levy for said county for the year 1888 has been made and completed, and that the undersigned, as Treasurer for said county, is now ready to receive the taxes so levied as aforesaid, and will for that purpose be in his office, in person or by deputy, at the Court House in Oakland, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., Sundays, legal holidays and visits to the several Districts excepted.

The tax so levied is due and payable on the first day of August, 1888.

From all tax bills for county purposes paid in full prior to September 1, 1888, a discount of 5 per cent will be deducted, and from all such tax bills paid in full during the month of September, 1888, a discount of 4 per cent. will be allowed. And all taxes levied for county purposes remaining unpaid on December 31, 1888, shall be in arrear, and interest will be charged and collected thereon—but no deduction on County tax will be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes be paid when due as provided by the Act of Assembly hereinafter referred to.

On all State taxes paid on or before September 1, 1888, a deduction of five per cent. will be allowed, on all such taxes paid on or before October 1, 1888, a deduction of 4 per cent. will be allowed and on all such taxes paid on or before November 1, 1888, a deduction of 3 per cent. will be allowed.

Payment of all taxes remaining unpaid on the 1st day of January, 1889, will be enforced in the manner set forth in Chapter 515 of the Acts of 1888, of the General Assembly of Maryland, providing for the appointment of a County Treasurer for Garrett county, and defining the duties of said Treasurer.

The tax bills of each tax-payer can be had upon application of the person, persons or corporate institutions to whom the property included in such bills is assessed.

Notice is also given, that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the times and places following:

Bloomington	July	2
Swanton	"	3
Deer Park	"	4
Elkins	"	5
Greggs	"	2
Accident	"	3
Selbysport	"	4
Sang Run	"	5
Oakland	"	6
Grantsville	"	9
Johnsons	"	10

ROSS COMPTON,
6 16 4t Treasurer.

HENRY BITTINGER,



UNDERTAKER,

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

Coffins & Caskets,

BITTINGER, MARYLAND,
March 31, 1888,—3m

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Classes will be formed and studies begin on

Wednesday, June 13th, 1888,

For advanced and Preparatory work.

Special Rates for Teachers

and close attention to individual requirements.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
8 6 td Principal.

Valuable

LANDS FOR SALE.

The undersigned as agent and attorney for John McFarran will sell at private sale his 2-3 interest in a tract of land called

"Recourse,"

situated about ten miles Northwest of Oakland, in Garrett county, immediately on the Yough river, containing 1,116 acres. Title regular and safe. The other ⅓ is also for sale. There are upon the premises in the way of improvement, a

DWELLING HOUSE

and a considerable amount of cleared lands; also a SIX-FOOT VEIN OF GOOD COAL. The whole tract is heavily timbered—150 acres pine and spruce of very excellent quality—the balance with all kinds of hard timber, with abundant means to float timber and lumber down the Yough to market. The B. & O. R. R. Co. have a narrow guage railroad under way, that will quite or nearly touch this land. Additional to these advantages there is upon the property

A MINERAL SPRING

whose waters have affected many cures of severe chronic diseases. It is believed this water could be made of great utility to the suffering part of humanity by a reasonable amount of development.

Price and terms fair and reasonable, which will be promptly furnished by

JACOB BROWN,
6 9 tf Att'y and Agent, Cumberland, Md.

W. F. KING,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Carriage, Sign & House Painting

(Six years with the B. & O. R. R.)

Carriage Painting and Paper Hanging a Specialty.

Prices Reasonable.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop in Naylor Building. 4 21 3m

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

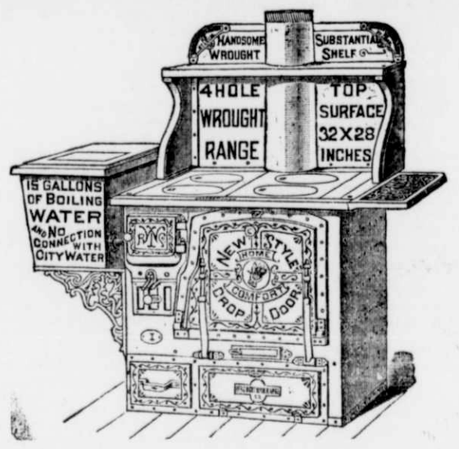
NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

HOME COMFORT RANGE.

Wrought Iron Range Co.



St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

We come among you as business men, conducting a straight forward, legitimate trade, giving in all cases full value for the money

WE SELL OUR RANGES FROM WAGONS ONLY,

and have but one price and never deviate from it. A small boy can purchase one of them from us as cheap as any one else.

The agents of this Company are not allowed, under any circumstances, to misrepresent anything pertaining to the sales of their Ranges. They are not working on commission, but are paid a regular standing salary, hence they could have no object in misrepresentations. We adopted the plan of delivering our Ranges at the homes of our purchasers for the better accommodation of such purchasers, and the more readily to introduce an article becoming more and more a household necessity.

We employ in all cases men who can bring the best recommendation as to character, sobriety, &c. We own our own teams, instruct men to pay all bills promptly, and endeavor in all cases to transact business in such a manner as will continue to increase our sales.

We accept notes in full or part payment, and when due send our own men to collect them, going to each party indebted to us individually.

WE DO NOT SELL, BARTER OR DISPOSE OF THESE NOTES,

under any circumstances. Any person indebted to us, desiring to pay the same, can find his note in our possession, at our office in St. Louis, at any time before maturity.

No Range in the world is made of such

SUBSTANTIAL AND LASTING MATERIAL

as is the Home Comfort, the body and ovens are made of the best refined soft steel, tempered specially with a view of its working and durable qualities. The body is in one piece, only one seam behind and well riveted with Norway rivets and the oven is in one piece, thoroughly riveted. Parts not steel—fire lining and top plates—are made of the

Finest Quality of Malleable Iron,

and can not be broken. Our Water Backs are made of malleable Iron, thus insuring them against cracking. The ovens being of Wrought Steel nothing dries up when cooking, as is the case in all cast iron ovens. All flues are asbestos lined, thereby saving twenty-five to fifty per cent. of fuel.

We claim that a

Home Comfort Range will Last a Lifetime.

We naturally feel as though we were really benefiting mankind by the introduction of Home Comforts and naturally aid in making happy and comfortable homes.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BABY ANARCHIST.

Around the house all day he goes,
By baby fancies led;
He sometimes stands upon his toes,
And sometimes on his head.

He takes the flower, pot and all,
And puts it in his lap;
He spills the syrup in the hall—
This naughty little chap.

Your silk umbrella spick and span,
He sticks in deep rat-holes;
And with his mother's rarest fan
Hammers your frailest bowls.

He ties the pendulum with a string
While singing baby songs;
He's always sure to put one thing
Where something else belongs.

He'll take a match and light the cat,
He'll paint the poodle's head;
And pour frail crackers in your hat
And leave them in your bed.

Adown the register he'll throw
The spools with nimble wrist;
He's often wished in Jericho—
The Baby Anarchist.

But never war upon him wage,
Nor whip him till he roar—
Suspend him in a roomy cage,
Five feet above the floor.

—*Puck.*

'POTHECARY'S FOLLY.

The Clergyman's Satisfactory Solution of a Strange Case.

The country town of Twentyford was early in the century the scene of the spasmodic effort of local patriotism, which produced the "Folly," a building which, perhaps, only owes its survival to the need of a historic fact to mark that such patriotism ever existed.

A wealthy apothecary, being persuaded that a certain spring in the neighborhood contained all the principal ingredients of the pharmacopœia, built a bath-house on a scale that should have proclaimed to far and near the natural attractions of Twentyford. Having done so he slept with his fathers, and his heirs and assigns were left to discover that it takes other ingredients besides those of a chemical nature to assure the reputation of a spa.

The apothecary had traveled, and in so doing had acquired a taste for Moorish architecture. The bath-house profited by many a minaret. But he was also of a frugal mind, and having launched out in an unwonted indulgence of his favorite tastes in design, it became necessary to steer his course somewhat differently in the matter of the intended material, which he changed from stone to wood, painted a dull red for the sake of a "rich and quiet effect." The result did not appeal as it might have done to the minds of the inhabitants who ungratefully styled it "Pothecary's Folly."

That solitary bath-house, however, was to become the scene of one strange event in the commonplace history of the town.

The cider apples were red on the trees, the hop gatherers singing in their loaded wagons, and a wholesome smell of brewing in the air lent an additional hospitable and comfortable feeling to our usually comfortable county on the morning in question, which rose, as like its fellows as nature could make it, when Twentyford awoke, hearing a rumor, pricked its ears, rubbed its eyes and listening again discovered that a shabby and unobtrusive Frenchwoman had been murdered in one of the bath-rooms of the "Folly."

She was a sort of amateur commercial traveler who sold French flowers to shops and had passed the previous night at a small inn in the town. She had been heard to complain of "le rheumatism," being, as the landlady said, "about the only Christian thing she had said."

But she had proceeded to cure her ailment by a bath in the saline spring, an act which the worthy landlady would by no means have approved. Perhaps it was the commercial failure and general neglect by the great world of the "Folly," which had brought the springs into such discredit that every inhabitant who respected himself would have endured the racking and twinging of every joint rather than have recourse to the baths. Perhaps so; greater minds are influenced by like considerations. "Anyhow, the woman died—what else could one expect?" My aunt and I, quiet folks as a rule, even for Twentyford, were mixed up in it, in so far as there was but the length of Pear street between us when the prisoner was apprehended. We saw but the backs of the only two policemen for miles round, and (how they came to be there at that moment no one knows!) with something or somebody between them, and were told that we should receive a subpœna as witnesses. To my aunt this information was full of terror. "My dear," she said, "I shall never forget how your poor uncle's nerves were upset by the unprincipled young counsel who examined him about that most disagreeable soap boiling business. He said—your poor uncle, I mean—that we were inundated by 'bluebottles' from the horrid-smelling works, and they asked him if he was quite sure it was not black bottles or brandy bottles he meant, and, if so, wherein they differed from a bluebottle! Disgraceful treatment it was, and what we had suffered from those insects no one knows! I think Ellice, we will just turn into Slatter's for that pink ribbon I wanted; we may perhaps hear what really has happened."

Mr. Slatter said "the prisoner was a young lady of 'prepossessing appearance;' it was thought, by one of his 'young ladies,' that perhaps the prisoner was a 'flower hartist,' too, and that perhaps professional jealousy afforded a motive for the crime,'" but the opinion did not find favor; the "young lady" ranked professional zeal at a romantically high figure.

We gathered at last that the police had taken her up because there was no one else they could take up—a very sufficient reason; that is to say, no one whom they had not "known from a baby," and were therefore able to vouch for any thing they might do or say in reason of course; "gettin' a bit lively Saturday nights, burning ricks, breaking into shops," etc., "but this 'ere ain't reasonable." The police were probably right; they had not imagination enough for the kind of crime.

The police had been summoned, instantly too, it appeared, by the cries of the "attendant," who, unaccustomed to duty in that capacity, had returned—soon after admitting the murdered woman to the bath-room—from the washtub, which habitually claimed her attention in her own cottage.

Astonished at the silence which greeted the application of her ear to the key-hole, she opened the door, which was guiltless of lock or bolt, and found the unfortunate woman lying on the floor with her throat cut, and a "queer big kind of knife lying beside of her, and all her rattle traps and them big red and yellow flowers out of her pack all strewn about; lor! bless ye, they did flatter the natural flowers, they were that beautiful; thinks I to myself she've killed herself sure, but the perlice ought to see to it, so I 'ollers and screams with all my might, and ye knows the rest, Miss——"

"Aunt," I said, on my return from walking on the afternoon of that day, "how can we give witness against this unfortunate young creature? I would as soon suspect myself. I have seen her."

"You, how?"

"Only a passing glimpse in a close fly; they were taking her to W—— jail. But the face I saw was terribly sad, with a scared look in it, and no wonder; but no trace of violent passion or mean cruelty; it was a delicate, even beautiful young face, very pure in outline, and very pale."

"She was apprehended a little way from the garden door of the bath-house, you say?"

"Yes, looking 'dazed like,' the policeman said," I replied. "I can understand his using the expression now that I have seen her."

Nothing further occurred for about a week, when we received a visit from a stranger. My aunt could hardly be persuaded to see him, so certain did she feel that his visit must be connected with this disagreeable affair. For my own part I was anxious to hear any thing that would throw light upon it. "If he is," I said, "he may, perhaps, see the uselessness of mixing us up in it. We had better see him."

We found a clergyman, Mr. Edward Holdfast, chaplain of W—— jail, a tall, thin man with a worn but kindly face.

"You have come, I hope," said my aunt, "to set us free from the disagreeable and, I may say, absurd position in which we find ourselves. I will not answer for the consequence if I am taken to a stuffy court and made to say all sorts of things, when I know nothing. My poor, dear husband——"

"Quite so, my dear madame," said Mr. Holdfast; "the evidence is most unsatisfactory, and I propose taking some steps which may save—mind, I only say may save, in the event of my experiment proving successful—all necessity for a public trial. Could you make up your minds to being present at a private examination of the witnesses and the prisoner, conducted on the scene of the —the—at the bath-house?" Without waiting for the tremulous negative on my aunt's lips, he continued, "I can elicit nothing from the prisoner, but she steadily repeats when questioned, 'I know nothing of a French-woman and nothing of a murder,' and once she said: 'Send for my father,' and then correcting herself hastily—'But no—it would kill him to find me here!' So she refuses her address. We have advertised, of course, though she does not seem to see the necessity of accounting for her presence in this neighborhood."

"Then," interrupted my aunt, "you think, as we do, that it is impossible this poor young lady can be really guilty."

But Rev. Edward Holdfast had not been chaplain of a jail without learning how to keep his own counsel.

"It is not for me to pronounce any opinion, but," he continued, "I am sure neither you nor your niece will refuse what assistance you can render to a lady of delicate nature like yourselves, who, if innocent, should be spared the horrors of a public trial of this kind."

We secretly questioned the legality of Mr. Holdfast's inquiry, still more so its efficacy. But not daring to entangle herself in arguments of a legal nature, my aunt wisely acquiesced, and promised to appear on the following day at the bath-house. This really was very brave of her, all things considered, but the appeal to her humanity had conquered, I thought. I could form no satisfactory conclusion as to Mr. Holdfast's intentions. The idea of a suicide had been flatly contradicted by medical evidence at the Coroner's inquest; it had been clearly proved impossible for such a gash to have been inflicted by the woman herself. Perhaps Mr. Holdfast doubted this, and wanted by examination of the place to prove the contrary; but this could certainly have been done without our assistance. Did he wish to watch the effect of the terror of the place on some other person he suspected? There was something very unpleasant in the thought of assisting at such a scene. Did he hope that the prisoner's unaccountable silence might be broken, and that, face to face with the scene, she would continue a denial that could not but carry conviction into the minds of those who would have to witness against her? But no, it was idle to surmise; the determined restraint and silence, beyond just what he had chosen to communicate, formed a complete barrier to his intentions.

"She must be bailed out," said my aunt, "otherwise no one would allow her to appear, and who can have bailed her except the chaplain himself?"

I timidly suggested it was hardly a bailing matter.

"He seemed fearfully anxious for her escape; did you see how his face worked and twitched? He was nearly flying out at me when he thought I wouldn't come. I was too frightened to say no, that was the fact; not frightened, of course, but it is awkward to have gentlemen getting into rages in one's own drawing room."

"Yes, aunt, the china!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Ellice. It's my impression, though you pretend he wasn't excited, that if he can't bit on a plan of clearing that young woman he'll elope with her! He has a pretty woman in tragic circumstances on his hands, and he means to save her somehow; what better method——"

"If he thinks her innocent," I reply, rather staggered at my aunt's extraordinary idea. It was certainly true that he had appeared terribly anxious, that he had suppressed his anxiety with conscious effort; he had the traces of sleepless nights and strong emotion on his face, but the fate of a human being was hanging in the balance, and natural humanity, quickened by the sacred nature of his office, was enough, I thought, to account for unusual feeling.

"Don't tell me," continued my aunt, "that if she were not a pretty girl there would be so much fuss in that man's mind: it isn't his business to say who's guilty and who's not, and to my mind he is very little fit to do either."

On the afternoon of the day appointed my aunt and I found ourselves at the "Folly." We crossed the large central room, originally designed for the pump room, now used as a young men's institute, and well supplied with illustrated papers of extreme antiquity. It opened on an unroofed turf inclosure, intended as an exercising ground for patients occupied in assimilating the mineral waters, but it usually served as drying ground for the "attendant's" linen. There was no linen there to-day, however. Instead were two benches accommodating the already assembled witnesses, and beyond was the fatal bath-room. I hardly dared look toward it, so near was still the horror of the place. We took our seats among a mixed assembly of gaping farm laborers, one or two tradesmen, and ladies. There was a conspicuous absence of any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood. Did Mr. Holdfast fear that his proceedings might be called in question? Hardly any one spoke beyond slight and almost inaudible greetings to their friends. The clergyman stood near the entrance of the inclosure, leaning against the palisade; he bowed his thanks for their attendance to those who came in. He looked more worn than ever in the glare of daylight.

There was a moment's pause after every one was seated; then across the green inclosure walked alone the tall figure of "the accused." Without looking either to the right or to the left she sat down at the further end, near the bath-house. There was no conscious shame visible on her still face; no anxious gaze upon the faces of those who could, perhaps, save or slay her. With her hands tightly clasped together, and her eyes fixed on the ground, she sat still as a statue. Mr. Holdfast left the door and came toward us. I then remarked another peculiarity of his. His eyes, which were very deep set, seemed to have the power of comprehending a whole scene and every individual in it at a glance. One felt certain that had he closed his eyes after an absolute momentary survey he could have distinctly described every person in it, even down to their minutest article of clothing. He repeated twice, only twice, in a low tone as he walked along the line: "When I go into the bath-house have the kindness to follow me," yet every individual understood distinctly whether the words had or had not been addressed, without his even having apparently looked directly at any one. I noticed afterward those thus chosen were those on whose self-control he could probably place the most reliance.

He began an address to us by reminding us of the solemnity of the occasion and of the difficulty of the duty before us in rather set fashion, as if he felt some hesitation over his unwonted task and took refuge in mannerisms. This, however, was soon shaken off; his words flowed freely and his voice rang clear, yet still nothing to the point of the matter on hand, no information in fact. I was sensible of a certain impatience. I had not come there to be harangued with platitudes.

"We might have known we should be let in for a sermon when we had a parson at the head of affairs," whispered a live[illegible] little lady at my elbow.

Hush! his voice had a different tone in it. He was describing the awfulness of sudden death; lower and more impassioned came his words. I would not spoil them by garbled extracts. It was impossible not to listen intently. Scorn and anger flashed out as he spoke of the dastardly cowardice that could strike a harmless victim. Then, with a pathos I had never heard equaled, he described the grief of the unknown sorrow-stricken ones, who might be left to mourn their loss. Suddenly he stopped, and the abruptness made me look up; his eyes were fixed on the prisoner's—then he said hurriedly: "We are ignorant of much that surrounds the history of this awful crime; all that we have to connect us with the victim lie here." He threw open the large door and disclosed the bath-room, whose concrete floor sloped upward from the entrance on account of the occasional overflowing of the spring; on it lay a hat and cloak, belonging to the murdered woman, and the much-talked-of Paris flowers, scattered about just as they had been left.

Mr. Holdfast stooped and picked up a large pink flower. The fixed eyes of the prisoner followed his, then she rose and went slowly toward him—we followed according to his direction. Was she—were we going to examine minutely the dreary horrors of the place?—enhanced by the mockery of those tawdry flowers. The door had been closed upon us, and the room was almost dark; what light there was straggled in through the rough venetian shutters. We stood, huddled together, about the door, the accused woman standing alone in the middle of the room. A beam of light struck something glittering on the floor. I could hardly repress my inclination to call for the shutters to be opened—the twilight was almost painful—yet I felt that Mr. Holdfast would not have permitted any thing, unless he had some design in choosing it to be so.

The tall figure in the center bent down and picked up the shining something and and raised it high above her head; it was a long knife of peculiar construction. At last the silence was broken, and she was about to speak—but no! the sounds that came were more like moans than articulate words; the sounds grew louder, they rose and fell like an Indian chant, while she whirled the long knife slowly round and round her head. Two or three of those nearest her rushed to the door; the sudden light revealed Mr. Slatter, the draper, whose curiosity was as great as his cowardice, suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven, his body and legs safe outside, and his head still stuck in round the door.

I could not have moved if I had wished it; that whirling blade fascinated me, yet the sight of Mr. Slatter made me laugh.

But the voice was rising louder now. I could hear, or thought I heard, these words:

"The east wind blows, it brings a word;
Awake! my blood-bedabbled sword.
The word's a spark that lights a flame,
Was kindled at a noble name
Which coward Death, from Rumor heard,
Then, wake and rise, Avenging Sword!"

At the last line her voice rose to a wild scream, and she ran in a frenzy toward the bath. Just at this moment the door was opened from the outside and an old man with streaming gray hair rushed in. Mr. Holdfast went to meet him, and laid his hand on his arm. The old man shook him off.

"My daughter! where is she? Who dares accuse her of hideous crimes?"

"Herself," answered the clergyman, "and yet not herself."

He took the old man gently aside and endeavored to calm him and tell him what had passed.

The old man turned his head, and when the clergyman had ceased speaking he came forward to us, with a gesture full of dignity.

"My friends—this gentleman, to save my daughter from a shameful death, has proved her—mad. The frenzy could only be reproduced by restoring the outward circumstances of the last, the fatal one. I thank him for the attempt. I thank you for your presence here. Had there not been the semblance of a trial to set her suspicions at rest, it might have failed. Yet think of the awful fate reserved for one who during long intervals is as conscious of her condition as yourselves!"

He was hardly able to go on, but turned to Mr. Holdfast.

"You meant it for the best—the best no doubt, but was not any death better than—such a fate?"

"Nature is kinder than we, in our ignorance, can be," he replied; "she has finished the work she began—your daughter's death." * * *

We learned afterward that the poor girl had gone mad from the shock of hearing of the death of the man to whom she was shortly to have been married. He had been murdered by dacoits in Burmah, and his last letter to her, which she never could be induced to part with for a moment, had been much occupied in describing the luxuriant growth of tropical flowers which surrounded their future home out there. After the terrible news she remained for a week without noticing any one, scarcely tasting food; then they missed her.

Some strange connection must have haunted her at the sight of the gaudy flowers of the poor pack woman, whom it was afterward remembered she had been seen to have followed all the previous day.

Mr. Holdfast's interest had first been aroused by the lady's likeness to a relation of his own who had died insane. The idea occurred to him as a possible solution of a strange case, and he tried the experiment at the express wish of the prison authorities.

My aunt says: "It really is a comfort to know there were two policeman and a doctor in that hateful dark bath-room. I'm sure I wonder you didn't all die of fright." And she draws a little red worsted shawl round her and shivers in a way that reminds me strangely of a little bird.—*F. Somers Day in Belgravia.*

INDEPENDENCE DAY.



SLOWLY the sun creeps
up into the sky,
Gilding the hill-tops
with his ruddy hand,
And from the heavens,
in pompous majesty,
Proclaims the break of
day throughout the
land.

And, as he soars into
the vaulted space,
A thousand guns their
sombre greeting roar;
A million bells their
jangle interlace,
A people's shout breaks
forth from shore to
shore.

Ashout whose joy, half psalm and half prayer,
Rings far out over the encircling seas;
And, as its echoes sift the trembling air,
The Stars and Stripes fly out upon the breeze.

That matchless flag, whose silken folds enroll
All that is noble in a splendid race—
Firing with pride each patriotic soul,
And marking Freedom's flash from place to place!

Peal on, ye bells! Flash forth, ye beacon-fires!
Ring out, ye cheers from loyal bosoms hurled!
Rise, waiting minstrel, tune your eager lyres,
And sing a Nation's birthday to the world!

The day that checked a tyrant's ruthless hand
That vainly strove to stay a people's will—
The day when chains became as ropes of sand,
When Freedom spoke and all the world stood still.

Let the Nations sing of pomp and war,
Of bloody conquest, battles fought and won—
[illegible] goes swelling from afar
[illegible] hails to meet the rising sun,

This how a Nation, born 'mid deadly strife,
Lives in a glory that can never cease,
And seeks through all the coming years of life
Naught save a splendid reign of lasting peace.

HAROLD R. VYNNE.

HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH.

The Fourth of July as a holiday fills
Its measure of pain and of joy,
Afflicting the man with its manifold ills,
Delighting the soul of the boy.

When bombs and torpedoes are tearing the air,
And rockets are soaring on high,
No wonder the nervous folks shiver or swear;
But hurrah for the Fourth of July!

'Tis sad at a time of such blistering heat
To shut yourself tight in the shell,
To keep out the terrible din of the street
And the odious sulphurous smell.

When the small boy alone is abroad in the land,
When old people tremble and fly
From the shots and the shouts and the bray of the band,
Then hurrah for the Fourth of July!

When midnight at last draws a vail o'er the scene,
And the firing no longer we fear,
How restful the thought, and how sweetly serene,
That it comes only once in a year!

As our glorious forefathers suffered and died,
We suffer, although we don't die;
But we look from the past to the present with pride,
And hurrah for the Fourth of July.

The tumultuous ranks of the boys of to-day
Our guards of the future supply,
And liberty grows in that riotous way;
So hurrah for the Fourth of July!

—*N. Y. Sun.*

CROSSING THE LINE.

The Story of One Fourth of July at Sea.

[Written for This Paper.]

To see my spare spars at the present time and view the jury-mast I wear for a back-bone, around which my summer gear flaps idly in the sultry breeze this warm weather, you would scarcely suspect that I lay claim to being an old Jack-salt. Why, running rigging may need overhauling and my old hull be a little the worse for wear, my boy, but you may punch my top-lights, if I can't reef, hand, steer, box the compass or shift the quid equal to any old sea-dog of your acquaintance. I am one of Neptune's sons, legitimately baptised in the equatorial bowl on the Fourth of July almost twenty years ago. Those were days when the rich merchants' son had no better chance to crawl aft through the cabin windows than did the son of a poor fisherman's widow. Both commenced their nautical career as boys before the mast and fought their way upward and won promotion according to their merits. Nowadays, the rich man's son passes an examination at a naval academy and takes his different degrees like a collegiate landswab until he is declared proficient in navigation. Had their nautical educations been acquired in the good old-fashioned way, there would be less bones bleaching in the caverns of the sea and less widows mourning for brave Jack-salts, who have lost their lives through the ignorance of the kid-gloved navigators of modern days.

But I am getting ahead of my tow-rope! I started to tell you about a Fourth of July at sea on board an American merchantman. Dash my topsails, boys! it makes my blood tingle with pleasure to think of the good old days when my blood was made to tingle by a rope's end. It don't seem to be more nor yesterday since I made my first voyage round the cape—bu'st my stunsils if it does!

It was along the latter part of June, two or three years after the war, when our clipper left the Victoria docks in Liverpool. We made good headway until we struck the "hoss" latitudes, and you may keelhaul me for a land-lubber if we didn't stick just north of the line for almost a week.



NEPTUNE ON HIS THRONE.

About six bells on the dog-watch one night an old tar on the lookout sang out: "Ere we goes!" The watch on deck all make a break for the lee rails, and, sure enough, we could see a slight wake astern; and, on looking aloft, the royals, that had swung listlessly from their yards in the vertical sun for a week, gave vent to dismal creaks as they yielded to the pressure of the breeze against their canvass.

"Man the weather braces!" hurriedly exclaimed the captain, as he looked over the port quarter. "Taut the lifts and hoist the staysails," he said to the mate.

For a few minutes every thing was apparently in a bustle and confusion. An occasional "yippchay! yahdu!" and a bowline song, as a timer for the sailors to pull together, then the tramp of our bare feet as we shuffled along the decks, and all was still. As we boys coiled down the ropes for the night we noticed the lower sails were filling and the breeze was stiffening fast.

"Dublin," said the skipper to one of the men, "we will cross the line on the Fourth of July if this breeze holds out. I haven't met with old Neptune for several cruises now. I wonder if he will pay us a visit during the dog-watch to-morrow?"

"I shouldn't be surprised, yer honor," replied the tar, touching his cap.

"How many of his children have we aboard who have not seen their father?" questioned the captain.

"Six, besides the boys, making eight, yer honor."

"You'd better see that the font is ready for the old man when he comes, hadn't you?"

"Right you are, sir;" said Dublin, as he turned and walked forward.

During the remainder of the dog-watch seven or eight of the oldest of the crew congregated near the main-hatch and held a whispered consultation.

At eight bells, as the watch was about to change, the man on the lookout sang out: "Light on the weather bow!"

"Where away?" hollowed the mate from the quarter-deck, aft.

"Two points th' windward, sir."

Just then a fog-horn was heard on the weather bow, although the night was clear and the water like a sea of glass.

"Ship ahoy! Throw me a burline and take me in tow; I want to come aboard," came in stentorian growls from over the ship's head.

"Who are you?" asked the mate.

"Got any fresh-water swabs aboard? If you have, I want to see 'em."

"It dun be ole Neptune, hisself!" exclaimed the cook, who had stepped outside his galley to find out the cause of the noise. "Good Lawdy! He dun shabe dis niggah, shuah!" and he disappeared in the galley and fastened the slide.

A tall, muscular-looking being with a vermilion-hued countenance clambered into the ship's chains, then swung himself over the bulwarks and dropped inboard. A piece of sailcloth round his waist was his only covering, unless a massive beard and a luxuriant growth of hair could be reckoned as such. His hirsute development around the head was a dirty yellow, and contrasted strangely with the black growth on his chest and well-tanned arms. Several india-ink sketches on his forearms seemed somewhat familiar to me, and when he spoke it was with a slight brogue which made me wonder if Neptune was a native of Irish seas. As he handed his triton to "Hinglish 'Arry," a sailor in the port watch, I thought I recognized it as the ship's grange, with which we harpooned dolphins.

"Stir round, ye lubbers, an' rig oop er shake-down fer mesilf an' the ould woman," he said, as he assisted his wife to the deck. "Bear er hand, yees divils, an' be loively!"

The "ould woman" was modestly attired in a yingy tarpaulin and a heavy switch of gulf stream sea-weed, and from the muscular development of her arms I rather thought the "ould man" would be likely to come off second best in a hair-pulling match. The mate took them in tow, and they went aft to pay their respects to the skipper, and there remained until the next morning.

It was my watch below in the morning, and on being routed out at noon I noticed a peculiar commotion outside my cabin, which was just forward of the steward's pantry. About four bells, as the wheel changed hands, I heard sounds of laughter, and on ascending to the deck I found old Neptune seated on a throne that had been improvised for the occasion from boxes covered with sailcloth. His majesty was perched on a coil of new rope and the "old woman" sat complacently by his side, occasionally squirting a fine jet of tobacco juice on the tarpaulin beneath her. The sergeant-d'arms of this marine court looked suspiciously like Boston Ben, our boatswain; but as his face was plentifully bedaubed with vermillion and black streaks, the principal resemblance between them was confined to a long scar on the right cheek and the lack of a starboard glimmer.

"Bring on ther super," roared his majesty, and I felt myself seized from behind by two pair of strong arms and blindfolded. My next sensation was that of being carried up a rickety platform, where I was released after having my hands tied behind me.

"Phawts yer name?" asked the voice of old Neptune.

Not knowing what might be the result if I refrained from answering, I opened my mouth and essayed to reply. As a consequence, I had my mouth stopped with a plug of oakum saturated with soap and pepper.

"Ther dival's doomb. Shure, he can't talk troo his whiskers. Figaroo, ye spalpeen, coine here wid yer moog an' razzer. Phawt d'ye mane, yer yeller landswob, ter be coomin' ter soy yer faithur widout yer binnacle scraped! Bad cess ter ye fur er grane tarrur, ov Oi don't think yer afthur nadin' a shompo."

A shout of merriment arose from those of the crew who stood by, for in as little time as it takes to tell it, the barber had smudged my face with a tar-brush and given me two rakes with a razor made from the hoop of a harness-cask; and no sooner was this operation ended when my hat was removed, and on being replaced on my head an avalanche of dirty lather spread itself through my hair. The soapy extract trickled down my forehead beneath my bandage and filled my eyes. Between the pepper in my mouth and the soap in my eyes I was nearly frantic; but as my hands were securely tied I could not help myself, and each breath I inhaled half strangled me with pepper. I felt a coarse finger thrust in my mouth, and the oakum plug was removed just in time to prevent my swallowing it to escape suffocation.

"Where war ye barn?" questioned my woolly-mouthed tyrant.

Any attempt to reply would have been drowned in a stream of water that struck my face at the time. The water afforded a much needed relief for the space of half a minute. The next instant after I recovered my breath I heard my tyrant say:

"Misther Super is afther falin er little phaint, (ecther; havré yees e'er er pill erbout yer ganzy?"

"Aye, aye, yer honor," said a voice I recognized as the steward's.

"It's betthur yer give wan uv thim ter the clark; it's er little grane arbout ther gills, he is. He's after nadin his grog-tomb cooled off."

I opened my mouth to catch my breath for a cough, and if my reader has ever seen and smelt the compound known as soap-grease, he can imagine the nature of the ball of slush which the doctor kindly gave me for a pill. I sputtered, hawked, choked and swallowed amid hilarious shouts from my highly-amused audience.

"Ye air er thrue barn sailor, me hearty, so ye air; an' it's peroud Oi am ter own yees fur er son, Misthur Clarruk. Yer'll be er credthit ter tha sarvice whin ye air boptoized. Now, ye raslets, yees kin christen Mr. Super in tha font."

His varlets quickly took their cue, and I was grabbed by the shoulder and feet and, poised in the air.

"Oi boptoise yees in ther name av Davy Jones, Ould Mither Carey and the Floying Dootchman; an' may yees niver be afther bringing baad luck ter tha clipper that'll sail yees."

With a splash I lit face down in the "font," which was the long-boat filled with salt water for the occasion. My hands had been untied, and I quickly felt my feet, and tore off the bandage from my eyes. A dozen buckets of bilge water handed me from as many different direc-



I FELT MYSELF SEIZED FROM BEHIND.

tions, and I clambered out the boat to the deck in a partially drowned condition.

"Bravo, my hearty!" said Henglish 'Aury, at my elbow, "you stood it like a bloody trump. There's good stuff for a sailor in you, sure pop. Go aft and shift your togs; then come back and bear a hand at baptizing the rest of the greenies. You're an old tar now, you know."

I went aft and "shifted my togs," and, after a severe scrubbing, I succeeded in removing the greater part of the tar from my face; but distinct traces of it remained in light brown streaks long after I reached our port of destination, Calcutta.

Out of respect to my position on the ship I had received the first initiation, that it might give me a chance, should I choose, to aid in the baptismal ceremonies of the other unfortunates who had never before crossed the line. But I had no heart to take an active part in the subsequent proceedings. Recollection of my own discomfort deterred me from it. During the afternoon the sun waxed hot and old Neptune, in attempting to scratch his head, dislodged his wig of oakum which rolled to the deck and discovered the bullet-cropped pate of Dublin Dan. The "ould woman" turned out to be Demara Dick, who chafed his arms where they were blistered in the sun and swore he never would play lady again for all the sport to be had on the high seas. Plum duff was served as extra rations and each watch was given a bottle of grog to drink to the health of the Government under whose flag they sailed—the glorious Stars and Stripes. A cracked violin, a maimed banjo and a broken-keyed concertina furnished music in the evening, and the motley crew, of most e'l nations, joined themselves in the enjoyment and celebration at sea of the birthday of liberty for American people—the never-to-be-forgotten Fourth of July. BURT ARNOLD.

A MARRYING RACE.

The Unromantic Way in Which the Turks Select Their Brides.

In Turkey every body marries young, and, one might perhaps be permitted to add, those who can afford it marry often. Such a thing as an old maid is absolutely unknown among the Turks. They are a marrying race, and as a general thing the girls are married off by the time they reach their teens, and often a year or two before. A Turk may possibly fall in love with his wife after their marriage, but it wouldn't be very easy for his affections to antedate this ceremony, for the first time he ever sets eyes on her face is in the nuptial chamber, after the wedding guest having retired. When a young Turk becomes old enough to marry, then his mother and a few confidential female friends undertake to find him a wife. In a body they call upon such of their neighbors as are blessed with marriageable daughters and state their mission in a business-like way. The daughters are trotted out for inspection much as though they were young colts or calves offered for sale. The wife hunters look the daughters over critically, question the mother and partake of coffee. In a few minutes the daughter that has been inspected retires from the room. If her appearance has failed to please the visitors nothing more is said. If, however, they are favorably impressed, they linger and enter into negotiations for her hand in marriage to the youth in question. The girl's age, health, accomplishments, trousseau and kindred matters are inquired into in the most matter-of-fact way. The mother of the damsel, on her part, inquires quite as minutely into the merits and demerits of the proposed husband.—*Troy Times.*

DOCTORS, PLEASE ANSWER.

Information Which the Public Has Sought from Time Immemorial.

I wish some one would explain to me why doctors—whether consciously or unconsciously—cause our passing ailments to become such a source of revenue to the druggist. If one has an acute attack of—well, say bilious colic—the M. D comes, and besides the necessary equipment of rubber water bags, and flannel, and mustard plasters, and flaxseed poultices, there is a bottle of red liquor (price fifty cents) for nausea, and a white one for aiding digestion (price seventy-five cents), and a box of powders for relieving pains (price seventy-five cents). The next morning the medicine is changed. The bottles, with only a couple of teaspoonfuls gone from either, are put aside, and more seventy-five and fifty-cent bottles ordered in. The next day these (still three-quarters full) are put away and a dollar bottle of tonic and a box of pills brought in. Two days after, the tonic—still only half consumed—is set aside, another dollar bottle of a different tonic substituted, with the addition of a box of powders. While that relay of medicine is still to the front the patient gets well and goes down town. He has on hand a druggist's bill of about six dollars, two-thirds of which is for the medicine "remnants" which he can only throw away. Now, surely the physician had some conception how many doses the patient would need of each awful notion, and why every time write out for one stomach a prescription which would suffice for a hospital ward!—*Chicago Journal.*

A BASE BALL umpire dreamed that one of his decisions was contested, and the subsequent proceedings were so realistic that when he awoke next morning he found the pitcher's nose broken.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Ring out, ring out ye merry bells,
And let the deep-mouthed cannon roar,
Each patriotic bosom swells,
The glorious Fourth is here once more.

When night descends, what joys are his!
The hissing rocket cleaves the skies;
Hark! hear the Roman candle fizz,
Behold the red and blue light rise.

Now, whizz! z-z-zip! bang! torpedoes crash
And split the fretted ear of night;
Fire-crackers jump, toy pistols flash,
'Mid exclamations of delight.

Now blaze the barrels smeared with tar,
Slow matches pass from hand to hand,
And salve and sticking plaster are
At druggists' stores in great demand.

—*Boston Courier.*

"THE WILD BUFFALO."

How It Was Tamed and Caught--A Fourth of July Romance.

[Written for This Paper.]



OLLIE CLOSE and Judith Capell were studying by the open cottage window. It was the last study-hour in the morning and they were rivals in rhetoric, so each worked silently at the task of memorizing and adapting, giving the other only an occasional and preoccupied glance. Mollie swung herself in the single rocking-chair of their sitting-room; but Judith huddled on a stool, and grooving her cheek against the window-frame, projected her lesson through the college shrubbery.

At once there was a tearing of rose bushes and a man's bearded face at the window. Mollie ran screaming to the other end of the room, and Judith recoiled until she lost her balance on the cricket.

"Let me help you up," he said, extending a good humored hand.

"Oh, its Colonel Montgomery," said Judith. "I can help myself, thanks; but now you've got me a mark for talking in study hours."

"I'll go to the president and take it on myself."

The cottage was an additional dormitory a stone's throw from the main building. The Colonel's carriage stood at the gate. Mollie Close sat back in the room eyeing him with displeasure. But Judith kept her cricket and audaciously saw her reflection in the Colonel's eyes. She was small, hair brown and curly, supple and cat-like in motion or repose, and with an air of evenly-balanced daring and incredulity.

"You played exceedingly well at the concert last night," said the Colonel.

"Yes; my life depends on doing well. You better go away and let me get my lesson now. And be sure to say good-morning. You didn't say good-morning when you poked your head into the window."

"Good-morning, ladies." The Colonel took off his hat and kept it in his hand. "Pardon my abrupt ways."

"Mollie and I call you the wild buffalo," observed Judith, gazing sincerely upon his light whiskers. "You look so shaggy and tramp around on the flower-beds so."

"I think you're polite, Miss Capell!" burst from Mollie's indignant lips.

"There, I've made you speak, and you'll get a mark, too," said Judith, in a satisfied tone.

"Well, if I'm a wild buffalo," said the Colonel, smiling, "you must lasso and dispatch me."

"I have dispatched you, but you don't go."

"Let me hear you say your lesson."

She placed the book in his hand.

"Didn't the president tell me when he introduced me that you were a Kentuckian?"

"That question is not in my rhetoric."

"But it's in my mind. The name of Capell, you know," suggested the Colonel. "I'm Southern myself."

"*Are* you!" exclaimed Judith. "O, why did I ever call you a buffalo!"

"Probably because you like to laugh," said the Colonel, indulgently. "You'd turn any thing to ridicule. Even me."

She drew forth a brass button on a ribbon which she wore around her neck.

"That's a medal for the girl who can make the most fun. I've carried it a week, and if you were only about where I could



THERE WAS A TEARING OF ROSEBUSHES.

make you an object lesson for the girls, that button would never depart from me."

"Can't we make such an arrangement?" suggested the Colonel.

"If you've come to that cross-mark made with a thumb-nail at the end of the lesson you may give me back the book," said Judith.

"Just one more question. You aren't an orphan?"

"Of course I am, and you knew it. And on that account the president doesn't feel responsible to anybody about me. So you can stand and amuse yourself with me just as much as you please, and I can give you pert answers, and my mother won't be told."

"Good morning, ladies," said the Colonel, lifting his hat gravely and kindly, and crunching back among the rosebushes.

"Now you have done it!" exclaimed Mollie Close, with the asperity of a sharp-featured blonde. "You've made me speak out and I'll tell you what I think of you."

"Do," said Judith, the flush around her eyes becoming emphatic. "I saw your nose tilt up and I knew you were busy getting something ready."

"You act horridly, Judy Capell. You've talked through a window and broken study-hour, but that's nothing. You've *flirted*. I never stoop to that."

"For good reasons."

"I'm engaged, and I have some respect for myself."

"I shouldn't have much for *myself* if I'd quailed as you did before that blessed buffalo. You're a coward."

"I hope I may remain a coward, then."

"You can't help it. Cowardice is constitutional in scrawny dyspeptics."

"Thank you, Miss Capell."

"Entirely welcome, I am sure."

Mollie turned her back, and they both studied vigorously.

"She blames me," said Judy to the widow, dropping her book, "because I stood between her and what frightened her?"

"Did you speak, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I did, mademoiselle. You called me Miss Capell twice hand-running, and I wouldn't *stoop* to call you Miss Close!"

"You said I was a scrawny dyspeptic."

"You said I flirted."

"Well, you did flirt—you flirted scandalously."

"And you know you're scrawny. And don't you have to take pepsin after every meal!—and the whole school knows how it acts on your temper."

"I *should* like to have a few undisturbed moments to myself this morning," said Mollie Close, holding her book in trembling claws. "I shall go into the bed-room, and if you try to follow me I shall lock the door."

"Follow you! I wish I might never set eyes on you again."

"So do I. Heartily. Our friendship is at an end."

Miss Close walked into the bed-room.

"I shall ask to have my room changed at noon," she observed. "And I'm going to take down my dresses and fold them right away."

When she had been engaged in this improving labor long enough to be mollified by recollecting the successful recitation she had made in the blue dress, and discovering some forgotten caramels in the pocket of another, a pecking began upon the door, which increased to pounding. Miss Close heard it not. She continued folding her wardrobe ready for departure.

"May I come in, Mollie?"

"I said if you tried to follow me I should lock the door."

"O don't lock the door! It's all my fault. We never quarreled in our lives that it wasn't my fault."

"Well, Judy, you *are* to blame. And you annoy me more than I can endure."

"I know I do. I'm so horrid! Do forgive me. I ache more than I can stand."

"Come in, then," granted Miss Close. "I really haven't any right to keep you out of the bed-room."

Judy came in downcast, with glowing lips and eyes, and gazed at her chum.

"I wish I wasn't so hungry to be liked," she said, suppressing a sob. "There'll never be any body that likes me enough."

"We bring our troubles on ourselves in this world," observed Miss Close, in that didactic tone which always chilled the opine of her more ardent friend.

At that point, the president's pert little daughter, who, sometimes, condescended to carry cards, rushed in with a bang, and projected an oblong bit of white at Judith Capell.

"Miss Capell, Colonel Montgomery's been waiting in the reception-room to see you this long while, and if you don't hurry in Sally Smith will begin her noon practice hour there, and you can't hear your ears for the noise."

Just after the simultaneous thunder which the entire boarding-school produced by drawing their chairs to sit down to dinner, Miss Close said to her friend:

"And what did the wild buffalo want in his to-be-continued?"

"He wanted to enliven my deadly vacation here by taking me to Newark to see the Fourth of July parade."

"I suppose any proposition he makes will be agreeable to you," said Miss Close, sitting upright with the disapproval of another's admirer, which even pattern girls will sometimes manifest. She shot plates past herself like shuttles as they came from the carver's hands.

"You judge from your own former anxious standpoint," replied Judy. And she added with the passionate pessimism of Julth, "but I'm with Hamlet myself. Neither man nor woman will ever be any thing to me again. And I will never, never worry any more about any one's framework or digestion or engaged affections."

Still, when commencement bustle was over and the lonely ache of vacation had begun in Judith's solitary heart, when empty rooms echoed, and she dared not practice in minor chords for fear of sobbing herself, it gave her a throb of unconfessed delight to sit beside the Colonel on the Fourth of July morning. He drove slender-limbed, black horses from the blue grass region. His entire turnout was an ornament to the landscape, and that landscape was an ornament to the State. There were green hills melting against the sky and valleys downy soft with verdure. Dense ranks of dewy fern brushed the carriage wheels, and bits of wood views opened to and receded from the eye like enchantment.

Judith's gloved hands were folded on her white lap. It was the year when hats of cactus braid were introduced, and she wore one with poppies bunched above her face. The brilliant and defiant young face kept its side curve toward the Colonel.

"I put the question to you now because I can't wait any longer," said the Colonel.

"I don't want to be engaged," said Judith. "Engagements reduce the sum of human happiness."

The Colonel laughed.

"My roommate got herself engaged to a man, and it spoiled her. I have seen the folly of such things, and I am going to carve out my future."

"You dear child, you couldn't carve a good-sized roast. And a future is a tough thing to tackle. I have a great big heart for you, my darling, and its lonesome like you are."

"Oh, *I'm* not lonesome," said Judith, lifting an indifferent chin. "I always feel myself in good society with Miss Capell."

The Colonel laughed again.

"Well, Miss Capell, you know considerable about me. And I have every thing to give you that a woman could ask for."

"And you think you have nothing to do but help yourself to me," said Judith, turning on him. "You think you can pick me up half in pity, give me the name of Mrs. Montgomery, pet me awhile, and then drop me for your smoking and your men's clubs. I've seen men's patronage of wives. I've seen enough of half devotion. I don't like men. I won't marry one."

"Don't you want to be loved?" pressed the Colonel, still unable to suppress his laughter.

"Yes—O, yes; I'm going to have a dog as soon as I can feed him. I want to be adored."

"I adore you. Now, seriously, I have not been able to think of any thing else since the evening I first saw you. I'll make you a good husband. Look me in the eyes. Don't mind my abrupt ways. I'll wait ten years or I'll marry you in an hour, which ever you dictate."

Judith sat awhile and watched him guide his horses, and then she gazed over him steadily. Tears were in her eyes.

"You know I'm going to throw myself into your arms at last, because I can't help liking you," she said.

"My darling!" said the Colonel, tenderly.

"But don't my-darling me too quick. It will make me wicked to love you all. I can love you, and not feel sure you would give your life for me in return."

"But I would give it."

"You wouldn't give one day. This is the Fourth of July. Now, I'm going to try you. I shan't ask out four things of you. If you call any of them absurd or impossible, I won't believe in you, and I'll never put myself in your hands."

"All right," said Colonel Montgomery. "Test me all you please."

"Well, there. There's something for You to do now," exclaimed Judith, indicating the carcass of a calf which lay unburied not far from the road. "People are always saying what a nuisance such a thing is, and yet they leave it lying there to taint the world. Get a spade and bury it."

The Colonel came near remarking that it was a hot day for such employment; that they might ruin the parade; that he was not the owner of the calf, and that the surrounding atmosphere was not fit for a lady to linger in. Silently, however, he tied up his horses in the shade, and handed Judith out to a secluded seat upon a log. Then he went to the nearest farm-house and borrowed a spade. He chose a spot near the calf and excavated with a vigor which soiled both boots and hands. Occa-



HE EXCAVATED WITH A VIGOR.

sionally he went several rods away and breathed, when earth began to cover its own his task became easier. He finished it, tramped back across the field with the spade, and they resumed their ride.

An expression of intensity came out on Judith's face. The Colonel showed a quiet smile, but he kept an alert and brightened eye upon her.

Without much talk thus they rode on to Newark.

The procession was already moving in the principal streets; a gorgeous pageant full of banners, flower-garlanded carriages, brass bands, the sweet faces of children and the gray heads of honored old men. Behind this array came a motly gang of human rag-bags, masked and playing pranks, mounted on lean nags.

Small boys exploded fire-crackers on the pavements. Cannons boomed as they had been booming since daybreak. The crash and extravagance of a typical Independence Day stirred all of Judith's blood with delight.

"Go and take that old woman to a safe seat," said the girl, suddenly. "She will get hurt."

The old woman indicated was a professional beggar, who had chosen the curb as her best vantage ground.

The Colonel beckoned to a colored man and paid him silver to stand at his horses' heads. Then he went to the old woman, and with her formed the center of a dense crowd which thronged close to hear him argue with her. She was deaf, blind, dumb and palsied by turns. She was lame, she was liable to fall in a fit. A five-dollar bill would not move her to any other seat, but when his bid reached ten dollars she let him lift her, and hobbled on his arm to a chair within a barber's shop, where he gave her an additional five dollar piece and paid the barber to let her stay, lest she should return to her perch and his task would have to be repeated.

Part of the crowd took him for a tender-minded philanthropist, and gave him advice as to where he might soak his head. Others inquired if she was his long-lost mother, and a lot of boys clamored after him for fire-crackers, promising to move in any direction he indicated.

Without a word he returned to his carriage. He had just taken up the reins when cries arose from the procession; with lightning swiftness space opened for a frantic horse, and it flew, dragging the rider by the stirrup.

"O catch that horse!" screamed Judith. She would have given her life to take the words back as the Colonel sprang from her side. She wrung her hands and cowered down upon the floor of the carriage, seeing him tossed and dragged at the bridle. She hid her face and prayed alone as people instinctively do in utter helplessness. The thuds and the raging clatter ceased; an already excited multitude shouted, and she raised her face to see the Colonel stepping up beside her. He was covered with dust; one coat sleeve was torn off. He had a bruise above his eye.

"There's your horse," he said, tilting his head toward the runaway. Plenty of men now held and soothed it, and a stretcher was already provided for its injured rider. He was to be taken to the hospital.

Judith set quite still beside the Colonel as he turned his horses away from the procession.

"Well, that's three," tallied the Colonel. "Only one more."

"And I'm going to ask that now."

"Let a fellow breathe," suggested the Colonel, "and get himself repaired. The business houses are all closed. I can't even get a coat. So we must hunt for dinner in some inconspicuous spot."

"I won't let you breathe twice till I ask the last thing," said Judith. "I love you now with all my might. I love you for patience. I love you for gentleness. I love you for heroism. My heart will burst, I love you so!"

"This is hard," murmured the Colonel, "when I can't even kiss your hand before this crowd."

"Never mind. My soul is on it's knees kissing *your* hands. And we have the years—"

"Yes, we have the years!"

"But the last thing I shall ask will be hardest of all. And it is never to mention these tasks that I set you again."

"Why, that's no task at all."

"I think, may be, it might be in the long run," said Judith, sagely, "for some men, but not for you. *I* will remember them. I will remember them as four great labors."

"Of the wild buffalo," said the laughing Colonel.

Then, having turned into a deserted street, he bent over and received her kiss.

M. H. CATHERWOOD.

CONFIRMED BACHELOR—"How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this spot." Miss Seaside—(who wishes she hadn't)—"So long as that! I was young and foolish then, Mr. Smith." Confirmed Bachelor—"But we are both older and wiser now."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WHY it fell!—"Well, the thermometer has fallen," remarked Mrs. Fangle. "Sunstruck, probably," replied her husband.—*Tid-Bits.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Linseed, fed to the fowls in summer, tends to improve their appearance and health.

—Remove the irons when the ironing is done, and never let them stand on the stove where steam and grease will be sure to settle on them.

—The ashes of very old wood do not contain so much potash as ashes of wood of younger growth. Ashes generally pay well on all ordinary crops, but are specially adapted to the wants of fruit trees, grape vines and all kinds of vines, clover and peas.

—Farmers who used to swing the cradle and the scythe are but relics of a past age, and, if still observing, may see their successors in easy seats reaping and mowing, plowing and harrowing, riding over what in former days gave weary miles of tramping, muscular exertion transferred to the horses.

—Rice Snow Balls: Boil one pint of rice until soft in two quarts of water, with a teaspoonful of salt; put in small cups and when perfectly cold place in a dish. Make a boiled custard of the yelks of three eggs, one pint of sweet milk and one teaspoonful of corn starch; flavor with lemon when cold. Pour over the rice balls half an hour before serving.

—One mistake made with selling fowls is in growing them to a large size before selling. The best weights are from three to four pounds each. The demand is greater for such weights, as many buyers have found the larger sizes more expensive. Commission merchants report that while there is, of course, a demand for choice, large fowls, yet the smaller ones sell more rapidly.

—Toasted cheese makes an agreeable change for supper. Slice thin, or grate some cheese; pour over it a cupful of milk and stew until soft, stirring often. When it is soft, add a beaten egg, stirring well. Let it boil a moment. Have ready some small pieces of bread, nicely toasted and buttered; pour the cheese over them and serve. An old-fashioned earthen pie plate is a convenient thing in which to cook the cheese.

—Salem Pudding: Three coffee cups of flour, one coffee cup each of milk and chopped raisins, two-thirds cup of butter, or one coffee cup of suet or chopped pork, two-thirds cup of molasses, one-half teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda and if suet is used a little salt. Warm the molasses and dissolve soda in it, mix suet, flour and raisins, then put all the ingredients together. Boil or steam it four hours.—*Household.*

—Woman's work on the farm has its share of drudgery, but what work for woman or man is without its share of drudgery in some form? There is no need of it being all drudgery. If the road does wind up the hill all the way there are and ought to be pleasant resting places; farming has many advantages for woman as well as man. There is no life on earth so independent, so filled with pure, mutual interests and pure pleasure as life on the farm, if made for both women and men what it ought to be and what it might be.—*Dairy World.*

THE LOCO WEED PEST.

Evil Effects of the Plant Upon the Cattle of the Western Plains.

I send you a plant called loco in this country. Stockman say it is very injurious to cattle and horses, having something of the effect of opium on man. Will you please give it a fair examination and answer in your paper?

The downy-leaved plant you send is *Astragalus mollissimus*, and its common name in the West is "loco weed," although in some other localities it is known as "rattle weed," as the seed, when ripe, breaks loose and rattles in the dry pods. There are 150 North American species of astralagus, but they are far more numerous west of the Mississippi than east of it. Several years ago, when the stock-raising industry began to be developed on the Western plains, it was discovered that the animals feeding on the wild grasses and other plants early in spring were frequently attacked with vertigo, impaired vision, and loss of flesh and strength, the brain being so seriously affected that the animals became unmanageable. Horses would sometimes live for several months after an attack, while others would die in a few days. The cause of this malady has been widely attributed to the eating of the different species of astragalus; hence the name of "loco," meaning foolish or crazy. These loco weeds belong to the same botanical family as beans, peas and clovers, and it seems scarcely possible that they can contain any poisonous principles that would affect horses and cattle, as so often claimed by Western stockmen. Several very careful analyses of the loco weed have been made without discovering any poisonous properties. Still, it is not denied that the eating of these plants does sometimes cause the affections described. It may be that it is caused by the indigestibility of the leaves of the plant, which, becoming impacted in the stomach, prevents this and other internal organs from performing their natural functions. Until some thorough scientific veterinarian has an opportunity of practically investigating the loco weed and its effect on cattle on the plains, we fear very little will be known in regard to this malady so often referred to by our readers in the West.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Maiden (forty and romantic)—"I suppose it must appear very lonely to you when all the company leave the seashore?" Fisherman—"Dreadful, marm. But you see it gives us a chance to rest our minds, and be ready to answer questions next year."

GRAND SACHEM YERGER.

How His Good Wife Took All Nonsense Out of Him.

Mrs. Yerger—"You have no idea how much trouble I have with my husband. I didn't think it was possible for him to get any sillier than he was already, but I was mistaken."

Mrs. Peterby—"What is he up to now?"

"He is always up to some new foolishness. He is just running the lodge business into the ground. I would like to know all that goes on in these lodge rooms."

"I would, too. Judge Peterby comes home every night at about one o'clock smelling of whisky and beer, and when I ask him what sort of a smell it is, he has the impudence to say that it is incense which they use in their mystic ceremonies."

"I've noticed the same smell about Colonel Yerger. He, too, said it was incense, and that the effect it had on me proved it was incense, because I became incensed as soon as I smelled it. We poor women never find out any lodge secrets, for even if a man is ever so talkative, when he comes home from the lodge he is not in a condition to talk. I don't know what Colonel Yerger has been doing to deserve it, but they have made him a Grand Sachem."

"What in the world is that?"

"I don't know. That's some new order he has joined. He already belongs to the Order of Veiled Nightcaps, and the Order of Idiotic Red Muffs, and three or four more secret gangs."

"How did you find out that he is a Grand Sachem? Does he talk in his sleep?"

"No. Day before yesterday was his birthday. Just as we were getting up from the supper table there came two knocks at the door, and a deep, grave-like voice said: 'Is the Grand Sachem in his wigwam?' Colonel Yerger opened the door, and there was Gus De Smith, Kosciusko Murphy, Mose Schaumberg, Gilhooly, Hostetter McGinnis, old Judge Pennpbunker and a lot more of those old reprobates. They came into the room in Indian file and said: 'Is our red sister well?' Just think of it!

"I'd have scalped them with a fire shovel," said Mrs. Peterby.

"Then Gilhooly struck an attitude and said: 'Most noble Grand Sachem, this is thy birthday, and thy red brethren, the noble red braves now present in this wigwam, in consequence of the high esteem they have for their noble brother, and his great services to the lodge, do hereby present thee, noble savage, with this gold-headed walking-cane. Lean on it, most worthy lord of the forest, on thy stroll in the direction of the happy hunting grounds behind the setting sun.'"

"Do you allow such proceedings in your house, Mrs. Yerger? Why, I would have scalded them—I would have exterminated them."

"I couldn't help it. Colonel Yerger was very much moved. He said it was the happiest moment of his life, but that his heart was too full for utterance, and turning to me he had the impudence to say, handing me a quarter: 'Here, noble squaw, take this string of wampum to the corner grocery, and bring some beer, that I may make merry with my red brethren of the forest. Be seated, braves.'"

"I would have mopped the floor with him."

"For a whole week, Mrs. Peterby, that wretched man talked dime novel talk to me, until I threatened to invite mother to come and stay with us. That took the nonsense out of the Grand Sachem."

"What silly fools these men are!"

"Well, ain't they?"—*Texas Siftings.*

SLAVERY IN CHINA.

A System Which Follows Its Victim Even Into Foreign Countries.

The question will naturally arise in many minds how the vast number of dependents in China are maintained and controlled in servitude. The answer is, that all people are taught obedience to the head of the family, whether that person is the real parent or whether he merely stands in loco parentis. The teachings of parents, of the schools, of the books of religion and of the government are all in favor of such obedience and submission. There can be no living in China outside of a family. To be a nobody's child is to be an outcast, and hunted like a wolf on the mountains. In order to live in a house, to travel on the highways or byways, to buy food or clothing, to get employment or shelter, a Government pass is absolutely necessary, and that is always based upon a family pass. All law, all the officials and all the people of a vast and densely populated country are joined against any fugitive from a family.

In addition to all these the terrors of religion and superstition are brought to bear to enforce obedience to the family law. It is implicitly believed that those who are disobedient in this world or outside the family association will be wanderers and outcasts through all the worlds to come. It is the terrors of this belief that make the victim of the Chinese family authority go uncomplainingly to the lingering but sure death of the guano islands of Peru; to the pestiferous rice and cane fields of Cuba, and it is these terrors of the future which make the unfortunate slave girls endure lives of shame and infamy in foreign countries, where by raising a hand they could be freed.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A new delicacy of marine origin, and surpassing in the opinion of many foreign gourmands the finest oysters, is about to be introduced into this country. It is called the strongylocentrotus, and is swallowed a syllable at a time.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest soap manufactory in Philadelphia, at which 1,100,000 pounds are boxed every week, was founded in 1853 by a thrifty German, who walked into the city that year with only $25 in his pockets.

—Verre givre, or hoar frost glass, is an article now made in Paris, so called from the pattern upon it, which resembles the feathery forms traced by frost on the inside of the windows in cold weather.

—Winemakers are experimenting with electricity. It is said that if an selectric current is sent through a barrel of wine the liquid loses its rawness, gains in bouquet, and in every way takes on the qualities that used to come only with years of age.

—The high price of gum arabic has led chemists to seek for a substitute for it, and two products—one from flax seed and the other from starch—have been evolved, which, it is believed, will take the place of the Arabian gum in all the preparations in which that article is now used.

—A third crystalline form of carbon has been discovered in meteoric iron from Western Australia. The mineral, which is to be called cliftonite, resembles the diamond in the shape of its crystals, but in color and other respects it is more like graphite.

—Copper-plated sheet steel is already taking an important place in various industries. The sheet is made of decarbonized steel. After being rolled to the proper thickness, it is electroplated with copper on both sides and tinned on one side, in which condition it is found to be a better article for many purposes than sold sheet copper.

—The new machine just invented for printing postal-cards prints them from the roll and turns them out in packages ready for delivery. It runs them off at the rate of 300 a minute, with paper-bands pasted around each twenty-five. It is said one man can look after two machines.

—It is stated that not less than ninety-nine per cent. of all the flower-seeds sold in this country are raised abroad, chiefly in Germany. In that country immense tracts of land are devoted to the growth of flowers for seed, and the business is carried on in the most careful and systematic manner.

—Soft soap, with half its weight in pearlash—one ounce of mixture in about one gallon of boiling water—is in every-day use in most engineers' shops in the drip-pans used for turning articles bright in wrought iron and steel. With this kind of treatment the work, though constantly moist, does not rust, and bright nuts are immersed in it for days till wanted and retain their polish.

—Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, at a distance of about 250,000,000 miles from the sun, there revolve some 265 little bodies, whose diameters vary from eight to ten miles to 200. Whether they are, as Professor Young once described them, parts "of a planet spoiled in the making" or not, is unknown, and perhaps may never be solved. But certain it is that there are always numberless little celestial bodies of this character, whose revolutions around the sun are performed as unerringly as those of the larger planets. They are called planetoids, from two Greek words, which mean resembling a planet or wanderer.

What Congress Costs.

There are just 401 members of the House and of the Senate, and to wait upon them and run errands and hold open the doors as they pass in and out, and carry the cards of their callers and take care of the thousands of bills they put in they have employed about 400 people, who are paid the snug little sum of $684,000 for doing so. Every member has one employe, and for the service of the same there is paid an average of about $1,800 each. The snug little sum of $380,000 is required to pay the salaries of the Senators, and for the compensation of the members of the House $1,695,000 is to be provided, and this brings the salaries of our National lawmakers to a total of over $2,000,000 per year. It costs a little less than $150,000 per session to pay the mileage of the members, and the country pays $50,000 to purchase the stationery for members and officers of the House alone in any one session. The Treasury pays $52,000 for reporting the debates, whether Congress sits for one month or for twelve, as the official reporters, like most of the clerks, are paid by the year, though they seldom do more than twelve months' work in the twenty-four months that make up a Congressional term.—*Washington Letter.*

Railroads in the Far North.

The most notherly railway in the world will be one now being constructed in Sweden. It will run from Lulea, on the Gulf of Bothnia, through Sweedish Lapland to the White Sea. Within the last few weeks the road has been constructed to a point within the Arctic circle, and the first locomotive has crossed the imaginary line which is supposed to inclose the regions where the Frost King holds almost complete sway. The head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where the road commences, is itself within a short distance of the Arctic circle. The most northerly point reached by rail in Canada is on the Canadian Pacific railway, about the summit of the Rocky Mountains, being about half-way between latitudes fifty-one and fifty-two degrees. The terminus of the Manitoba Northwestern Railway reaches within a few miles of latitude fifty-one degrees. The southern point of the Swedish road will be in the neighborhood of latitude sixty-seven degrees, or about sixteen degrees north of the most northerly point reached in Canada by rail.—*Winnipeg Commercial.*

A Merciful Panther.

Down on the Blackwater in southeastern Saline, about the year 1830, a settler named Samuel Miller had built his cabin and was opening a small farm. He had two little daughters, Jennie and Susie, aged 7 and 6. One morning the mother of the little girls sent them on an errand to a neighbors, nearly two miles distant. The road was a mere pathway through the thick woods, but the children knew it very well. Hand in hand they toddled along, unheeding because unconscious of peril. But half a mile from home, on the upper arc of a large leaning tree, which bent directly over the path, they saw a large panther stretched out at full length, basking in the morning sun. They did not know rightly what it was.

"Oh, Susie," said Jednie, "there's a wolf!"

"Yes," said Susie, "and I 'spects it's the bad old fellow that catched my lamb and kills papa's pigs. Lets go right back home and tell papa, and he will come and shoot it wiv his gun."

But what if he runs away while we're gone," returned Jennie, "Tell you what we'll do, Susie, you stay here and watch it, and I'll run and tell papa! I can run faster, you know.

Little Susie readily assented to the arrangement, assuring her sister that if the "bad old wolf" should come down the tree she would "take a stick and punch his eyes out. Then gathering some acorn cups and a quantity of velvety moss she set about constructing a "play house"at the foot of the very tree on which crouched the panther, watching her curiously. Presently he arose and walked back and forth, along the level extent of the tree, as if impatient and meaning to descend. But Susie shook her little fist at him menacingly, and soon he lay down again with his head between his paws, lazily blinking his great yellow eyes, "as if," Susie said, "he was awful sleepy."

Away ran Jennie, fleet as a little fawn, and in due time she reached her father's cabin and hurriedly told her mother that there was a "big wolf" on a tree and that Susie had "staid to mind it." Mrs. Miller at once comprehended the harrowing truth, and called frantically for her husband, who was at work in his clearing near by. Mr. Miller came at once accompanied by a young man in his employ named George Plunkett. Realizing the imminent peril of his child, and dreading that perhaps already a horrible fate had befallen it. the pioneer did not speak a word, but in a few seconds he and young Plunkett, rifle in hand, were running swiftly to the scene. Nearing the locality, Miller said:

"If we are not too late, George, let me fire first."

Possibly the emotions of the father at this time may be imagined; certainly I cannot describe them. Faint hopes and sickening fears alternated in his breast as he sped fleetly on. It was hardly possible that the child was yet alive, but as the panther had not sprung at first there was a bare chance. Meanwhile, in the little cabin home the agonized mother had caught her remaining little one to her breast and was praying silently, but fervently.

But—O, the joy of it!—on coming within sight of the fateful tree Miller saw his child safe and unharmed. The little innocent was busy at her play, crooning sweetly the while. Doubtless He who stopped the mouth of the lion had preserved her.

High above the panther was on his perch. In two seconds Miller's rifle rang out, the panther came crashing to the ground, a bullet fairly in its brain, and little Susie sprang up and exclaimed, "Oh, papa, how you scared me!"

The panther measured five feet ten inches. Miller tanned its skin and when his daughters had grown to womanhood each of them had a cape made from it.

The Reward of Perseverence.

At one of the mills in the city of Boston a boy was wanted and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, so that all the boys could see it as they passed by. The paper read: "Boy wanted. Call at the office tomorrow morning." At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing from so many and said: "Now, boys, when I only want one of you how can I choose from so many?" After thinking a moment he invited them all into the back yard, and driving a nail into one of the large trees and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick a little distance from the tree should have the place. The boys all tried hard, and, after three trials, each failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time when the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time. "How is this?" said the overseer. "What have you been doing?" And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said: "You see, sir, I have a mother, and we are very poor. I have no father, sir, and I thought I would like to get the place and so help all I can, and after going home yesterday I drove a nail into the barn and have been trying ever since, and have come down this morning to try again." The boy was admitted to the place. Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous and wealthy man, and at the mills he was the first to step forward with a gift of $500 to relieve the sufferers. His success came by perseverance.

Voodooism in Georgia.

A strange case of Voodooism was reported at Atlanta, Ga., Wednesday. In Sandersville about a month ago the wife of the Rev. Tom Thomas, one of the most religious colored men in the community, felt a peculiar pain in her limbs, which gradually enveloped the entire body. Instead of yielding to ordinary physic each dose administered seemed to augment her suffering, and finally it dawned upon Tom that his wife was bewitched, and he sought the aid of Gus Cheevers, a half-breed Indian, noted for his knowledge of occult sciences. The old doctor as soon as he approached told Tom that his wife had been poisoned with rattlesnake poison by a neighbor, and that had three days more delay been made she would have been dead. He could save her though, and for the sum of $18 undertook to antidote the poison. His medicine would, he said, at 12 o'clock on a certain day make her sick almost unto death, but after that she would get well. The poison under his treatment exuded from the pores of her skin in threadlike sprays of mucus. Finally the woman recovered, and is now at work hoeing cotton. Sunday last the old voodoo doctor went to Tom's to find out the poisoner. This he pretended to accomplish with a talismanic ball pendent from a string. The neighbors assembled, and the ball was held up in front of each as his name was called, until Boston May was reached when the ball flew toward him, and the man, though denying it, stood accused. Old man Jerry's well, on a lot adjoining Tom's, began boiling up last Monday, and whenever a bucket of water is drawn it begins to foam and run over a la seidlitz powder, until the bucket is empty. The wondrous little ball also lays this devilment to Boston, and the old doctor says the cause is a little bottle of poison placed in the bottom of the well.

Lincoln Thanked the Methodists.

The following is a copy of a letter from President Lincoln in his own handwriting, written in response to a resolution adopted by the West Virginia Methodist Episcopal Conference in 1864 in regard to the prosecution of the war. The letter is now in the posession of Rev. H. D. Stauffer, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Caldwell, O.:

GENTLEMEN: In response to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements, indorse the sentiment it expresses, and thank you in the nation's name for the sure promises it gives. Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any, yet without this church, not less devoted than the rest, is, by its greater numbers, the most important of all. It It is no fault in others that the Methodist church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals and more prayers to heaven than any other.

God bless the Methodist church, bless all the churches, and blessed be God, who in this great trial giveth us the churches.

A. LINCOLN.

May 18, 1884.

Gen. Crook and the Bear.

General Crook has of late years lost his interest in deer-hunting, says the *Omaha Bee*, but it is said of him that he will go a thousand miles for the chance of a shot at a bear, and when he goes he generally gets the bear. Once, several years ago, he was on a bear-hunt in the Big Horn country with two or three gentlemen. They had tracked the bear into a big tule or cat-tail swamp, and had just entered in pursuit when the tules parted and a monstrous bear appeared and charged for General Crook, who was nearest to him. One of the gentlemen, in describing the incident, said: "The animal was not more than twenty-five feet from Crook, who stood still without moving a muscle. The outline of his figure and face stood against the background of the sky as clear as a cameo. The bear came rushing with jaws opened wide, and in a moment more would have seized Crook. Just at the right instant his rifle was brought to his shoulder like a flash and a bullet sped straight into the bear's mouth and went crashing through his head. The bear fell forward dead, and Gen. Crook was spattered with his blood. It was the most signal instance of iron nerve in the time of danger I ever saw," said the eyewitness.

There is certainly some consideration due compositors. They are not overpaid and every piece of poor manuscript makes a difference. An article written so villainously as to take twice as long to set it up as it ought to take, just doubles the work or divides the earnings. If this is not stark robbery, it is a form of imposition which touches it very closely. Write plainly, and use paper freely.—*Northwestern.*

Happy Young Husband.—"Belle and I get along very amicably. Not the slightest coldness has occurred, and we have been married almost a year.

Wise Father.—"Did you ever try to match any trimming for her?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then your experience hasn't commenced yet."—*Life.*

A woman in Boston had to have her tongue slit the other day on account of a cancer. It was at first feared that she would lose the power of her speech, but she has since fully recovered and can now talk on different subjects in two languages at the same time. She is unable to sleep, however, as both of her tongues are striving to get in the last word.

Are You Troubled With a Cough?

If so, try Roger's Specific Cough Cure, sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, and in general stores everywhere.

Pleasant, Safe and Sure!

No poisonous sediment in Roger's Worm Syrup. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and all storekeepers.

Should be in Every Home!

One bottle, at least, of Roger's Specific Liniment. Sold by A. G. Sturgiss and country storekeepers.

Appetine.

A cure for diseases of Stomach, Kidneys and Liver; a great Nerve Tonic and Blood Purifier, pleasant to the taste, prompt in action, certain in results, and safe and reliable in all forms of disease. Sold at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store and storekeepers, everywhere. Price 50c.

Why Suffer with the Piles

While immediate relief and complete cure is so easily obtained by the use of Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy, a sure and speedy cure for Itching, Protruding, Bleeding or any other form of Piles. 50c. per box. Ask Mr. A. G. Sturgiss, your druggist, or any storekeeper for Roger's Specific Cocain Pile Remedy. Price 50c. per box. 72'87 1y

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

Bernard N. Todd and others, &c., vs. Elizabeth A. White.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity. No. 419 Equity.

ORDERED, This 18th day of June, in the year 1888, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md., sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by W. P. Townshend, Trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause thereof to the contrary be shown on or before the 16th day of July, 1888; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Md., once a week for three successive weeks before the 16th day of July, 1888.

The report states the amount of sale to be $432.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
6 21 3 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

[THAYER & SINCELL, Attorneys.]

Order of Publication.

Maria Grove by her husband and next friend, William P. Grove, vs. Amanda Moore and John J. Moore, her husband.

No. 433 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for a sale of certain mortgaged premises in Garrett county, which were mortgaged by the defendant, Amanda Moore, to William P. Grove, of whom the complainant is the assignee.

The bill states that on the 31st day of March, 1883, William P. Grove sold to Amanda Moore, wife of John J. Moore, a tract of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, at and for the sum of four thousand dollars, and on the same day executed and delivered a deed of conveyance for said land to the said Amanda Moore.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore on the 31st day of March, 1883, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove, a mortgage on said land to secure the payment, on or before the 1st day of April, 1888, the sum of three hundred dollars, and also to secure ten annual payments according to the tentor of ten single bills in said mortgage mentioned, the same being for the balance of the purchase money for said land.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore, jointly with her husband, the said John J. Moore, executed and delivered to the said William P. Grove their ten joint and several single bills; two of said single bills have been paid, and the other eight remain unpaid; that on the 18th day of February, 1885, the said William P. Grove, for value received, assigned said morigage, together with said notes to the said Maria Grove; that there appears a credit on one of said notes of two hundred and fifteen dollars, and there now remains of said purchase money, together with the interest thereon accrued unpaid and owing the sum of $2,988.83.

The bill further states that default has been made in the payment of said purchase money; that the said land was purchased by said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate and that the money paid on account of said purchase money was paid by the said Amanda Moore out of her separate estate.

The bill further states that the said Amanda Moore has been living separate and apart from her said husband, the said John J. Moore, and charges that the said John J. Moore never had an interest to any extent whatever in said property, and that he doth not reside in the State of Maryland.

The bill prays that said real estate may be sold for the payment of said morigage debt and interest accrued, for such other and general relief as the nature of the case may require, and for process against the defendants.

It is thereupon ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 4th day of June, 1888, that the complainant cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks, before the 9th day of July, 1888, giving notice to the said John J. Moore, and warning him to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor, on or before the 5th day of September next, to show cause, if any he has, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:
6 9 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Containing Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND purifies the blood. It drives out the lactic acid, which causes Rheumatism, and restores the blood-making organs to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonics, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worse cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

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The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

at the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It s an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
OF CUMBERLAND, MD.

Or any of their authorized agents.

☞ We also have an office at Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. 9 17 '87—1y

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers, should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R. between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6	11.14 A.M
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	1.49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 t. 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTR.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

NOTICE.

I, Wm. D. Hoye, Clerk of the Common Council of Deer Park, do hereby certify that Theadore Hoff, Herman Beekman and John T. Mitchell, Commissioners appointed to lay out "Oak Street," in said town of Deer Park, did, on the 18th day of June, A. D. 1888, return the following damages assessed to parties affected by the opening and laying out of said street:

Daniel Annan, lots No. 15 and 3	$10 00
School Coms. of Garrett Co., Lot No. 13	5 00
Roger Perry Heirs, Lots No. 12, 10, 9 and 1	20 00
Mrs. Chas. Perry, Lots No. 11 and 2	10 00
H. G. Davis & Bro., Lot No. 8 & other land	1 00
Emil F. Droege	1 00
Peter W. Connell, Lot No. 6	55 00

WM. D. HOYE, Clerk.

DEER PARK, June 19th, 1888.—5t.

Wrought-Steel RANGES.

We have just received a sample of one of the finest

WROUGHT-STEEL RANGES

in the market, for coal or wood. It is rigidly braced, bolted and riveted as strong as iron and steel can make them, elegantly and substantially mounted with high finish in Nickel and black Enamel. Handsome in appearance, convenient in arrangement, and economical in fuel. Will save 20 per cent in fuel. Anti-clinker shaking grate and drawout. Balanced and ventilated oven doors. Large warming closet. Shelf with brackets. Extra large ash pan. Heavy steel plate doors, Japanned and Nickeled. Handsome Nickel side rails. Large top, size 30x39, with six holes,

ALL FOR THE SMALL SUM OF $45

Parties thinking of buying a Range should give us a call before buying, or send for circulars and cuts, as we will save you money.

We also have a full line of Cast Iron Stoves and Ranges, we can sell you from $15.00 to $55.00, full trimmed.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
6 2 Oakland, Md.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &c., &c.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghiogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk,

WANTED!

Local and Travelling Salesmen.

To sell our choice varieties of nursery stock either on salary or commission. Permanent employment to the right men. No room for lazy ones. Upright and honest are the ones we are looking for.

Address with references.

MAY BROTHERS,
3 5 4 3 Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.
Oakland, Nov

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888. NUMBER 23.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

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FLOATING SOAP

IS

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,
CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

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Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.
July 3-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.
v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction.
v3 n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to,

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

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ANDREW J. HARNE.
Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

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I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

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"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

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"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

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Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

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BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

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Feb. 25, '88.

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—Manufacturer of—

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I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine,

More Democratic Business Men Leaving Their Party.

This is going to be a campaign for, and by, American labor and capital. Its nature will produce its characteristics. Facts will be more telling than oratory. The newspapers and clubs and Tariff tracts will do the main work.

Incidentally, and most fortunately for all interests, the campaign will bring capital and labor into closer relations than have existed for a great many years. The American employer and his employes have a common fight to make. Their interests are equally at stake. They must stand or fall together.

We have already shown how our Democratic manufacturers are coming to the front and joining the [illegible] party. It is interesting to observe how these men talk about the new political situation that has been created through the ambition of Mr. Cleveland to be re-elected on an issue of his own making, after he had secured a re-nomination by the shameless violation of his Reform pledges and by putting the entire Federal power and patronage into the contest.

To-day we publish interviews with representative business men of this city, who have been forced to leave the Democratic ranks and to stand up for the American system of Protection. One of these disgusted Democrats is Mr. Alexander Agar, who is at the head of a large stationery and paper business at No. 110 William street. He says he has been voting the Democratic ticket for nearly thirty years, but is "going to stop." The reason why is clear and cogent. "I worked in 1847," says he "for $3 per week. Under the protective system that followed I was able to increase my wages and to become an employer myself in my line of business. I am not in favor of any proposition that will reduce us to the $3 system again, which by the way prevailed under free trade, and which ceased to prevail when a protective tariff went into effect."

Mr. Agar, like tens of thousands of other Democratic business men, sees through the shams and false pretenses of the Mills bill. It is primarily in the interest of Free Trade and not of reducing the surplus. "Under a high Tariff in 1883," says Mr. Agar, "the receipts from imported paper were $19,406.87. In 1887, after the Tariff had been reduced 10 per cent., the receipts were swelled to $212,216. That meant that under the free trade system $222,000 worth of paper had come into this country from Norway and elsewhere in excess of what had come in under the high Tariff. In Norway they pay women in the paper mills fifteen cents a day and men twenty-five. Here we pay the women $1 a day and the men $1.50. Under free trade we would have to compete with Norway labor. I don't propose to do it."

The testimony of another witness, Mr. Frederick J. Smith, a young man whose abilities have made him foreman of the large lithographing establishment of Richardson & Foos, at Fourth avenue and Twelfth street, is out with the Democratic party because it is out for Free Trade. He says—and he ought to know—that "it is foolish to say that workingmen have not watched the Tariff debates. They have. They are the interested parties. I have watched them carefully and I am against the Mills bill and what Gov. Hill calls its policy of 'freer trade' That's all there is about it. I am against Free Trade on general and particular principles and the Democratic party will find a good many thousands of us in the same position a few months from now."

Comments would be superfluous and needless. The uprising of intelligent American workingmen in behalf of protected labor has begun in thousands of localities and it will astonish the English observers of the great struggle as thoroughly as the uprising of the loyal men of the North astonished and appalled them in 1861.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The English newspapers are heaping so much praise upon the Democratic party that they may defeat their own purposes. There are people this side of the water who are none too pleasantly disposed toward England, and without any desire to secure her gratification.

"This summer ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.

Five Reasons.

The New York *Tribune* gives the following five excellent reasons why a man should be a Republican:

1. Because there is everything in the record of the Republican party of which he may be proud, and nothing of which he will need to be ashamed. It saved the Union, emancipated the slaves, restored specie payments and reduced the National debt one half. Unlike the Democratic party, it has never been in alliance with slave owners and the rum power; it never pronounced the war for the Union a failure and sued for a craven peace; and it has never allayed itself against the principles of honest finance and National honor.

2. Because Republicanism does not stand for the suppression of a single Democratic vote in any state of the Union. In every Republican State Democrats are free to vote as they please, and their ballots are counted as they are cast. Democracy stands for the suppression of Republican votes by intimidation, crime and fraud in every State formerly in rebellion.

3. Because the Republican party in its tariff legislation laid the foundations of a national prosperity unexampled in modern times, and defends the cause of American industry today against the combined attack of English manufacturers and the free-trade Democracy. The Solid South in the Confederate Constitution pronounced for free-trade precisely as the party of Buchanan, Breckenridge and Douglas had done before the war, and as the party of Tilden, Hancock and Cleveland has done since. Republicanism is the cause of industrial independence.

4. Because the Republican party is American in its sympathies and its policy, believes in governing and developing America for the benefit of Americans, and would neither order its tariff policy for the accommodation and profit of foreigners, nor lower the country in the estimation of the world by surrendering American rights or compromising American honor through pusilanimous diplomacy. The Democratic party is equally un-American in its foreign and its domestic policy.

5. Because the Republican party is recruited from the more intelligent and progressive elements of American population, and is the organization in which all friends of Civil Service Reform, practical temperance legislation, or of any other movement in the direction of good government naturally belong. The Democratic party is not hospitable to any real reform in government, as the Civil Service Reformers have learned to their shame.

The following Democrats, well known in their respective localities in Pennsylvania, have announced their intention to sustain Harrison and the cause of protection in this campaign:

Gen. A. L. Pearson, of Allegheny county.

Hon. Orange Noble, of Erie, once a Democratic candidate for state treasurer.

Judge Handly, of Lackawanna, a life-long Democrat.

Ex-Mayor Forwood, of Chester, Delaware county.

Hon. John Slingluff, of Montgomery county, president of the National Bank of Norristown, and former candidate for Congress.

Frank Heath, of Erie county, former candidate for the legislature.

J. W. Gephart, a leading lawyer of Bellefonte.

Frederick Stanford, of Corry, ex-Mayor of that city and a former candidate for the state senate.

H. C. Trexler, of Lehigh county, formerly president of the Allentown common council.

Charles F. McKenna, of Allegheny, formerly candidate for congress.

R. K. Martin, of Fayette county, late member of the Democratic central committee.

John W. Hindemarch, of Washington county, a leading Democrat of that county.

George H. Myers, of Northampton county, former Burgess of Bethlehem.

This is only a partial list of the large number of Democrats in Pennsylvania, of local reputation and influence, who have within the past two weeks been announcing themselves at Harrison men because they cannot stand the free trade doctrines of the President; and each one of them means either scores or hundreds of followers.

When a devoted wife holds her husband out at arm's length by his sore ear, and says she wouldn't crush a worm, he realizes, all at once, how fearfully and wonderfully women are made.

Harrison's Kind Heart.

General Harrison is, of course, a member of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the Loyal Legion.

There are hundreds of old soldiers in Indianapolis and scattered through the State who fought in his brigade and who remember well his bravery, his care for his men and his unselfish patriotism. If one meets a one-armed veteran in the street here the simplest questions will call out a eulogy of Harrison. The old soldiers remember him vividly for his tenacious care for their rights. When he was a colonel he saw to it that his regiment received all the allowances of every kind to which it was entitled, and when he led a brigade every soldier felt that he had a friend in his commander, strict disciplinarian though he was.

An old soldier whom I met quite by accident in a hotel here told me this anecdote: "In the battle of Peach Tree Creek, one of the fights before Atlanta, the surgeon of Harrison's brigade was lost. No one knew where he was, but he had disappeared. My recollection is that in the rapidly changing movements the surgeon and his assistants had become tangled with another brigade, and were so overwhelmed with duty that they couldn't get back to their own command. However that may be, when the fight was over our field hospital was full of wounded, and there was no one to attend them.

"The general threw off his coat, tore his own tent into strips, and went about bandaging wounds. He even tore his shirt off his back and used it up in bandaging the boy's wounds. When surgical help arrived I remember what a sight the general was. Both his arms were bare, and they were covered with blood from shoulders to finger tips.

"The men most fond of the general are the men who know him best." That is the pithy sentence in which one of his oldest friends here sums up his opinion of General Harrison's personal character, — *Philadelphia Press.*

They Won't Bet.

Cleveland Leader.

The betting offers on Cleveland seem to have been all wind. A few New York Republicans made up a purse of $10,000, and sent a man around to find the fellows who wanted to bet two to one on Cleveland. They were *non est.* The individuals who were said to be ready to put up their money could not be found. A New York dispatch, speaking on the subject says:

"H. M. Cooper, of Arkansas, who was here in attendance on the Republican National Committee meeting, said to-day: 'I have tried for a week to get some of that two-for-one money on Cleveland. The nearest I got to it was a fellow in the Hoffman House, who wanted to put up $50 forfeit on a bet of $1,000, to $500. My reply was that I was ready to 'put up or shut up,' and that I knew all about the forfeit scheme. Naturally in trying to get bets, I ran in among a number of old sporting men. One of the wiliest and shrewdest betting men in the lot said to me: 'A man would be a fool to lay odds seriously on Cleveland. The situation scarcely warrants even betting. The Republicans have played their cards so that they have only one state to carry, with New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, North Carolina, Florida, Virginia, West Virginia and Tennessee to make it from. Cleveland must carry every one of these, while Harrison needs only one.'"

The Democratic candidate for Vice President is celebrated chiefly for carrying a bandanna handkerchief. The reason he carried a red one was that he was a slave to the filthy—and, thank God, now antiquated—snuff habit, and a white one was soon soiled — the dark one kept down laundry bills, and did not show its uncleanliness either. The real use of Thurman's red handkerchief then, was as a snuff rag. The wearing of the bandana now is simply a reminder that one of the National Democratic candsdates was so weak minded that, along with so many other old grand-mothers of the land he did not have the manly will power to break away from a habit so filthy and disgusting to all refined people. Will Democracy advocate, along with the bandana, the compulsory use of snuff? There is no use for the bandana, you know, without the snuff. This would be about as reasonable as some other issues Democracy has been and is advocating.—*Moundsville Herald.*

A Philadelphia youth was recently married to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. He wishes now he hadn't asked her but seventeen.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

If you don't like it, lump it; don't blow your own horn;
Too big for his buttons; acknowledge the corn.

Standing water's unwholesome — a standing debt, too;
And only give honor where honor is due.

As clay in the potter's hands; might maketh right;
Do not be the tail to another one's kite.

The sweet bread of idleness mostly is crust;
He eats humble pie; he takes nobody's dust.

A jewel is consistency; all fiddle faddle;
Strike the dog in the manger; your own canoe paddle.

Nursing trouble don't mend it; speak not than speak ill;
The still pig's the one which gets most of the swill.

Upon its own bottom each tub ought to stand;
Christmas cometh but once in a year; hand in hand.

The children of old maids and bachelor's wives
Are perfect; shank's mare; but the fittest survives.

Any port in a storm; going off like hot cakes;
In your pipe put and smoke it; sly boots; no great shakes.

Some old two-and-sixpence; too good to be true;
Never trust in another your duties to do.

Competition's the life of trade; sharp as a tack;
As dead as a door nail; a hard nut to crack.

Lookers on more than players see; slick as a whistle;
Heavy as lead; just as light as a thistle.

A ragged cap often may crown golden brains;
What one person loses another one gains;

A pot many own is ill stirred and worse boiled;
By one rotten apple a barrel-full's spoiled.

Domestic infelicity is a thorn in the flesh;
Happy go lucky; whipped cur dreads the lash.

If a woman drowns hunt her up stream; splitting hairs;
The wits are wool-gathering; putting on airs.

All moonshine; blue Monday; some pumpkins; high jinks;
A chain's only strong as its weakest of links.

As cool as a cucumber; thicker than mud;
As long as a piece of string; nipped in the bud.

Telling the truth is more easy than lying;
The sweetest of joys from us always are flying.

—*H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.*

ARTHUR MAY.

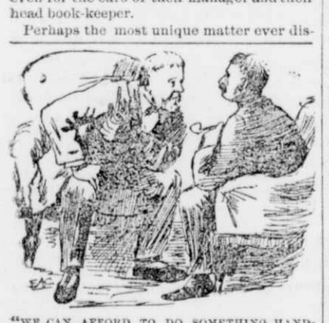
How He Became Spriggs & Co.'s Chaplain—Not a Love Story.

[Written for This Paper.]

Spriggs and Company, proprietors and operators of sundry coal mines, furnaces and rolling mills in Western Pennsylvania, sat in the "snuggery" at the rear of Spriggs and Company's office.

John Spriggs, who is "Spriggs," and Peter Spriggs, who is "the Company," invented the snuggery with an eye to other inventions in connection with their enormous business. In the snuggery no books, no desks, no any thing were to be found, save and except a pair of immense armchairs, two pipes and a huge earthenware jar of smoking tobacco. In the snuggery Spriggs and Company held their cabinet councils, when they planned and sifted matters which they considered too exclusive even for the ears of their manager and their head book-keeper.

Perhaps the most unique matter ever discussed and cordially settled by two wealthy business men was under Spriggs and Company's consideration in their snuggery some few years ago.



"WE CAN AFFORD TO DO SOMETHING HANDSOME."

"He's saved us a clear hundred thousand in buildings and machinery, Pete, to say nothing about loss of orders," said Spriggs to the Company.

"Not a cent less, John," responded the Company.

"We can afford to do something handsome," continued Spriggs.

"We can," echoed the Company.

Silence ensued for a few moments save only for the steady puffing of Spriggs and Company on the brace of capacious pipes. Down came Spriggs' hand upon his broad knee, and he bent forward as he exclaimed with considerable emphasis, "I have it!"

"Have what!" queried the Company.

"I have a good idea by which, if carried out, we can help the parson and do ourselves and the boys no harm. We'll build a church—a church that shall be a credit to the Lord and to Spriggs and Company. There's a good lot near the old mill, and we might build a parsonage as well without crowding either the church or the mill. Then we might set aside a percentage of the profits each year to help run that church. I tell you, Pete, this young May has grit, and knows how to handle our men better than we do ourselves. So we'll appoint him chaplain in charge of Spriggs and Company's church. What do you say?"

"I cordially agree with you, John. We owe young May more than ordinary recognition; besides which, I feel sure that a church, with such a parson, in connection with our works, will be a better thing for all of us than we can properly appreciate at present."

After which prophetic remark, Spriggs and Company adjourned to consult with their bookkeeper in regard to ways and means.

* * * * *

Such a convention, tending to such a very practically and worthy conclusion, requires some explanation; and therein lies our story.

* * * * *

Arthur May was, by all his acquaintances and many of his friends, considered a crank; as a matter of fact he merely had some very decided notions and opinions of his own. For example: Upon coming of age he relinquished a fairly large fortune—bestowing it upon sundry charities and scientific institutions—merely retaining sufficient to supply his absolute needs from time to time. People said his ideas were wild, visionary and utopian—some even asserting that Arthur May was a socialist, nihilist and anarchist combined. When he announced his intention of studying for the ministry his friends said he was crazy, as no May had ever been known to bind himself to any creed or canon. That was true enough, and Arthur was May enough to refuse to trot in the traces of orthodoxy. He entered no theological seminary and subscribed to no confession of faith. He studied his New Testament with his own common sense for commentary and concordance. He thought that the love of God and love for his neighbor made a strong combination for a preacher, without the aid of 'ologies and 'isms. When he was twenty-five years old he left his mother's home determined to find a field of labor—and he found it. Found it in the dirt-begrimed region of Ironvale, where a thousand men with dependent families earned their bread by the sweat of their brows—men who worked like horses six days each week and loafed away their Sundays—men who said so much that was black and dirty and unpleasant that most of them came very near forgetting that they were men. And that, by the way, was one thing which Arthur May never proposed to overlook. He had started out to do his life-work as a preacher and teacher, but he never intended to forget that he was also a *man*.



THEN DASHING THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FLAME.

Arthur May made his first public bow to the Ironvale population under rather favorable, if risky, circumstances. While in Johnstown he had heard of the place, and sauntered over (a matter of a ten-mile walk) one day in the fall. The more of dirt, squalor, misery and degradation he beheld in the streets and homes, the more he became convinced that it was the very place for practical Christian work—a place where a few simple sanitary and hygienic lessons would be more to the point than hypothetical discussions on such questions as conditional immortality and the personality of the devil. So he decided to stay, and established his headquarters at the none too sweet and clean hostelry dignified by the name of the Ironworkers' Exchange.

Opposite to the hotel was a three-story frame building, apparently rented out in flats. On the first night of his advent to Ironvale, Arthur May was about to retire when he noticed smoke entering his own half-open window. He peered out into the night and beheld a small flame slowly spreading itself over the front of the dingy tenement house across the street. Without waiting to don his coat and vest, he hastily ran down stairs and gave the alarm. All the inmates of the tenement were soon in the street, but as there was not even the pretence of a fire department in Ironvale, the meager furniture of the house was doomed and the building itself was soon enwrapped in flames. Suddenly a small, slender figure in a white night-dress appeared at a window on the top-story. It was apparently a little girl of seven or eight years, and, although not a word that she said could be heard in the crowd, it was easy to see that she was greatly terrified and crying for help.

"Great God!" said a woman, "it's Tim Doolan's little Em! She's all alone, poor young'un—her mother dead three week's ago, an' Jim, the night watchman, over to the sheet iron mill!"

Other women in the crowd screamed and wrung their hands; some of the men bemoaned the lack of a hook and ladder, while others, with hands in pockets and gaping mouths, watched with lazy unconcern or idle curiosity the fate of the helpless child.

But while the crowd talked, cried and gaped, Arthur May hastily endeavored to comprehend the plan of the burning house and its stairways. Then, heedless of the scorching heat, the blinding and suffocating smoke, and deaf to the warning cries of the men, he rushed into the ill-fated building. With great difficulty he found the child and wrapped her in an old shawl which he saw lying in the room. Then, dashing again through the smoke and flames, he emerged once more on to the street, where he was greeted with a loud hurrah and almost deafening hand-clapping. Arthur gave up the motherless girl to some of the women and quietly returned to his lodgings. But several of the Ironvale people followed him, and in the office of the hotel—his sleeves rolled up, his hair and mustache singed, and his face, hands and arms blackened by the smoke—Arthur May held quite a reception, in the course of which he took occasion to introduce himself and explain his object in coming to Ironvale. When he said he was a preacher and wanted the men to come and hear him talk to them next Sunday, they all promised to be on hand, for they thought a man who wasn't afraid to risk his life, as Arthur had done, was worthy a hearing, whatever he might have to say. One thing was assured—Arthur's popularity with the women folk; and that was a great thing in Ironvale, as indeed it is in any community.

Another method was necessary in Ironvale to secure the lasting regard and esteem of the men, and the opportunity to bid for the respect of the Ironvale masculine population came in Arthur's way on the first Sunday in the smoky town.

There was no church in Ironvale; there was not even a hall, so on Sunday afternoon Arthur took up a position just outside of the big mills belonging to Spriggs and Company. Somehow or other he had managed to make it pretty well known that he was going to preach, and quite a crowd assembled to hear the young fellow who had so gallantly rescued "Jim Doolan's little Em."

Arthur was a fascinating speaker, and being a good judge of human nature and possessed of his full share of common sense, he made himself more than interesting to these rough men, who gave him a respectful hearing. There was one man in the crowd, however, who objected to the preaching. This was Jerry Burke, a big loafing bully, who worked very little and drank a great deal. He was a chronic grumbler and especially objected, on general principles, to any thing like an innovation likely to better the moral condition of things in Ironvale. This same Burke was a sharp thorn in the side of Spriggs and Company, who only tolerated the fellow about their works, fearful of possible mischief which he might perpetrate should they discharge him. Physically, Burke was a powerful fellow, standing six feet high and tipping the scale at two hundred pounds. He was never satisfied with either the wages or the hours of work, though as a matter of fact he had small cause for being discontented. In short, he was a bully, a sneak, and unconscionably lazy. Still, among the Ironvale men he had some sort of a following: the weak-minded and more ignorant workmen looked upon Burke as the champion of their rights, and an additional reason for their tolerance of Jerry as a sort of unacknowledged leader, was the fact that they knew he could "lick" any one of them.

Now about the time that Arthur May came to Ironvale, Burke, with some other restless spirits in a neighboring iron center, was secretly arranging plans for a strike among Spriggs and Company's employes. Of course, so far as Jerry Burke was concerned, he cared nothing about bettering the condition of the "boys;" he was looking to his own aggrandizement as a "labor leader," and to the easy acquisition of money by means of assessments which would be levied on the boys to further the strike.

Now Burke had a fairly good idea that a sensible young fellow like Arthur May would not naturally assist him in his schemes, so he resolved to inform the preacher that he must "git." Arthur had almost finished his "talk," when Burke, who was in the crowd, rudely interrupted.

"Most through, parson?"

"Yes," said Arthur. "Are you tired?"

"O, you can finish your say this time, but you can't talk here any more. Preachin's all right, mebbe, but we don't want it here. Savey?"

"Well, my friend, no one else seems to object, and if you don't like it just stay away. Still, I would rather have you come and listen. I may as well announce now, my friends, that I shall be here next Sunday afternoon. Perhaps before the cold weather comes we can get a hall or church built."

"We don't want no hall, nor church, nor no parson," said Burke, "and if you shoot off in this part of the country again, you'll be sorry, that's all I have to say."

"If I do, what then?" inquired Arthur.

"Only this; I shall knock a few of your teeth down your throat to sorter choke you off!"

All this time none of the couple of hundred men assembled uttered a word, though once or twice the women cried "Shame on ye, Jerry!" or "Give the parson a show!"

Arthur sized up the situation in a moment. He saw at once that his would be persecutor was a bully, so often found in communities of ignorant men, and understood that Burke must be summarily disposed of if he hoped to stay and do any good in Ironvale. Now if there was one thing Arthur May had been proficient in at college it was boxing and wrestling. Still, he was not a powerful man, and weighed less by fifty pounds than Jerry Burke. So the resolution at which he arrived was a risky one.

"Boys," said Arthur, "this man says he will lick me if I stay in Ironvale. Now, I *am* going to stay and he may as well lick me now as later on. I don't much believe in fighting—never saw any fun in it especially it looks bad on a Sunday and in a preacher. Sometimes, however, it is necessary. It is necessary now, I think, and I guess you boys will stand off and see that a stranger gets fair play!"

Off came Arthur's coat, and stepping down from his impromptu platform of rough stone he walked briskly over to Burke, who was at that moment the most completely surprised man in Ironvale.

"I'll take that licking now, Mr. Jelly!"

Burke had no coat to throw off, as he was already standing in his shirtsleeves, but he replied by giving Arthur a back-handed slap in the face.

Well, some of the Ironvale men tell, to this day, how it was the "prettiest" thing they ever saw—"the way that the parson knocked out Jerry Burke," who in ten minutes from the time he first interrupted Arthur, had as much as he could do to sneak off like a whipped cur.



ARTHUR ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

From that time on, with the exception of half a dozen malcontents like Burke, every man, woman and child in Ironvale was Arthur May's warm admirer. As for Jerry Burke, he found it vastly more pleasant to reside in a neighboring town.

* * * *

Yet, although Mr. Burke removed from Ironvale, he by no means relinquished his various schemes for bringing about a strike at Spriggs and Company's. But, in view of the fact that thousands of men in adjoining districts were idle, Burke and his coadjutors did not find many of the men very enthusiastic about striking; and when Spriggs and Company, getting wind of the efforts of the Burke gang, voluntarily raised the wages ten per cent., the professional growlers felt that they might as well withdraw from Ironvale. Burke was the angriest and most disappointed man in Western Pennsylvania; all his chronic ill will and bad blood was focused in a determination to wreak vengence, first on Spriggs and Company, and then on the "poor fools" who could be satisfied with a "paltry ten per cent. sop."

Somehow or other Arthur May got to know that Jerry Burke occasionally found his way to Ironvale, and certain sly and underhanded actions of the fellow's made Arthur suspect that Burke's motive in visiting his old haunts were other than ordinary, so he resolved to watch him closely.

One night, about two months after Arthur May's first appearance in Ironvale, the parson (as every one called Arthur, and as he rather liked to be called) was making his way to his humble lodgings. As he passed Spriggs and Company's engine house—the only building belonging to the firm which could lay any claim to substantiality or architectural beauty—he noticed a man steal up to one of the windows, which he opened and entered. He noticed that the man carried a small package. A minute later the man emerged from the same window, minus the package, and Arthur then saw that it was Jerry Burke.

Now Arthur, for prudential reasons, carried a small revolver, and this Mr. Burke suddenly found within about two yards of his eyes.

"Burke, you are up to no good!"

"What's that to you!"

"Now, my lad, you know you can't bluff me. You ought to know I am not afraid of you at even odds. With this weapon I absolutely command you to explain your presence here."

"I don't have to. Pity a man can't move about without telling his business to a d——d preacher!"

"Now, Burke, I mean what I say. But as you refuse to tell me any thing, I must find out why you were in the engine house. You will lead the way *through the door*, not through the window. You know me. If you disobey me I shall feel compelled to shoot. Go on!"

Slowly and sullenly Burke led the way. The door was open, and just inside sat an old man who did duty as watchman. "Ah, Walker," said Arthur, "bring your lamp, will you?"

The old watchman was surprised, but asked no question as he complied with Arthur's request. The building was large, built of red brick and stone. It was divided into two portions, one covering the six immense boilers and the other the two powerful engines.

The window which Burke had entered was on the side farthest from the doorway and just behind one of the engines.

All was quiet at this hour, work being slack, and consequently no night shift being run.

"Look around a little, Walker," said May, as with pistol in hand, he closely watched Burke.

But Walker discovered nothing unusual.

"Ain't you glad!" asked Burke, sneeringly.

"Why were you here, Burke?" inquired Arthur, very sternly.

"Because it suited me," was the rough reply. Arthur wondered what he should do next. He still kept Burke well covered, but his thoughts were very busy. For a minute or two all was as still as death—so still that Arthur could detect what sounded like the muffled ticking of a clock.

"Is there a clock in this building, Walker?" queried Arthur.

"Yes, sir. But it stopped this two weeks and more."

Arthur noticed a queer expression pass over Burke's features, and an inspiration seized the parson.

"Burke, that ticking is of some infernal machine which you have brought here—I know it. I have both read of and seen such things."

"Yes, curse you, and if you don't hurry out of here we shall all be to hell in a few minutes."

"Scoundrel!"

Arthur still watched his man, and still thought. He thought of the costly engines which if destroyed would throw out of employment a thousand men for several weeks. He thought of a possible terrific explosion and the loss of life, probably, in the cottage which stood only a stone's throw away; he thought of his own life, and of old Walker, and even of Burke himself.

"Burke, you are not a man. You are a devil. If you will pick up that package and carry it down to the creek you shall have that chance of your life; if you refuse I shall shoot you in a moment—shall kill you."

The fellow began to whine like a baby and said it was almost time for the horrible machine to do its work. Said it was only set for fifteen minutes. Coward that he was.

Burke begged for his own life, caring nothing for the lives or property of others.

"At once, fellow, at once—pick up that devilry and take it to the creek. When it is in the water I will see that you have a chance to escape—and then, never show your face near Ironvale again!"

Seeing Arthur in earnest, Burke tardily took the ticking package from the machinery of the engine and made his way out of the building, followed at a short distance by Arthur—who was himself running a great risk.

Once outside, the villain walked briskly toward the creek, which lay some three hundred yards distant. He soon reached the banks and hurled the package, which was evidently heavy, into mid-stream. But one thing both he and Arthur had forgotten, or had been ignorant of. There was thick ice on the water and as the package struck with considerable force there was a tremendous explosion which shattered the ice and splashed the water in all directions.

Arthur was fifty yards or more from the creek, but was thrown down by the shock and severely stunned. As for Burke, a dozen large pieces of ice struck him—dealing him a fearful death.

* * *

It isn't necessary to go into any more particulars—but that's how Arthur May came to be Spriggs and Company's chaplain.

W. H. S. ATKINSON.

BEES VERSUS INDIANS.

A Touching Story Told by a Veracious California Pioneer.

Many readers are familiar with Wall's extraordinary feat, in 1849, in driving, according to his statement, a swarm of bees across the plains. A day or two since, as one of our business men was coming down town, he happened to discover a large bee quietly resting on Wall's shoulder, as preparations were being made for sprinkling the court-house lawn. "Say, Wall, what are you doing with that bee on your shoulder?" Wall was startled for a moment, but, recovering his usual composure, spoke with gravity, carrying conviction of untarnishable truth. "I'll tell you, and it's the solemn truth, if ever I spoke it in my life. That bee is the queen of the swarm I drove across the plains. She has been hunting me for years, and knew me the moment I called her name. You see, she is getting a little gray, but I knew her on sight. She piloted the swarm, and I used to feed her from my own molasses can. That bee is the last of her race, and I shall take care of her in her old age. I tell you, John, that bee brings up many reminiscences of that memorable trip. Several times that swarm stood by me in an hour of peril. They could scent an Indian several miles away, and they got to really enjoy an Indian attack. The fact is they understood tactics as well as the best-trained soldiers. When the queen sounded an alarm, every bee was under arms ready for fight. First a skirmish line was thrown out, and you could see more or less uneasiness among the red-skins as one and another would claw at his ears, eyes or nose, but when the order to 'charge' was sounded, and the bee battalions began to move in 'double quick,' a route and stampede always followed. It is a fact, John, if ever I told the truth in my life. What I am saying is true. Those bees fought all my battles across the plains, and this is my old 'queen.'"—*Napa (Cal.) Register.*

—"I never should think of allowing you to buy me ice-cream, dear George for I know ice-cream is often poisonous," said the young lady, tenderly, and George's heart grew glad until she continued: "but I really don't believe that we should run any risk if we went in and tried a little sherbet, do you?"—*Journal of Education.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is said that some clothespin box packers can pack 72,000 a day. They are paid one cent for packing a box of four gross. At this rate they make five dollars a day.

—Iron is a constituent of most solids and is found in food crops. Oats, barley and rice contain much more iron than wheat, corn or beans. Nearly four per cent of the ash of the oat grain is iron.

—Prof. Poel, of St. Petersburg, has found fifty per cent. of petroleum in the cod liver oil sold by one druggist, the adulterated article having the taste, smell and appearance of the genuine. Mineral oil is also frequently found in olive oil.

—A very dense graphitic carbon for incandescent electric lighting is now produced by passing the electric discharges from an induction coil between two electrodes inclosed in a vessel containing illuminating gas; the graphite forms at the negative electrode, and gradually elongates toward the positive pole.

—A new process for preparing beans for food has been devised. The beans are reduced to flour, which is boiled until it attains a certain consistency, and the name of "curd" is given to it. The article is simple, cheap and very nutritious, and is much relished by the Chinese. It has a large percentage of caseine, and is a good substitute for milk.

—Many experiments in burning brick with oil in place of wood are being made by manufacturers of brick along the Hudson river. If the new method proves to be practical it is estimated that there will be a saving of forty per cent. effected. The main difficulty is in the "drying off" process. One result of using oil instead of wood will be the preservation of thousands of acres of forests in the counties affected.

—Both in China and Japan soapstone has long been largely used for protecting structures built of soft stone and other materials specially liable to atmosphere influences. It has been found that powdered soapstone in the form of paint has preserved obelisks formed of stone for hundreds of years, which would, unprotected, have long ago crumbled away. For the inside painting of steel and iron ships it is found to be excellent. It has no anti-fouling quality, but is anti-corrosive.

—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, M. Chevreul communicated, in the name of M. Arnaud, Curator at the Museum of Natural History, a very interesting note on the toxic substance which the Comalis employ to poison their arrows. This substance is the "Ouabajo" wood, and from this wood M. Arnaud has extracted a crystalline matter endowed with terrible venomous properties. In subcutaneous and intravenous injections three one-hundredths of a grain of the poison suffices to kill a dog. Death rapidly occurs by an arrest of the heart's action.

—M. Perrotin, a French astronomer, has discovered that the planet Mars, besides being inhabited, has a number of gigantic canals connecting her seas and, what is more remarkable, that some of the canals are still in course of construction. The theory of immense canals in Mars—from eighteen hundred to two thousand miles in length and from twenty to fifty miles in width—has already been put forward, but positive knowledge on the subject has been lacking. If these canals be the work of artifice on the part of the inhabitants of the planet, as M. Perrotin states, then it will be reasonable to believe that it is peopled with enormous giants.

ODD HEAD-DRESSES.

Singular Coiffures Worn by Natives of Asia and Africa.

The Ethiopians have no hair, properly speaking, but what answers them for hair is really different from the hair of the white races. If a hair from the head of a Caucasian be examined through a microscope, it is found to be hollow, composed of sections or joints somewhat resembling those of a cane, or in some cases like a ladder with its rounds. The hair of an African is entirely different in this respect, being solid and round, this constituting the difference between wool and hair; but nevertheless the fact that his wool is solid appears only to endear it to the African, who gives it all the more attention, perhaps because he has so little of it, and divides his scalp into patches, gathering up the hair from each into a circular knot and tying it with a string as carefully as though it were a treasure. In the interior of the dark continent the wool of the negroes is frequently long, though never straight, but so difficult is the task of disentangling their locks that not much attempt at ornateness is made in the African head-dresses. Livingston says that when an African chief makes his toilet, the most he ever attempts in the way of arranging a head-dress is to comb his wool up into a pyramidal shape, stick a few feathers in it, and hang one or more strings of beans along the facade, so to speak, of this unique edifice.

The Asiatics have always been famous for decorating their heads. The Mohammedans of old shaved their heads, except a single knot of hair at the exact top of the head, which was left for a practical purpose; the Mohammedan doctrine being that, at the resurrection of the dead, the angel Gabriel was specially detailed to attend to the Mohammedans, and he raised them by the topknot; accordingly the topknot was left full and strong, in order that the hold might not break, a hole being left in the top of the coffin in order to facilitate the angel's work.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A shoemaker at Atlanta, Ga., lately completed a pair of shoes that are fourteen inches long, 5½ wide and 8¾ deep.

—The one-story frame cabin in which Andrew Johnson served his apprenticeship as a tailor is still standing in Columbia, Tenn.

—True it is what "the good men do is oft interred with their bones," but it is not frequently necessary to enlarge the coffin for that purpose.—*Boston Post.*

—A human subject without collar-bones has been met with in a St. Louis dissecting room. This structure is that of most of the vertebrates, such as lions, bears, etc.

—Blobson says that Snagsby is so rascally that he should think he would be afraid to count his own money for fear some of it would be missing when he got done.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—The man who was kicked out by his landlord because he couldn't pay his rent says his experience shows that three removes are not one-tenth part as bad as one "fire."—*Journal of Education.*

—Wife—"John, the new maid told me that you tried to kiss her this morning." Husband—"What! And I paid her a dollar to say nothing to you about it. Discharge her at once. Such a person is not to be trusted.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Lambrequin—"There is Brown crossing the street; let us turn down here and get out of his way." Robinson—"What's the matter? Do you owe him any thing?" Lambrequin—"No; but he has just got back from a week's fishing excursion.—*Life.*

—Rich host (to poor relation)—"The duck seems to be pretty much all gone, James. How would you like some of the dressing?" Poor relation—"That will do nicely, sir; and if there is any left you might give me a small piece of the quack."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Happy man (to fair widow)—"And shall we have a rousing wedding, darling, a fine supper, dancing, music, and all that sort of thing?" Fair widow—"N—no. I think not, John, dear. We must remember there was a funeral in the house only a short time ago."—*The Epoch.*

—A married lady declined to tell a maiden sister any of her troubles, saying: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "Yes," replied the sister, "and I've come to the conclusion that when singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

—Nothing else is so calculated to work on man's sympathies as the sight of a young man's painful effort at unconcern while he is scratching his brow with the hand with which he would have tipped his hat to a young lady if she hadn't cut him dead.—*Judge.*

—Dying benedict—"I bequeath every dollar to my wife. Have you got that down?" Lawyer—"Yes." Dying benedict—"On condition that she marries within a year." Lawyer—"But why insist upon that?" Dying benedict—"Because I want somebody to be sorry that I died."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A man out West fell in a dead faint the other day and the people thought at first that it was heart disease. Afterward the man recovered, and it was found that he had sent for a plumber the day before to do a little work, and the plumber had come punctually at the time he said he would.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Mrs. Blunt—"I can't abide that Smith woman; I believe I actually hate her." Mr. Goode—"But, my dear Mrs. Blunt, you ought not to feel so. Doesn't the Bible tell us to love our enemies?" "O, yes, it is all very well to say love your enemies, but how can one love them when one's enemies happen to be one's dearest friends?"—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Non-explosive dynamite?" Well indeed, Henry, we never heard of such a thing and consequently can't tell where to find it. But we have no doubt that should the Government advertise for 50,000 pounds of high proof, double force dynamite for torpedoes, some patriotic contractor would find a way of furnishing at double price a kind of dynamite with about one-tenth the explosive force of wet sand.—*Burdette.*

Destruction of Forests.

General James L. Brisbane has just published a book on "Trees and Tree Planting." He gives an interesting account of the variety of trees to be found in the virgin forests of the United States and the ranges of soil in which they will flourish best. But what is of most importance are the facts he furnishes of the annual destruction of our forest trees. Coming eastward, after a four years' tour of army service on the treeless plains of the West, the contrasts of forest growth and the rapid disappearance of densely-wooded tracts during his sojourn on the frontier induced him to gather statistics on the subject and print them as a warning of the consequences that must speedily ensue. Computing the enormous quantity of timber cut for building purposes, for railroad ties and for the fencing in of farms, the statistics that he gives shows that "every year we strip 8,000,000 acres of trees and plant less than 1,000,000 acres to replace them. The end," he says, "is so plain even a fool may read it as he runs." And the work goes on. The greater part of the Northern pine is gone, and the hemlock is fast disappearing. Resort is now had to the Southern pine forests, heretofore scarcely touched by the woodman's axe, and the hardwood forests of the North Carolina mountains. This incessant slaughter is not only changing our climate, but is drying up the sources of our navigable rivers.—*Baltimore Sun.*

SABBATH-DAY READING.

HELP FROM THE LORD.

Psalm cxxi.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Oh, whence shall come mine aid?
My help doth from the Lord arise,
The Lord who built the earth and skies
And all their host hath made.

He will not let thy footsteps slide,
But watchful vigil keep;
Unmoved His Israel shall abide,
Since He, her Keeper by her side,
Shall slumber not nor sleep.

The Lord it is who keeps thy way,
And well He shades thy head;
No scorching sun can smite by day,
Nor moon by night with hurtful ray
Invade thy curtained bed.

He keeps thee from all evil's might,
And daily watches o'er
Thy going out at dawn of light,
Thy coming in at fall of night,
Now and for evermore.

O Lord, when fading in the West
Life's final day we see,
That we from weariness may rest
And wake in Heaven forever blest,
Do thou our Keeper be.
—*Edward A. Collier, in N. Y. Observer.*

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

Spiritual Attainment Only Through Toil and Conflict—How the Nobler Traits of Human Character Are Brought Out.

The apostles told their converts "that we must through much tribulation enter into the Kingdom of God." This means more than that tribulation will surely meet the one who is journeying towards the better estate. It means that, by the very nature of the case, sorrow must be borne as the condition and method of attaining the more exalted life. As it is only through physical exercise that the muscles can be strengthened, so it is only through the hardships of tribulation that a man's spiritual fiber can be developed, and that he can reach the more glorious existence. Entrance into the Kingdom of God is the attainment of a higher spiritual state, and that higher, nobler spiritual existence can be reached only through the discipline of sorrow.

A man naturally desires for himself that he may have an easy time in the world. He would be glad to have all things arranged just exactly to his comfort, that no trouble or vexation should come in his way, that he should have no misfortune or disappointment, that he should glide along on the smooth stream of an uninterrupted prosperity. But if such should be his lot his character would remain undeveloped, his life would be destitute of all that is grand and heroic. He would be morally what one would be physically who had always remained at perfect rest, never exercising a muscle.

On the other hand sorrow, rightly borne, purifies and strengthens and ennobles the soul. The loftiest, sublimest natures are those which have been acquainted with grief. The greatest elevation of human character is attainable only through the discipline of trouble. Of the grandest souls that are found upon our earth, of the noblest natures that share our humanity, it must ever be said: "These are they which come out of great tribulation." It is only by such experiences that the noblest elements of man's nature can be matured. It is only through toil and conflict that spiritual strength is attained.

Here stands a young fellow who, having a rich father, has never been obliged to exert himself, and in the careless unconcern of his easy life, he is a good example of his jovial freshness of youth. But there is very little about him to interest us. If we enjoy looking at such a one it is only as we may like to look at a baby. But ten, twenty, forty years pass. He has taken a part in the stern work of life. He has had his conflicts. He has had his trials. He has had his reverses. He has become another person. His face is no longer smooth, immature and inexpressive. Care has chiseled finer lines in his brow. Conflict has given a firmer set to his lips. Trouble has touched his glance with a mellower pathos. He is a handsomer man than he was at twenty. His character has matured. His nature is expanded. And it is only through his struggles and trials that this has been brought about. If he had never had any perplexities in his life, if he had never experienced any thing but uninterrupted prosperity, he would still be uninteresting, boyish, babyish. It is only through the discipline of trial that the nobler, sublimer traits of human character are brought out.

And herein is the explanation of the fact that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Whom God would train to excelence and glory He leads through tribulation and stern conflict. Those whom He destines to the highest rank in His kingdom He brings through the severest discipline.

Now it may be granted that spiritual attainments may not always be in direct proportion to the calamities one has passed through. Under the discipline of sorrow, as under muscular exercise, some may break down. The soft sandstone crumbles under the chisel; it is only the firm marble from which the master-piece may be carved. But in the strength of Christ the discipline of tribulation can be borne. Upheld by the Saviour we may bear the stern training and rejoice in it as that which shall work out in us the more glorious fruits of the Divine plan. —*Christian Inquirer.*

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.

The Beauty and Strength of Christian Independence—Paul's Ideal.

St. Paul had refuted their charges; he had vindicated his motives; he had disproved their statements; he had established his claims as an apostle; he had put himself right with the church; and then, as though he desired to have done with all controversy and dispute forever, he says: "From henceforth let no man trouble me," or, in other words: "I have no time to waste upon such matters as these. They are too small, too trivial, too insignificant to engage more of my time. Life is too valuable to be frittered away after this manner. I have other and greater work to do. I can't afford to waste myself arguing about things of such little moment. I have settled this question once for all; let no man trouble me with it again."

One hardly knows which to admire most, the wisdom or the independence of this expression. It certainly is the most wise, and it certainly is most independent. As a piece of philosophy it is profound, and as an expression of the highest manliness it commands admiration; for it meant that St. Paul was going to live his own life after his own fashion; that he was not to be moved in his course by either the opposition of his enemies or the criticism of his friends; that he had choosen his own path, and in it would go on to the end, and from henceforth was not to be troubled.

Now, no one can do any thing in life until this same conclusion is reached. A life that is going to be of any value to the world must be largely independent. Real character is never a mosaic, made up of fragments taken from here and there, but a monolith, quarried in one solid piece out of the rock. Great purposes, like the oak tree, may be of slow, fibrous growth, but when the growth is attained there is a unity, an impactness, which defy the ages. The man who sets before him any noble ambition, in order to accomplish that ambition must be really independent, and live in the world not simply as an occupier but an owner. Just as a steamer pushes her way across the ocean, using the wind if it be favorable, and going through it if it be adverse, so must the one live who desires success. A life that is spent in apologies and explanations never accomplishes any thing. By stopping every little while to receive instruction and to take advice, the day of many a man has gone down, leaving his work undone. Some people are constantly excusing themselves; they are always on the defensive; they carry their hat in their hand; their very look is apologetic. They live as though they were intruders, trespassers, and seem to beg pardon of the world for living in it at all.

Now, this is a mistake. No one ever should apologize for being in this world; for this is God's world. He made it, and He gave His children rights in it—rights which are indubitable—and chief among these rights is the privilege of living our own independent life. But with many people that privilege is not claimed; they are not their own; they are the property of another. They are bought with a price, and so their life is featureless and commonplace, utterly destitute of force or character; and many a man who was intended by God to stand as a promontory reaching away out to the sea, and from which great lights would stream across the darkened waters, has allowed the conforming tide to grind the rock into pebbles and scatter it along the beach.

Many of our lives, instead of wedge-like cleaving the desert air, are but as the desert plain, only used as a common way for the caravans of the world to trample through. And yet God meant that each life would stand out like a star against the sky; receiving its own light, giving its own light, moving in its own orbit, and subject to no law but the law of its own system. And this was the ideal to which St. Paul was reaching, therefore he would not be troubled by those who differed from him.

In fact, the less we think about other people, and what other people think about us, the more likely we are to make our life a success. Thousands of people are in bondage to other people. They are afraid of them—afraid of what they may say, of what they may do, and they are thus kept in subjection. Hence it is that so few lives are unique. But a real man is not troubled in this way. In him the quality of unconsciousness is strongly developed. He seems not to think about other people. He goes up to the mount of duty or sacrifice, and when he returns never once thinks about the light that is on his face, or what his friends may say of him. No real man ever troubles himself about popular opinion. The press to him is no mirror where he finds himself reflected. Plaudits and hosannas in no wise affect his course. No truly great man is anxious to appear in history; he *makes* history. And this is the ideal of every strong, well-rounded character.—*Rev. J. Wesley Johnston.*

WISE SAYINGS.

—Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—*R. W. Emerson.*

—Be wise by choosing wisely what to do; be strong by doing well what you have chosen.—*S. Osgood.*

—That man is perfect in faith who can come to God in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires, without a glow or an aspiration, with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects and wandering forgetfulness, and say to Him: "Thou art my refuge, because Thou art my home."—*George MacDonald.*

—"If God be for us, who can be against us?" The man whom God defends, and means to bless, nobody can effectually harm. Let that man be at peace, and not be alarmed at any thing. All things will at last turn out right in respect to him, and all alike work together for his good.—*N. Y. Independent.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Bananas and Cream: Heap upon a glass dish eight or ten ice cold bananas, sliced thin; sprinkle with powdered sugar; pour over them a cupful of whipped cream, also ice cold, and serve with light plain cake.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—Honey or sugar should always be given to the bees on the inside of the hive, to prevent robbing. A good feeder is made by taking a shallow dish and placing within it plenty of little floats of wood to prevent the bees from being drowned in the liquid.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—To clean a carpet that has been taken up, first shake, then putting it on a line, beat with a branch of a tree with many twigs, trimmed smoothly that it may not catch in the threads, then, most important of all, sweep thoroughly on both sides, while it is spread on the grass.

—Shade trees that send out roots to great distances, only to throw out shoots and suckers, should be dug up. The aspen, though a beautiful tree, is as great a nuisance as the Canada thistle, and yet it is planted along the roads every season. If permitted it will completely overrun adjoining fields, and is not easily exterminated.

—A cool cellar does not mean a damp cellar. The cellar should be well aired every day, and also given a good whitewashing whenever it is necessary to do so. Before storing any crops in the cellar, every portion of the cellar should be thoroughly cleaned, and if it have a cement floor it should even be well scrubbed.

—No kind of grain is so well adapted to feeding young stock of any kind as oats. Their large proportion of husks keeps them from cloying the stomach even of stock that has too poor digestion for thriving on corn. Pigs will prefer the latter grain, if both are given together, but the pig is not the best judge of what is adapted to his needs. The oats should, however, be at least full weight to give the best result.

—Rice cream is particularly good. Boil a tablespoonful of rice in rather more than a half pint of milk until quite soft, turn it into a mortar and pound it so that no whole grains are visible; put it in a basin, whip half a pint of cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla, add one-quarter of an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a teacup of milk, beat up with the rice and pour into a mold. Some whipped cream slightly colored with cochineal and placed in tiny heaps round it when turned out of the mold, makes a pretty dish.

—Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income. It enriches the land more rapidly than other branch of animal husbandry. It may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments. It is profitable on high-priced lands, where other cattle would not more than make a good rent. In short, dairy farming, like every other branch of agriculture, has advantages peculiar to itself which makes it in many places and under many circumstances a desirable and remunerative employment.

HINTS ON DISINFECTION.

Nine Articles for the Successful Prevention of Disease Germs.

First. Corrosive sublimate (mercuric chloride), sulphate of copper, and chloride of lime are among our best disinfectants, the first two being poisonous. At wholesale drug houses single pounds can be obtained, mercuric chloride costing seventy-five cents, the others ten cents a pound.

Second. A quarter of a pound of corrosive sublimate and a pound of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water makes a concentrated solution to keep in stock. We will refer to it as "solution A."

Third. For the ordinary disinfecting solution add half a pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water. This, while costing less than a cent and a half per gallon, is a good strength for general use. Use in about equal quantity in disinfecting choleric or typhoid fever excreta.

Fourth. A four per cent. solution of good chloride of lime or a quarter pint of "solution A" to a gallon of water is used to wash wood-work floors, and wooden furniture, after fumigation and ventilation.

Fifth. For fumigating with sulphur, three to four pounds should be used to every thousand cubic feet air space. Burn in an old tin basin floating in a tub of water; keep room closed twelve hours, to allow the fumes to penetrate all cracks. Then open a window from the outside and allow fumes to escape into air.

Sixth. Soak sheets, etc., in chloride of lime solution, wring out and boil.

Seventh. Cesspools, etc., should be well covered on top with a mixture of chloride of lime with ten parts of dry sand.

Eighth. Isolate the patient in an upper room from which curtains, carpets, and stuffed furniture have been removed.

Ninth. The solution of mercuric chloride must not be placed in metal vessels, since the mercury would plate them.—*Lucius Pitkin, in Century.*

—A novel instrument was filed the other day at Springfield, Mo., by George Schmidt, in the shape of a deed adopting Maggie Brown, the three-year-old daughter of Julia Brown. In consideration of one dollar the mother agrees to relinquish all legal rights and privileges over her child, and the foster father agrees to properly support and maintain her, to treat her humanely, and properly feed, clothe, shelter and educate her.

MAKING FARMING PAY.

It Can Be Done by Conducting Work on Strict Business Principles.

The farmer is self-sustaining and his living is insured, to say the least. This ought to bring contentment. The fact that now and then a merchant secures large wealth by favorable accidents and extensive operations should not blind us to the fact that in proportion to the number engaged, a great many more farmers than merchants advance to independence, if not wealth. The average mechanic seldom lays by enough to buy himself a little home, to say nothing of a surplus for a "rainy day." Those who earnestly follow agricultural pursuits never fail to have comfortable food and clothing, and homes for themselves and families. In order to make farming pay we should first of all secure a better knowledge of our calling. The doctor, to be successful, must be educated in his profession. The lawyer, minister, and in fact all engaged in professional business, must be educated in their calling to be successful. And farmers who expect to make money in such times as these must use brains as well as muscle. They must get out of the old ruts or they will be left far in the rear. It is not advisable to go in debt at any time, but just now we should be especially particular not to buy and [illegible] our ability to pay. There is no more occasion for running in debt now than when farm products brought in twice as much money as they do at present. A bushel of wheat will buy as many yards of calico, as many pounds of sugar or nails, as it would when we got a dollar and a half for it. And as long as it will do this the farmer should not grumble.

If you are a young man just starting out with capital to invest, never put it into a poor farm. It will take a lifetime to bring it up to the point where it can be farmed profitably, and then you will be ready to die. Go where land is good and cheap. In improving your farm put up good and substantial buildings. If you can not finish as you would like let the work be good as far as it goes. Keep on good terms with your neigbors by keeping four fences in good repair, and make it a rule never to borrow, and when you can do so without incurring the displeasure of a neighbor too much, refuse to lend. No man has any more right to ask for the freeuse of implements than to ask for the ban of a cow for a few days, to increase the income from his dairy. Where armers are located near each other they may find it to their mutual advantage to purchase farm implements in partnership, or exchange implements when it can be done without interfering with each other's plans or putting back work in the very busiest season. But this is quite different from wholesale borrowing without any intention of returning an equivalent.

What you should grow must depend upon the locality of your farm. If you are dissatisfied with the returns the crops you have been cultivating have brought in, try a new departure, but feel your way slowly. Don't venture too much. It is a very good rule to throw your strength into the leading crop of your locality, carrying one or two others along to fall back on in case of bad luck with your leading crop, and be sure to keep a part of your farm in grass and clover, even if you only have ten acres. You must increase your manure supply in every way possible. Manure is cash; at least if you don't make it on the farm you are out the cash for commercial fertilizers if you succeed in growing paying crops. Have good stock to work and good tools to work with, and when you get through with your tools see that they are carefully housed. In preparing for any crop let your land be thoroughly prepared before seeding. Let this be an invariable rule. In cultivating begin early and let your work be thorough, so that you may be able to keep ahead of the weeds. When your crop is ready to harvest delay no time in getting it housed. Sell all your surplus and let nothing go to waste. If you feed your grain give your stock the very best care and attention. Lastly, take good farm papers and keep posted on the crop prospects, so you will know when to sell to best advantage the produce of the farm.—*W. W. Stevens, in Ohio Farmer.*

LURCHING BACKWARDS.

Explanation of a Sensation Experienced by All Railway Travelers.

Some one asks why when a train is approaching a station and the passengers are standing, that at the moment the train stops they all lurch backward instead of forward, as the laws of momentum would seem to compel them. And he says the backward lurch depends upon the suddenness of the stop.

The answer seems to me simple. The backward lurch is only indirectly in proportion to the suddenness of the stop; really it is in proportion to the extent of instinctive anticipation and preparation for a forward lurch. Were the train to stop suddenly and unexpectedly there would be no backward lurch; the laws of momentum would act directly, and possibly hurl the passengers through the forward door and windows. But as the speed is gradually lessened the passengers standing in the aisle instinctively resist the momentum of their own bodies by leaning backward. This action on their part will be very perceptible to one observing them from a seat. When the actual stop comes it finds them in a state of over-preparation, so to speak, the force of gravity being in excess of that of momentum, and they tend to fall backward, this and the instinctive act of recovery constituting the backward lurch.—*Cor. Boston Budget.*

Where He Drew the Line.

Young husband (scanning tooth brush with which his bride has just cleaned her diamonds)—"Now, Allie, it's all very nice to tell each other every thing, sit in the same chair, drink out of the same glass, read each other's letters and all that, but when it comes to using the same tooth brush I think it just a little too æsthetic, don't you?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

They Never Fail.

NO. 3 FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, January 26, 1884.

I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last ten years. They are a wonderful medicine. There is nothing equal to them as Blood Purifiers and Liver Regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure rheumatism, and how easily; I was affected by rheumatism of the legs. My business (wholesale fish dealer) naturally leads me to damp places. I was so bad I could not walk, and at night I suffered fearfully; I tried Balsams, Sarsaparillas and all kinds of tinctures, but they did me no good and I was afraid of being a cripple. I finally commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve. I continued taking them for forty days and I got entirely well. Now, whenever sick, I take BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They never fail.

J. N. HARRIS.

SOME men are fiddlers and others are performers on the violin; the same sort of distinction is to be found at every turn in life.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Good Impulse.

Don't balk your good impulses, particularly that one which incites you to abandon fruitless medication for dyspepsia, kidney trouble, fever and ague and constipation, and adopt instead Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which supplements the important credential of a long and successful career, with the commendation of the medical profession. Give it a systematic trial.

SOME girls are maidens all forlorn, while others are maidens all for lawn tennis.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THOSE Nuisances, Rheumatism and the Gout, are relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

A DOCTOR'S report would properly come under the head of the news of the weak.

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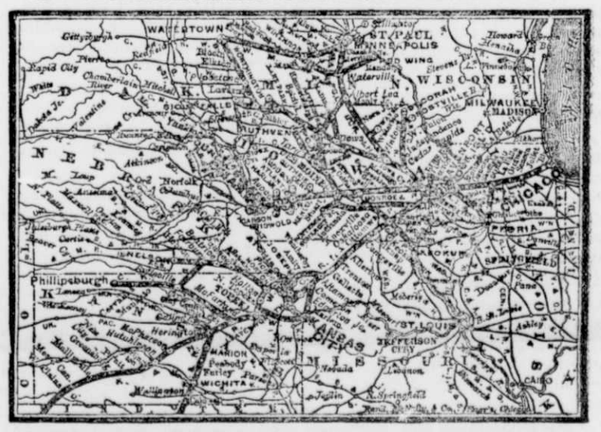
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJAMIN H. HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1888.

ATTENTION REPUBLICANS.

THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS of the several Election Districts of Garrett county, are requested to assemble in primary meeting on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th,

1888, for the purpose of selecting 5 delegates from each Election District to attend a County Convention to be held on

TUESDAY, AUGUSTS 21st,

1888, for the purpose of selecting 3 delegates to attend the Congressional District Convention for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, to be held in Rockville, on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23rd.

1888, at which convention a candidate for Congress will be nominated.

The primaries will be held from 3 to 4 o'clock P. M., at the usual places.

The Committees for the several districts will make all necessary arrangements.

If the voters in any of the districts desire a change in their respective districts committees, they will so instruct their delegates to the County Convention.

By order of the State Central Committee.

D. CHISHOLM,
Chairman.

The Republican Nominee.

The *Times*, the degenerate organ of the divided and demoralized Democracy of Allegany county, in its usual meddlesome spirit, and a manner peculiarly characteristic to it and its more degenerate editor, takes umbrage at our comments on a clipping from the Baltimore *Herald*, purporting to be part of an interview with Mr. Wellington, and in a passion, under the above caption, assaults this journal, McComas and the people of Garrett county.

Perhaps it might be well to "consider the source" and pass it by, but before doing this we desire to say a few words.

We have no apology to make, and no excuse to offer for what we have said. It was said through no want of respect or kind feeling for Mr. Wellington, but to correct a wrong impression created by the statement in the *Herald*.

We did not and do not question Mr. Wellington's veracity, but we meant, and do now say, that if that statement be true, then his friends have misrepresented to him the sentiment of the Republicans of this county, which is overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. McComas, as will appear in convention.

We are firmly convinced that McComas is the strongest candidate in the Sixth District, both by reason of his personal popularity, his ability, his application and activity, his experience, his pronounced adherence to Republican principles, and advocacy of a protective tariff, and therefore favor and urge his re-nomination.

Unlike the *Times* we are actuated in our course only by a clear conscience, doing that which we believe to be for the best interests of the Republican party, the people of this county and Congressional District, exercising a free will, unbiased judgment, the right of free speech, and the powers conferred upon us as free moral agents, untrammeled and unfettered by reason of "subsidies," "accommodations" or other obligations to McComas, Wellington or any one else.

Only once before have we heard the word "subsidized" used in connection with or reference to a paper in Western Maryland, and never to any west of Cumberland. Previous to the Democratic State Convention last year it was currently rumored that one Democratic journal was "subsidized" into urging upon the people the candidacy for Governor of a prominent Baltimore city gentleman, who, however, failed to receive the nomination.

No promises or pledges were made by McComas two years ago, as intimated by the *Times*, its zeal here going as usual, beyond the truth, and we defy it or any person to produce the proof of any such promises having been made by him or with his authority.

Mr. Wellington at that time submitted not because of any such promises, but rather because four of the five counties were united on McComas and there was no possible show for the nomination of anyone else. He simply "submitted to the inevitable," and was not "compelled to support" the ticket, but, like the good Republican he is, earnestly desired and labored for its success, as we believe he will again do this fall, whether successful or unsuccessful in his aspirations, freely and voluntarily.

The motive of the *Times* is apparrent, and the author of that article is either a fool or must regard the people of Allegany county as imbecile if he thinks it is not understood by the most indifferent and unsuspecting. With a divided and demoralized party the Democrats are hopelessly in the minority in that county, unless the same state of affairs is made to prevail in the Republican party, and to bring this about the *Times* is now endeavoring to increase the dissatisfaction in our ranks, to widen the breach existing, encourageing the factional fights and cause such a feeling as will disrupt the party, materially reduce or wipe out altogether the Republican majority in Allegany, and thus ensure the election of Douglass. But it will not succeed. We venture the assertion that whoever is nominated the result will be the same, and therefore must necessarily incline to the opinion that the people are not imbeciles.

We would further have the *Times* and the people of Allegany, understand that we do not regard Allegany and Garrett in the relation of parent and child. It is true Garrett was formed out of part of Allegany, as was Allegany of part of Washington, but we are sister counties, with equal rights and privileges, and with the right, will, and determination to govern ourselves and control our own affairs, politically and otherwise, and propose to do it without the intervention of outside parties and influences.

The Fight for the Sixth Congressional District.

Once more we are to have a fierce fight to save the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland. The Democracy nominated their candidate on May 24th. The Prohibitionists placed a candidate in nomination on July 21st. The Republicans will nominate Mr. McComas on August 23rd.

Of course the third party did all it could, and will do all it can, to help elect a Democrat. As two years ago they took their candidate for Congress from the Republican stronghold of Middletown, in Frederick county, so this year they select Mr. Moore from the Republican stronghold of Sandy Spring, in Montgomery county. Out of nearly one hundred election districts in the Sixth Congressional District, the third party, has, in succession, chosen its candidate from districts almost entirely Republican in sentiment. They follow the renegade St. John in hating the Republican party more than they hate whiskey and in sneakingly doing their part as assistant Democrats.

We attended the meeting of the Republican State Central Committee and have beside, recently had full and detailed information from every county in this Congressional district. Montgomery, Garrett and Frederick counties are solidly in favor of the renomination of Mr. McComas. Hon. Milton G. Urner, that wise and able leader, says that nine-tenths of the Republicans of Frederick county are favorable to his renomination. We state what all our readers know, when we say that Washington county is absolutely and enthusiastically for our present member to succeed himself and, with emphatic unanimity, greater than ever before, if that be possible.

Allegany county, as two years ago, presents the only division. Now, as then, Mr. Wellington is a candidate and is working for the nomination. We are informed that now, as then, the miners of Allegany, who make the coal regions the bulwark of our party, stand solidly for the renomination of Mr. McComas, who has so faithfully watched over their interests, who struck coal from the free list and amended the contract labor law so as to prevent the wholesale importation of foreign labor ever again in that region. Whether the lower end of Allegany, and Cumberland, shall defeat the choice of the miners, remains to be seen. However, it matters little, since the other four counties are united for Mr. McComas, and Allegany will, as it did two years ago, unite with the others to give him a safe majority.

We are amused at the Democratic correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, who manufactures opposition in the hope that the Democrats may thus arouse it. The Democrats will gladly help nominate anybody but McComas. They know, after the fierce fight of two years ago, that he can surely save this district, while they are confident of victory with a new man for our candidate. But the Republicans take pride in having a Representative whose prominence in the councils of the party and in the National Legislature gives prominence to the district; and at this important juncture, when the tariff fight involves all our industries, they want to keep in his seat a man whoie capacity, experience and influence will serve both the district and the State better than any new man possibly can.

This district has a right to have a leader in Congress and will keep McComas there another term. The most intelligent and wisest communities retain men of experience and influence in Congress, because they believe it best helps the country and themselves. They believe a member of Congress is elected to serve people and not simply to receive a compliment. There is no such thing as rotation in the nomination. It is *always* the people's time to select the fittest man to fill this public trust. Many have been in Congress for twenty-five years—nearly *all* our leading men for twelve or fifteen years—and the State, that sends Mr. Gorman for twelve years to legislate under the same roof with Mr. McComas, intends, through the Republicans of this district, to send Mr. McComas there eight years.—*Hagerstown Herald and Torch Light.*

Mr. McComas' Strength.

Many Republicans from Montgomery and Frederick counties have been in Washington recently and have given opportunity to dicuss the widely circulated reports of opposition to Mr. McComas' renomination. Montgomery, Washington and Frederick are solidly for McConas, as is also Garrett. Mr. Wellington is, on good authority, again said to be a candidate for Congress, and Allegany's course is, therefore, uncertain. But it is generally reported that the miners of Allegany earnestly favor Mr. McComas, who in the past has shown himself to be their constant and active friend. The next Congress, whatever its political complexion may be, will frame either a tariff or a revenue bill which will become a law. Maryland, and Mr. McComes' district most particularly, will be deeply interested in that law, and it is of paramount interest to the Sixth district that its representative be a man of influence, whose voice will be distinctly heard in the framing of that law. No new man, however capable or earnest, could hope in his first session to influence the provisions of that bill. Fortunately, however, in Mr. McComas the industrial interests of Maryland, and especially of the Sixth district, have a representative who has been welcomed by his party to its most important councils, and whose judgment will surely be consulted in the measure to be adopted. Hence it is natural that Mr. McComas' renomination meets with the cordial and unanimous support of Montgomery, Frederick, Washington and Garrett. Meanwhile Mr. McComas remains steadfastly at his post, hastening home at intervals by serious illness in his family.—*Balto. American.*

Supporting American Ideas.

WHEELING, W. VA., July 17.—Mayor Samuel Murray, of New Cumberland, the leading Democrat of Hancock county, has come out for Harrison on the protection issue. He says: 'The way a man thinks he should vote, and an American citizen, native or adopted, should cling to the principle none can gainsay, 'America for Americans.' Why should I regard former party affiliations when I see that some party aiming a death blow at the future prosperity of me and mine, and not only that, but of the whole country. A man should take a broader view than merely his own or his family's interest. One family depends upon another in this great family of States, and the American people should rise in their might, and when November comes, crush this unpatriotic doctrine with the weight of American ballots."

Ex-Speaker Dunn, of the New Jersey State Assembly, and a prominent Democratic politician of Elizabenth, N. J., is out for Harrison and Morton. He says he is disgusted with the Democratic party since it has become a free trade organization. He says: "It is a toss up of a copper cent with me whether or not I shall stump the State for Harrison and Morton. The Irish-Americans at Elizabethport, where I live will vote the protection ticket almost to a man."

The Dutiful Party.

The Mills bill is before the Senate for amendment, and the amendment is about to be prepared. The Republican Senators have acted the part of wisdom in determining to prepare a bill which shall really provide for a reduction of the revenues and at the same time shall lower taxes. The unanimity of the Senators is very gratifying. It shows, no matter what may have been previous discussions and suggestions, that the party which is in control of the Senate takes a proper view of its responsibilities and is worthy to be entrusted with the task of legislation. It is reported that Mr. Allison employed as an argument to secure assent to his proposition that if Congress adjourned and the Republicans declined to present a measure of their own, or to act on the Mills bill, Mr. Cleveland would recall them, and once more address Congress on the subject of the surplus. This report is the purest twaddle and is characteristic of the free trade source from which it comes. The President certainly would not convene Congress to remedy some act which the Republicans had omitted. The air is full of rumors, but this one is the most absurd of all that are flying about. The Republicans have decided to present a bill because it is their duty to do all in their power to secure legislation on the subject of the surplus. Mr. Allison, more than almost any man in public life, is devoted to the tasks which are entrusted to him, and is a legislator who believes that his duties are to the people and the whole country. He and his colleagues are not partisan tricksters. The free trader who invented the report to which we have alluded is mistaken. He is judging the Republicans from his own point of view, and that is false. The duty of Congress is to reduce the surplus. The only tolerable manner of accomplishing this object is to reduce revenues, which means the reduction of taxes. The Democrats held the laboring oar, because they had control of the house of Congress which has exclusive original jurisdiction in revenue matters. They presented a bill which makes some slight reduction of revenue by lowering certain internal taxes and by making some additions to the free list. But the reduction of revenue needed is something like $70,000,000, and the certain reductions proposed by the Mills bill are less than $25,000,000. Besides the changes suggested in the internal tax law and the additions to the free list, the Democrats proposed to make reductions by decreasing rates of duties. It is probable that the changes proposed in the dutiable list would, however, increase the revenue. That has been the result of all slight changes in rates. A few years ago the Republicans undertook to reduce the rates about 20 per cent., and the revenues are greater now than they were. The reductions in the aggregate of the Mills bill are inconsiderable, but on the articles affected they amount to an average of 36 per cent. Nevertheless we should expect that the result of the adoption of the Mills bill would be a material increase of revenue in a few years, for the increased income that would follow reduction of values would more than counterbalance the certain reductions occasioned by the lowering of internal taxes, and the additions to the free list. There is no reason to suppose that the men who prepared and pushed the measure through the House of Representatives were not aware that this might be the effect of their enterprise. But, as a matter of fact, they were not honest. They intended to make pretence of trying to reduce the revenue, and, under that deception, secured votes for free trade. They knew that their measure could not become a law, and they impudently refused to try to make a practicable measure, one that would accomplish a reduction, and at the same time leave the tariff issue for the future consideration. They seem to have no faith in their power to secure free trade on its merits. They would not, therefore, consent to a postponement of the question to a time when it might be deliberately considered and settled. They insisted upon taking advantage of the country's anxiety to get out of its financial difficulties, and, taking business by the throat, cried out in the spirit and with the voice of a highwayman: "Give us free trade or lose your currency." This bullying method, however, does not frighten the country. The Republicans have now an opportunity which they have wisely decided to take advantage of. They will introduce a bill that will reduce revenues and taxes, and about the results of which there will be no doubt. They will offer the Democrats a sensible and practical measure, and it will go hard with the latter if they do not accept it. Whether they pass it or reject it, however, the Republicans will stand before the country as public men who have done their whole duty and who present a striking and honorable contrast to the greedy seekers after party issues, who have refused to relieve a monetary condition which their President has declared to be threatening to the business interests and the prosperity of the country.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Political Notes.

PALMYRA, N. J., July 30.—An important gain to the Republican party in this place is found in the defection of Prohibitionists from the third party ranks. Mr. W. C. Randolph, a manufacturer who has supported Prohibition in the past and intended to cast his vote for Fisk and Brooks, since the drawing of the lines between the two great parties, refuses to be a brevet Democrat and give an indirect vote for free trade. He will cast his ballot for Harrison and Morton and in support of the Republican policy of Protection to American homes and American labor. He is joined by Mr. Thomas Wells, who has heretofore voted with the Prohibitionists. Several old time Democrats have privately declared for Harrison and Morton.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Representative Nichols, of North Carolina, said to-day: "The campaign in the North State is already in full blast. We have a big State to go over, and not as many railroads as you have in the North, so it takes longer to do the campaigning. From the present outlook I am inclined to believe that the Prohibitionists will poll a vote that will be a sad surprise to Democrats, from whose party they will draw nearly all their votes. The outlook in the State for Republican success is really very encouraging, and I believe there is a good square chance of carrying the State. The Prohibition candidate for Governor is a strong man, and they will poll a large vote in the middle counties, where it will count most."

It is reported that the Hon, Levi J. De Land, of Fairport, N, Y., will vote for Harrison. Mr. DeLand is a large manufacturer, giving support to several hundred men, most of whom own their own houses in that beautiful town. Heretofore they have voted solidly the Democratic ticket, as Mr. DeLand has been an uncompromising Democrat, having been a member of the Assembly and a member of the Democratic State Executive Committee for several years. Thus the changes go on—at first a few, then more, then many, and at last an avalanche,

Mr. Will K. Chapin, vice-president of the Rochester, (N. Y.) Car Wheel Company., states to his friends that the company and its employes cannot live under the Mills bill and that they will support Harrison and Morton this year. Four years ago Mr. Chapin was one of the most enthusiastic of Cleveland's admirers and gave liberally to the campaign fund.

RICHMOND, July 30.—General Jas. A. Walker, of Wytheville, who was Lieutenant Governor of the State under the Democratic rule of Governor Holliday, has come to the Republican ranks. He says he cannot stand Free Trade and cannot vote for Cleveland and predicts that Southwestern Virginia will go for Harrison and Morton.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 30.—Representative Foran says that he calculates the next House will be Republican by about ten to fifteen majority. He expects that his own districts and Mr. Campbell's in Ohio, will be lost to the Democrats.

The *Saturday News* of Lewisburg, Pa., has come out for Harrison and Morton.

Not a Cowardly Party.

Of course the Republicans of the Senate will submit a measure to reduce the surplus in the Treasury. They know before they offer it that the Free Trade Democracy will not accept it, for it will not be a Free Trade measure.

But the Republicans in the Senate will offer their bill because they ought to, and because the Republican party is not a cowardly party. It does not at all times and in all things go so far as some of its members would have it go, but it has always gone to the front when a great principle was to be asserted, and this is the present condition.

There is an assault on the policy which has made this the greatest of the nations of the earth. The Republican party declares its purpose to resist this assault and, if the people give it the opportunity, to show that the surplus may be reduced without reducing the wages of American labor. This is the issue, and this is why the Senate will offer a tariff bill. —*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

A few days ago there passed through the New York custom house an invoice of 75,000 campaign buttons, made in England, to be used as Democratic badges. Each bears on its face the name of "Cleveland." It is eminently proper that the campaign badges of the free-trade Democracy should be made in England.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 30, 1888.—Senator Wilson, of Iowa, from the committee on education and labor, has reported favorably to the Senate the House bill creating boards of arbitration for settling controversies between railroads and their employees.

Representative Dingley, of Maine, has introduced a bill in the House providing for tolls upon Canadian vessels passing through St. Mary's and St. Clair Flats canals against our vessels or ports.

Mr. Randall was well enough to be removed to Pennsylvania Saturday.

The Senate, by a very decisive vote refused to prohibit the use of steam plate printing machines in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

So certain are the Democrats of the rejection of the fisheries treaty, that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, in making a speech in favor of the treaty, advised Cleveland to withdraw it until after the election, in order to prevent the Republicans from using it as campaign material. This was a very significant suggestion, but Cleveland will hardly dare to act upon it, however much he might wish to do so. The more the treaty is debated, the worse the administration appears. Republican Senators will endeavor to push it to a vote this week.

There never was such a demand for tariff documents from all over the country as at present. The Republican Congressional committee, which will have the preparation of all Republican documents, have opened their headquarters here, and will shortly be prepared to fill all demands.

The whiskey trust has been undergoing an investigation for several days. Nothing startling has so far been discovered.

A funny sort of a fairy story has been gotten up by an agent of the Treasury Department. He claims that he knows of many millions of dollars worth of property, which belonged to the late Confederate States' government, in Europe and in this country, which is at present in such a shape that much of it may be recovered by the United States. He goes into particulars, and furnishes a catalogue of vessels, machinery, and real estate, and cash. He was formerly in the employ of the rebel government.

Chief Justice Fuller has been here for several days.

It is thought here that ex-Senator Mahone will be returned to Congress from the Fourth Virginia district.

Representative Burrows, of Michigan, is working like a steam engine to get the dependent pension bill up in the House. He refuses to allow unanimous consent to be given for any resolution setting days for the consideration of any special measure, unless a provision is included setting aside a day for the consideration of the dependent pension bill. The action of Mr. Burrows is creating almost a panic among the Democratic members. If the dependent pension bill ever comes to a vote, it is sure to pass, as a large number of the Democrats are afraid to vote against it, but they hope by underhand tactics to prevent its getting before the House.

Cleveland is always prating about the duties of his position, etc., and yet, last Thursday, with quite a number of important bills awaiting his action, he ran off to New York to go on a yachting trip, without saying a word to anyone. If he does not return to-morrow several branches of the government will have to come to a stand-still for lack of appropriations, as the joint resolution extending the old 30 days, expired to-day. A new extension of 30 days has been passed by Congress, but cannot go into effect until it receives his signature.

There is a report here which is believed by many, that after the election Cleveland is to fire Black out of the Pension Office. Black says there is no truth in it, but then he would not be likely to know.

The Republican Senators have fully determined to report a tariff bill as a substitute for the Mills bill. It is expected that it will be ready in about two weeks. It is thought that the principal reductions will be on sugar and tobacco.

Senator Hiscock has introduced a bill to pension all persons who served three monshs in the United States' army or navy during the rebellion.

Cleveland was in a big hurry to get off Thursday, but he stopped long enough to veto a private pension bill.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has written a letter declining to be a candidate for re-election.

Mr. Jno. A. Brooks, Prohibition nominee for Vice President, is a hard hitter. Observe how he goes about his work:

I have been a rebel, a slaveholder and a fire-eating Democrat, but thank God I have never been a Republican and I have not that sin to answer for.

LOCAL NEWS.

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Married, July 31st, by Rev. M. S. Maysilles, at Deer Park, Md., Mr, Alexander C. George and Miss Minnie M. Hott, both of Garrett county, Md.

--Mr. F. M. Gill, of Mason county, W. Va., is stopping for a few weeks with Geo. P. White, in the suburbs of Lake View, near Mt. Lake Park station.

—Died, at Lake View House, Mountain Lake Park station, July 31, Mamie, only daughter of C. M. and Mary Rathbun, aged 10 months, and 15 days.

—The Oakland Independent Band will hold a fair and festival on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, August 23d, 24th and 25th. The aid of the public is solicited to make the occasion a grand success.

—A special meeting of Frank Thomas Post No. 30, G. A. R., will be held at Deer Park Saturday evening, August 11. All members will report promptly at 7 P. M. Business of importance to be attended to. All old soldiers and sailors are respectfully invited to be present.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 8 P. M. by Rev. John S. Foulk.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

HOYES, MD., July 31st, 1888.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Please announce among your locals that I shall open a select sch ool on Monday next, August 6th. The school will continue for eight weeks. Tuition, $5.00 per scholar.

Very respectfully,
E. E. ENLOW.

Pic-Nic.

There will be a pic-nic at McHenry, Saturday, August 18th, 1888. Good music and plenty of ice cream and other refreshments will be on the grounds. Owing to the high reputation of this place for pic-nics and the successful ones held here in the past, it is confidently expected that this will be one of the grandest affairs of the kind this season. Arrangements are being made to secure the services of the Petersburg Band.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the month ending July 31, 1888:

Brown, R. H.	King, C. E.,
Butler, Miss Nellie,	Loyd, F. B.,
Browning, J. C.,	Mingsburg, Mr.,
Burley, Mrs. Martha,	Mockabee, Mr.
Cornwell, Miss Addie,	Paugh, J. A.
Clarke, Mr. W. W.,	Reid, F. C.,
Culp, Peter,	Seal, Geo. T.,
Goodwin, James,	Sewell, Ann,
Hoge, Solomon,	Sisler, J. D.
Housty, Willie,	Schaffer, W. M.,
Hefflin, Robt.,	Thomas, Nellie,
Hows, Mrs. Sally F.,	Wight, S. D.,
Johnson, Miss Deliah,	White, J. E.,
Jones & Haines,	Walsh, Deaila.
Kelley, Miss Teresia,	

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Death of Samuel Engle.

GRANTSVILLE, July 31, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—Mr. Samuel Engle, one of Garrett county's oldest and prominent citizens, died at his residence, four miles south of Grantsville, on the 28th inst., more from age than any specific disease. He was about eighty years old, but hale, hearty and active till the past few months, since when general decay rapidly came upon him. Death appeared, if not welcome at least expectedly, and while in the midst of his family, holding him in great esteem and affection. Mr. Engle had been thrice married, his last wife being Catharine Hoye, widow of the late William Ridgely, whom he left as his widow—a lady of much excellency of character. The deceased had nine children in all, two of whom are dead; a majority living in the West. Born in Pennsylvania,—removed to the farm where he died about 55 years ago. A tiller of the soil all the days of his natural life, and a good one, as his well cultivated lands fully attest. Always present and foremost in his practical operations. He was industrious, energetic and thrifty, with good practical ideas and judgment. An honest, positive and upright citizen, who will be very much missed, not merely in his neighborhood, but in the county. He was an active member and helper of the church. Here, too, his usefulness will be missed. Stern and resolute in all business transactions, yet he had a heart ever ready to the just appeals of charity. All agree that Grantsville district has sustained a permanent loss.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

FOXTOWN, August 1st, 1888.

MR. EDITOR:—I will write you again something for the columns of your old time-time Democratic paper. My private letter to you last winter was mislaid and by some means it was published in that obnoxious black Republican paper. I am discouraged. This life seems filled with discouragements. In my young days things were better managed, but since the beginning of the war all has gone wrong. In the first place all the boys said the South was sure to win and the nigger would have to be put down. I voted against Abe Lincoln and his hirelings, and always done all I could to encourage our party to oppose the war, and now what is the result: Here I am in my old days; no game, no fish, lots of my neighbors who were on the Abolitionist side are getting pensions and have good times, and plenty tobacco and other things; and now they tell me that the Democrats are going in for free trade. Somehow we always get on the wrong side of the fence. Just about the time that we begin to get in clover some fool from down South shoves us over into the briar field again. Last winter when Tom, Dick and Cap passed the law to bounce Bartlett for going back on the ticket I thought it was a good thing. We would hoist Bartlett and I would stand a chance to get a good fat job. But they say up at the store that Will Hinebaugh is put in for Examiner. I thought you fellows had your eye on me for School Examiner. Some people down here say I ain't fit, but they are prejudiced. Because ain't Christ, Snyder and Hen. Zinkan and Hen. Kale and Hen. Lininger and Hen. Davis all got good offices. I expect you have heard I taught school once. It does me good to look back at the good old times when I used to send out for a birch and stand them all up in a row; but I won't commence. Times have changed for certain. Now, Mr. Editor, put in your paper that the Mills bill don't mean anything. We first let on to put everything free to suit some of our men down South who are always true to the party. We did not expect to pass it anyhow. Mr. Editor, could you have a law passed to put out Sam Lawton and Zell Tower, John Dunham and Ross Compton at once. There is a lot of men down this way who are talking of going back on us, and they are all good men and you might let me have Sam Lawton's place and that would leave room for three more. The Republicans are getting impudent and they need a little taking down. Mr. Editor, I hope it ain't so that some niggers are going to vote for Cleveland for then we can't say the Democratic party is the white man's party any more, and lots of old Democrats will go back on us and just as likely as not vote for Harrison. Mr. Editor, please write to Gorman or some one who has all the money and tell him that unless he sends some money out here at once we will lose some votes, or he might send us a keg of whiskey in a box direct. A lot of us was sitting in the store the other day when Chauncey read out of his *New York World* that the Republicans were for free whiskey, sure and certain, and it had a bad effect on every Democrat that heard it. I will wait anxiously for some word about it—the keg I mean.

Yours,
OLD HICKORY.

P. S.—Don't forget about the w—y, and send it direct to me, and I will put it where it will do the most good.

Mountain Lake Park.

I wish to begin just where I left off last week, as the W. C. T. U. programme was so well and fully carried out.

Dr. A. B. Leonard, of Ohio gave a most excellent address on Thursday afternoon.

General Fisk dropped in again while Dr. Leonard was speaking and as son as he had completed his address the General made a few well chosen remarks concerning the work of the ladies and of the temperance cause in general. But said nothing about the third party and had no abuses for the old parties.

Friday was a grand day. There were a number of excursionists from the early trains. In the afternoon Hon. Samuel Dickie, of Ohio, delivered one of the most logical and pointed addresses on the different phases of the temperance question.

As General Fisk had been announced the day before, he again spoke, and more lengthy than before, and in such a kind, gentlemanly way that no one could take offense.

The speaking and singing by the quartet continued until about nine o'clock when refreshments were served again as they had been on Wednesday night.

This was certainly the most pleasant and successful session the ladies have ever held here.

On Sunday a very good conference meeting was held from nine to ten-thirty. Just at the close of this Rev. Mr. Cornelius, of Baltimore, preached an excellent sermon. Sabbath School at two.

After a half hour's service of song in the evening, Dr. Stone, late from India, conducted a very interesting young people's meeting,

Monday and Tuesday were spent in preparing for the Assembly. We notice quite a number of strangers on the grounds, and several of the lecturers are here this (Tuesday) evening.

The supper given by the Ladies Assembly Aid Society was largely attended and well patronized.

There was a grand display of fireworks, the best we have ever had.

J. A. E.

Accident.

Mr. Gnagey is visiting friends at Grantsville.

Messrs. Wiley and Rush, who were injured, are recovering rapidly.

One of the most destructive storms we ever witnessed passed over this section on Sunday, 29th inst.

The Normal school commenced on Monday with 26 scholars enrolled. From 35 to 40 are expected when all get in.

We are under obligations to Ephraim Enlow for the favor of a hand some invitation to attend the graduating exercises at Mt. Union, Ohio.

Word has reached here that Mr. Geo. Kolb has reached California and is well pleased so far.

Mr. Isaiah Friend is putting up a handsome house on Elder Hill.

The Spurlines start their thrasher this week.

Hon. Silas Weimer has the promise of the Accident school for next winter.

Quite a number of summer visitors passed through here last week on their way to Deer Park, Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

The Comptroller of the State has recognized Wm. Hinebaugh as Treasurer of the School Board, which, it is now thought here, will settle the school board matter. G.

[From another correspondent.]

Accident presents a lively appearance since Normal School has commenced. Accident always has been and always should be the place for the Normal. We have a splendid instructor, Prof. Geo. Royer, who understands the business. The scholars talk of organizing a literary society.

Mr. Jacob Miller and wife expect to leave soon for Arkansas.

Mr. Frederic Englehardt is putting up a new dwelling house for Mr. Henry Feik.

Mr. John Englehardt will teach school above Oakland next winter.

Mr. S. E. Boyer, of Oakland, paid us a visit this week.

Mr. Truman Pysell, of Flatwoods, was married on last Tuesday evening to Miss Dolly Yoder. On Wednesday evening the young folks of Flatwoods gave him a general serenade. Mr. Pysell was much pleased and returns hearty thanks to the young people.

One day last week while Mr. Alex Fresh was going to the field for a load of hay the wagon tongue accidentally struck his best horse on the leg and broke it, which resulted in the animal's death.

Mr. James E. McGettigan is preparing to build a dwelling house.

Deer Park.

Bessie Thrasher, a bright little daugher of Mr. B. F. Thrasher, nearly nine years old died last Thursday night, after an illness of less than a week. She was one of the most interesting children in the whole town, and although so young, was one of the most promising members of the Band of Hope, of the sewing school and Sunday school. With a remarkably correct and sweet little voice, always ready to lead or join in all the children's songs. Her sorrowing parents have the sympathy of the whole community. She was buried on Saturday. The funeral services, conducted by Revs. G. W. W. Amick, were held in the Lutheran Church, which was very beautifully decorated with flowers. The little girles of the sewing school sang at the grave a favorite hymn of little Bessie's, "I will stand up for Jesus."

Miss Annie Graham, of Piedmont, and Miss Daisy Easter, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. D. F. Graham.

Miss Ida Head, of Davis, is at present with her sister, Mrs. C. H. Tilson.

Miss Mathilde Droege is at home during her summer vacation.

Miss Daisy Lewis, of Vienna, Va., spent a few days last week with Mrs. L. H. Schoolfield.

Miss Mamie Jones and Miss Mamie Waters, of Montgomery county, are visiting Misses Mattie and Katie Davis.

Mrs. M. E. Porter, of Poolesvile, Md., will be a guest of Mrs. W. R. Davis in a few days.

Mr. Wm. D. and Miss Ellen Hoye ieft for Grantsville Monday to attend the funeral of an uncle—Mr. Ingals

The "Girls Friendly," on last Thursday gave a pic-nic party to all the children in Deer Park and vicinity, and as many of the parents and friends as chose to join them. Nearly one hundred and fifty persons were present and every one had a "good time." Carriages were engaged to take the children to the pic-nic ground, about a mile from the village, so even the tiny ones could attend. Rev. C. W. Maysilles was present and addressed the little ones very appropriately and pleasantly.

The Band of Hope have their regular meeting on Saturday night next.

Miss Addie Sherman conducted services in the M. E. Church on last Sunday evening.

Mr. Chas. Schoolman, with his daughter and son-in-law, of Philadelphia, [illegible] last week to visit his sister-in-law, Mrs. G. W. Haulenbeek.

M. Hoge, of Pennsylvania, recently made a visit to his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Laughlin.

—

Swanton.

Miss Ada Stank has gone to Dunbar, Pa., to vist her sister, Mrs. Shea.

Mr. Chas. T. West was on a business trip to Baltimore and Annapolis Saturday and Monday.

The Republicans of this election district are a unit in favor of the renomination of "Little Mac." We do not know of a single Republican in the district who is in favor of Mr. Wellington. Let Garrett be true to her candidate and we will have nothing to regret. This is no time to try experiments. McComas has done his duty and now men of Garrett, let us do ours. HOOSIER.

History Will Repeat Itself.

MR. EDITOR:—There are many people living, not yet among the aged, who will remember the two political campaigns of 1840 and 1844. They were the most excited and intense in the history of politics before then, or since; yet there was no violence and not much that was indecorous, but there was a great deal that partook of point, wit and good humor. Large mass-meetings were common all over the country, with able speakers who made speaking a daily occupation. The Whigs generally had the best of it in this line, but the Democrats then, as now, were good at voting.

Emblems or symbols were in great vogue, especially among the Whigs. 1840 was the beginning of log cabins, balls, hard cider, coons, fox skins, &c. One of these log cabins passed over the National road from Uniontown Penn., to Baltimore on an immense wagon. It was complete in every respect, even down to the wooden latch, and leather string hanging outside. This was a sign of welcome within. The log cabin represented General W. H. Harrison's first home at Northbend, Ohio, in contrast with the magnificent residence of his opponent. The point aimed at by hard cider was not so clear as the apple bearing orchard was not cotemporaneous with the cabin. Coons were always very numerous in new countries — have known many log cabins or houses to be almost thatched with the skins of these favorite animals. Large revolving balls were used in some instances, principally in Maryland. That most enthusiastic Whig, Thos. Shriver, of Cumberland, was the inventor. The idea was to put a political revolution in motion that was to roll on till the Democracy should be overrun and defeated, and so it was in 1840. But it is believed the idea of the ball was of Democratic thought, and came this way: In 1834 the Whig Senate passed a resolution of censure upon President Jackson for his removal of the deposits of Government money from the old U. S. Bank. Senator Thomas H. Benton, a powerful man, the brains and energy of his party, took it as almost personal to himself, and offered his celebrated expunging resolution in the Senate without consulting any human being, with this caption to his first speech, "Solitary and alone I put this ball in motion," and he kept at his ball till his resolution passed in 1837. This he considered the great triumph of his life. But it was somewhat mortifying to Clay and Calhoun, the two great antagonizers of Jackson.

The Democracy was not so prolific in emblems, but they shouted very loudly to the laboring men, "two dollars per day and roasted beef." As a faint representation of this promise I once saw a stuffed ox hide in a procession with a good Democrat astride of it, with a wooden carving knife in hand. The Democracy have always had a nack of offering shams for realities. Occasionally would be seen in Whig demonstrations a fox pelt. This was a hit at Van Buren, then President, and candidate for re-election. The origin was in a great speech of Clay, or rather philippic upon the Van Buren administration. The orator said he loved the man but detested the President. Said he could not compare him to the royal beast of the forest (lion,) but he could associate him with great propriety with another cunning little animal whose traits of character were very much disliked at all times. "Little fox," after that, was one of the designations of the courtly and urbane Van Buren. One of the many songs of the times had a stanza like this:

"At Linden wall the fox is holed,
And the coons all laugh to hear it told."

Linden wall was the beautiful home of the President.

Glee clubs were very popular in those days. They followed up the meetings and enlivened them with campaign songs which would interlude the speeches. There were great orators, and political speeches had more effect than now, but political literature was much less in quantity than at present. Chas. Ogle, of Somerset, Penn., literally spoke himself to death. He died about a year thereafter only 41 years old. His efforts certainly gave Pennsylvania to Harrison—majority only 350.

We recall a great Whig rally held in Cumberland in the summer of 1844. There was a large gathering from the surrounding country for many miles, with an industrial feature in the procession. Protection was then an important issue, but the Democracy straddled it, which they can't do in the present contest. Little Crossings, now Grantsville District, sent down most of its voting population on the Whig side. The headquarters of the delegation was in an immense wagon, drawn by 16 horses, with a bed as large as a gondola car. A beautiful arch was constructed resting upon the front and rear end of the bed or wagon, a key in the centre of the arch, a compliment to Pennsylvania. A fine ash pole was erected in the centre of the wagon, supporting the arch. The whole get up was elaborately decorated with everything calculated to lend beauty and attraction. Little crossings took the cake that day easily. But the gallant boys were greatly distressed upon being obliged to cut down their flag-staff in order to pass under some decorations that spanned Mechanic street. An amusing incident occurred in this exhibition that will bear telling. We had a live coon in a cage on the top of the arch, some 12 feet above the auditorium of the wagon. The best dressed man in the crowd was standing with his back against the pole immediately under the live symbol of Whigery. It was but a coon and new among civilization. In short it misbehaved in a manner that soiled the finest broadcloth coat and sugar-loaf hat in the club. There was a very mad Whig indeed. He then and there eschewed the dear old party, principles and all. He could not endure such an indignity, though a coon was the author. He made a moderately good Democrat for the balance of his life, but has been dead for many years.

Of those who voted at the Little Crossing in 1840 there yet remain as relics in this district the following, all above three score and ten: Sam'l Engle, Joel Beachy, John Warnick, Jonas Bittinger, Charles Lease, Israel Garlitz, Leo McKenzie, Jesse McKenzie, Amos Broadwater, William Broadwater, Charles Broadwater and Solomon Sibert—a round dozen "venerable men."

We heartily wish you well, which ever way you may vote, only let it be for your country's good.

REMNANT.

GRANTSVILLE, July 30th, 1888.

New Ballot Boxes.

The Baltimore *Sun* thus describes the ballot boxes required to be used in this State by an act of the late General Assembly: "Each one to be one foot outside measure, as near as may be in width, depth and length, strapped and secured on each edge and corner with iron or brass, so as to prevent it from being easily broken, and to have a wooden lid, which shall be fastened with iron hinges and a good lock; then there is to be in the lid a slit just large enough to admit a single folded ballot at one time, and the sides of the box to be clear plate-glass, not less than an eighth of an inch in thickness."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mt. Lake Park, Md. S. D. WHITE, P. M Frankville, Md.

WHITE & BRO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

AT FRANKVILLE, MD.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes. Country produce taken in exchange for goods. Call and see us. WHITE & BRO.

P. O. address, Floyd, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 1st, 1888.

The School Commissioners for Garrett County will meet in their office in Oakland, over S. E. Boyer's Store on

Tuesday, the 14th day of Aug.,

at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of transacting any business that may come before them.

By order of the Board.
WM. HINEBAUGH,
8 4 2 Secretary.

ORDER NISI.

John Swan, etal., vs. Willie Swan, etal. } No 372 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 30th day of July, 1888, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale made and reported by William J. Read and David W. Sloan, trustees in the above entitled case be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the thirtieth (30th) day of August, 1888; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 29th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $43,965.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court.

True Copy,—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Valuable

LANDS FOR SALE.

The undersigned as agent and attorney for John McFarran will sell at private sale his 2-3 interest in a tract of land called

'Recourse"

situated abont ten miles Northwest of Oakland, in Garrett county, immediately on the Yough river, containing 1,116 acres. Title regular and safe. The other ⅓ is also for sale. There are upon the premises in the way of improvement, a

DWELLING HOUSE

and a considerable amount of cleared lands; also a SIX-FOOT VEIN OF GOOD COAL. The whole tract is heavily timbered—150 acres pine and spruce of very excellent quality—the balance with all kinds of hard timber, with abundant means to float timber and lumber down the Yough to market. The B. & O. R. R. Co. have a narrow guage railroad under way, that will quite or nearly touch this land. Additional to these advantages there is upon the property

A MINERAL SPRING

whose waters have affected many cures o severe chronic diseases. It is believed this water could be made of great utility to the suffering part of humanity by a reasonable amount of development.

Price and terms fair and reasonable, which will be promptly furnished by

JACOB BROWN,
6 9 tf Att'y and Agent, Cumberland, Md.

Estate of Nancy Childers, Dec'd.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE—That the subscriber, of Garrett county, Md., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

NANCY CHILDERS,

late of Garrett Co., Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 31st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of July, 1888.

MICHAEL NATHAN,
7 28 3t Grantsville, Md.

FAIRFAX HALL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES, *WINCHESTER, VA.*

Location healthful and accessible. Fine advantages at moderate rates. Diploma for English or Classical and Special Courses. 20th year begins Sept. 5. For catalogue, address Miss M. E. BILLINGS, Principal. 7 21 4t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause (being No. 127 Equity,) in said Court, wherein Samuel J. Miller and others are complainants, and Joel J. Miller and others are defendants, the undersigned was appointed Trustee to make sale of the real estate described in the proceedings in said cause. In discharge of the trust reposed in me, by the terms of said decree, I will

On WEDNESDAY, August 15th,

1888, at the hour of eleven o'clock, in front of Mellinger's Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, offer at public sale that part of a tract of land known and described as

"Hard Struggle"

containing 140 acres and 70 perchers of land, more or less, it being a part of the same land which was conveyed to Joel Miller, now dec'd, by Joel Beachy and Daniel Hershberger, Administrators, and by Joel Beachy Trustee, by deeds duly recorded among the land records of Allegany county, Maryland. This tract is situated about nine miles from Grantsville, on the headwaters of Castleman's river and is covered with valuable timber.

Also at the same time and place I will offer at public sale thirty-six one-quarter acre

Town Lots in the Town of Grantsville,

comprising a part of "Miller's Addition to the Town of Grantsville." The improvements on these lots are as follows:

Lot No. 1 is improved by a Blacksmith shop. Lot No. 9 by a two-story Frame Building, used as a hall. Lot No. 10 by a large Brick Building, known as the "Mellinger Hotel Property." Lot No. 14 by a stable.

There is also a valuable orchard of about 100 apple trees, covering several of these town lots.

Said lots will be offered to the best advantage, either jointly as a tract or separately, this property being a part of a tract of land called the "Sterner Farm," and the same which was conveyed to the said Joel Miller, now dec'd, by Thomas Perry and J. H. Gordon, trustees, by deed duly recorded in Allegany county, Maryland.

TERMS OF SALE—as prescribed by said decree:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, one-third in one year and one third in two years from the day of sale, the whole to bear interest from day of sale, and the payment thereof to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the undersigned trustee, or the whole of the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, and when the whole of the purchase money is paid and not before, the undersigned will convey said property to the purchaser or purchasers in accordance with the terms of said decree.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL J. MILLER,
7 21 4 Trustee.

THAYER & SINCELL, Solicitors.

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 8 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BECAUSE.

I sit upon the mountain,
And breathe the summer air;
I sit upon the mountain
Because I have no chair.

A sweet girl sits beside me,
The reason is implied;
A sweet girl sits beside me
Because I'm by her side.

I ask her if she loves me,
The best of all her beaux;
I ask her if she loves me
Because I know she knows.

She says she will not tell me,
And, as I start to go,
She says she will not tell me
Because she knows I know.

Pray, leave us, gentle reader:
Don't hesitate or pause;
But leave us, gentle reader,
Because——well, just because.
—*Morgan MacKnight, in Puck.*

DISEASE FROM BEASTS.

Dr. Hammond Tells of Ills That Man Takes From Animals.

Glanders and Other Diseases From Horses —Parasites Acquired From Hogs— The Cysticercus, the Tapeworm and the Trichina.

The fact that many of the diseases which affect animals are capable of being contracted by man is no longer a matter for discussion. We see evidences of its truth on all sides and we make use of the knowledge in order to protect ourselves from other diseases to which mankind is subject. Thus we take the matter engendered by the cow-pox and by inoculating ourselves with it protect ourselves from that great scourge of former days—small-pox. It is well known, too, that Pasteur asserts his ability to secure the immunity of the human subject from hydrophobia by inoculating with attenuated hydrophobia virus, but it is by no means yet proved that his efforts have in a single case been successful. The late Mr. Darwin relied upon the fact that animals are subject to many of the diseases which are met with in mankind for one of his chief arguments in favor of the identity of origin of man and those below him in the scale of creation. Thus, not only hydrophobia and small-pox, but glanders, cholera and certain skin diseases can be communicated from animals to man. In addition to these strictly contagious affections, the lower animals are subject to other diseases to which man is liable. Among these are consumption, catarrh, apoplexy, inflammation of the bowels and certain affections of the brain and spinal cord, causing convulsions, tremor and paralysis.

Among the most important diseases which we contract from the lower animals are those which are due to parasites of various kinds. As these sometimes produce fatal results and as they are all more or less preventable, I propose to restrict what I have to say at this time to the consideration of some of those diseases which are due to the presence of various organic beings which man derives from the domestic animals which minister to his wants.

Most farmers are familiar with what is called measled pork, but few persons outside of the medical profession know in what the condition really consists. The general belief is that it is a disease similar to the measles to which the human race is subject. With that disease, however, it has no analogy. A hog that is measly is inhabited, so to speak, by numerous organisms, called, in learned phraseology, *cysticercus*, or, in the vernacular, bladder worm, which name is due to the fact that its body consists of a vesicle which is large enough to be visible to the naked eye. This body has a comparatively long neck and a round head to which numerous hooks are attached, by means of which it can adhere to any part of the body in which it may settle. Besides the hog, it is frequently met with in sheep. The chief danger to man arising from the existence of this parasite is due to the fact of its predilection for the hog. It is destroyed by a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and as we do not often eat our mutton without first cooking it (although mutton hams dried and smoked are sometimes taken without being cooked) we are not very liable to get these organisms into our system from this source. Certain classes of our population, however, are in the habit of eating pork which has been subjected to no more thorough cooking than such as has been afforded by the smoke house, and this is never sufficient to kill the *cysticercus*. As a consequence the animal obtains a lodgment in the human body and if it is content to make its way to the muscles and remain there quietly it does little or no harm. But its habits appear to be migratory, and hence it not infrequently makes excursions into the eye or the brain or other important organs, giving rise to serious symptoms and frequently causing death. It appears to have a particular liking for the brain and especially for that most important part of this organ—the gray matter. Epilepsy, acute mania, imbecility and stupor are some of the conditions which are the consequence of its presence and death usually ends the series of morbid disturbances.

A great difficulty in the way of the successful treatment of diseases caused by *cysticercus* is due to the fact that we have no means of recognizing their presence in the brain until we come to make a post-mortem examination, the symptoms which they produce not being distinguishable during life from those caused by the morbific factors. It has, however, been removed from the eye by a surgical operation, but we are not warranted in the present state of our knowledge in perforating the skull in a search for these animals. Prevention, however, is very easy. In the first place, the pork intended to be eaten should be carefully examined and, if even one or two *cysticerci* should escape observation, proper cooking would inevitably deprive them of vitality. It is by our own neglect, therefore, that they ever obtain lodgment in the human body.

Among the earliest known of human parasites the tapeworm occupies a distinguished place. Two kinds of these animals evince their predilection for man as a habitation. Both of these species have heads and long, segmented bodies, but they are not equally troublesome, for while one is armed with either two or four suckers and with a crown of small hooks by means of which it fastens itself to its dwelling place and is with difficulty dislodged, the other is unarmed and is therefore more easily gotten rid of. The head of either of these varieties is the part from which the rest of the body is developed, and therefore, if all the segments should be expelled, so long as the head remained, new segments and therefore a new body would be produced.

The history of the development of the tapeworm shows that here again were man sufficiently careful its existence within his body would be impossible, for it is generally, if not invariably, through eating flesh infested with the embryos and which is not sufficiently cooked that they make their entrance into his system. From what exact source the animals in question obtain the eggs in which the embryos are contained is not definitely known, but when they do get them into their stomachs the egg covering is broken, the embryos are set free and, not finding a congenial house, make their way at once to various parts of the body, especially the muscles or flesh. There they remain quiescent, reaching no further stage of development until they are eaten by man. Then they awaken into activity, for they now find for the first time in their existence the food which is necessary to enable them to arrive at maturity.

The armed tapeworm comes to us through the pig, while the unarmed is acquired from eating the raw or imperfectly cooked flesh of the ox. This latter is frequently introduced into the system through the grated or finely cut raw beef which is given to sick persons. It is said that in Abyssinia every person has his tapeworm, because the people of that country prefer to eat their beef in a raw state.

But of all the parasites to which man is subject the trichina is the worst and the most to be feared, for not only does it cause almost invariably the death of those so unfortunate as to be its subject, but through it the commerce of nations is to a great extent impeded. Here again the flesh of the pig is the medium through which it enters the human system, and as the American hog is either justly or unjustly regarded by European governments as being above all others liable to be infected, they unite to exclude our pork from their territories. How the trichinæ get into the hog was for a long time a matter of great doubt, but the fact appears to be now pretty well established that the pig gets them from his fondness for the flesh of the rat, in which animal these parasites abound. Where the rats get them is still unknown. Both in the rat and the hog the trichinæ remain undeveloped. They lie incysted in the flesh with a potential vitality which would never be called into action were they not introduced into the body of man. There they not only develop, but they at once become migratory and penetrate almost every organ of the body. When it is considered that a single drachm weight may contain 40,000 trichinæ embryos we may form some idea of the number that might enter the human body from even a single meal of raw or insufficiently cooked pork.

It is thus seen that it was not without reason that Moses and other lawgivers have prohibited pork as an article of food. It is not to be supposed that they knew any thing of the *cysticercus*, the tapeworm or the trichina, but it is quite certain that they had observed cases of disease arise from the eating of pork and they therefore very wisely made the hog what nature had already made it, an unclean animal.—*William H. Hammond, in N. Y. Mail and Express.*

Insects on Trees.

It is now pretty generally understood that Paris green and London purple are the cheapest and most effective poisons for such insects as gnaw the foliage. Upon such crops, however, as are nearly ready for the table, and upon insects that suck the juices of plants, as do the so-called lice or aphides, we must use some other weapon, such as the emulsion of kerosene oil or powdered hellebore or pyrothrum powder. These are all harmless, except that the hellebore occasions irritation in the eyes and nose if applied carelessly. The kerosene emulsion is probably the safest and most satisfactory insect poison of all. It is easily prepared by churning the oil in common soap suds, and can be applied by a whisk broom or syringe quickly to the leaves of vegetables. The most troublesome insects are those which feed on the under sides of the leaves, but vigorous and repeated applications of hellebore or kerosene will dispose of them.—*Christian at Work.*

THE COUNTY SURVEYOR.

A Being of Remarkable Importance and Royal Self-Possession.

Those of my dear readers who can read [and I suppose, without a doubt, that a good many of them can] will, with little difficulty, recall the awe in which the magicians of the olden time were held by their fellow mortals. This awe and veneration has a parallel in modern life in the general respect and consideration with which the county surveyor is treated on the occasion of a professional visit to one of the hemlats in his territory.

Enoch Jimson and Solon McGill got into a wrangle over a new line fence that must be built, each wanting to shove it over toward his neighbor a little. Although the land in dispute amounted to but little, they could reach no settlement of the difficulty without the lines being "run." So the county surveyor is called in, and it is then that his importance is manifested and his vanity gets a wholesale tickling.

Augustus Bings is not a man you would pick out in a crowd as being one to whom the world at large would look up with any remarkable degree of veneration; nor does he seem to expect it, as he walks among his fellow men in the populous county seat. But when he reaches the little town of Tylerville his dignity and importance have grown to enormous proportions. Possibly it is the ozone of the country air that has so remarkable an effect.

On this trip he is accompanied by a youth who carries the chain and holds the rod with intention of ultimately learning the mysteries of the profession, and at last shining forth himself. This youth is the cynosure of all eyes, as far as the juvenile portion of the village is concerned, and is envied as being the happy possessor of enormous brain qualifications, thus to enable him to act in the important capacity in which he does. All the slang phrases which he drops are eagerly snapped up by his young admirers, and the chestnuts that he incidentally relates pass current as the latest and best wit for many a day.

It is only the assistant that jests, however. The surveyor himself is self-contained, and scorns such frivolities, as being unseemly in a man so far advanced in science as he is. His utterances are brief and sententious, and confined mostly to sundry and dark hints as to the capacity of the individual who run the lines before.

Deliberation and lack of hurry are marked characteristics of our surveyor on these trips, and it being so near noon he does not undertake his work until he has refreshed himself with dinner. The smiling and gracious landlord escorts his guests to their seats; the cook holds the kitchen door open a crack and inserts a tousled head to steal a glance at the great man; the young lady that waits on the table adjusts her bangs and looks pleased; the assistant; the regular boarders file in and seat themselves and turn their conversation to as important subjects as possible so as not to be considered too ostentatiously flippant.

Dinner over, our surveyor and his assistant are rejoined by the contending parties and an augmented audience. They proceed to the seat of war; the assistant spreads the three sticks so they will stand alone; the surveyor motions the boy who carried the box to come forward. He steps forth with his precious burden with the proud step of a soldier called from the ranks to receive a decoration for bravery. The eyes of the public are turned toward the box, each eager to catch the first glimpse of its contents. The surveyor takes a key from his pocket, stoops down and deliberately opens the cover. A stillness falls upon the group, as he lifts from its resting place the transit and puts it in position on the tripod. Each move he makes locating, leveling and all the various maneuverings are watched carefully, and no motion escapes notice. His assistant walks away from the instrument, bearing the figured rod and pulling the wire chain. He pauses at a certain distance; holds up the rod; the surveyor places his eye to the instrument and waves his hand to the right; the assistant moves the rod to the right; he waves his arm again; the assistant moves again; he gazes long and earnestly, then stands erect and the surveyor produces a little red book in which he makes a few figures. He stops to talk with Jimson and then with McGill. The postmaster sidles up, holds one eye shut with his finger, squints into the instrument with the other and sees—nothing. The cobbler, the next best politician, who is also deacon in the church and school committeeman, follows the postmaster with the same success. One or two more of the more influential and important inhabitants do the same, while the new doctor, who once carried chain during vacation to earn money to pursue his studies, asks the surveyor "if his vernier reads to the fractions of seconds," which so booms his reputation for learning, that old Doctor Bolus loses three patients during the next week, who transfer their support to the new doctor "who is up to the times."

At length the survey is made, and the matter decided in favor of neither, for the old fence was in the right place, and the two contestants become friendly once more. The surveyor and his assistant leave on the evening train, and the village settles back into its accustomed tranquillity, but for some time to come, the record of an event is based on the number of days or weeks that it happened before or after "that there surveyor was out to Jimson's."—*Anthony Alps, in Texas Siftings.*

OPENING AN ACCOUNT.

The Trouble a Savings Bank Fellow Had with a Depositor.

The officials require not only nimble fingers and active brains to deal with all these dollars, and all these anxious, nervous people, but they require a great deal of patience as well; for, in their busiest moments, they are often pestered with patrons like the irritable and suspicious woman, who, after fidgeting for half an hour in the line, at length reaches the teller's window and seems inclined to stay there.

"I've got ten dollars," says she, "and I want to open an account."

"With pleasure, madam. What is your name?"

"Simpkins."

"Christian name, please?"

"Sophronisba."

"Any middle name?"

"Katherine."

"What is your age, please?"

"That's none of your business."

"Pardon me, madam, it is the rule of the bank to make these inquiries. I can not go on without this information. It is as necessary for your own protection as it is for ours."

"Thirty-five, then."

"Are you married or single?"

"Now, look here, mister, you are impertinent. Do I look married? I'd like to see the man who'd marry me, if he dared."

"Shall I write married or single? Be quick as you can, please."

"Single, then. And as I said, if you think——"

"Residence?"

"Right here in the city."

"Quite so, but the street and number, please."

"That's nothing to do with it. I don't want you to call, and if you dare to send a policeman to see——"

"What is the street and number?"

"Thirteen —— place. But I never saw any thing like this in all my born——"

"Where were you born?"

"Same place, if you want to know."

"Have you any occupation?"

"Now, see here! I suppose you want to know where I got this money. But I didn't steal it, if that's any satisfaction to you. Of course, I——"

"What did you say your occupation is?"

"I didn't say; you didn't give me a chance. I keep the best boarding-house in the town; meals three times a day, and——"

"Please sign your name on this line."

"Sign my name? Don't you believe me? I never sign any thing, only——"

"Very well, if you can't write make your cross."

"Make me cross? That's just it; you make me so cross I can't write. Sophonisba Katherine Simpkins. There!"

"That will do. Kindly make way for the next person."

"O, but mister, say, look here! What, have you got it?"

"Got what?"

"The age."

"Thirty-five."

"Does it make any difference if it ain't right?"

"It might make a serious difference."

"O, dear! O, dear! I've gone and perjured myself. But it's all your fault, you horrid man, you flustered me so. Did I say thirty-five? I didn't mean it. It's forty-five, so there!"

And way she goes in a state of great indignation and perplexity.—*Boston Herald.*

HOT WEATHER TALK.

Dr. Cyrus Edson Tells What to Wear and Drink in Summer.

It is best to wear dark clothing in the summer. The black absorbs heat when it is in the sun's rays. On the other hand, the heat will pass out through the black textures rapidly, so that the radiation of the heat from the body would be much freer in a person clothed in black than white. This statement is forcibly illustrated by the white coats of animals who live in the arctic regions. They are clothed that way for the reason that the color holds the bodily heat, and does not allow it to radiate as rapidly as black. Thin flannel shirts are good for summer wear, and it is best to wear them next to the skin.

Lemonade is a good drink for hot weather, but taken in excess it has a scorbutic effect. The best and the most wholesome summer drink is cold water. It should be freely used, and should be cooled by keeping it on the ice, and not by putting the ice in it. A few bottles placed in the refrigerator every morning would be sufficient to supply the family during the day. An excellent practice for those in cities, where soda-water fountains are numerous, is to occasionally make use of that beverage. Soda taken when thirst calls for it is healthful and refreshing. The flavored sirups sold at these fountains should never be taken in hot weather, as they are very heating.—*Dr. Cyrus Edson, in Epoch.*

Money Not a Criterion.

Frugal young man (to object of his affections)—Darling, your father being a minister, perhaps we'd better ask him to perform the ceremony for us. He would do it as reas—in fact, I presume he would think it an insult if I should offer him anything—er——

Object of his affections—I don't know. I have often heard papa say that he could always tell by the size of the fee what kind of an estimate the bridegroom put upon the bride.

Frugal young man (uneasily)—H'm! Money couldn't express it my case, darling. All the wealth of the world couldn't do it! But I've got a second cousin, a justice of the peace, that will marry us for two dollars.—*Chicago Tribune.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

ALCOHOLIC TRANCE.

What Men Do When Under the Influence of Liquor—When Drunk the Person Is a Mental Waif, Without Compass or Chart.

In somnambulism the person may go about, and do many intricate acts, without consciousness or any recollections of them afterward. In epilepsy, distinct periods of consciousness occur. Acts unusual and often violent follow, which are never remembered. In mania these memory blanks are common, and the person is an automaton, acting without any conscious influence of the present. These are familiar illustrations of some unknown pathological and physchological states of the brain, in which memory is suspended or cut off, and the operations of the mind go on without realization of the surroundings or the influence of experience. This is some obscure form of psychological palsy, in which the person had no recollection of his acts during this time. From the many clinical studies of cases which have been made, the following general conclusions seem to be sustained.

First, alcoholic trance is not an unusual condition of inebriety. The victim is literally an automaton, and acts without memory or consciousness of passing events—a state which may last from a few minutes to several days. Second, it is distinct from epilepsy, hysteria or any known forms of mania, and is found associated with some unknown condition following alcoholic poisoning, continuously or at intervals. Third, this condition is probably one of brain exhaustion, followed by a lowering of consciousness till events are no longer clearly remembered; or a suspension of nerve force in certain directions, closely allied to paralysis of certain brain functions; hence there are profound disturbances of brain-centers, and impaired and lessened responsibility.

One group of trance cases seems never to do any thing outside a natural, accustomed order of every-day life. Thus, a farmer in this state goes on with his regular work. A physician continues to visit his patients, and a railroad conductor attends to all his usual duties, without any memory of these states. A second group of trance cases seems prominent by unusual acts and thoughts. Thus, a banker in this State left his regular work and went round delivering tracts in the lower part of the city. A quiet, retiring man became vociferous, bold and aggressive. A peaceful man was combative, a truthful man untruthful, and a conscientious, religious man was treacherous and skeptical. Later, these events were perfect blanks in their memory. In a third group of trance cases, some unusual line of conduct seems to grow out of the surroundings unexpectedly, or some old buried thought or conception comes to the surface. Thus, a clergyman insists on riding with the engineer on the engine. A skeptical physician takes part in a prayer-meeting. A merchant goes round threatening to kill an old school-master who punished him in boyhood. A wealthy man has a new will written, disposing of his property differently every time. In the last two groups criminal cases occur most frequently, although some very remarkable instances have been reported under the first group.

In a little work entitled "Alcoholic Somnambulism," Prof. Jerusky, of St. Petersburg, mentions the case of a chief of police, who was an inebriate, ordering the arrest and execution of two suspected Jews. His orders were carried out in form, but not in reality. A day later he recovered from the trance state, and had no recollection of the past; he had total amnesia of this act. Another case is cited of an officer who ordered a house burned down on the supposition that its inmates were preparing to destroy his command. Two days later he awoke with no memory of this event, and could give no reason for the act. In these cases the somnambulistic act was along the line of his usual work, and performed without the slightest consciousness of its nature and consequences.

The criminal trance may be divided into two classes, one of which seems to have no history of criminality previous to the commission of the crime. They are inebriates of active neurotic temperament, who have occupied reputable stations in life, and belong to the better classes. All crime is unusual with them, and apparently grows out of alcoholic poisoning. The second class are the low neurotics and defectives by birth and education. They have a history of irregularities of life and conduct that seems to prepare the way for criminal acts, and probably are more subject to the trance state because of defective heredity.

Clinical facts indicate that in all cases of inebriety there is a defective brain-power and general perversion of healthy activity; also, the door is open for many varied nerve changes and degrees of brain instability, which always give a doubt to the sanity of the victim. The fact of being an inebriate points to an unsound mind, and more or less incapacity to act or think normally. When the trance state is determined the actual responsibility or cognizance of right or wrong is suspended—the person is a mental waif, without compass or chart. No evidence of premeditation or apparent judgment in his actions can change this fact. Any special act may spring from some impression laid up in the past which, when conscious reason is withdrawn, takes on form and semblance. The real condition of the mind is always more or less concealed. Where the case is a periodical inebriate with distinct free intervals of sanity, a possibility of concealed or masked epilepsy should always be considered. Epilepsy is likely to be present or to follow from some organic tendency or favoring conditions. When this defense of no memory of the act is made the case should receive a thorough medical study before any conclusion of responsibility can be reached.—*Science.*

WOMEN AND THE SALOON.

The Direst Enemy of Domestic Happiness, Purity and Peace.

Yet, though the saloon brutalizes and degrades men, and increases the friction of all progressive effort immensely, the suffering which it entails upon women is heavier and keener. The maternal grief involved is but one phase of the subject. If the saloon wrecks thousands of lives and homes, its victims go to ruin with paralyzed sensibilities; and when they are inflicting most pain upon those who love them, they are at least capable of realizing the truth. The liquor, whose habitual use dulls all the faculties, extinguishes conscience, shame and self-respect in the course of its destructive work, and the hardened drinker will sacrifice every thing to his master passion without scruple or hesitation; but the women who are doomed to bear the heavy burden of relationship to drunkards are indeed to be pitied. The domesticity from which few of them can escape forces upon them perpetual experiences so heart-breaking, so revolting, that their existence is a prolonged tragedy. All the caprice, petulance, unreason, tyranny, brutality engendered by drink is expended upon them. All the social degradation and mortification of the position falls upon their heads. The living man chained to a corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives and daughters of the saloon's victims. Liquor eliminates all the drunkard's good qualities, reinforces all his worst vices, and, having thus transformed him, sends him home to torture and abuse those whom it is his first duty to cherish and protect. At the sacrifice of her future happiness, the wife may sometimes obtain a divorce; very often, however, her inability to support herself compels her to endure her torment, or the reluctance to expose her children to reproach constrains her to bear every thing. It is seldom that women are so situated as to be able to resume a celibate life without submitting to serious hardships, and perhaps in a majority of instances they can secure a separation only by facing destitution.

There is no evil which operates so directly, and with such disastrous potency, against the family as the saloon. In fact, it is the direct enemy of domestic happiness, purity, and peace. Even in its mildest manifestations it alienates men from their homes; creates in them habits of selfish indulgence; gives them sensual interests apart; brings into competition with the innocent recreations of the home circle, coarse, vulgar and extravagant amusements. In its more pronounced operations, it stops at no such trifles as the production of mere discomfort, but, proceeding without disguise, turns men into wild beasts and then lets them loose upon their families. What makes this especially shocking is that we are all acquainted with its truth, yet that we have hitherto tolerated it passively. The horrors to which drink exposes women are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and constant than most men are probably capable of experiencing. We all know this, yet we go on calmly in the old way, as if we either thought women ought to be thus abused, or believed that, though the matter was pitiful, no help could be found for it. Much has been written of late years about the alleged quickening of sensibility, the enlargement of humanitarian tendencies, the revolt against cruelty in all its manifestations. Is there not danger of the moral atrophy engendered by self-conceit, where illusions so flattering can co-exist with the natural life we are living? Familiarity with evil must have blinded us alarmingly when we can seriously believe that we have reached a real height of reform; that we have attained a stage of civilization pure enough to be proud of; that there is no special need for concern because of the sins that do most easily beset us.—*Atlantic.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

According to the *Quarterly Journal of Inebriety* the medicinal value of alcohol is slowly vanishing.

A French scientist, after thorough investigation, comes to the conclusion that the increase in crime is in a large measure due to the use of alcoholic drinks.

Let tobacco and liquors alone, and you may not be so popular with bummers, but you will live longer, learn more, and be better off in this life and the next.—*Advance Thought.*

The money spent for drink in an American city of 200,000 inhabitants is put down at $25,000 per week the year round. That is $1,300,000 thrown away and worse, and seven-tenths of it comes from day laborers.

The money spent for drinks in an American city of 200,000 inhabitants is put down at $24,000 per week the year round. That is $1,300,000 thrown away and worse, and seven-tenths of it comes from day laborers.

The British National Temperance Society has, somewhat awkwardly, been made the legatee for $1,200 by the will of a deceased wine merchant, the money to be given as prizes for the best three essays on total abstinence.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

KNOWING HOW.

"First select the proper thread—
  Forty-five will do;
Be careful of the tension,
  Then put down the 'shoe,'
If you want to hem or fell"—
  It looks real hard, I vow;
But I guess it's easy,
  When a girl knows how!

"Take half a cup of sugar,
  And a bowl of flour;
Two eggs, then spice to suit,
  And bake it for an hour.
Then if you wish to ice it"—
  It sounds real hard, I vow;
But I guess it's easy,
  When a girl knows how!

"A pair of woolen mittens
  To suit a little girl;
Knit two, drop one, knit three,
  Then narrow, loop and purl;
Take up the stitch, turn o'er twice"—
  It sounds real hard, I vow,
But no doubt it's easy,
  When a girl knows how!

I'll watch mamma as she works,
  I'll help her every day;
Much can be learned, I know,
  In such a quiet way.
I'll sew, and bake, and knit—
  'Twill not seem hard, I vow,
For don't you see, then *I* will be
  The girl who knows just how!
—*F. H. Stauffer, in Sunshine.*

A CURIOUS HOUSE.

How the Lead Gets into the Pencil—A Short But Busy Journey.

I know a curious house with two doors. Into one door go cedar logs and barrels of graphite, and out of the other comes an endless procession of beautiful pencils, red and black, round and cornered, big and little, some with caps of ivory or rubber, and some with none.

It isn't a very long journey through that house, but it's a very busy one. Let us go in. The first room is the blackest you ever saw; it looks as if the whole thing had been dipped into ink, and if you touch the tip of your finger anywhere you'll be marked. There are two long rows of big tanks in which graphite and clay are being washed and cleaned, and there are pans of blackness itself, and there's a large tub with a wheel running around in it. This persevering wheel is simply mixing together the two substances, for graphite alone is too soft to use; it must be joined with clay, the more clay the harder the pencil.

But there's an interesting thing going on even in this black hole. Out of a small machine comes all the time a soft black string, and falls on a board in a queer-looking pile. This is a press; into the top is poured the thick, tough paste that comes out of the mixing tub, and, being squeezed more than it can bear, it is pushed out a small square hole in the bottom. When the board is full of yards and yards of the tangled-looking stuff, it goes into the hands of a boy, who was white once—though you wouldn't think it, so covered are face and hands with the black of the leads he works with.

The business of this youth is to straighten the leads, and he does it by laying the soft string across a board three or four times as long as a pencil, pushing it up evenly against the raised edge, and cutting it off. Length after length he thus lays straight, and when the board is full it goes into a very hot room to dry.

May be you think the leads are now ready to take up their residence in their cedar houses; but they must go through another process, or they would crumble as fast as we sharpened the pencil. When dry they are cut into pencil lengths, packed tightly into cases and baked. Now they are ready to use.

While all this has been happening to the lead a home has been prepared for it to live in. Pencil houses are made in blocks, like city houses, always six in a row. When the cedar comes into the room it is in the shape of little boards, somewhat longer than a pencil, and as wide as six pencils side by side. Half of the boards are nearly as thick as a pencil and the other half very thin—for roofs, as you will see. First the thicker boards go through a machine that plows six little square grooves in them, and now at last both cedar and lead are ready to be joined for life, to wear out in useful work together.

This happens in a most disagreeable room, strong with the odor of glue, and at the hands of sticky, dreadful-looking girls and boys. The first girl daubs one of the clean, sweet-smelling cedar boards with hot glue, and pushes it along to the next. This girl takes in one hand some leads, spreads them out like a fan, and presses six of them into the six little grooves, where they fit perfectly. Then she pushes it back to the first girl, who slaps on the roof in a second, before the glue has time to cool. Now it goes to a boy who packs it on top of a pile in an iron frame, where it is screwd down to prevent it from warping. After another rest in the drying-room, the ends are sawed off square, and they are ready to go downstairs.

They go by themselves; that is, they are placed one by one in the top of a case that reaches to the floor below, to the very jaws of a machine. As one of these blocks touches the bottom of the long case, a finger of steel comes up and pushes it forward, between two sets of small knives, and it comes out the other side cut into six nice round pencils.

They are now perfect for use, but they have to be smoothed to fit them for polite society. They are polished in a droll way. A man stands before an endless belt full of notches, and feeds it a pencil to a notch all the time. The belt is moving slowly along, and the next moment the pencil passes under four wooden hands with gloves of emery, which polish it off as if they liked the fun, while the pencils rattle but can not get away, and in a second or two drop, all warm and shining, into a basket below.

If one were satisfied with plain cedar pencils, they would now be done; but fashion says they must be black or red. So into big barrels go thousands at a time, together with the red or black coloring matter that is to paint them. There the steam-power shakes them back and forth, and over and over, with a great rattle and clatter, till every pencil has its colored coat.

Now comes the last machine, and in the factory I speak of, near New York, it is a marvelous affair. At the beginning is a full box of pencils, which drop one at a time on the bed of the machine. From here it is instantly pushed through a cup of varnish, and comes out wet on the other side. At once it falls on to an endless open belt, which carries it slowly through a hot-air box that dries it on the way. At one point each pencil is registered, and when ten gross have gone through something drops that strikes a bell and stops the machine. A man comes, takes away the ten gross, and starts up the machine again.

The gilt lettering and putting into packages of one dozen are at present done by hand, but I dare say by the time you are grown up a machine will be contrived to do the whole thing itself.—*Olive Thorne Miller, in Christian Union.*

BOYS WHO SUCCEED.

The Difference Between Jim and Joe—What One Did, and the Other Did Not Accomplish.

Of two boys with the same advantages and equally good training, one will succeed in life, while the other, without being bad, "never amounts to any thing," as the saying goes. Perhaps the following anecdote will explain something of the disparity in results.

A nurseryman left home for a few days on a business trip. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales, but a customer did arrive from a distance, tied up his horse, and went into the kitchen, where two boys were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. Barnes at home?" he asked.

"No," said Joe, the eldest, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno. Mebbe not for a week."

The youngest boy, Jim, promptly jumped up and followed the irritated stranger out of doors.

"The men are not here," he said, in a bright and courteous manner, "but I can show you the stock."

The stranger was conciliated, and followed Jim through the nursery, examining the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill of the season, Jim," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

A few years afterward, these two boys were left by their father's death with but three hundred dollars apiece. Joe bought an acre or two near home, and, although he worked hard, he is still a poor, discontented man.

Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired out as a cattle-driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at $1.25 an acre, built himself a house and married. To-day his herds are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up in town lots, and he is one of the wealthy men of the Centennial State.

"I might have done like Jim," said Joe, resentfully, "if I'd only thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as him."

Joe was right. He had the same stuff in him, but it was not developed. The quick, wide-awake energy which causes a boy to act promptly and boldly in an emergency is partly natural, but it can be inculcated by parents, and it is worth more than any gift of nature.—*Golden Days.*

Writing on the Ice.

Not many of you, my children, will care to write your letters on ice, even during the summer months. But I was rather struck with the novel idea, when a boy of the Red School-house told the dear Little School-ma'am a bit of news that lately had come to this country from Austria. It appears that Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, has a country-seat near Vienna, and on this fine royal estate is a lake which in winter is used as a skating pond. Well, during one of the latest Austrian "cold snaps," an expert Vienna gentleman went skating there, with a little reservoir of ink adjusted to the back of his skate in such a way as to allow the ink to flow out in a fine, steady stream. Then off he started, and before he had skated long, there appeared in his rapid track the name of the Crown Princess, beautifully and plainly written upon the ice.—*St. Nicholas.*

—A certain citizen in a far West town possessed the only tree in the place, with a large, strong limb at the proper distance from the ground, which he was in the habit of renting out to lynching parties at five dollars per meeting. The advent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, with their long telegraph poles, ruined the industry completely and destroyed a valuable source of income to the owner of the tree.

—People who are not famous can become so and have their pictures put in the papers by signing a medicine paper and certifying they have been cured of a terrible disease they never had.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—An original neighbor of Rip Van Winkle was said to be so lazy, that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimed hat killed the plants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Minister (dining with the family) "This is a very nice dinner, isn't it, Bobby?" Bobby (enjoying it)—"It ought to be. Pa figured it out that it was going to cost him over eight dollars."—*The Epoch.*

—Passengers forgot more than 10,000 different articles in the cars of the New York elevated roads last year. They included gold watches, umbrellas, underwear, etc., and have been sold at auction.

—Old Mrs. Bentley—"Jane, where did you hang that new thermometer?" Jane—"Jist outside the winder, mum." Old Mrs. Bentley—"Well, gracious, Jane! Bring it into the sittin-room at once, an' close the blinds. D'ye want to roast us to death?"—*Time.*

—For quickness in raising money for business enterprises Hutchinson, Kan., seems to outrank some of the large cities. They called a meeting out there for such a purpose, and, after the hall was filled, locked the door. A local paper tells that work then began, and in just one hour and fifteen minutes the sum of $224,000 was subscribed.

—It was at Dublin, in 1741, that the first performance of the "Messiah" took place, Dr. Beattie, author of the "Minstrel" and the "Essay on Truth," records an interesting anecdote told him by the Earl of Kinnoul. Calling on Handel a few days after the first performance, he naturally paid him some compliments on the success of the noble entertainment which he had given the public. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

—It is said that the oldest man living anywhere is James James, a negro of Santa Rosa, Mex., who was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was with his master in the revolutionary war, was forty years old when Washington was elected President, went to Texas when one hundred and one years old, moved into Mexico five years later, and now, at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty-six, lives in a little hut, to which he is confined by rheumatism, and is supported by contributions from the citizens of Santa Rosa.

—Salutations in Japan are something remarkable, and are thus described by a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle:* "The men of Japan are always excessively polite to one another. They bend their backs and bow their heads, and put their two hands back to back between their knees and have a great time. But the most amusing thing is to see two old ladies in Japan meeting one another on the street. They catch sight of one another three or four blocks apart. They immediately begin to make obeisance to one another, and they keep bending and bowing at short intervals until they come together, when they make a peculiar hiss by drawing in the breath and keep on saying 'Ohavo' for about two minutes."

—A fish of the sturgeon variety about eighteen inches in length was recently given to the superintendent of an ice factory in Parkersburg, W. Va. It was placed in one of the ice molds and frozen in the center of a huge cube of ice. This block of ice was put in a public place, where the citizens could view the fish, frozen hard and fast in the center of the cake. The ice began to melt and it dwindled until the body of the fish was exposed to the air while the head was still firmly imbedded in the ice. The tail of the fish was seen to move slightly, as the hot sun poured its rays upon it. Attention being called to the fact, the head was carefully released from its icy prison and the sturgeon placed in a tank of water. It recovered completely in a few minutes, and was apparently as sound as ever.

CONCERNING FAULTS.

Whatever May Be Their Cause There Is No Merit in Them.

It is difficult to define exactly what we mean by a *fault.* There is a popular impression, which is nearly correct, that it is something irregular, but that it lacks in magnitude or intent something of that which goes to constitute a positive sin. In many instances faults are simply irregularities in execution, or mere inattentions, negations, and almost always have the quality of being incidental; not intentional, not purposed, nor the result of passion.

There are a great many who suppose that there is a merit in faults. We think they do not discriminate very wisely. It is true that perfect people are the most disagreeable and intolerable people in the world—those so-called perfect men that, in order not to speak wrong, never speak at all, and, in order not to do wrong, do nothing; those cold, precise, inelastic, hard, smooth, polished people, that are regarded as perfect—by themselves. It is true that when you are in contact with such people you hunger and thirst for some roughness, and wish they would break out somehow and seem to be human.

There is an impression derived from excess in that direction that faults are signs of a fertile nature; like the bark on wholesome trees; like gnarls and knots on the oak; and people say that they would not want a man to have fewer faults, because they give a kind of robustness to character.

Now, there may be certain kinds of faults of which this is true—faults of manner, faults of irregularity—but this ought not to blind us to the moral character and to the effects of faults that involve principle, that touch the question of benevolence and selfishness, that run their roots even deeper and touch the very seat of honor and character.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

VALUE OF DIAMONDS.

How the Price of Pure Stones is Maintained by a Monopoly.

"When I was in London a short time ago," said Mr. D. De S. Mendes, the diamond cutter, "I was allowed as special favor to see the great diamond that was found last year in South Africa. I think they are going to call it the Jubilee diamond, but I believe it is not yet named. It is the whitest stone in the world, and one of the largest, and is owned by eight persons on shares, the value being greater than any one even of the enormously rich diamond dealers could afford.

"When found it was of an irregular shape, being somewhat like an egg with the small end somewhat elongated. The owners, in order to reduce it to a regular shape, split off this end, and after cutting the fragment found they had a forty-karat brilliant, which they sold to the King of Portugal for £40,000. The value of the remainder was not impaired by the subtraction of this trifle, but rather enhanced, since the split was successful, and the shape of the stone is improved. It is valued by the owners at £1,500,000, and any gentleman who wishes to invest in a rather costly trifle can not do better than examine it.

"The owners intend keeping it until the Prince of Wales shall succeed to the throne of England, and then trying to sell it to him. Failing this sale, it is hard to tell what they can do with it."

"Who are the owners now?" was asked of Mr. Mendes.

"I do not think I'd better mention names," he replied, with the caution which a dealer in diamonds must needs have. "There is considerable mystery maintained about it, and it would not perhaps be safe to tell all the facts, even if I knew them, about when the stone was found, who bought it and what they paid. I know that there is such a stone, however, for I have seen it, and I know it is owned in eight shares, for the gentleman who showed it to me owns one-eighth.

"It is difficult for people outside the business to realize the enormous wealth of the diamond dealers in London," he continued. "As an indication, I may say that the same gentleman showed me one package of stones aggregating 5,000 carats, which he valued at five guineas a carat. This was by no means his stock in trade. It was one of a number of packages."

"He is one of the shareholders in the two great companies which practically control the diamond market of the world. They are the Central Diamond Mining Company, and the Kimberley Diamond Mining Company. Between the two, they own or control every important claim in the world in which diamonds are found. These are in Africa, for, as is well known, the supply from the old mines has entirely ceased. The two companies control hundreds of millions of capital, and were formed by a consolidation of all the small companies owning claims, for the purpose of controlling the output, and so keeping up the value of diamonds."

"Is the value then fluctuating?"

"It has fluctuated considerably within a few years. The scare or flurry in the trade that was talked about after the African mines were discovered, and which was pooh-poohed by the bulls, was a very active reality, and was very nearly approaching a panic when the consolidation was effected. The large dealers saw plainly that unless something was done to limit the supply the market would be broken, and they banded together and bought a control of all the diamond mines. Since that time no new diamonds have been put on the market, excepting those which they have allowed, and the price, which had gone down, has been restored to about what it had been for many years."

"Then the price or value of diamonds no longer depends upon their natural supply, but upon an artificial restriction of it."

"Precisely so."

"And it is within the power of these two companies to break the market whenever they choose."

"Undoubtedly, but they will never do it, for they would be throwing away millions of pounds of their own property."—*N. Y. Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Russian Book Collectors.

It will be news to half the world that the Russian nobles are sedulous collectors of books and manuscripts. Prince Woronzoff, for instance, has a library of 12,000 volumes at St. Petersburg, and possesses another equally large at Alupka. The Princess Lunog's library contains nearly 13,000 books, most of which were collected by her father, Bibikoff. In Slavonic literature it is especially rich, and it contains about 600 works in various languages on numismatics. The late Minister of Justice, Count Panin had a library of 11,000 volumes which was remarkable for an encyclopædic series of works relating to the legislation of the different European States. He had also considerable libraries in the Crimea and at Marsino, near Moscow. The library of Count Scheremetjeff, the foundations of which were laid by the conqueror of Livonia, contains 25,000 volumes, many incunabula, and a perfect treasury of ecclesiastical music. The present owner has himself increased his great literary heritage by the addition of 12,000 volumes. He has been a diligent collector of books bearing upon Russian and Slavonic history and topography.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—It has been shown by experience that a pig digests a larger percentage of grain, converting it into animal increase, than a steer, cow or sheep.

WESTERN DUGOUTS.

The Houses of Early Homestead Claimants in Kansas and Nebraska.

To begin with, the habitation of the homesteader is either a dugout or a house built of squares of sod taken from the prairie—Nebraska or Kansas brick, as they are facetiously termed. The dugout consists of a hole dug in the side of a canyon or any sort of depression on the prairie which will serve as a wind-break. This hole is roofed across, about on a level with the prairie with inch boards, and these are covered with sod. A foot or so of stove-pipe protruding from the roof is the sole indication of a human habitation. One room generally serves all the purposes of the homesteader and his family. If he prospers for a season, he adds to the front of his abode by erecting walls of sod on the sides and putting in a new front, the old one serving as a partition between the two rooms. This is considered a commodious dwelling. After riding over the quarter section looking for an owner, espying such an abode, and guiding your team carefully down a break-neck descent to the front door, would it surprise you, upon entering this hole in the ground, to find, for instance, a very modern organ with an imposing cathedral back towering high in one corner of the room? But this is no cause for astonishment—very frequently organs and ornate designs in furniture are to be found in the dugouts. Or, if the lady of the house should invite you to remain for the meeting of the literary club there in the evening, would you stare at that? Not at all. Literary clubs, which the members ride all the way from five to twenty miles to attend, and where they discuss with great earnestness every thing from the latest political problem to the most abstruse point in metaphysics, are quite the regular thing with our homesteaders. But to behold this life so full of paradoxes in the height of its incongruousness you should be a spectator in the dugout when a neighborhood dance is in full blast. The earthen walls have been skilfully tapestried for the occasion with calico, and when the fun begins, the clay floor speedily responds to the capering of the many twinkling feet, and there arises a cloud of dust that would stifle an Indian. But, bless you! they don't mind a bit of dust. A polished floor and most perfect system of ventilation attainable could add nothing to their enjoyment.

The homesteaders are very honest. You can leave a house unlocked at all times and your stores are perfectly safe—with the exception of what liquor you may have on hand for medicinal purposes. In other words, the homesteader will steal whisky every time. As a class they are neighborly, kind to one in distress, and exceedingly hospitable.

But it must not be supposed that all homesteaders live in dugouts or sleep six or seven in a room; such experiences attach to the first year or two of frontier life more than to any later period. Many sightly, commodious and comfortable sod houses have been built. The walls are usually two feet in thickness, the roof shingled, doors and windows set into the walls, and the house plastered inside, sometimes outside, altogether making a very neat and desirable residence. These structures, too, are free from the annoyances of dugouts, in which are found all manner of insects and rodents. Occasionally a rattlesnake will burrow through the earthen sides and coil himself snugly in the bed-clothes, where you will find him on a cold morning. Such intruders are rare, but there are some people who strenuously object to even rare visits of this sort; such are usually energetic enough to get out of the old house and into a new one before spending many months in an abode so uncomfortably near to nature's heart.—*Frank H. Spearman, in Harper's Magazine.*

ADVICE TO BATHERS.

A Few Suggestions Concerning When and How to Bathe.

Bathers should enter the water swiftly, not allowing the lower limbs to become chilled, thus driving the blood to the head. Most of our boys plunge into the water head foremost; but this is not necessary. To submerge the body up to the neck is enough. After this the body resumes an even temperature, and when this course is followed injurious results are rare.

The common belief that it is necessary to wet the head upon entering the water is based upon the assumption that otherwise too much blood is impelled upward. This is not true if the rest of the body is quickly immersed. Ladies can not be expected to soak their hair every time they bathe, nor is it necessary that they should do so.

A common error is that of remaining in the water too long. Blue lips, shivering limbs and subsequent headaches should be sufficient warning. A nap after bathing is advised by physicians. Sea bathing induces drowsiness, and has the effect of a sedative and nerve tonic; hence a dip in the salt water just before retiring for the night generally insures sound sleep. When the water is colder than usual postpone the bath. Because some robust people can bathe in and out of season, and stay in longer than others, should not induce sensible people to imitate them. Fifteen minutes is quite long enough to remain in the water under ordinary circumstances, and for delicate persons even that short space of time may be injurious. Too violent exercise in the water should be avoided. The extreme fatigue which follows is in itself sufficient evidence that it is injurious.—*Dr. Bailey, in People's Health Journal.*

SCIENCE OF NAMES.

A System Submitted for the Benefit of Fathers and Mothers.

Writers spend much time and thought in selecting a name for a play or novel, for they know that success is largely dependent on it. Parents, however, are strangely careless and unscientific in giving names to children. Usually, when a new-comer arrives, some old family name is taken, or if the parents exercise an original choice, they are too much excited to be guided by any sound euphonic principles. They forget that not only from the social point of view it is very advantageous to have one's name remembered, but that from the business point of view notoriety is capital, and must be obtained by persistent and ingenious advertising. The economy of the public stock of energy wasted in innumerable unconscious efforts to remember a name without any corners for the memory to grasp, but persistently thrust before it, would result in an increase of available mental force applicable to settling the question of future probation, or to raising the ethical standard, or to reforming the tariff, or to disposing of the surplus. The importance of the subject leads me to suggest one or two of the chief fundamental principles of the science of naming children. The system is simple, and any provident parent can easily master and apply it.

1. Avoid odd, or eccentric, or poetic combinations, and be guided by euphonic quality only. It is true that an odd name may be remembered, but the associations with it will not be pleasing. The idea of oddity or affectation may attach to the shadowy personality built up in the mind of the public. Under this rule hyphenated names, especially hyphenated Christian names like Floyd-Jones Robinson, are to be avoided. Writing the first given name with an initial and the second in full is also evidently opposed to correct scientific principles.

2. The best form of name is a dactyl and a spondee, like "Jeremy Taylor." Every one has heard of the "Shakespeare of divines," and has a dim idea of an agreeable personality attached to the name. Had his name been Charles Taylor, it is far within bounds to say that his reputation would be about one-third of what it is now.

3. If the surname is not one that can be treated according to the above rule, it should be fitted with a given name, such as to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence, as, Sidney Dobell, Ellery Vans, Henry Ward Beecher, Dante Rossetti, Theodore Watts, and the like; or, otherwise, to two long syllables, like Mark Twain or Bret Harte. The subdivision of this branch of the subject are too numerous to be given, but all rest on principle No. 2. The phonic value of the surname is, under our custom, the controlling element in practically applying the science of names.

The great value of names beginning with Mac or O is evident, because they so readily combine with the ordinary Christian names. Any one would be favorably disposed to Arthur O'Connor, for instance. A boy pervades our quiet neighborhood simply because his name is Johnny MacWhorter. He is not in any respect a remarkable boy, but his name forces him into prominence by its phonic value. There are some ten or twelve boys who are comrades, but he and another dactyl-spondee boy, Emory Watson, are the only ones ever spoken of. No doubt there are others who do as much mischief and make more noise, but these two reap all the fame.—*Atlantic.*

GREEK DANCING GIRLS.

Their Artistic Attire and Graceful Motions Graphically Described.

In the middle of the square was a ring or coil of maidens, the eldest perhaps twenty years of age, the youngest hardly more than five years old. No two were dressed exactly alike, yet there was a general similarity in style. All wore long white skirts, some of delicate materials and others of heavy stuff. The overskirt, reaching to the knee, was dark and full, hanging in many folds. A broad belt of silk hung below the waist. An elaborate apron of great variety of color and decoration, reached nearly to the ankles. Each maiden wore a close-fitting vest, generally of red, bright blue, or gilt. This was cut low and round in front, and served as stays. Over the upper part of the breast hung a little stomacher, on which were strung jingling gold and silver coins, the girl's chief dowry. Over and around the head (sometimes covering the lower part of the face), was wrapped a gray 'kerchief. Seven of the girls, however, who always stood near the head of the line, wore veils of white tissue. The maiden's sleeves showed no organic connection with any outer garment; fitted the arm closely and were of some silk stuff, with stripes running around the arm. The whole costume was bright with harmonious colors.

About sixty of these maidens danced together, with arms interlaced in a double line, for hours. The dance was led by one or two young men at the head of the line—attached to the maidens only by means of a handkerchief. The music was only the humming of the girls—rarely did the words of the song become really articulate. The steps were simple, generally three forward, followed by three backward obliquely, so as to move in a circle.

I saw no "mixed dances" of men and women in Greece, though these have been imported to the cities. The men, however, as in Homer's day, have their own dances, which are much more vigorous than those of the girls.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

The Mills Bill a Bad Job.

Representative James E. Campbell, of Hamilton, Ohio, is quoted as saying: "I voted for the Mills bill and it is true we have passed it by a larger majority than we anticipated when the compilation of the measure was begun. It is true also that we secured three Republican votes and lost but four Democrats, but I have a premonition that we have made a bad job of it. You see, I sit on the floor of the House right in the centre of the Democratic members of the Committee on Ways and Means. I have been telling them for months that it was a fatal error to put wool on the free list and to make such a small reduction of the duty on sugar. I can go to the map and put my thumb on all the territory in the United States that produces sugar, while there is not a county in the country that does not grow wool. I don't understand how otherwise long-headed men on our side of the House have been demanding free wool as the great panacea of tariff reform. I do not expect to see more than four or five Democratic members returned to the next House from my state. I am not a candidate for re-election, and I do not believe I could be re-elected. I am what you would term a mild protectionist, and yet I have voted for a bill with strong free trade tendencies. If this bill means anything, it means a long step directly toward free trade, because it has put many of our leading productions on the free list. There may be nothing in the fact that we have passed the bill by a majority of thirteen—an unlucky number—but I have a general feeling that the Mills bill will be unpopular before the country and that it is a mistake. I voted for it because I did not feel that I ought to refuse to accept the judgment of the 160 men in my party in the House.

Related by an Ex-Confederate.

In reading the war memories of The Ledger, my mind goes back over those scenes of danger and death and fastens one, the most solemn and awful to me, that came under my observation during those trying times. Time, spring of 1884; place, camps near Dalton, Ga. Fourteen stakes planted firmly in the ground, fourteen men tied to these stakes, fourteen white pine coffins, one behind each stake; a white handkerchief tied over each man's face; the provost guard drawn up in front of the victims, and twenty thousand soldiers massed in the valley to witness the execution. I see the guard make ready, the commandent lowers a handkerchief—a rattle of musketry. I see some of the victims shrink, while others stand bolt upright. I see the dirt fly up in the rear of the condemned men, and I know some of the guards have missed purposely; the doctors pass along the line of the condemned and feel of their pulse. The rear rank of the guard odvance to within a few feet of the victims, single out certain individuals, make ready and fire. No missing this time; the heads of the remaining victims fall forward, the ghastly scene is over. I wondered then, I wonder now, if such a sacrifice was necessary.

We start back to camp, our heads bowed down by the awful scene we had just witnessed. No one spoke for some time, when a man by the name of Dave Defriese says: "Boys, I'll bet we have to get out of here in less than three days." "Why?" some one asked. "Because leaders that will have men treated that way will never prosper." Sure enough, it was not very many days before Sherman flanked us out of that position and we commenced falling back toward Atlanta. I was slightly acquainted with three of those men who were executed that day. They appeared to be passably good men. The charge against all fourteen was desertion.

The Dogs and the Robbers.

A tragical story is told of an adventure that happened to the monks of St. Bernard, when the breed of their celebrated dogs was at its full perfection, No less than thirty robbers to whom the supposed possession of the monastry offered booty, had, by degrees introduced themselves into the retreat, arriving in parties at intervals, and were always received in the most friendly manner. As soon as the whole band assembled they threw off their concealment and summoned the abbot to produce the keys of the treasure. The monk was, fortunately, a man of more resolute character than usually occurred in those places of seclusion, and did not lose his presence of mind. He observed to them mildly that their conduct was nuworthy and an ill-return for the hospitable attention they had received. The robbers, as may be supposed, were deaf to the appeal and continued their demand. "If it must be so," said the superior, "as we have no means of defending ourselves, I must submit; follow me, therefore to the spot where our treasury is kept." He led the way and was tumultously attended by the eager band. He placed his hand on a door, but before he turned his back and made another appeal. He was answered with execration, and no choice being left him he threw the door wide open. It was the den in which the dogs were kept; he raised his voice, to which a loud yell responded, then gave a rapid signal, and in an instant the powerful animals bounded forth upon their prey, tearing some, strangling others, and sending a few of the robbers who escaped their attack flying for their lives headlong down the mountain in frantic terror, to be dashed to pieces over the precipices which yanwed beneath their feet.

Food for Thought.

Many a cook is not handsome, but she can do what the lady of the house cannot—eat her own cooking.

If you don't chew disappointment you won't have so much of it to chew.

God will never demand of any of his children interest on any more of capital than he gave them.

Truth is ever a clean majority, though the returns may not so show it.

A doctor never yet cured a person of any disease.

A person has no use for a religion that he can not understand and carry right along with him for every day use.

The taller a person the bigger things can he look over.

Beware of any one who uses you as a convenience.

Who could expect angels to visit a home where one quarrel is never mopped up before one or two more are spilled?

As a rule children are punished when they should be educated.

It is far more honorable to help a man up than to knock him down,—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

Do Figures Lie?

Let us see!

Two women had 30 chickens each, which they took to market. They agreed to divide equally the proceeds of their sales.

One sold her chickens 2 for $1, getting for the 30 chickens $15.

The other sold hers 3 for $1, getting for her 30 chickens $10.

This made $25 realized for the 60 chickens.

The merchant called on to divide the money said:

"You sold your 30 chickens 2 for $1, and you sold your 30 chickens 3 for $1. That makes 60 chickens at the rate 5 for $2. Well, 5 into 60 goes 12 times—twice 12 is 24, That makes $24 your chickens have brought."

But, as shown above, the women actually had $25 dollars in pocket. And yet the merchant's figures were right.

Do figures lie?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Stray Sunbeams.

Out of sight—the blind man.

An impossibility—an ugly baby.

A spring garment—the wire bustle.

A man has been arrested for taking things as they come.

What is that which increases the more you take from it? Why a hole, of course.

Why is a chicken just hatched like a cow's tail? Because it was never seen before.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.

Vermont brags of a young lady so tall that her lover puts his overcoat on when he climbs up to kiss her.

Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way, and then another? Because she can't turn it both ways at once.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

A St. Paul woman who used to keep three girls, now does her own work cheerfully. She found her husband throwing kisses at them.

A Danbury boy wants to know if it is right for his folks to pay $500 for a piano for his sister and make him pick berries for circus money.

"The human fiend in plum colored kids who spit tobacco on my hat is marked for death," says John Lane in an advertisement in a Memphis paper.

Our housekeeper is certainly a most generous woman. She has just volunteered to give an eye to a domestic who has lately joined the establishment.

An Indiana paper says girls should be taught that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

A correspondent of a paper having described a neighboring river as a "sickly stream," the editor appended the remark, "That's so—it is confined to its bed."

Economy is said to be carried to such an extent in a town in Michigan that the paper mills have been compelled to suspend operations for want of rags.

In Kansas hotels, if you call for a plate of Indian cakes, the waiter puts his hand to the side of his mouth, and sings out: "Modocs for one."

An old maid in Massachusetts has twenty-eight pet rabbits, and with these for pets and a hot brick for comfort she manages to get along very nicely.

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Vermont woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams of seeing a hen walking a picket-fence.

William Spencer entered into his fourth matrimonial venture recently at the age of 78, while his bride, aged 74, is indulging in her sixth. Both are in robust health. They live at Shelbyville, Ind.

A new style of boy's trowsers has been invented in Brooklyn. It has a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted down the seams, and waterproof pockets to hold broken eggs.

A Saratoga belle who six months ago, was so languid that she could scarcely support herself at the altar, now throws a flatiron fifty-five feet, and hits her husband every time.

"Howdo, Aunt Maria?" said a Georgia lady to an old colored lady. "I ain't yer ant, missis," loftily replied the aged female, "and I ain't yer uncle; I'se your ekal!"

A man played dead with laudanum, etc., at his side, in order to test his wife's affections. She, to test vitality, ran a cambric needle into his leg and brought him to.

HOMOEOPATHY.—With a case of Homœopathic medicines and Domestic Physician in the house any form of disease may be intelligently treated. So much needless sickness and suffering could be avoided! Prices all the way from $3 to $23. Catalogue mailed free.

Homœpathic Veterinary Remedies. The legitimate ones under our labels, and all the standard books on the treatment of animals, at our pharmacies. Homœopathy applied to animals is marvelously successful, humane and economical.

Pure unfermented Grape Juice. Our grape juice is preserved without *salicy acid, sulphurous acid* or any chemicals and is the only brand we know that is so preserved. It will ferment when opened—proof positive of purity! 50 cents per bottle.

CREAM MILK from the Bavarian Mountains. A pure mountain milk rich in cream, highly condensed, and preserved without antiseptics, sugar, or anything being added to it. Among condensed milks it is without a peer. 25 cents per can. Dealers supplied on liberal terms, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœopathic Pharmaceutists, Importers and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md, 938 F. St. N. W. Washington, D. C., 1011 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa., also New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh. Established 1835.

Let it be kept before the mind of every American who earns his living by the sweat of his brow that the question to be decided next November is the scale upon which he wants his wages fixed. If he thinks he can afford to work for the pauper wages paid in England, he should vote for Cleveland and the English system. If he prefers that they should remain at figures that will enable him to own his own house, educate his children and maintain his family in comfort, he must vote for Harrison and the American system. The issue is a very simple one.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8,) on the Wood road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culpp, J. R. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JOHN BLAMBLE,
JOS. M. CONEWAY,
JOHN ROTH.

7 21 5

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

THE CELEBRATED NERVE TONIC.

A Word to the Nervous You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always picases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents' commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD. Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

9 17 '87—1y

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers, should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, Md.

SURVEYING!

Military lots located, Estimates of timber lands a specialty. Sales negotiated on reasonable terms. Areas computed by Logarithms—the only correct method.

HIRAM P. TASKER,
11 6 tf Oakland, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6	11.14 A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.
C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 264, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE!

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of George M. Serpell vs. Samuel Moreland and Thomas J. Moreland, it being No. 2 judicials to Sept. Term, 1888, I, the undersigned Sheriff, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, by an actual entry upon the premises hereinafter described, on the 11th day of July, 1888, all those two Military Lots, situated in Garrett county, of the defendant Thomas J. Moreland, which are known and designated as

LOTS NUMBERS 1374 AND 1381

containing fifty acres of land each, excepting 10 acres of said lots heretofore sold and conveyed to John T. Kelley, and 5 acres and 148 perches of said lots heretofore sold and conveyed to Johnson Kelley. These being the same lots which were conveyed to the said Thomas J. Moreland by Samuel C. Hoye and others, by deed dated the 9th July, 1875, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 148, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county.

And I hereby give public notice that on

Tuesday, August 14th, 1888,

at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., in front of the Coddington Hotel," in the town of Oakland, I will proceed to sell the above described Lots at public auction, to the highest Bidder, to satisfy said execution and costs.

Said lots are situated in the neighborhood of Fort Pendleton, Garrett county, and are partially improved and now occupied by the said Thomas J. Moreland.

Terms of sale cash on the day of sale.

E. E. SOLLARS,
7 21 4 Sheriff.

CHAS. S. SMOUSE,

—DEALER IN—

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, Tobacco and Cigars,

TOYS, PERFUMERY, TOILET ARTICLES, CUTLERY, &C., &C.

Bread, Cakes & Pies

A SPECIALTY.

RAILROAD STREET,
3 31 3m Oakland, Md.

NOTICE!

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 7th, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the bridge known as the Ashby Bridge across the Youghlogheny river at the mouth of Snowy Creek is in an unsafe condition, and that all persons crossing said bridge will do so at their own risk.

By order of County Commissioners of Garrett County.

3 21 3t W. H. HAGANS, Clerk.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888. NUMBER 25.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for 25 cake to the makers.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. je14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n17

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,

OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n18

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodebeaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 20, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

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J. F. LEWIS.

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The city of Chester did not contain a brighter face than that of Ben Clement's wife. Ben was doing well in business, owned a neat little cottage and pleasant grounds, and had an office in the "Arcade," a block which was a central point for lawyers and other men of quiet advocation.

All of Ben's friends agreed that his wife was immensely charming, for three years of married life had brightened the beauty of a face that had always been attractive, and wrought a look of repose, with a slight accession of dignity, into her bright brown eyes.

On a certain winter's day Mrs. Clement took a trip down town. She was wrapped in furs, and the flush of health was on her cheeks. It was not often that she was seen in her husband's place of business, but she thought she would surprise him this afternoon by a short visit. So she walked into the broad passageway of the Arcade, ascended to the first gallery and approached Ben's office. She knew that she looked well, and upon her face was a smile of pleasurable anticipation at the appreciating face with which Ben would be sure to greet her. For Mr. Benjamin Clement had not yet got beyond the stage of admiring his wife.

On stepping inside Mrs. Clement was disappointed at discovering that the office was empty. Ben's coat and overshoes were in their places, but his hat was nowhere to be seen.

"He has stepped out for a moment; I will wait," thought Mrs. Clement.

She seated herself in Ben's office chair, directly in front of his desk, and speculated on the contents of all those legal looking documents in the pigeon holes. Then she looked out of the window at the opposite offices and finally lifted a sheet of blotting paper which lay on the desk before her. Its removal disclosed a sheet of cream-colored, gilt-edged, perfumed paper which was partly covered with a handwriting very familiar to her—that of Ben.

She began reading with idle curiosity, but quickly a startled look came into her face and her eyes opened with amazement as she read the following words:

"My Dear Laura:—How slowly a day drags along when it passes without one glance at your sweet face. I am uneasy every hour because I cannot be with you. I can only think of your blue eyes, your ruby lips and your smiles that seems like an angel's blessing. It seems an age, though it is only three days since I last took your hand in mine and looked into your dear face. But I have good news. I have arranged matters so as to go to the Adonis Club mask ball, and shall, of course, expect you to go with me. Our costumes will disguise us, and we will have a grand time. Be all ready by 9 o'clock on the evening of next:—"

Here this precious epistle abruptly broke off, it being evident that the writer had been interrupted and intended to finish it later.

Mrs. Clement read it through twice with transfixed eyes and blanched cheeks. Then came a flood of returning color and a wild throbbing of her heart. What should she do? Her first impulse was to tear the note in pieces; her next to wait for Ben and confront him with her knowledge of his perfidity.

She did neither, but hastily left the office, crossed the opposite gallery and entered the waiting room of a photographer's studio where she could sit and think, and at the same time look across at Ben's office.

It was not long before Ben made his appearance and entered his office, followed by a man whom she recognized as Swartz, a good-looking young Swede, who was janitor of the Arcade. Swartz also did errands for the occupants, and more than once had taken messages from Ben to his wife.

After ten minutes Swartz emerged. He carried a square white envelope in his hand, a smile on his face, and he walked briskly away.

Mrs. Clement had half a mind to overtake and question him, but she shrank from so undignified a proceeding. After sitting buried in thought for a few minutes she enveloped her face closely in a veil, left the photographer's parlor, and made her way hastily homeward.

Her brain, meanwhile, was in a whirl of perplexity. It seemed impossible that Ben could be false to her. Yet she had seen evidence in black and white, and if ever a man stood self-convicted, that man was Benjamin Clement.

In the seclusion of her own home her pent up agitation found vent in tears of mingled grief, indignation and bewilderment.

In the midst of her distress came the recollection of a social engagement. It was to spend the afternoon and take tea with a friend, Ben to follow at 6 o'clock.

"I'll go!" she exclaimed to herself "and I'll tell Mrs. Ives all about it, and ask her advice."

Being already sufficiently dressed for the occasion, which was to be a gathering of three or four young married couples, Annie Clement quickly dried her eyes, powdered her cheeks, and sallied forth.

A short walk brought her to the residence of Marion Ives, and Mrs. Clement was warmly greeted by a woman who like herself, was young and handsome and who, unlike herself just at that moment, was a happy wife.

"Oh, my dear Annie!" exclaimed Mrs. Ives, "how late you are. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Gibbs have been here for more than an hour, and we have been just expiring with impatience waiting for you."

"Are you not well?" asked Mrs. Ives, tenderly, quick to discern something was wrong.

"Oh, yes, but a little tired," replied Mrs. Clement, who could not muster the courage to divulge her trouble.

She removed her wraps, followed her hostess into the parlor, and with simulated gayety joined in a lively chat that was going on. But there was a constant struggle between the weight of oppression on her heart and the determination to fulfill for the time being her social obligations.

Thus passed the time until the hour for tea arrived and the husbands appeared. There also came Mr. and Mrs. Hazen, another young married couple, the latter having been delayed by a call. "And it finally became so late that I waited for Dick'" said Mrs. Hazen, "and so here we are."

"I have something to tell you all," she added. "Not the men—it wouldn't interest them. Such a great joke! But it will keep until after tea."

Thereupon the other ladies were thrown into a fever of curiosity, the gratification of which, however, must be postponed for an hour.

Mrs. Clement watched Ben attentively after the party were seated at the table. She even introduced the subject of blondes and blue eyes, but never so much as a flitting trace of embarrassment or conciousness passed over his face.

"Is he so experienced in intrigue that he can brave it through with no sign of guilt?" thought Annie. But this thought was so distressing that she dismissed it as quickly as possible.

The tea was a success, and felicity seemed to reign in all hearts save that of Annie Clement.

At length the napkins were thrown down and the chairs pushed back.

"Now, ladies," said Mrs. Hazen, who was a plump and jolly creature, "Let us leave the gentlemen with their cigars. Come into the parlor while they are smoking, and I'll tell you my secret."

This was sufficient to provoke a stampede of the feminine members of the party, who were soon seated in a circle around Mrs. Hazen and waiting for the promised revelation.

"To begin with," said that lady, enjoying to the utmost the expectancy of her audience, "I have a very attractive looking housemaid, and she has a love affair on hand."

"Ah, a romance from real life," spoke up Mrs. Ives.

"Exactly—but no interruptions please. The dear girl has an admirer, and he has written her a letter. It is an invitation and a sort of declaration of love combined. The young man, too, is a very superior person, juding from his penmanship, spelling and the elegant stationery he uses."

"Did she show you the letter?" asked Mrs. Ives.

"Yes, and more than that, she placed it in my hands and asked me to write an answer.

"You see, she is a little doubtful regarding her own literary powers, and is very anxious that her reply shall be an irreproachable missive in all respects. I have her lover's letter here now, and I am going to read it to you, and we will then put our heads together and concoct an answer."

Mrs. Clement had listened thus far with languid interest, smiling only in a mechanical way and making but little pretense at being amused.

"Here is the letter," said Mrs. Hazen, and she began reading:

"My Dear Laura:—How slowly the days drag along without your sweet face in sight. I am uneasy every moment—"

Mrs. Clement suddenly half arose from her chair, with a look of amazement on her face. These were the very words with which Ben's letter began. She listened, and heard one by one the sentences that had so painfully impressed themselves on her mind, and finally sprang forward and looked over Mrs. Hazen's shoulder. Yes, there was Ben's handwriting, and the note was the same which she had seen in an unfinished state on his office desk. She was more bewildered than ever, and, resuming her seat, listened eagerly.

Mrs. Hazen finished reading the note, which concluded as follows:

"Be all ready for 9 o'clock on the evening of next Tuesday. With much love, your ever devoted

LOUIS SWARTZ."

"Who is Louis Swarts?" two or three voices inquired.

"He is the janitor of the Arcade, and also does errands for the men who have their offices there. He has been to our house more than once, and has fallen in love with Laura, which is my house maid's name."

"Of course he never wrote that note," exclaimed Mrs. Gibbs, "for he couldn't. He has evidently asked somebody to do it for him."

Mrs. Clement's heart gave a joyful thump. How the skies were clearing! And how kind Ben was to act as private secretary for Swartz!

"I am sure I don't know as to that," said Mrs. Hazen. "At all events I want you to put your wits together and help me compose a reply that will meet Laura's idea of elegance, eloquence and propriety, for she is as deeply in love with Swartz as he is with her."

The subsequent proceedings had but little further interest for Annie Clement. She watched the door of the dining-room until Ben appeared and then ran forward and grasped his arm with great ardor. When, later in the evening, they walked home, she astonished him by an unusual display of nervous vivacity; but it was not until they reached their home that she recounted to him, amid much hysterical laughter, the discovery she had made in his office, her subsequent hours of misery, and the happy issue out of a dark cloud of suspicion that had seemed supported by such conclusive evidence in black and white. At all of this Ben laughed heartily, and said he had intended at the first opportunity to relate to her his new experience as a writer of love letters for other people.—*O. S. Adams, in the Inter-Ocean.*

"I want some consecrated lye," he slowly announced, as he entered the store.

"You mean concentrated lye," suggested the druggist as he suppressed a smile.

"Well, maybe I do. It does nutmeg any difference. It's what I camphor, anyhow. What does it sulppur?"

"Eighteen cents a can."

"Then you can give me a can."

"I never cinnamon who thought himself so witty as you do," said the druggist, in a gingerly manner, feeling called upon to do a little punning himself,

"Well, that's not bad, either," laughed the customer, with a syruptitious glance. I ammonia novice at the business, though I've soda a good many puns that other punsters reaped the credit."

Proud Father—My son, you have done very well at college and you have a bright future before you. I want you to study statesmanship and fit yourself for high duties. You may get into Congress. Do you read the papers regularly?

Son—Yes father.

"I am glad to hear that. What is the first duty of a congressman?"

"To reduce the surplus. Lend me a V, father,"

His wife had just returned from a tea party, and was wagging her tongue like a buzz saw, when he shut off further talk by quietly observing: "there is a loquacity which tells nothing." The next night he returned from lodge, laid his coat on the bed, and flung himself over the back of a chair, when she turned on a perfect Niagra of chin by remarking: "There is a silence which tells much."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

Adown the vale of Life together
We walked in spring and winter weather,
When days were dim, when days were bright;
My friend of whom God's will bereft me,
Whose kind, congenial spirit left me
And went forth in the Unknown Night.

I saw his step grow more invalid,
I saw his cheek grow pallid—pallid,
Wither like a dying rose;
Until at length being all too weary
For Life's rude scenes and places dreary,
He bade farewell to friends and foes.

This is his grave: The spring with flowers
Bestrews it in the morning hours,
Her rarest roses o'er him bowed;
And summer pauses to deplore him,
And weeping Winter arches o'er him
Her solemn drapery of cloud.

He was not faultless: God who gave him
Life, and Christ who died to save him
Sent Sorrow, wherewith he was tried;
And if as I, who loved him, name him,
There should be heard a voice to blame him,
May we not answer: Christ hath died?

Ah, verily! * * * I fancy often
I see his kindly features soften—
I mark his melting eye grow dim,
While Hunger, with its pained appealing,
Its want and woe and grief revealing,
Stretched its imploring palms to him.

He can not answer now: He never,
In all the dim, vast, deep Forever,
Shall speak with human words again,
He can not hear the song birds calling;
He can not feel the spring dews falling,
Nor hear the winter winds complain.

Deep is his sleep: He would not waken
Though earth were to her center shaken
By the loud thunders of a God.
Though the strong sea, by tempest driven,
With wailing waves rock earth and Heaven,
He would not answer from the sod.

So be it, friend. A little while hence,
And in the dear, deep, dreamless Silence;
We too shall share thy couch of rest,
When we have trod Life's pathways dreary,
Kind Death will take the hands grown weary,
And gently fold them o'er the breast.

Sleep on, dear friend! No marble column
Gleams in the lights and shadows solemn
Over the grasses on thy grave:
But flowers bloom there—the roses love thee;
And the tall oaks that tower above thee
Their broad, green banners o'er thee wave!

Sleep, while the weary years are flying;
While men are born, while men are dying;
Sleep on thy curtained couch of sod,
Thine be the rest which Christ hath given;
Thine be the Christian's hope of Heaven;
Thine be the perfect peace of God!

—*F. L. Stanton, in Smithville (Ga.) News.*

THE WRONG STATION.

A School-Ma'am's Blunder and Its Happy Results.

The afternoon train that connected some lonely, obscure towns in Maine with the rest of the world, was over two hours late. The premature darkness of a stormy winter's night had set in comparatively early in the afternoon, and, though it was barely seven o'clock, it seemed to the few weary passengers as though they had been traveling half the night.

There were two representatives of the gentler sex present, but one, I am almost tempted to say (and I think the conductor and brakeman would bear me out in my distinction); for while one, a shy, timid girl of nineteen or twenty, had quietly gone to sleep, the other, a lady of great asperity of voice and demeanor, would neither go to sleep herself nor render this comforting performance possible to any one in her immediate vicinity, but persisted in administering large pieces of her mind to the aforesaid conductor and brakeman concerning the delay of the train, and their shameful complicity with the storm that caused the delay.

When at last the brakeman threw open the door, in a slow, despairing way that showed great depression of spirit, and called out something that began with Hunter's and ended in a mournful, inarticulate howl, he brightened visibly at seeing the severe lady start up with a jerk and gather up a collection of heterogeneous parcels with an air of relief which, oddly enough, immediately communicated itself to the rest of the passengers.

He helped her off the train with a cheerful alacrity that was not apparently abashed by the icy contempt she unmistakably entertained for the railroad and every one connected with it from the president to the water boy.

The conductor promptly swung his lantern to signal the engineer, called out briskly, "all aboard," and sprang on to the moving train without stopping to notice that his expassenger was in a state of violent dissatisfaction over the trunk.

May Smith, the girl who had been asleep, started up with a bewildered air as the train left the station, thrust her hand into her pocket to see if her purse was still there, and pressing her face close to the window-pane, against which the whirling snow dashed and clung, tried to make out something of the landscape.

It was of no use; the window refused to do any thing more than to give back an image of a homesick girl with a tired, white, scared face, and also that of her near neighbor, a gentleman of such on exaggerated bucolic appearance that he seemed the caricature of himself.

She was afraid that she had been carried past her station, and made a little timid, irresolute movement toward addressing the formerly dejected brakeman, who now passed through the car, actually whistling the frollicking air of "Begone, Dull Care."

He passed by without noticing her slight movement, and a sudden recollection kept her from repeating it.

The aunt with whom she had lived ever since she could remember, had always emptied her largest vials of concentrated wrath on the heads of those girls who tried to "attract attention."

Fearing lest by an unnecessary question she herself might be classed with these reprehensible delinquents, she made no second attempt, but leaned back in her seat an unresisting prey to loneliness and foreboding.

She had never before been out of the quiet little town of Massachusetts where she had lived with her aunt until the death of the latter forced her to find some means of earning her own living.

Having had some correspondence with the "hiring" committee of a district school in a small village in Maine, she was now on her way to have her fate decided by the examining committee.

As her mind was firmly made up before leaving home that she could never return if she were disgraced by not passing her examination, and as her stock of money was not sufficient to hold out against any extended siege of expenses while she was waiting reinforcements in the shape of employment, her depression was not wholly unfounded.

The train soon came to another halt, the brakeman again roared out something that began with Hunter's and ended in some unintelligible syllable. May's face lighted up when she heard the name, and, starting up, she grasped her shabby, old-fashioned carpet bag with one hand, felt nervously in her pocket with the other, to make sure that her purse had not been abstracted within the last two minutes by any of the listless passengers, and hurried to the door.

The train had stopped at a little flag station, whose only accommodation for passengers was a small platform, at present covered with snow.

As May hesitated an instant on the car steps, a tall figure seized her, and carrying her across the platform deposited her in the sleigh, and the train moved off before she could recover from her surprise enough to ask timidly: "Where's my trunk?"

"You don't mean to say that I'm such an idiot that I've let the train go off an' carry off your trunk?" demanded the tall man in tones of poignant disgust.

"I don't see the trunk anywhere," she answered, ignoring the question of the stranger's imbecility.

"Wal, I snum," said her disconcerted companion, "you must think I'm the goldern—the biggest gump you ever come acrost. There wa'nt nothin' in it you wanted, was they?" he asked, as though people were in the habit of traveling with baggage for which they had no earthly use.

"Yes," she admitted, "every thing I have was in it, except what I have in this bag."

"Jewhitaker!" exclaimed the other, "ef you'd only chuck somethin' at me to pay for bein' such a loon, I'd feel better. I spose, though, you hain't got nothin' you want to waste on such a fool."

"You see it snowed, so I didn't much expect ye, though of course I'd hev come ef it had snowed bilin' water, an' ez I'd been a-waitin' for ye nigh on to three hours, I was so consummedly tickled to think you come I didn't stop to think about nothin' else. Can you git along without it to-night!"

"O, yes," she answered, "I don't care, if it isn't lost."

"Then that's all right," he said in a greatly relieved tone, getting in the sleigh beside her. "I'll get it for ye to-morrer ef I hev to overhaul every train in the State with my own hands. G'long!"

The horse moved a little, but refused to start.

"Git up!" he called louder, "what ails ye?" Then in a different tone he exclaimed: "Wal, by gracious! ef I ain't the biggest fool thet ever—I don't know what—I ain't unhitched the critter!"

While the crestfallen stranger proceeded to remove this slight obstacle to their locomotion, May burst into hysterical laughter.

"I don't blame ye none for laughin'," he said. "I shouldn't find no fault of ye said you wouldn't ride one step with such a knownothin' ez I be."

As there was no house in sight, and the snow was nearly two feet deep and still falling, no inviting alternative seemed to present itself, and he got back into the sleigh, saying plaintively: "I ain't always this way, but I was so bejiggled at seein' ye I don't seem to know whether I'm a-foot or a-horseback."

May was too bewildered and frightened to make much reply to the stranger's self-accusations.

She supposed that he was the "hiring committee" who was to meet her at Huntersville, where he lived, and take her to his home, where she was to board, but her natural timidity and morbid fear of doing any thing to "attract attention" kept her from asking any questions.

The night was very dark. A lantern hanging on the dashboard cast grotesque shadows of the horse on the roadsides, from which, now a snow drift, now an evergreen loaded with snow, apparently leaned forward for an instant, and then drew back into impenetrable gloom.

A vague sense of horror added itself to the homesickness of the trembling girl.

Perhaps the man beside her was no common-place committeeman at all—indeed this executive stranger was very unlike the ideal committee to whom she had sent her little re-written, re-punctuated letters, fearful lest his critical eye would discover some unpardonable grammatical error which would make her timid aspirations toward the dignity of a school ma'am absurd in his sight.

Perhaps he might be some robber who inhabitated the fastnesses of these gloomy mountains, who had left her trunk for some not very obvious reason of his own, and who would shortly add the contents of her bag and purse to his ill-gotten spoils. His features were not visible in the darkness and might wear an expression of inconceivable ferocity, but the tones of his voice were so sensible, kindly and whole-souled that she felt an unaccountable sense of comfort and security whenever he spoke, though in the long intervals of silence that fell upon them as they journeyed slowly and laboriously through the snowdrifts and darkness, her fears could hardly be controlled.

"You're a little thing, ain't ye?" he finally remarked, abruptly.

"Yes," she faltered, feeling that he might consider this an insurmountable obstacle in the way of her managing the big boys in school.

"Would that be any objection?"

"Land, no," he responded, reassuringly. "I like little women."

May had a dim, undefined feeling that when a school was regulated by the likes and dislikes of the committee, there was an imperative call for civil service reform somewhere.

A wild and improbable tale she had once heard of a school committee who always insisted on kissing all the female teachers flashed across her mind along with a vague fear that this man beside her might resemble him in this respect, but she blushingly dismissed it as an immodest suggestion, unworthy of any decorous imagination.

Presently her companion, after clearing his throat several times preparatory to speaking, but not being able to carry his conversational attempts further than an abashed "Gid dap" to his horse, began with a manifest effort and much unaccountable confusion and embarrassment, which he tried vainly to conceal by interpolating various remarks of encouragement to his horse: "I've got your letters an' you've got mine—g'lang—an' I'm suited an' pleased ez —ez—gid dap—but, ef you haint, all you've got to do is just to say—git out of that—the word, an' I shan't find no fault—what yer doin'—nor blame you none. I'm a kind man—do yer want me to hit yer again—ef I do say it—what ails yer?—an' I don't think you'll ever be sorry, but ef you should wanter—tend to yer bizness—back out, I wish you'd say so soon's you can convenient.

May listened to this incoherent harangue with a deepening of the confusion and alarm with which this whole adventure inspired her. She wished, for not the first time, that she had never thought of teaching school, but she answered bravely: "I don't know why I should withdraw now, if I am considered suitable for the place."

"Thet's the way to talk," responded the other, with great cheerfulness, "an' here we be to home."

The forlorn would-be school ma'am was again taken in strong arms, carried through the snow, and this time deposited in a queer little room, with a blazing open fire, presided over by an awkward boy who was the only occupant of the room.

"Here she is," said her host to the boy, "an' now take the horse—he ain't quite tuckered—an' go after the minister quick. He said he'd come, rain or shine, an' he's got to."

The examining committee in her native village had always been the minister, and she realized with a sinking heart that this energetic man determined to have the questions of her eligibility for the school decided this very night.

"You'd ruther hev him come to-night!" he asked, seeing something of her feeling in her face.

"Why yes," she gasped, "I suppose the sooner it's over the better."

"I kinder thought you'd sorter ruther hev him come to-night," he returned, relieving his easily aroused embarrassment by poking the fire vigorously. "D'you ever read that awful comical book—derned ef I can remember the name of it—I wish you could hev read it, you'd died a-laughin'. I can't remember how it all went, but there was one feller, he was a-talkin' to the minister, and sez he to himself, sez he—the minister, you know—I like you, pard! an' I'll lick any feller thet don't. Wal, them's my sentiments exactly. I'm an awful homely-lookin' feller, ain't I?" he asked, with sudden irrelevance.

May looked at him squarely for the first time.

He had taken off his fur cap and coat and stood before her, a blonde giant. But in his candid blue eyes and on his large ruddy cut features was an expression so akin to the kindly, hearty tones of his voice that the reassured girl felt that he was no mantain brigand.

"Why, no, I don't think you are," she replied after conscientious deliberation.

"I think you're pretty as a picture, any how," said, boldly. "I do, honest."

May's face grew hot with sham and indignation.

At last her bold, unmaidenly actions in corresponding with a stranger was bearing its bitter fruit. She seemed to hear her aunt's thin, sarcastic voice say: "Men know who they can say those things to."

"Where is this man's wife?" My thought. "Is she offended because I wrote to her husband and said nothing about her?" She grew cold at the thought.

"I don't want you to say any more such things to me," she plucked up courage to say.

"Why, I ain't agoin' to," he said, in a tone of alarm. "I hain't no such thount. Don't be mad with me," he added, pleadingly. "Why, here, I hain't asked you to take off your things nor hev nothin' to eat. I hain't got no manners."

He got her some cake and tea, and then with real delicacy left her alone until the minister came. The minister's wife accompanied him, and she came into the front room to May, leaving her husband and the man of the house in the kitchen.

"I was determined to come if it did rain," she exclaimed, kissing May fussively. "Isn't it so romantic; just like a story, your coming way up here. Well, I think you've done well. I suppose you're a little nervous; I was."

"Did you ever teach school?" asked May.

"Why, yes. I taught one term once," replied the visitor, looking as if she considered the remark irrelevant.

"It was too bad about your trunk wasn't it? Never mind, your dress is plenty good enough. Well, if you're all ready I'll call in the men. You don't feel faint, do you?"

When the minister came in May rose and stood before him like a child at school. Her heart beat so fast and such a mist came before her eyes that she did not realize that her host was standing beside her.

She made a terrible effort to grasp all the rules of grammar, arithmetic, geography, and spelling at once, and felt to her dismay that her brain was in a state of complete chaos.

The minister cleared his throat and "State," he began slowly.

"Geography is the first thing," she thought, and tried to get an instantaneous picture in her mind of the entire earth and all its diversions, but all she could think of were the names of Mount Popocatapetel and the river Yang-Tse-Kiang.

"The state of matrimony is one ordained by God for the purpose of—"The minister had got so far, when he paused, arrested by the look of horror and amazement on the girl's face, and her companion thinking the blank was for him to fill out, ejaculated in loud firm tones, "I do."

"Stop! quick!" cried the girl "there is some mistake."

"You can't expect me to say it just right the first time," said her host, realizing that he hadn't responded in quite the right place, but you'd orter make some allowances, seein' I never was married before."

"Married!" she cried, recoiling from him, "I came up here to teach school, and you know I did. I know my aunt would have said it was a dreadful venturesome thing to do, but no one has any right to marry me, if I did."

"But, my dear young lady," said the puzzled minister, "Tom—Mr. Hunter, has made a confidant of me from the first and he surely understood that you were to marry him."

"I advertised for a wife, you remember," said the crestfallen Mr. Hunter, turning to her, "and you answered it——"

"I did not," cried May, indignantly. "I wrote to Mr. Hilliard, of Huntersville, for a school."

"There is a Mr. Hilliard at Huntersville," said the minister.

"This is Hunter's Point," said the minister's wife, who had been trying vainly to get in a word.

"I must have got off at the wrong station," gasped May, sinking into a chair. "I have made a terrible blunder."

"It does seem to be a dreadful mixed up mess, but p'raps we can straighten it out, said Mr. Hunter, dolefully. Isn't your name Maria Smith."

"My name is May Smith," she answered, rather shortly.

"Now look here, my dear," cried the minister's wife, "this is rather awkward, I know; but I think I can find a way out of the labyrinth. My name is Mrs. Seavor—we'll begin at the very beginning—and Mr. Seavor is an ordained minister come up here to marry you, May Smith, to Tom Hunter, one of the best fellows that ever lived. Now," said she, clapping her hands enthusiastically, "why can't we have the wedding after all? I'll vouch you'll never get a better husband if you search the wide world over. I know you don't know him, but I'll guarantee that you'll never be sorry."

"If you only will," said Mr. Hunter, pleadingly; "I've taken such a shine to you."

"My friends," said Mr. Seavor, "I dislike very much to interfere with the romantic procedure that Mrs. Seavor has laid out."

"I never could consent to it, never," interrupted May.

"In any case," he continued, "it is my duty to remind you all that Mr. Hunter has agreed to marry some one, and the lady in question would have cause to think herself unfairly treated if he married any one else."

Mr. Hunter groaned as he perceived the cogency of this reasoning.

"I'll do the square thing by her," he said, "but I was never so disappointed in my life."

Mrs. Seavor staid that night with May, keeping her awake until nearly morning to listen to the praises of Mr. Hunter.

"If you can't find her," said Mrs. Seavor in the morning to Mr. Hunter and May, as they started to drive over to Huntersville in search of her school and his stray betrothed, "if any thing happened to her—though most likely there hasn't—things never do happen the way we want them to, except in books—but if they should, just bring May right back to my house for dinner, and we'll have just the prettiest wedding that ever was—in spite of her"—she added, meaning the absent Maria Smith.

From which it will be seen that the unconquerable Mrs. Seavor, although a minister's wife, let her sympathies run away with her sense of abstract right and justice.

The morning was bright and mild, but the ride was a very silent one.

Mr. Hunter wore an expression of suffering and resolution that would have done credit to a mediæval martyr.

Mrs. Hilliard met them at the door, "Wal, yes," she admitted, "there was a lady there who came on the train the night before, the new school ma'am, an' she guessed she'd hev a pretty good gover'ment—she's got the snap to her. Yes, they could see her," and she ushered them into the presence of May's fellow traveler of the day before.

"Is this Maria Smith?" asked Tom, in a tone that showed he feared the worst.

"It is," ejaculated that personage, resentfully.

"I thought so," murmured Tom, gloomily. "There's been some mistake, Miss; this little girl's come up here to teach school and made a mistake an' got off——"

"Will you shut your mouth, you ninny," snapped Miss Maria, with such asperity that instead of complying with her request Tom stood with it wide open.

"If Mary Smith," she went on, scornfully, "has made a mistake, that's her lookout—though I guess she didn't make no mistake—she knew what she was about fast enough. I found that I was expected to teach school and that's just what I'm goin' to do; and as for you, you blundering know-nothing, if you ever open your head and say I didn't come here to teach school, and found there wasn't any fool of a man here to meet me, as he'd agreed to, I'll have the law on you."

As the two guilty culprits hurried toward the door, Miss Maria added, witheringly, that she hoped "this would be a lesson to him not to trifle with a gentle, loving, trusting heart—meaning her's—again."

"There's a trunk here I've no use for," she called after them.

"I ain't a callin' no names," said Tom, solemnly, as they drove off, "but there's such things as narrer escapes! And now we'll go back to Mrs. Seavor's—you know what she said."

"Mr. Hunter," said May, tearfully, "I must go home. Please take me to the depot."

"Home! Git out!" said Tom, incredulously; "I can't give you up now."

"You say this because you pity me for losing my school," she faltered.

"No, I don't, honest," he exclaimed; "but I love you, darling, an' ef you'll only marry me I'll stan' by yer thro' thick an' thin, ez long ez we both do live."

She lifted her eyes to his and saw the love and comfort he offered her in vivid contrast to the lonely, troubled life she would lead without him. The horse, judging by the loose-hanging reins that not much was expected of him, stopped and gazed pensively at the bright, snowy landscape. A strange, conscious silence fell on the two in the sleigh.

"I'm afraid," said May, shyly, "that if we stay here we'll be late to dinner with Mrs. Seavor!"—*Ethel Gorham Clarke, in Chicago Inter Ocean.*

UNCLE SAM'S HORSES.

How Animals in the Cavalry Service Are Examined and Branded.

The inspection is done by a board of three or six officers. One by one the horses are led up for inspection. An examination is first made of the horse's eyes, teeth, limbs and body. His actions under examination are likewise taken note of. He is then saddled and mounted in the presence of the board. He must yield to the bridle and bit easily. Then he is walked one hundred yards and return, after which he is started on a fierce gallop. Returning to the inspectors he is unsaddled and a final inspection is made. If this second examination does not reveal any physical imperfections he is pronounced accepted and is branded with the National trade mark. U. S., on the left shoulder.

Being accepted, the equine is turned over to the care of the Assistant Quartermaster, who, as soon as he receives all the horses contracted for, distributes them through the department. Often special purchases of horses are made. This occurs when a large lot of horses are missing in one troop, and it is impossible to wait until the end of the quarter. Not infrequently the ravages of the glanders or other diseases peculiar to the horse, or a raid of Indians on the corral at a frontier post, are responsible for the depletion of the "mounts" of a cavalry troop. In the distribution of the horses care is exercised in regard to color. As near as possible, black horses are kept in one troop, bay horses in another, and so on. While it perhaps would not strike any one very forcibly as a bad arrangement to see a captain riding at the head of a black horse company on a white steed, yet it would form an ill-advised combination to see several troopers on white horses sprinkled through the company.

The enlisted cavalrymen are supplied with mounts at the expense of the Government, but officers are required to purchase their horses. When the horses reach the company for which they were purchased, the officers are entitled to the privilege of selecting one or two as each desires, and paying the assistant quartermaster for the actual cost of the horse or horses taken. One troop of each regiment is compelled to take the leavings, as far as color is concerned. This troop, when mounted, is not a bad imitation of a rainbow, on account of the diversity of hues.

The owners of horses name them with a sort of acrostical reference to their company's title. Thus the names of all horses in Company A begin with that letter. The horses are well cared for in stables which are kept clean and neat. The name of each trooper is placed on his horse's manger, right above the name of the horse. No private is allowed to take his steed from the stable, unless it is in the line of duty, without securing a permit from the commanding officer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Those who keep a few pigs in limited space will find that the weeds from the garden and grass from the lawn will prove a great part of their keeping if properly used.

SOME LIVELY KICKS.

Vigorous Extracts from a Late Issue of the "Arizona Kicker."

OUR POLICY.—Heretofore, as our readers know, the *Kicker* has almost entirely abstained from publicly criticising the evils which all know to exist under our noses. We have become tired and disgusted with ourselves for this lack of spunk, and next week we shall open a red-hot campaign on

The mayor,
The common council,
The fire department,
All secret societies,
The saloons,
The gambling dens,

And on various other organizations and institutions reeking with corruption.

It will be a spicy issue. It will make more than a ton of human hair stand on end. It will make a thousand hearts thump like pile-drivers. Chicanery, deceit, hypocrisy, theft, robbery, arson and murder will be properly tagged off and the tags pinned to the right coat-tails.

Order your extra copies at an early date. Advertisers should send in their copy by Saturday. Don't neglect this golden opportunity. Another may never come."

A CANDID OPINION.—We have received visits from several of our leading politicians to inquire why the *Kicker* doesn't take a decided political stand in favor of one party or the other. It is a question easily answered. We are not publishing a newspaper for fun. Our convictions all run to publishing a dictionary or an almanac, thus leaving us neutral in politics.

If the *Kicker* flies the Democratic flag and hustles for Cleveland and Thurman it must have some solid assurance that after election the editor will receive a call. A call with a salary of about $3,000 hitched to it would just about fit our shape.

If the *Kicker* puts up the Republican ticket and blows for its success it must have something in writing to fall back on after election. We think we could fall back on a post-office of the second class and not fracture our anatomy.

We sat up all night last night waiting for a committee of Prohibitionists to come along and get down to facts, but the bridges were down and they didn't come. We don't say that it all depends on the *Kicker* which party rules for the next four years, but we do solemnly affirm that the editor will keep clear of the whole mob and publish nothing but poetry and local news unless some pretty solid promises are held out to arouse his slumbering convictions. We are not for sale, but we do hanker for office.

STOPPED HIS PAPER.—Old Steve Bridgeman, who has several times been alluded to in these columns as the meanest white man in Arizona, has stopped his paper because we did not have a column editorial on the Fourth of July. He says we are no patriot, and that a man who can't whoop 'er up for Independence Day is a cussed rebel.

We have scratched his name off the list, and if he doesn't quit lying about us we'll scratch his carcass off the face of the earth.

As to the Fourth of July, we were born on that day. As to patriotism, we've got more in our heels than old Steve could hold in his whole body. The man who intimates that we don't take off our hat every time we hear the name of Washington is a liar and a horse-thief. Our editorial on the Fourth was a solid chunk of patriotism weighing twenty-five pounds, but was crowded out to make room for the advertisement headed: "How to Cure a Bad Breath." We know our gait and we think we know the great need of most of our townspeople. As to old Steve Bridgeman, we are expecting two or three of his six or seven wives to drop in on us any day and furnish us some powerful good reading matter. Don't be uneasy, Stephen—we'll get to you in a few days.

WARNING.—We are no fighter. We have neither the sand nor the muscle to make one. We always knuckle unless there's a chance to run. We admit to a dozen lickings in the last three months, and in every case we were the only one who suffered. However, we want to warn the coyote who plastered our office door with mud the other night that the worm will turn. We are the worm. When we turn he had better look out. We can be kicked, cuffed, insulted and abused up to a certain limit. How far off the limit is, we don't know; but, when we reach it, we shall be a bad, bad man to fool with.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Half a Dozen Dark Sayin's.

A bully wins about de same 'mount ob respect as a mule's heels.

Modesty is a mighty good p'int in a 'oman's make-up; der sweetest berries grow in de shade.

It doesn't cost any thing ter say howdy when you meet a man an' it makes the road 'pear shorter.

Advice is sometimes like bone-set tea; hard ter swallow but does a heap ob good when you get it down.

Education an' common sense make a pow'ful team, but if dey's got to pull single, common sense is the best nag ob de two.

If people would prais' de Lawd fer their success half as much as they blame Him fer their failures, we'd hab a snag more churches in de land.—*Judge.*

—An Allentown, Pa., firm of tailors employs a pretty young lady as collector. If a debtor murmurs something about being short of money and hints at "calling again," she smiles sweetly at him and takes a seat from which she seldom rises without the money due in her hand.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Eternal vigilance enables a man to carry the same umbrella for years.—*Boston Courier.*

—A woman can't keep a secret, of course; yet when there is a secret history of any important transaction a woman is usually in it.—*New Haven News.*

—Popping the question is like popping corn. The popped article wants to be taken away from the fire immediately and salted while it is warm.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Youngster—"Papa, what is a revenue cutter?" Fond parent (a hard-working clerk)—"The individual who employs me, my child. He has just reduced my salary."—*Judy.*

—If there is any thing that will make a gang of street-corner bummers blush it is to be told by a good-natured policeman to "move on there, gentlemen."—*Fall River Advance.*

—A new song is called "My Mother's Hand." We suspect it is a sequel to "Mamma's Slipper," and when introduced among the children "there's music in the heir."—*Norristown Herald.*

—A judge threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court. "I have expressed no contempt for the court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

—The man who makes an investment for the purpose of getting something for nothing generally succeeds in getting something. In addition to getting left he usually gets a little experience.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

—A young lady who has been taking whistling lessons from a gentleman friend for the past four months can't whistle a note yet, but she has been seen in the stationer's pricing wedding invitations.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—"That coffee I just had wasn't as good as my mother used to make, by a long shot." "Proprietor—It's the best we can do, sir, at five cents a cup. I suppose your mother got ten for hers."—*Epoch.*

—Smokeless gunpowder is the latest addition to the science of war. Now, let somebody invent a smokeless cigarette, and peace will have her victories no less renowned than war.—*Boston Transcript.*

—When a lawyer asks a witness if he is sure he is telling the truth he confidently expects the man to promptly reply: "No, Sir; I am committing perjury." If he did not expect it he would not ask such a silly question.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—People are wrong who think that women generally object to telling their age. Most women are always willing to tell their age whenever they are asked. The trouble is that they do not tell the truth about it.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"Sir," said the judge, "I commit you to jail for ten days for contempt of court." "Better make it ten years, Judge," was the response. "I couldn't begin to get over my contempt in less than that."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Young Mrs. Snapley (to Snapley, who is walking the floor with the baby at one p. m.)—"Walking is healthy exercise, my dear." Snapley—"I know it; but there is such a thing as being too confoundedly healthy to appreciate the other blessings of life."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things around and kick like everything just because the coffee is cold?" "John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation John said nothing more about the coffee.—*Time.*

A COOKING CLOCK.

The Yankee Multum in Parvo Invented by a New Bedford Man.

A New Bedford correspondent: "The latest achievement in portable double action furniture is the cooking clock, now on exhibition here.

"It is made of white wood, stained cherry, and is constructed after the style of the old-fashioned grandfather's clock. Here the resemblance ceases, however, for before one is through inspecting its multiform surprises, one wonders whether some bright little automaton will not spring out of a concealed drawer or secret receptacle and offer you a diamond ring and a chromo.

"In the first place the lower part of this mighty engine of domestic economy contains a gasoline stove, which when in use is pulled out like a drawer from its resting place. Below the stove is a receptacle for kitchenware, while above it is a china closet containing four shelves. Above all this is perched a calendar clock, back of which is attached a gasoline vapor tank, which is connected with the stove by a pipe concealed behind the case.

"You might suppose that this collection of conveniences would have satisfied its enterprising inventor—but no. To the left and fitted securely to one side of the case is an Argand burner supplied with gas generated by the gasoline vapor tank above mentioned. When cooking is in progress the woodwork of the stove clock is protected by a sheet of asbestos paper, which is placed back of the stove. When the stove, china closet, etc., are not in use they are pushed back into the case, the front of which is decorated with a handsome mirror.

"Besides this multiplicity of useful combinations the ingenious inventor has found room within the magical case for a writing desk and a drawer for writing materials.

"What more in the way of condensed comfort can one ask for in one article of furniture? With one of these stove clocks and a folding bed in a room the occupant has a kitchen, bedroom and parlor all in one."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

WHEN YOU'RE A BOY.

Uncle's Advice.

"When I'm a man," said Harry,
With self-important air,
"I mean to be both great and good,
And famous everywhere.
From books I'll gather wisdom,
And learn from nature, too;
And all in doubt shall come to me
To know what they shall do—
When I'm a man.

"I'll be so brave and stalwart,
Cowards I'll put to shame;
I'll deal so kindly with the poor,
They all will praise my name.
I will not be a spendthrift,
And so, when I grow old,
I can afford to rest from work
And live upon my gold—
When I'm a man.

"A worthy resolution,"
Said uncle, with a smile;
"But what will you accomplish
With your boyhood, all the while?
If you would gain great knowledge,
Your time is *now*, my lad,
And *now* you mold your nature
By actions good or bad—
When you're a boy.

"Be always true and honest,
And do not wait for praise;
Tread firm the path of duty,
Though it lies in rugged ways,
'Tis by small acts our worth we show;
Now, follow well this plan,
And you will rear the structure
Of a great and goodly man—
When you're a boy."

—*Ella Randall.*

A WICKED DEED.

The Happy Home—How It Was Ruthlessly Destroyed by Thoughtless Fun-Loving Boys.

High up among the boughs of an old apple-tree, in farmer Brown's orchard, two robins had built a pretty little nest. Twigs and straw and leaves had been used in making it, and inside it was lined with soft bits of cotton and hair. Perched on a high branch of the tree, hidden by lovely apple-blossoms and by young, tender green leaves, surely a more secluded and more beautiful spot could not have been found. In a little while four cunning eggs appeared in the nest, and then four cunning little birdies, with wide open mouths and chirping cries, were added to the family circle.

The parent birds were as happy as the day was long, and in their language—for birds do talk, you know—praised their little ones and rejoiced in their sweet little home.

Every morning the father bird flew away bright and early to get breakfast for his family. Then he would perch upon the edge of the nest, or fly upon the boughs near it, and talk to his little ones, amusing them until the mother bird came back.

So days passed, each one like the other, until the wee birdies were almost old enough to fly. They were growing large and strong, with an increasing appetite, and a constant demand for the worms, flies and other choice bits of food brought them by their parents. It was a happy home, but oh! the pity of it that it should be ruthlessly destroyed!

One morning the father bird said to his wife: "My dear, I am going some distance from home this morning to get some dainties for you and the little ones. Don't feel worried if I am late." And away he flew, darting swiftly through the bright sunshine, intent upon the surprise he was going to take back to the nest.

Some grown-up people are just stupid enough to insist that birds and animals have no language of their own, but they are mistaken; every thing that has life has a means of communication with the species, and it is to them what our language is to us. Birds, and beasts and insects plot and plan, love and hate, quarrel and make up, just as we do, and they also experience sorrow and joy.

A few days previous, while flying through a swamp below the orchard, Robin had discovered a root birds are particularly fond of, and had determined to take home a supply at the very first opportunity; and on this beautiful morning he intended going foraging, to see what nice things he could find. Reaching the swamp, he began to cut off bits of the dainty with his sharp little bill, carrying them one by one to the high branches of a tree, near by, so they would be safe until he could put them in the home storehouse. Suddenly he was startled by a sound all birds fear—the noise of boyish voices. Looking about sharply with his bright, bead-like eyes, he spied a group of boys coming around a bend in the swamp, laughing, talking and shouting as boys always do when they are in the country for a holiday, or, for that matter, at any time and any where.

These were not bad boys—at least you could not think so after glancing at them. They were well dressed, neat, and bright, intelligent little fellows, full of fun and mischief, and determined to get every bit of pleasure possible out of the day before returning to their city homes. Not wicked boys, yet in a few hours they had spread ruin and riot before them and after them, and on every side of them, and left turmoil and trouble in their wake.

First, they caught a stray dog, tied an old tin can to his tail, and then chased him down the road, hooting and yelling like a band of Comanche Indians; then they raced a pet kitten up a tree, and frightened the poor little thing almost to death by throwing stones at it; chased the chickens about the yard until they were ready to drop from exhaustion; and finally beat the poor pigs with switches until their indignant squeals brought every body to the pen to see what was the matter. This last exploit secured their banishment from the farm until dinner, so they started out to amuse themselves in other ways, and here they were.

Robin's was an old bird, and knew better than to trust himself to the mercy of his enemies, so he quietly rested on a tree-branch, intending to wait till the boys had gone before resuming his labors. But his red breast among the bright green leaves was too conspicuous a mark to escape a boy's keen eyes, and almost as quick as I can write it one of them took aim with a dart-blower, blew lustily through it, and sent a tiny, needle-like dart right into the little bird's breast! With a faint little chirp of pain he dropped to the ground, dead, and was quickly surrounded by the cruel boys, and passed from hand to hand, so the "good shot" could be commented upon and complimented. Then they tossed the poor little dead bird into the bushes, without giving a thought to the crime they had just committed.

At home the mother bird was worrying over Robin's absence, and the little ones were crying for their dinner. It was now high noon, and they had had nothing to eat since breakfast. She did not like to leave them alone, but as they grew more and more impatient she finally concluded to go in search of Robin. Giving them many injunctions she flew away to the swamp, Here and there she circled, flying low to the ground, among the bushes, up in the tree branches, everywhere she thought he might be, chirping to him, calling him, her little heart filled with a thousand fears. Perched on a low bush she was wondering where to go next, when ping! through the air came a stone, then another, and another, until, bruised and bewildered, she started to fly to a tree, where she thought she would be out of danger. But oh, dear! just as she rose from the bush a shower of stones fell around her, one heavier than the rest striking her full on the head. She fell back among the bushes lifeless, not many yards from where the same cruel boys had thrown her mate.

In the nest the little ones were calling lustily for food. Their little bodies, but scantily covered with feathers, were chilled and cold, and they were hungry and frightened. The hours passed and they were still alone, still hungry and cold. The sun went down, night came on, and as it grew darker it began to rain.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" called the four wee birdies. But only the raindrops pattering on the leaves answered them.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" they were so cold, so hungry, so frightened.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" the nest was dripping wet, and one little bird was lying cold and still. He would never be hungry and frightened again.

"Cheep! cheep! cheep!" The night wore on, and soon another little bird was dead.

"Ch-e-e-p! ch-e-e-p!" The cries were growing fainter, for now there was but one little bird living.

"Ch-e-e-p! ch-e-e-p!" His voice was getting more feeble, for he was chilled by the rain and the cold bodies of his dead brothers.

"Ch-e-e-p! ch-e-e-p! ch-e-e-p!" When the bright sun smiled in the nest the next morning, there were four dead little birds lying there, while down in the swamp, on the wet grass, lay the bodies of Robin and his mate. Was it not a cruel murder?—*Marie Flaacke, in Judge's Young Folks.*

Pet Chickens.

Stella and Laura had some little white bantams, which were very tame, and of which they were very fond. There were two of them—a rooster and a hen. Neither was larger than good-sized pigeons.

The rooster put on far more airs, and held his head higher, than the great Cochin-China in the barn-yard, and he always managed to be ahead of the latter in getting off the first crow in the morning. In the winter the children were fond of coasting, and they seldom thought of starting out without "Tip" and "Ty," as they had curiously named their feathered friends.

These chickens really seemed to like to ride. The little girls would get on the big sled, each holding her pet, and off they would start. Sometimes the sled would be sent down, carrying the chickens alone. "Tip" would generally keep his balance, but his mate always became frightened and jumped off when about half-way down.

The children kept these chickens for over three years. One night a weasel got into the hen-house and killed them.

Some time after this, Stella found a little chicken with its leg badly broken. She carried it to Adam, the gardner. The leg was so badly crushed that it could never be of any use, and Adam cut it off. Then he carefully bound up the stump. After a while it healed, and he made as well as he could a wooden leg, which he bound on to the stump. The chicken thrived, and seemed to take kindly to its wooden leg.

Sometimes it forgot, and tried to scratch with it, but it would not work.

It had a peculiar walk—a sort of hop, from which the children christened it "Hoppy." At night they put it up in a box made on purpose for it, fastened up inside of the hen-house. Hoppy lived to a good old age, but never did any thing remarkable.

—A novelty in the way of commencement exercises was seen at a New York grammar school. After the singing and recitations the girls made strawberry shortcake and poached eggs in the presence of their guests and distributed them among their friends. One of the trustees said in a speech that the time would come when, if any one wanted a cook, he would come straight to the school to get one.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—It pays to plow the second crop of clover under. It may seem like a loss of hay, but the benefit to the land will more than balance the apparent loss.

—Raspberry Pudding: Bake in loaf, one cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder, flour for cake batter with one pint of raspberries stirred in lightly.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—For biliousness squeeze the juice of a lime or small lemon into half a glass of cold water, and stir in a little baking soda; drink while it foams. To be taken when rising in the morning. This will also relieve the sick headache, if taken in the beginning.

—Sheep, remarks the *New England Farmer*, should never be allowed to pasture on land which has been top-dressed with manure, or to graze on land which is liable to be overflowed or which contains stagnant pools, on account of the danger of the sheep becoming infested with parasitical life.

—Farmer's Soup: Mince three onions and fry in butter; add a tablespoonful of flour and a quart of water, with three chopped carrots, two turnips, a bunch of celery and a little parsley. Stir until it boils, and season with salt and pepper. Cut some crusts of bread, dry in the oven, and throw them in the soup.

—Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer known. Put the alum in hot water and let it boil till it is all dissolved; then apply the solution hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places, where any insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it; while it has no danger of poisoning the familp or injuring the property.—*Farm and Fireside.*

—The best egg-producing food for summer is wheat and oats with milk and bran mash. For winter, wheat, boiled potatoes, mixed warm milk and bran for morning feed; at night, corn and oats mixed. Fresh meat and table refuse are also essential, as are pulverized bones, lime and oyster shells. Vegetables and fruits are also fed with profit, and great care must be taken that they have plenty of pure fresh water.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BALED AND LOOSE HAY.

The Advantages of the Former Recognized by All Authorities.

The inventor who produces a cheap, simple and effective machine for rolling hay after it has been cured and is lying on the ground will merit the thanks of farmers and will be in the way to fame and fortune. Bales of hay that are cylindrical in form will not pack as closely together as those that are rectilineal in shape, and are, therefore, not quite as desirable. But it is likely that a machine could be more easily constructed to make the former out of dried grass as it lies on the ground ready to be gathered by the rake. If such a machine could be produced it would do the work now performed by the horse or hand-rake, the pitchfork and the hay-press. It would put the hay in a condition where it could be easily handled, without the use of the fork or the loader. If the bales did not weigh more than a hundred pounds each a strong man could pick them up and put them on a cart or wagon. Only one man would be required to load hay or to move it from the cart into the barn or under the roof that was to protect it.

Baled hay is so compact that it occupies but little space. If hay could be baled in the field nearly all farmers would have buildings to store the entire amount they raised. Round bales could be piled up like cord-wood and covered with a roof of thatch. As only the ends of the bales would be exposed they would receive little injury. Few farmers in the West can afford to build barns that will hold all the hay they raise, and as lumber is constantly advancing in price there is little prospect that they will ever be able to store in buildings all the loose hay they produce. The waste of hay placed in stacks or ricks is large. Much of it is injured or ruined by the rain and snow, and a still larger amount is blown away. In feeding it out to stock much is blown away. Bales of hay can be moved to the places where animals are to be fed without loss. They are convenient when hay is to be sold in a village, and baled hay will always bring a larger price in towns, as most people who buy it have small stables. It is also preferred, for the reason that it does not litter up the premises.

Hay is the best preserved in bales, and animals of all kinds will eat it cleaner than they will loose hay. It keeps its color better, and preserves most of its aroma. In these respects it is like hops and medicinal herbs. The free circulation of air through hay, hops and herbs used in cookery and medicines carries off the volatile matter that is of the highest value. Clover hay can be kept in bales so as to preserve the color and fragrance of the blossoms. If clover hay is kept in a stack it becomes very dark colored, loses its fragrance, and is very likely to mold. When these changes take place no kind of animals will eat it readily, and it will be of little value to such as do eat it. The feeding value of baled hay as determined at various experimentel stations is from ten to twenty per cent. greater than that of loose hay. The longer it is kept the greater is the difference in its feeding value. The loss in keeping hay made from common prairie grass is smaller than in the hay made from clover and timothy, chiefly for the reason that it packs closer in the stack, rick or mow. —*Chicago Times.*

—"Jones," said one traveling man to another, "are you worth a dollar?" "I am." "Ah—glad to hear it. Could you accommodate me with a loan of it?" "Why yes; just keep it." "Keep it!" "Yes; the dollar I referred to is one that I loaned you a couple of weeks ago."—*Merchant Traveler.*

TIME gallops under the spur of the moment.

The Agonies of Lumbago.

EAST RIVER NATIONAL BANK, NEW YORK, March 30, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Last October I had a very severe attack of lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable; the folks suggested ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief; I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them. W. S. PHILLIPS.

A WESTERN newspaper says that two freight cars can so press a man that he won't be over six inches thick at any spot. That's also thin.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The Steady Hand,

of good health, the vigorous stomach, unbroken slumber, are the priceless possession of those who do not suffer from nervousness. It is quite possible for you, if your nerves are weak, to endow them with renewed vigor. Pleasant are the means and easy. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, retire early, rise with the lark, eat regularly, and take plenty of out-door exercise. The Bitters subdues malaria.

A DEAF man enjoys better health than others. He does not catch every thing that is going.—*O. Picayune.*

FABRICS and Cuticles are rendered marvelously white by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

A ROUNDHORSE always goes faster after being broken. It's the same way with a ten-dollar bill.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Tutt's Pills

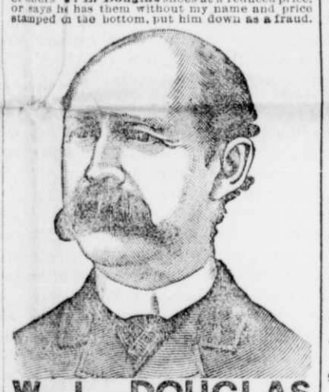
Is a invaluable remedy for

SICK HEADACHE, TORPID LIVER DYSPEPSIA, PILES, MALARIA, COSTIVENESS, AND ALL BILIOUS DISEASES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearer against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers **W. L. Douglas** shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only calf **$3 SEAMLESS** Shoe smooth inside, **NO TACKS** or **WAX THREAD** to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and **WILL NOT RIP.**

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Silk and Satin Ribbons FREE!

LADIES, THIS IS FOR YOU



A rare gift for the ladies. Save much money and secure the best! Every lady knows and appreciates the privilege of having a few remnants of ribbon, handy for the thousand and one tasty and useful purposes for which such goods are used, and which they, the ladies, use to such advantage. To purchase what is wanted at the usual prices such goods are sold for, would create a large bill of expense, and therefore debars a great many from indulging their tastes in this direction. Realizing that there were thousands upon thousands of remnants of ribbons among the large importing houses of America which they would be willing to dispose of in bulk, for a small fraction of their cost, to any one capable of purchasing largely, we instituted a search, resulting in our obtaining the entire stock of **Silk and Satin Ribbon Remnants** of several of the largest of those houses, who imported the finest goods. These goods may be depended upon as superior to anything to be found, except in the very best stores of America. Yet they are given away **Free!** nothing like it ever known. A great boon indeed for all the ladies; beautiful, elegant, choice goods absolutely **free.** We have expended thousands of dollars in this direction, and can offer an immensely, varied, and most complete assortment of ribbons, in every conceivable shade and width, and all of excellent quality, adapted for neck-wear, bonnet strings, hat trimmings, bows, scarfs, dress trimmings, fish quillings, etc., etc. Some of these remnants range three yards and upwards in length. Though remnants, all the patterns are new and late styles, and may be depended on as beautiful, perfect, full-measure and elegant. **How to get a box containing a Complete Assortment of these elegant ribbons Free. The Practical Housekeeper and Ladies' Fireside Companion,** published monthly by us, is acknowledged, by those competent to judge, to be the best periodical of the kind in the world. Very large and handsomely illustrated; regular price 75 cts. per year; send 35 cents and we will send it to you for a trial year, and will also send **Free** a box of the ribbons; **2** subscriptions and 2 boxes, 65 cts.; **4** subscriptions and **4** boxes, **$1.** One-cent postage stamps may be sent for less than $1. Get 3 friends to join you thereby getting 4 subscriptions and 4 boxes for only $1; can do it in a few minutes. The above offer is based on this fact:—those who read the periodical referred to, for one year, want it thereafter, and pay us the full price for it; it is in after years, and not now, that we make money. We make this great offer in order to at once secure 250,000 new subscribers, who, not now, but next year, and in years thereafter, shall reward us with a profit, because the majority of them will wish to renew their subscriptions, and will do so. The money required is but a small fraction of the price you would have to pay at any store for a much smaller assortment of far inferior ribbons. Best bargain ever known; you will not fully appreciate it until after you see all. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money refunded to any one not perfectly satisfied. Better cut this out, or send at once, for probably it won't appear again. Address,

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For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

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$100 to $300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. H. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main Street, Richmond, Va. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

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GRAND JUBILEE celebrating the Settlement of the Northwestern Territory.

UNSURPASSED DISPLAY.

NEW BUILDINGS. FRESH EXHIBITS, NOVEL ENTERTAINMENTS, DAZZLING EFFECTS.

EXCURSION RATES FROM ALL POINTS.

Our Next President.

TO THE PUBLIC:

WE SUBMIT OUR FORMULA for your kind consideration. It is not a peculiar remedy put up to sell for a cent a dose. We challenge the world to produce a medicine equal to it in merit as a family remedy. The combination makes it the greatest

Blood Medicine IN THE WORLD.



IT NEVER FAILS.

HIBBARD'S *RHEUMATIC SYRUP* AND PLASTERS.

No remedies known so highly endorsed by its home people, in the treatment of Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on Rheumatism, and all Blood and Female Diseases, sent free on application.

Rheumatic Syrup Company, JACKSON, MICH.

CASCARA SAGRADA. As a laxative it will restore the bowels to their normal condition without pain or griping, and has remarkable virtue in the treatment of habitual constipation, indigestion, and as a tonic for the stomach it has no rival, as used in this syrup.

BLACK COHOSH, as used in this syrup, is a powerful and useful remedy, acting primarily on the nervous system, kidneys and uterine organs.

UNICORN ROOT. In all diseases of **women** it stands first and foremost as a tonic and regulator. Its value cannot be overestimated as used herein.

TAMARACK is tonic, diuretic, alterative and laxative.

CULVER'S ROOT is powerfully cholagogue, working with great energy on the liver. It is also an excellent tonic, laxative and alterative, acting upon the secretive and absorbent glands of the body.

MANDRAKE is powerful in its action, working with great energy upon the liver and small intestines, and is invariably used for habitual constipation.

BURDOCK has no equal for the cure of Rheumatism, Syphilis, Kidney, Liver and all Skin Diseases, as used herein.

POKE ROOT is cathartic and anti-scrofulous; highly esteemed for its virtues in curing Gout, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Scrofula, Cancer and all Skin Diseases.

IN ADDITION to the ABOVE, which are everywhere recognized by the MEDICAL FACULTY as being the best known Blood Tonics, our medicine contains RARE DRUGS, rendering

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup

UNRIVALED in merit. It is a **Safe Family Medicine,** because it contains no **poison** or **opiates.** Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.*

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00. Plasters 25c.

TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

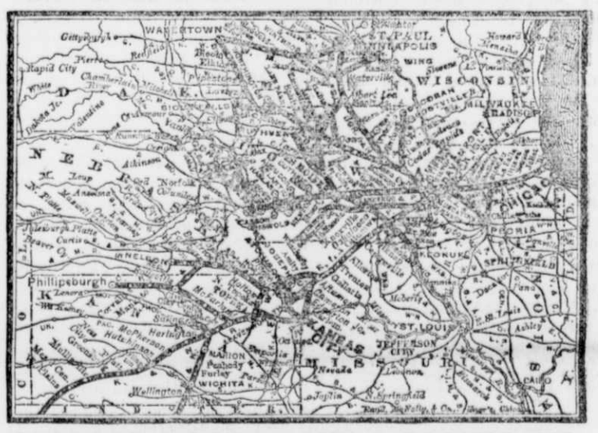
My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try for inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

ATHENS, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.—While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. Suffering under a very severe attack in October last, began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am today a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of the remedy, allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the the world. E. LAZELERE, Agent M. C. R. R.

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE


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MINNEAPOLIS
WISCONSIN
Rapid City
Clear Lake
Madison
Watertown
Huron
Aberdeen
Mitchell
Sioux Falls
Yankton
Norfolk
Lincoln
Omaha
Council Bluffs
Phillipsburgh
Concordia
Atchison
Leavenworth
Kansas City
ST. LOUIS
Hannibal
Quincy
Keokuk
Burlington
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Monmouth
Aurora
Geneseo
Moline
Freeport
Rockford
Beloit
Janesville
Milwaukee
Racine
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Topeka
Fort Scott
Joplin
Springfield
Cairo
Evansville
Terre Haute
Indianapolis
Logansport
Fort Wayne
Toledo
Detroit
Cleveland
Buffalo
Erie
Pittsburgh
Wheeling
Columbus
Zanesville
Cincinnati
Dayton
Springfield
Richmond
Indianapolis
Terre Haute
Vincennes
Evansville
Louisville
Lexington
Frankfort
Covington
Newport
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Charleston
Huntington
Ashland
Portsmouth
Maysville
Ironton
Gallipolis
Pomeroy
Middleport
Point Pleasant
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Zanesville
Wheeling
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Utica
Albany
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Schenectady
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Corning
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Dunkirk
Jamestown
Meadville
Oil City
Titusville
Franklin
Warren
Kane
Bradford
Olean
Salamanca
Cattaraugus
Wellsville
Canandaigua
Geneva
Auburn
Oswego
Rome
Oneida
Little Falls
Amsterdam
Johnstown
Gloversville
Saratoga
Glens Falls
Whitehall
Plattsburgh
Rouses Point
Ogdensburg
Potsdam
Malone
Saranac Lake
Lake Placid
Keeseville
Port Kent
Burlington
Rutland
Bellows Falls
Brattleboro
Greenfield
Springfield
Worcester
Boston
Lowell
Lawrence
Haverhill
Portland
Bangor
Augusta
Waterville
Lewiston
Auburn
Rockland
Belfast
Dover
Concord
Manchester
Nashua
Keene
Claremont
Windsor
Montpelier
Barre
Woodstock
Rutland
Middlebury
Vergennes
Burlington
St. Albans
Newport
Derby Line
Stanstead
Sherbrooke
Quebec
Montreal
Ottawa
Kingston
Toronto
Hamilton
London
Windsor
Detroit
Port Huron
Sarnia
Chatham
Niagara Falls
St. Catharines
Welland
Port Colborne
Fort Erie
Suspension Bridge
Lockport
Niagara
Rochester
Batavia
Attica
Buffalo
Tonawanda
North Tonawanda
Lockport
Medina
Albion
Brockport
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Canandaigua
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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FOR PRESIDENT,
BENJAMIN H. HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1888.

ATTENTION REPUBLICANS.

THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS of the several Election Districts of Garrett county, are requested to assemble in primary meeting on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th,

1888, for the purpose of selecting 5 delegates from each Election District to attend a County Convention to be held on

TUESDAY, AUGUSTS 21st,

1888, for the purpose of selecting 3 delegates to attend the Congressional District Convention for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, to be held in Rockville, on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23rd,

1888, at which convention a candidate for Congress will be nominated.

The primaries will be held from 3 to 4 o'clock P. M., at the usual places.

The Committees for the several districts will make all necessary arrangements.

By order of the State Central Committee.

D. CHISHOLM,
Chairman.

Reception of Hon. James G. Blaine.

NEW YORK, August 10. — The friends and admirers of Mr. Blaine who had spent two days down the bay waiting for his arrival on the City of New York, were delighted to learn this morning that the vessel at last was here. Many of them had made arrangements to have telegrams sent to their houses the moment the steamer was sighted and these were aroused in the middle of the night to receive the news. Others who arose at daybreak found the same news in the morning papers. It had been announced that the steamer chartered to convey the Republican club of New York and their many invited guests, representing nearly every State in the Union, would start promptly at 7 o'clock down the bay to welcome Mr. Blaine.

From 6:30 o'clock until 7 a steady stream of people down Cortland street to pier 18, where the steamboat Laura M. Starin, instead of the Sam Sloan, was waiting to receive them. They consisted mainly of the same men who had started down on the Sloan on the two preceding days. Nearly every coat was decorated with a badge. From many of the breast pockets fluttered the ends of red, white and blue handkerchiefs, and in numberless hatbands were pinned small white plumes.

About 8 o'clock the Starin met the City of New York outside the narrows. The Starin turned about and both vessels slowly steamed up the bay bow and bow. Cheer after cheer rose from the decks of the Starin, although it was yet impossible to distinguish Mr. Blaine's form among 2,000 that stood on the decks of the huge steamer. As the vessels neared each other Mr. Blaine's form was at last made out, standing in a group of friends on the upper deck forward. As cheer after cheer arose Mr. Blaine bowed repeatedly. He was neatly dressed in a dark cutaway coat and light trousers and brown derby hat.

As soon as Mr. Blaine came aboard of the Starin Mr. Bartlett, president of the Republican club of New York, greeted him, and delivered the address of welcome.

Mr. Blaine, in response, spoke as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE REPUBLICAN CLUB AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—To enable you to appreciate this welcome each and every one of you should be absent from home and country for the long period of fourteen months. I am sure you can have little conception of the great gratification of that instant when I saw the shores of the great Republic. I cannot tell you how deeply grateful I am to be remembered in this manner by you and these assembled gentlemen. It is a scene I shall never forget. It is an occasion which I assure you I appreciate from the depths of my heart. It is shadowed only by the sad event which greeted us as the first piece of American news that we heard—the death of General Sheridan, a man who was above party and stood for the Union of the States. [Shouts of "Good."] With that exception my arrival upon my native shore was unattended by anything but joy and happiness.

"The campaign on which you are about to enter should be prefaced, if that were possible, by every voter in the United States seeing what I have seen, ("Good, good") and hearing what I have heard during the last year. [Applause.] The progress of the campaign in the United States is viewed from the European standpoint with an interest as profound as it is in the United States. It is the opportunity of England. It is the long-looked for occasion upon which the cheaper labor and the cheaper fabrics of the Old World expect to invade the New and lower the wages of the American workingmen to the European standard. [Great applause.] It is not a contest of capital against capital; it is not a contest of partisan against partisan. It is much higher than either of these. It transcends all party motive. [Applause.] Whether the great mass of American citizens who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow shall be seriously reduced in their emolument from day to day [applause]—that is the whole pith and moment of this question. Anything that adverts the question from that single point is a weakening of the campaign. [Applause and cries of "Good."] I say here, as I hope to say with much more elaboration, (loud cheering and cries of "That's what we want")—I say here that THE WAGES OF THE AMERICAN LABORER CANNOT BE REDUCED EXCEPT WITH THE CONSENT AND THE VOTE OF THE AMERICAN LABORER HIMSELF. THE APPEAL LIES TO HIM. It comes to his door and asks him whether, with the great power of the franchise and the great majority he possesses in his own hands, he is willing for himself and his associats, his children and his children's children, to take the fatal step, at the bidding of an American Congress and an American President who are governed by that element which sought to destroy this nation.

"But, gentlemen, it is not a time for a political speech. My heart is too full to enter at this time on lengthened argument. In this moment of welcome and joy, getting home to old scenes and old friends, I must be allowed to enjoy the pleasant emotions of the occasion. I can only add my fervent thanks to each and every member of the club and to all my friends for the generous and joyous welcome they have extended to me in the harbor of New York."

About 8 o'clock the crowd around Madison Square numbered many thousands. The people whiled away the time shouting for Blaine, Harrison and Morton. The crowd represented all classes of society. On the stand were J. P. Archibald, Master Workman Magee and a number of other labor leaders, as well as officers of the various Republican organizations here and out of town. S. B. Elkins, Percy Carson, and Walker Blaine and others were also conspicuous.

When Mr. Blaine appeared on the stand Mr. Ford again called the meeting to order, and called on David Healy to read an address on behalf of the workingmen of New York to Mr. Blaine. The address was a strong indorsement of protectionism. Mr. Blaine was then introduced ,and after the applause subsided said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN:—It would be considerable egotism on my part to take this magnificent domonstration as personal altogether to myself. It rather signifies the great popular interest in the question upon which I am supposed at least to have a consistent record and an earnest zeal. [Applause.] You have here before you a contest in which that great issue is to be settled by the American people for perhaps an indefinite period, the one way or the other. The year 1887 was prosperous and the President at its close proposed a radical change in the industrial system, which had produced the great prosperity, and since that day there has been confusion in the commerce and manufactures of the United States. [Applause.] The question before the American people is whether he and his administration shall be sustained in that movement. Against him, the Republicans having the best cause, have nominated the best man. [Applause.

"They have given to you for President a man of sound experience, a man of heroic record in the war, a man of great purity of character, a man of great firmness and worthy of the best days of the administration in this country. And you have associated with him a man whom to New Yorkers I need not further describe than to say his hame is Levi P. Morton. [Applause.]

A man of most generous character, of intelligent comprehension of the affairs, of the widest and most statesmanlike views on all public questions pending before the American people. Against this you have two gentlemen of which I would not speak in terms other than those of entire personal respect. Of their Vice-Presidential candidate I have a friend of many years standing, and I am a personal admirer of Judge Thurman. But I beg you to observe that at a critical period in this country the Vice-President, George M. Dallas, in a casting vote in a tied Senate destroyed the protective tariff of 1842. If you do not prevent them Mr. Thurman will be in a position to reenact the vote of George M. Dallas in 1842. Therefore the more amiable and the more able a man may be, the worse will be his influence before the American people. [Applause.]

Irish American's Welcome to Mr Blaine

NEW YORK, August 10.—The Irish American Anti-Free Trade League, by ex-Judge Morrison, presented the following to Mr. Blaine:

Hon. James G. Blaine:

DEAR AND HONORDED SR:—In the name of the Irish-American Anti-Free Trade League, composed of thirty clubs in the city f New York and numerous othersin the adjoining States, and in concet with our fellow citizens throughut the Union, we tender you a pnuine heartfelt, Irish "Ceade mille filthe" (a hundred thousand welcome) back again to the great people wo love you so well for the friends and enemies you have made.

Your friends are the frieds of America, your enemies are hr enemies. You have just causeto be proud of both. In the grandeur of supreme self-denial you have set aside the greatest honor the world could bestow upon you. Reluctntly, very reluctantly, we bowed toyour decision to decline leading the opponents of English Free Trade; towhat we are firmly convinced will be a glorious and decisive victory but we rejoice in the knowledge of the fact that your incomparable abilities will be exercised to the utmost to secure the election of our standard bearers, Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton, and we hereby invite you to address the members of our League and their friends at any time during the campaign which may suit your convenience.

Humbly thanking the God of our fathers for having preserved you and yours from all the perils of the great deep, and assuring you that language utterly fails to express our admiration and affection for you, we once more repeat our hearts' fondest welcome home.

On behalf of the league:

P. H. MCNAMA,
President.

A. L. MORRISON,
Chairman of the Executive Com.

Our Ancient Foe and Free Trade.

It is comical to note the way the Cleveland organs are endeavoring to make it appear that England is not interested in the success of the Free Trade movement in this country. Some of them are even trying to prove that Free Trade would injure instead of help England. It will be remembered that the Anglo-maniac who is our Minister to England made the same assertion. This is, perhaps, the most foolish line of argument the Free Tradeers have yet adopted. If they had stopped to reffect for a moment they would have seen that they could never persuade the country that the Mugwumps and the Anglomaniacs would support any movement that would injure England, the land of their love. The very fact that these denationalized Americans are anti-Protectionists is *prima facie* evidence that Free Trade will be beneficial to England.

But we are not confined to this kind of evidence. The English press, before it was warned to be more cautious, did not attempt to conceal its joy over the work that Cleveland and his fellow Free Traders are engaged in. A few days after Cleveland's Free Trade Message appeared the London *Colliery Guardian* hailed it as a god-send to the British iron trade. "No event of greater magnitude," it said, "has occurred in the iron, steel, and mining industries for a long time past than the proposal which is now made to effect a radical change in the fiscal policy of the United States. America has been of immense value as a market to the trade of this country. The effect which, on iron and steel-making, the bare possibility even of the admittance of raw material free of duty, together with reductions in the duties on some descriptions of iron and steel, has produced on some of our exchanges is a portent in itself. If President Cleveland should be able to carry out his plan for admission into America free of duty one of the first effects which would be produced on the English iron trade would be the transference of the enormous stocks of pig-iron in the Scotch and English markets to the United States. The iron ore mines of Lancashire and West Cumberland would be certain to do a greatly enlarged trade with the United States."

This was the way the London *Colliery Guardian* spoke when Cleveland's Free Trade Message first made its appearance. A month later it was still harping on the great things that might be expected from the Free Trade propaganda inaugurated by Cleveland. In January it informed its readers that "President Cleveland, in his address to the American Congress, has laid open a very fair field in connection with the export trade, and if, with the import duties of last year, we were able to send consignments of coal and iron to America, it is only reasonable to suppose that if the President's Message is adopted and the duties removed we may find a far larger opening in the American continent than ever has been known before." The English trade organ that gave exgression to these views knew what it was talking about. It was not indulging in any theory, but dealing with facts with which it was thoroughly conversant.

While the London *Colliery Guardian* was rejoicing over the advantages the British iron trade would derive from the adoption of Cleveland's policy, other British journals were indulging in similar rejoicings over the services rendered England by Grover Cleveland. The *People's Journal*, published in Dundee, Scotland, said of his Message: "The change in the American fiscal policy will be benefical to the country, and the prospect of it has diffused *fresh hope throughout business circles in this city.*" Another Scotch paper, the Haddingtonshire *Courier*, added its testimony to the benefits Cleveland's policy would confer on Great Britain:—"We may look," it said, "to an impetus being given to our home markets that will go far to make up for the *depression of late years.*" The *Scotchman* declared that "Free importation of iron, coal, and wood would be a *great boom to British producers.*" We might go on quoting from the London *Times*, London *Daily News*, the *Saturday Review*, and a host of English journals.

When we confront the testimony of these organs of English opinion with the assertions of the Clevelandites in regard to the probable effect of Free Trade, we can be in little doubt as to who will get the milk of the free trade cocoanut. The gigantic conspiracy against American industries that has been conceived and carried out in the interest of British manufactures cannot be crowned without the aid of Irish-American voters. Without their co-operation the Free-Trade party in the North is doomed to a disastrous defeat.

Let us hope that the statement made by the London *Times*, when it declared that "The only time England can use the Celt is when he emigrates to America and votes for Free Trade," will not be verified this year. It is time we cease prostituting the ballot in England a service. We have given proof of our devotion to the Republic by shedding our blood in many a battlefield in defence of American institutions. We have now the opportunity of showing our loyalty in peace as we did in war. We are called upon to fight the secret conspiracy against America with our ballats as we fought open rebellion with our bullets.—*Irish World.*

The Indiana Outlook.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—Speaking of the prospects of the Indiana election, Representative Cheadle says: "From my knowledge of the State and the evident drift of sentiment our way, I am confident that General Hovey will be elected by not less than 10,000. We could not have nominated a stronger man. Hovey is large-hearted, and he has been the life-loag friend of the common people. He is a native Hoosier and a soldier of two wars, He won the battle of Champion Hills by leading a bayonet charge with 5,000 men. At Resaca he led another bayonet charge that swept the enemy from his front. Gen. Gresham was wounded under his command. He commanded 19,000 Indiana soldiers in one battle, and has comrades in every county in the State, who respect him as an able officer and honorable comrade. He has had large experiences in public affairs. He has been Circuit and Supreme Judge, Major General of Volunteers, Minister to Peru and in 1886 was elected to the Fiftieth Congress by more than 1,000 votes in a district that was overwhelmingly Democratic. His course here will command the respect of all soldiers and laborers of the State. There are not less than 70,000 old soldiers in the State, 20,000 of whom are Democrats, and this vote will double the result in November."

Would be Glad to Change the Issue.

The week opens gloomily for the managers of the Democratic campaign. They have just found out that the intelligent wage-earners were fairly represented by the thousands of enthusiastic supporters of Harrison, Morton and Protection whose mottoes and banners in the great Republican parade last Thursday showed such a clear understanding of the great issue of this campaign, which is mainly one between high and low, American and foreign wages. An army with such banners may well be terrible to the Democratic managers, who had been unduly elated by the immensity of their campaign fund, between the $250,000 promised by the "Sugar Trust," for special favors granted by Mr. Mills and his co-parceners, the much larger amount certain to come from the "Whiskey Trust," and the immense contributions also sure to come from the banded liquor interests.

But if intelligent labor has discovered the real issue and is mustering unintelligent labor on the American high wages platform, of what avail will be all the promised campaign funds for the election of Mr. Cleveland on his own Free Trade issue? That is the query which has taken life and hope out of the able managers of the campaign for Free Trade.

It is the evident and general uprising of labor in behalf of the system of Protection, in this section, that has moved the practical Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee to talk freely for publication to a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Mr. W. C. McBride, and in a tone indicating the desperation he feels unless the issue is changed. In the course of this conversation, in response to a suggestion as to the passage of a Senate Tariff bill, Col. Brice showed the extremity of his desire for a change of the issue on which his campaign is already a failure, when he replied that "in that case there is but one thing for the Democrats of the House to do, and that is to pass the Senate bill, no matter what it may be. This would put the Democracy in the position of having made an honest endeavor to revise the Tariff and reduce the surplus of revenues. It would put the Republicans of the Senate in the position of having failed to appreciate its duty. But if the Democrats accept even the Senate bill, it will show a disposition on their part to take half a loaf rather than get nothing at all. Further, it will shift the responsibility upon the Republicans, and relieve the Democrats. Such a proceeding as I have outlined would change the phase of the canvass with respect to the Tariff."

This is a most important revelation. In alluding to this interview the *Sun* suggests that the conversation reported was supposed to have been confidential, but that, even if it was, the correspondent was justified in giving to the public the confessions of Col. Brice and Col. W. L. Brown, as to the hopelessness of a Democratic campaign, with the Mills bill as the main issue, on account of "the service he"—Mr. McBride—"renders to the party by calling attention to the state of affairs and thus awakening Democrats from the illusions of slumberland."

Those who know best the real sentiments of the most practical and ablest of the managers of the Democratic campaign need not to be informed that the latter would jump at any chance for changing or modifying the Tariff issue, as it is now understood by the ablest of the representatives of protected labor. But will Mr. Cleveland or will Mr. Mills encourage any sort of change of front in the face of a Republican party that is united, full of fight and vigor and gaining new recruits by the thousand every hour!

In fact, at the close of the interview, which is exciting such interest, Col. Brice is reported as telling Mr. John C, New that his party had an advantage over the Democrats in that "you have a candidate who helps himself," a remarkable and sincere compliment from an enemy, which Gen. Harrison's tact, sagacity and boldness in leading his own campaign has amply justified. It was, also, and more especially, a backhanded blow at the obstinacy and obtuseness of Col. Brice's candidate, who seems determined to fight out the campaign in his own way and on his own issue.

Will the Democratic managers scare their candidate into taking the back track on the Tariff issue? If so, he could be very effectually cartooned by an illustration of the old story about the Scotchman who caught a thieving neighbor astraddle of the orchard fence, in the height of the apple season. "Whaur ye goin', Sandy?" was the loud query. "Bock agen," was the quick answer, as Sandy dropped to the ground. The Democratic managers would be very glad to slip "bock agen" to their old meaningless generalties about the "Tariff Reform." But will their master let them?—*N. N. Mail and Express.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 13, 1888.—Senator Edmunds offered a resolution in the Senate Friday, directing the Attorney General to transmit copies of correspondence between the Department of Justice and any Government officer in the State of New York since the 1st of Januasy, 1888, on the subject of registration or election. The object of this resolution is to get at the authority for the recent orders issued to the United States Chief Supervisor of elections for New York, to the effect that his deputies would only be allowed pay for five days work this year. The law distinctly says that ten days may be consumed in this work, and Senator Edmunds means to find out why this was changed by Democratic officials.

The funeral of General Sheridan took place Saturday morning, and was attended by all the prominent people in the city. The departments were all closed, and neither House of Congress was in session. He was buried in Arlington cemetery.

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." Cleveland is very mad with the Democratic National Committee, because they are unable to perform impossibilities. He blames the committee for the lack of enthusiasm in his party. How any enthusiasm can be expected with Cleveland as a candidate, and free trade as a platform, is more than can be seen with the ordinary eye.

Senator Blair has introduced a bill which provides for preliminary negotiations toward annexing Canada to the United States, with the consent of England. It is hardly probable that the bill will be passed at this session of Congress, nevertheless it is creating much talk. Public opinion on this Canadian question can hardly be said to have crystalized sufficiently to indicate upon which side it is.

Fourteen more private pension bills were vetoed last week by Senator Blair's "pig-headed executive," but he has not yet given out his letter of acceptance.

Senator Frye, who is in charge of the fisheries treaty, is anxious to bring the treaty to a vote, and has given notice that beginning with today he proposes to press it, to the exclusion of all other business, until it is settled. The Democratic Senators, who have indulged in some vague threats of filibustering in order to prevent a vote, will hardly dare to execute their threats, as filibustering is a two-edged sword that is dangerous.

Senator Stewart has given notice that after the fisheries treaty is disposed of, he will press his bill for the admission of the State of Washington.

There is a deficiency of $250,000 in the railway mail transportation fund of the Postoffice Department. That's a specimen of Democratic economy and reform.

A committee of the executive board of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange, which was in session here last week, was given a hearing by the Senate finance committee. They want the duty on ready made clothing raised. They say that under the present tariff, a wealthy man can go to London and for $500 have clothes made that would cost him $1,000 in the United States.

Senator Sherman has sent a circular to Republican Senators, asking each if there are any measures pending before the Senate, in which he is specially interested, and upon which he desires action by the Senate during the present session. The object of the circular is to get the calendar cleared as far as possibe, before the Senate begins consideration of the tariff bill.

Senator Stewart's Chinese bill passed the Senate without a division, and Representative Morrow attempted to get it up in the House, but owing to objections on the Democratic side, it was referred to the committee on foreign relations, with authority to report it at any time.

The Senate has passed a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for information concerning his recent decision affecting the title to Northern Pacific Railroad lands.

A committee representing 19,000 hatters in five states, were before the Senate finance committee last week, asking for further protection for their craft.

The impression is growing among Democrats in Congress that their national committee represents too many railroads.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate giving Mrs. Sheridan a $5,000 pension.

Mr. Cleveland eased his conscience, and kept his political promises, by allowing the river and harbor bill to become a law without his signature

LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE:

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—Turn out to the primaries Saturday.

—Our hotels and boarding houses are still full.

—General Crooks left Oakland for Chicago Sunday afternoon.

—Mr. John Stanton, of Chicago, is at home for a short vacation.

—Mr. J. Ed. Kildow, editor of the Kingwood *Argus*, was in Oakland Friday and Saturday. He was accompanied by his wife.

—The foundation for the bank building is completed, and is a piece of work which does credit to the contractor, Mr. Lloyd Chambers.

—A disease among the cattle is prevailing at this time. It is called "Sore mouth," and is thought to be caused from eating mushrooms.

—Hon. H. Kyd Douglass, the Democratic nominee for Congress in this district, was in Oakland for a few hours Saturday. He spent Sunday at Deer Park.

—Married, August 7th, by Rev. Ozias F. Harshman, at the Lutheran parsonage, Salisbury, Pa., Silas W. Durst, of near Salisbury, to Miss Elizabeth Yommer, of near Grantsville.

—Mr. Smith Crane, clerk of the Court of Preston county, died at his home in Kingwood Friday of last week. He attended the camp-meeting at Mountain Lake Park a few weeks before his death.

—There will be a grand pic-nic held in Swauger's Grove Sautrday, August 25th. There will be a large platform and good music. All kinds of refreshments on the ground. Committee, W. H. Otto and S. J. Swauger.

—Dr. Charles Carter, of Philadelphia, who has spent several seasons in Oakland, died here Monday. He had been an invalid for years. He was a man of large fortune. His body was taken to Philadelphia Wednesday.

—There will be a Sunday School pic-nic and festival at South Point Thursday, Aug. 23d, 1888. Good speaking at ten o'clock. Plenty of ice cream and other refreshments. All are invited to come and bring their baskets. A good time is anticipated.

—Mr. Frank Jamison, of Ashland, Ohio, son of R. B. Jamison, Esq., of Oakland, was killed by a horse on Friday of last week at his home. He was about 44 years of age, and leaves a wife and several children. He was highly respected in the community in which he has lived for many years. His brother and sister Mr. R. S. and Miss Ella Jamison, of this town, attended his funeral.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8. P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. Dr. Masden, of New York.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 8 P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Sale.

Several tons of superior hay. Enquire at this office. 2t.

Mountain Lake Park.

On Wednesday morning Rev. Smith gave his excellent lecture on Dives and Lazarus. Then in the evening Rev. J. St. Clair Neal gave a splendid lecture on The Pharoahs of the Bondage and the Exodus.

At eleven o'clock next morning Rev. W. H. Withrow, of Canada, gave his first lecture on The Catacombs of Rome. In the evening Rev. C. W. Baldwin gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on Alaska, bringing in occasionally in a very pleasing way several of the splendid views of our Park.

On Friday at eleven o'clock Dr. Withrow gave his second and last lesture on the Catacombs of Rome. His lectures were very instructive, proving in many ways the truths of the Bible. In the evening Rev. Geo. Elliot, of Washington, gave his excellent lecture on Moonshine.

Saturday being Recognition Day, was a very busy one. After the examination of the normal class the C. L. S. C. commencement exercises were held. At the close of the addresses the graduates received their diplomas. At seven-thirty a grand concert was commenced which lasted until nearly ten o'clock. At the close of this the camp fire was lighted, corn roasted and the grounds illuminated by Japanese lanterns. Grace Cottage was also beautifully illuminated. For this occasion the B. & O. run special trains from Grafton and Cumberland, bringing quite a number of excursionist. These trains returned between ten and eleven o'clock Saturday night.

After an hour spent in testimony meeting Sabbath morning, the Rev. Dennis Osborne, a native of India, preached a most excellent sermon on "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." At two-thirty Dr. Baldwin conducted the Sunday School. At its close Rev. Mr. McGrue gave a short address. Then Mr. Osborne and his son Earnest sang in the Hindoostanee language. Earnest sings beautifully, both in his native and the English tongue. At night the anniversary of the woman's Foreign Missionory Society was held conducted by Miss Isabel Hart, of Baltimore. There were six persons on the rostrum who sang a hymn in the Hindoostanee language. The collection amounted to over one hundred dollars.

The entire day Monday was devoted to Woman's Work, not only in the various missionary foreign fields, but at home as well. One of the most prominent features was the office of Deaconess in the M. E. Church, as authorized by the last General Conference. After the speaking in the evening Earnest Osborne appeared in his native costume and sang beautifully, playing or beating the tambourine, his father accompanying him striking the cymbals.

Many have returned to their homes but others are coming.

Mrs. Scott and children came last week from Ohio. Also Mr. Spangler and family.

Mr. A. B. Crane and family came last evening from Baltimore.

The camp-meeting begins next Tuesday. A very large attendance is expected. J. A. E.

Elkins.

Mr. C. E. Hilleary, whose store was nearly swept away by the high waters, has sold his stock of goods to Mr. J. E. Shrout, who now stands behind the counter, ever ready to accommodate his customers. We are sorry to lose Mr. H. from our town. He is a staunch young Republican and a clever fellow.

Messrs, W, H. Hull & Bro., of Frederick county, Va., have moved to Elkins to engage in the mercantile business, and are putting in a large stock of goods in the Faherty store house.

Mr. W. R. Neville has been appointed post master, as successor to Mr. J. H. Beckman, who has resigned. We learn that Mr. Beckman has his store about completed at Parsons, W. Va., and will shortly move thither. We will all miss Mr. B. and his noble lady very much.

Miss Maud Savage, of Sang Run, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. W. Moon.

Mr. Graham, of Baltimore, gave us a bible reading service on Sunday night. A heavy storm prevented many from attending, but the occasion was enjoyed by those present. Mr. Graham will give us another service next Sunday night.

Speedy action should be taken towards repairing our iron bridge, which was nearly destroyed by the late flood; as a long delay will be much more expensive.

Republicans in this section seem to be unanimously in favor of Mr. McComas being his own successor.

Excursions to Cincinnati.

Every Thursday until August 30th, inclusive, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Cincinnati from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip. Tickets will be valid for return passage for 15 days, including day of alse.

The Issue in a Nutshell.

The platform just adopted by the Michigan Republicans puts in this forcible shape the issue of tariff-revision and revenue reduction:

"We believe in a reduction of the increasing surplus and national revenues to governmental requirements by an American Protective and Republican system, and not by an English Free Trade and Democrati system."

Republican County Convention.

Cumberland News, Wednesday.

The Republican county convention to select delegates to the Rockville Congressional convention, August 23, met at Miller's Hall yesterday. Caucusing beforehand developed the fact that Mr. Wellington's friends had 8 districts and Mr. McComas' 8, leaving out No. 18 (Vale Summit) the admission of which was to be contested. Three of the five delegates from No. 16, North Branch, were unexpectedly found to be for McComas. The Wellington men had the fullest delgations and by adopting the individual method of voting, they succeeded in controlling the convention. A number of the McComas men left the hall near the close of the proceedings, but there was no "bolt."

The McComas men who retired took no seperate action and will make no contest, Both they and their friends who remained in the convention, complained bitterly of the treatment they had received in being rendered powerless by the unexpected suspension of the unit rule and adoption of the ludividual method of voting. They represented as many districts as their opponents and claim to represent 500 more Republican votes and hence think they should have had more say in convention.

The contest in yesterday's convention and its result demonstrated the fact that a change in the method of representation is badly needed. The plan of voting by districts has prevailed so long that delegations have contracted the habit of sending only a portion of their membership to cast the vote. If a system were adopted whereby it was understood that districts shall cast the number of individual votes to which they are entitled, no more and no less, this representation being proportioned to the Republican vote cast, such proceedings as yesterday's would not happen. There should be a definite rule laid down, however, so that delegates may know what to expect. The unit rule ought not prevail at one time and individual representation at another. The party managers should look to it.

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.]

CUMBERLAND, MD., Aug. 14.—There were some lively proceedings in the Republican county convention here to-day to select delegates for the Congressional convention at Rockville August 23. It was ascertained this morning that the majority of delegates from district No. 16, which had been supposed to be for Wellington, were for McComas, and this gave McComas and Wellington eight votes each, with another district for McComas contested. The Wellington districts had the fullest representation, and they controlled the convention by deciding at the outset to vote by delegates instead of districts, as heretofore customary. They decided by a vote of 38 to 32 to vote by delegates on temporary chairman, and elected D. W. Sloan, a Wellington man, chairman by the same vote. The committe on credentials were unable to agree on a report, and after a two hours' session came out and announced that they could not agree because of the dispute as to district number sixteen's representation on the committee, it being claimed that owing to a misunderstanding of the chairman a man not selected by that delegation had been placed on the committee. The committee asked the appointment of a new committee, saying they had no report to make. The committee chairman, however, presented the report so far as prepared, and this was adopted by the convention after a warm discussion, in which some personalties were indulged in, The McComas men did not vote at all on the adoption of this report, Finally about half the McComas delegates left the hall, and those who remained did no more voting, though they made an effort to secure adjournment. The Wellington men then dispensed with a credentials committee and proceeded to choose, without opposition, the following delegates to Rockville: J. B. Stottlemyer, Dr. J. B. Barth, Dr. J. M. Weller, G. A. Pearee, J. W. Shuck, D. W. Sloan, Lloyd Lowndes, Thomas Johnson, G. W. Snyder, Jacob Myers, (colored,) R. S. Casey. Otto Hohing, Owen England, A. P. Gross, Chas. Forrest, A. L. Miller, Jocob Brown, R. W. McMichael. David Walker, Edward Gates, (colored.)

Resolutions were passed instructing the delegates for Wellington. The McComas men who left the convention took no seperate action, and will make no contest, though they claim the sudden departure trom the unit rule was unfair. If the voting had been by districts there would have been a tie—8 to 8. The question of admitting the contested districts was not reached, the credentials committee throwing up their job before it came up.

Resolutions of Respect to Bessie Thrasher.

WHEREAS, The great Ruler, of the universe has, in his infinite wisdom, removed from our midst our worthy and esteemed young sister, Bessie Thrasher; and

WHEREAS, The intimate relations held during her short life with this Band of Hope makes it fitting that we record our appreciation of her; therefore,

Resolved, That the wisdom and retentive memory of one so young in years, was at all times a source of pleasure to her teachers and tutors, and her apt and bright intellect was admitted by all, and especially the members of our little Band of Hope where she at all times was faithful and true, and will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a child from our "Band" leaves a vacancy and shadow that will be deeply realized by all members of this Band of Hope and its friends.

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the afflicted father, mother, brothers and sisters and relatives of the deceased, we express an earnest hope that even so great a bereavement may be overruled for their highest good; and may her short pure life be an incentive for us all to live more holy and nobler lives, and ever keep in remembrance her bright example—faithful, loving, little Bssie, farewell.

MR. DR. J. W. LAUGHLIN,
MIS ESTELLA RODEHEAVER,
W. O. HOYE,
Committee.

DEERPARK, August 11th, 1888.

The New York *Tribune* says of Mr. Blaine' return to this country:

Mr. Blaine's self-effacement was the most remarkable feature of his reception. No American ever received a heartier or more impressive welcome on returning to his country, and none ever succeeded in putting himself so quietly and contentedly in the backgroud. The tidings that 40,000 Republicans had been marching the previous night in honor of his coming must have fired the blood even of this veteran campaigner and leader of men; but while there was no lack of appreciation on his part of the unprecedented honors accorded to him, his first thoughts were of the gallant American soldier who has passed away while he has been at sea. The death of Sheridan was the shadow darkening the threshold of the American home to which he had returned; and he spoke of it with profound emotion and sympathy, putting out of mind the splendid tribute of respect and affection which he was himself receiving. One grateful act of self-effacement opened the way for another. In the next breath he was addressing, not the throng of political friends and ardent admirers who gathered about him to welcome him home, but the toiling millions throughout the land, whose welfare, happiness and progress are imperiled by free trade legislation. It was to them that his words of greeting and warning were spoken, and repeated with even greater emphasis in the more formal address of the evening. Mr. Blaine, like General Harrison, regards the wage question as the core of the tariff controversy. Nine-tenths of our population are dependent on some form of labor as a means of living. These wage-earners thrive and prosper as they have opportunity for employment. Protection has aided them by multiplying and diversifying industries and by rendering their labor renumerative. Free trade will stimulate the foreign supply and restrict the home demand for labor. It will degress wages and deprive thousands of American working people of their employment. This is the living issue of politics to-day, and it concerns the great mass of workers whose only capital is their labor. Mr. Blaine has landed in New York with earnest words of entreaty and warning on his lips for the humblest and poorest of his fellow-citizens. Their future is at stake in the struggle between Republicanism and Democracy. The enemies of protection are fighting the battle of European cheap labor and misery. Will American workingmen lend their support to a cause that is fatal to their interests? The appeal, as Mr. Blaine says, lies with them.

The Big Log Raft.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—The big log raft which started from Joggins, N. S., on the 1st inst, has been safely landed at New York, having been pulled through Hell Gate on Saturday by six tugs. The Joggins, as the raft is called, is cigar shaped and 592 feet in length, or about forty feet longer than the City of New York. It is twice as large as the first great raft and 100 feet longer than the ill-fated Leary raft of last year, which went to pieces at sea. The Joggin's width of beam is fifty-three feet, and she draws twenty-three feet of water. There are in the Joggins 21,500 trees, of an average length of thirty-eight feet. This would give a total of about 3,000,000 feet of lumber. The cost of transportation at the regular rate of $1.25 a stick would amount to about $30,000. The raft is equal to about forty-five schooner loads of lumber.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at the Montgomery county Republican Convention, Aug. 13th, 1888:

WHEREAS, Observations of the results in other Congressional districts and our own experience in the last five years have demonstrated to our satisfaction that those Districts which having secured an earnest and able representative have continuously returned him to Congress, exercise a controlling influence on Legislation; and,

WHEREAS, Our present representative by his course in Congress has won for himself a national reputation as an able and fearless supporter of true Republicanism; therefore,

Resolved, That we cordially and enthusiastically endorse Hon. L. E. McComas for re-nomination as our representative in the Fifty-first Congress.

Resolved, That our delegates this day elected be instructed to use all honorable means to secure the renomination of Hon. L. E. McComas.

Cleveland and the Tories.

PITTSBURGH, PA., August 13.—"Grover Cleveland is the British candidate for the Presidency of the United States and nothing can wipe that fact out." The speaker was Murat Halstead, the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette*, who had stopped off in Pittsburgh this morning just long enough to get breakfast, on his way home from the Blaine reception in New York.

"He goes hand in hand with the Tories, and is seeking to turn the United States over to England," continued Mr. Halstead. "But his power to do harm will soon be at an end. Benjamin Harrison will take up the reins of Government next March and give the country a safe administration without the fears of an introduction of British free trade. In the East everything points to Republican success in November, and the Empire State will vote for Harrison and Morton sure; they understand the issue of the hour and will flock to a man under the banner of Protection. Already the Democratic managers recognize this fact, and are squirming under it. They are using every effort to counteract the effect of Cleveland's cowboy message, but all to no avail. They are trying to get Grover to hedge in his letter of acceptance, but it is too late. Mills has already read the first chapter of the President's letter, and Grover will have to finish it in the same strain in which it was commenced. His tariff reform followers are known and understood. In fact he is already on record on all the subjects of the hour.

Speaking about the outlook in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, Mr. Halstead said he thought the Republicans would carry the three States with something to spare and that they have a fighting chance of capturing West Virginia also. As for Ohio, he says it is too early to give any figures, but that it will go Republican by a substantial majority. Referring to the Blaine reception he said: "Mr. Blaine was given a royal welcome back to America. He made two of his usually brilliant addresses in New York, both of which I heard, and in both of which he struck the key-note of the campaign,

Sheridan Now at Rest.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 11.—The last rites for the dead were to-day performed according to the ordinances of the Roman Catholic Church for Phillip Henry Sheridan, General of the army of the United States, and his body was laid to rest in beautiful Arlington, the city of the soldier dead. The event was marked by a general suspension of public business. The ceremonies throughout were in keeping with the character of the man. The strict adherence to an almost unmilitary simplicity in all the arrangements, the heavy-wheeled artillery caisson for his hearse, the procession of a single thousand erect and sturdy soldiers who had seen service, best fitted the closing scenes in the life of so great a soldier.

Blaine's Welcome.

Philadelphia Press.

The procession in New York last night lacked its chief object and end, but the presence of the thousands who composed it and the tens of thousands who gathered to cheer shows the hold which a great leader has on a party whose principles and policy he represents and voices even when he no longer holds office or place and exercises his influence by virtue of his grasp of public questions and his power to present them. For such a man, place and position are a mere accident; he, himself, his acts and his utterances give him his real commission and furnish his true influence.

Such influence Mr. Blaine exercises, present or absent. He is not the first and will not be the last in the history of American parties who has enjoyed this unrivaled and untrammeled supremacy over a great political organization; but he is the first, and, human nature being what it is, may easily be the last so to use and exercise this power as to subordinate his personal weight and influence to the choice of another candidate by his party, and exercise all his power of conviction and leadership to win for another the great prize of American public life.

Scoff and sneer over the procession last night and the welcome to-day fleck the Democratic press of the land, but not a man in all the land, Democrat or Republican, but knows that the victory is more certain and success surer for Benjamin Harrison and the Republican party because for three months to come the presence and the power of this great leader of men, the inspiration of his party and the foremost American of the day, will be enlisted in the great struggle for Protection and equal rights.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTF.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Daniel Chisholm vs. Michael W. Shaffer, it being No. 19 Judicials to July Term, 1888, I, the undersigned Sheriff, did seize, levy upon and take in execution, all that piece or parcel of land, known and described as

"SEXTILE,"

situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and beginning for the same at the end of the eighth line of a tract of land called "Piney Bottom," and reversing said line S. 89 degrees W. 81 perches, to the end of the 7th line of "Piney Bottom," and to the end of the 2nd line of a tract of land called "Maryland," and running with the 3rd line of Maryland S. 36 degrees W. 86 perches, S. 43 degrees W. 124 perches, S. 70 perches, N. 43 degrees E. 180 perches, E. 78 perches, then by a straight line to the beginning, containing about 108 acres. This being the same land that was conveyed to the said Michael W. Shaffer by George Smith, Executor of John Hoye, deceased, by deed dated the 21st day of December, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 45, &c., one of the land Records of Garrett county, Maryland.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Wednesday, September 12th,

A. D. 1888, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M., in front of "Coddington's Hotel," in the town of Oakland, I will proceed to sell said tract of land at public auction, to the highest bidder, to satisfy said execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

E. E. SOLLARS,
8 18 4t Sheriff Garrett county.

Reqistration Notice.

(SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER SITTINGS, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the second Monday of September, that is to say on the

10th, 11th and 12th days of September,

and for five successive days in the month of October, commencing and including the first Monday of October, that is to say on the

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at McHenry.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, at Elkins.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization, to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d, Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

COUNTY TREASURER'S NOTICE

—TO THE—

TAX-PAYERS OF GARRETT CO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the Election Districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the times and places following:

Grantsville, Friday, August 24th.
Johnson's, Saturday, August 25th.
Greggs' Monday, August 27th.
Bloomington, Tuesday, August 28th.
Swanton, Wednesday, August 29th.
Deer Park, Thursday, August 30th.
Elkins, Friday, August 31st.
Selbysport, Tuesday, August 28th.
Accident, Wednesday, August 29th.
McHenry, Thursday, August 30th.

ROSS COMPTON,
8 11 td Treasurer.

N. B.—The office in Oakland will be closed the last week in August.

FAIRFAX HALL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES,
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Location healthful and accessible. Fine advantages at moderate rates. Diploma for English or Classical and Special Courses. 20th year begins Sept. 5. For catalogue, address Miss M. E. BILLINGS, Principal. 7 21 4t.

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The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

ONLY THE BRAVE.

There once was a maid of sixteen,
Who in love had as yet never been,
Neither tinker nor tailor,
Nor soldier nor sailor,
Could win her affections, I ween.

All lawyers she strongly despised,
And clergymen ne'er recognized,
Author, artist and actor,
Poet, doctor had lack'd her
Affection, which many men prized.

It was currently rumored she said
That the fortunate man she would wed
Must be brave as a lion,
So she could rely on
His courage as well as his head.

All soldiers she look'd on with scorn,
Even those who in battle were torn,
For she said they were proud
Of the gaze of the crowd,
And the tunics and belts they had worn.

But one day at a ball game she met
An umpire, whose name I forget,
And she thought him so brave
She her heart and hand gave,
And I don't think that either regret!

—*Texas Siftings.*

RIVAL LOVERS.

The Compact Between Ben Button and Zip Tifkins.

"Now that we understand each other, let us shake hands and be friends."

"That's it."

Their hands met in a firm grasp.

They looked into each other's faces, one with a merry twinkle in his eye and a broad smile over his jovial features; the other, with a glance long drawn out, grave and solemn, that seemed to cast a shadow of gloom on every thing about the scene.

"You'll do your best, and I'll do my best. That's what we've agreed on, ain't it, Zip Tifkins?"

"That's it, Ben Button, and whichever of us wins the other shall bear no ill-will."

"Just so, Zip."

"And every thing except murder shall be counted fair."

"Eh?"

"And murder, too, if you are willing to take the consequences."

"Say, Zip, hold on!"

"So if I should put you out of my way right here," continued Zip, without seeming to notice the interruption, and drawing a small pistol out of his boot-leg as he spoke, "and it would never be found out on me, why it would be all right."

"But, Zip, say——"

"Or if it were found out," Zip still continued, raising the pistol higher and higher till it pointed straight for Ben's breast, "and I were willing to take all the risk to get clear, which I think I am ready to do, why that, too, would be all right."

"Hello! Ben, where are you going?" shouted Zip, as the former turned and ran down the road at what seemed to be almost breakneck speed, frequently casting scared and anxious glances behind him.

Ben, however, did not stop to answer, but kept straight on until he was lost to sight in a bend in the road, while Zip, bending almost double with laughter, sent peal after peal of merriment ringing out on the balmy evening air.

"Of all the chickens in christendom Ben Button takes the worm!" cried Zip, a broad grin still on his face, as he also turned and walked away.

Zip Tifkins, full of life, fun and frolic, had for the last few weeks been playing rival to Ben Button in the affections of Melinda Spratt. Ben was seriously in love with Melinda; Melinda's young heart was fond of Zip, and Zip, homeless, careless, fun-loving rover that he was, had never a thought that reached into the future for an hour.

Ben and Zip had met in the road accidentally. Ben was on his way to the Spratt homestead to lay further siege to Melinda's heart.

For the last few days Ben had had but one thought, and that was how to get rid of Zip as a rival. So, when he met Zip, he pleaded from the fulness of his heart, and in the most persuasive language he could command, that Zip would relinquish all claim to Melinda's heart and hand.

Zip, in pure fun, feigned love also, and with well-assumed earnestness tried in turn to prevail upon Ben to withdraw from the race. Neither, however, would give in. As a last resort they finally agreed that each should, in a fair, friendly way, be permitted to plead his own cause with Melinda, and let her decide.

With Zip, so far, it was only a good joke, and as such he had made the most of it, as has been seen.

Ben Button with regularity spent two evenings of the week at the Spratt domicile. With Melinda he made very slow, if any, progress into favor; with Mrs. Spratt, however, he won golden opinions and stood in high grace.

Since the compact between Ben and Zip the latter had visited Melinda but once, and then she had, in a very shy and sweet way, teasingly upbraided him for having tried to take the life of her constant admirer, Ben Button.

"And would it break your heart, Melinda, if he were to die?" asked Zip, with an eager undertone in his voice, watching her face closely.

"It would—almost—of course, if—but Zip, you have no right to ask such questions," she answered, looking up shyly and blushing.

"Well, you needn't be uneasy about him. I wouldn't hurt Ben Button by a single thought or word, much less take his life," replied Zip, with an earnestness unusual with him.

"I was only joking, Zip. But you seem to be awfully in earnest and solemn this evening. What is ailing you, anyway?"

"Nothing much, only I have made up my mind to go away," answered Zip, looking aside.

"Go away?"

"Yes, Melinda."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere. It makes no difference, so I get away."

"And ain't you coming back?"

"Some day, maybe, if I ever get to be of any account to myself or anybody else."

"You are of some account now, Zip, and you had better stay right where you are."

"No; I've made up my mind to go, and I am sure it is the best thing that could happen for us all around, so I'll stick to it," said Zip, resolutely.

Melinda was looking out of the window. When she saw a man coming up the lane toward the house, and recognized in the comer Ben Button, a shadow of annoyance flitted over her face.

Zip had been watching Melinda, and when he saw the slight frown on her face, he, too, glanced out, and seeing who was coming he rose to his feet ready to depart, saying. "I'll call in again before I leave, and tell you all good-by. Good evening."

Melinda glanced reproachfully after the retreating Zip. There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes, and a little quiver around her mouth, as she murmured to herself: "Fool Zip! He is going away because he thinks I am going to marry that hateful Ben Button, and is jealous. But I can't make him see, and I won't ask him to stay. I'll die first. There!"

The truth was that a serious thought had at last come to Zip. He was in love, and he knew it. He had looked at himself as in a looking glass, and found out his own worthlessness. More than that, he had determined to go away, change his habits of shiftlessness, and become a useful man and citizen. He would not ask Melinda for her love until he had made himself worthy of it. If, however, in the meantime some other man—Ben Button, perhaps—stepped in ahead of him, why, he would still be the gainer by an ambition for higher things which, in an indirect way, would be a gift from Melinda.

That evening, Ben Button asked Melinda to become his wife; but she was in no mood to answer him then, for Zip's foolish determination to go away troubled her in no small degree. She knew, too, that her mother favored Ben above any one else, and that she would be grieved if Ben received a curt refusal, so she told him she would have an answer ready for him when he should call again, and Ben was happy.

Days passed away. They were days of hope to Ben, days of doubt and irresolution to Melinda, and busy days for hand and thought with Zip.

The decisive evening came at last, and Ben was on hand with his usual clockwork regularity to receive what he fully expected to be a favorable answer to his suit.

It had been a rainy day, but the sun had broken through the clouds in the evening, and was setting bright and clear, casting its last rays upon Mrs. Spratt, Melinda and Ben Button, as they sat on the west gallery of the house.

"I declare, Melinda," said Mrs. Spratt suddenly, "if them well-diggers haven't gone off and forgot to shut the gap in the fence around the well."

"And there is Blossie's calf in the yard now, and going straight for the well. I'll go and shut up the gap, mother; you sit still," said Melinda, as Mrs. Spratt was about to rise.

Melinda ran toward the well, heading the calf off at the same time. She was about to close the gap in the fence, when her eyes fell upon the wide opening in the ground. She hesitated a moment, then entered the gap, and approached the well cautiously. On the brink, she peered over and looked into depth below. She was about to withdraw again, but the ground under her feet gave way, and with a loud scream she was hurled to the bottom of the well.

Mrs. Spratt and Ben saw what happened, for their eyes had fondly followed Melinda in her every movement, and they now rushed to the scene of the catastrophe.

Stepping carefully upon some planks that were lying across the opening of the well, they peered into the abyss below them. There was no sound except of crumbling earth and pebbles falling from the sides of the well. The earth was loose from the rain during the day, and the break where Melinda had fallen in had started the walls to caving all around.

Then a large mass of earth fell crashing to the bottom of the well and laid bare a huge bowlder hanging as if ready to topple the next moment.

A faint moan from the bottom of the well reached the ears of those above.

"O, Ben, she is alive! Save her! save her!" cried Mrs. Spratt.

"I can't, Mrs. Spratt. That rock in the side of the well will fall in directly," whined Ben.

"O, save her, Ben! I'll lower you down with the windlass and hoist you out again," pleaded Mrs. Spratt.

"'Tain't no use. That rock will tumble in in a minute," still moaned Ben.

Just then Zip, with head bent, came walking toward the house. Mrs. Spratt saw him and called out to him excitedly: "Zip! Zip! come quick, and save Melinda."

Zip heard and did not lose a moment in running to the well.

He took in the situation at once. With all speed possible he unwound the rope from the windlass, and after telling Mrs. Spratt and Ben to stand ready to hoist, went down in the well, hand over hand, on the rope.

The earth was still falling, striking the bottom with a hollow sound, when Zip with a lusty shout told them to hoist away.

Melinda was landed above ground at last, bleeding, bruised and unconscious. The rope was lowered again, and just as Zip's head was above ground, the large rock in the side of the well and masses of earth from all around crumbled in, and fell with a sound as of thunder to the bottom of the well.

It was a narrow escape.

Melinda was carried to the house, and a doctor was sent for. Before he arrived, however, she regained consciousness, and seeing Zip bending over her, a glad smile lighted up her fair young face, while she murmured: "Don't go away, Zip. Don't go away."

Just then Mrs. Spratt, accompanied by the doctor, entered the room and approached the bed. When the good mother saw the smile on her daughter's face, and Zip bending low above the pillow, glad tears came to her eyes, and her voice was low and tender.

"You can kiss her, Zip, if you want to," she said.

Zip did "want to," and kissed Melinda on her smiling lips.

Then Mrs. Spratt put her arms around Zip's neck and kissed him, too, and told him that he must leave the room while the doctor attended to Melinda's hurts, which, upon examination, proved to be mere bruises after all.

Ben hung around the house for awhile, but when he saw that he was left out in the cold by everybody even by Mrs. Spratt, he thought it best to go.—*John P. Sjolander, in N. O. Times-Democrat.*

ALL ABOUT KISSING.

A Dissertation for the Silly Season from a Learned Authority.

De Levis calls a kiss the door that opens the citadel to the heart, and poets and people of all ages have found mysterious virtue, bitter-sweet, magic and elixirs, and lotions of greater or less potency, but the acme of human happiness, wrote a poetess, is that we may kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss.

A kiss to be a success, must have mutual interest; there must be a reciprocity in the operation, or somebody suffers the punishment of disgust. Kissing an unwilling pair of lips is as mean a victory as robbing a bird's nest, and kissing too willing ones is about as unfragrant a pastime as making bouquets out of dandelions.

At the start the average man makes a botch of kissing. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility; nor is it possible to make the first one too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girl won't have it. There is too much audacious avarice about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as not to frighten her; it is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack, but instead of retreat the thing for heroism to do is to kiss her on some place—on the cheek, the temple, behind the ear or on the hair. A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of a forest, and however unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kiss may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrous indulgent next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place through a hand-glass, and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in love-making to warrant the ideal kiss, take it methodically, with both hands, and "the gentle touch that love can teach." Let the left arm go about—not her neck to wrinkle a crepelisse ruche—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in the right hand, allowing the three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vise for love's conquest. Move her head to one love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward, and, approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice—the second double the length of its short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture. Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to count—by units. The gentleman who has had the good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet of his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants short, sharp, snapping kisses, that pop inaudibly, but still pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet; tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids; reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed and protecting love when the cheek is empearled.

Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome.—*London Saturday Review.*

—Nothing is more annoying to a young man, after admiring himself as reflected in a plate-glass show-window, than suddenly to discover a pretty shop-girl inside calmly taking him in.

—Cut off all diseased limbs from the pear trees should evidence of the blight appear, and swab the limbs with linseed oil. Burn all the branches taken off and keep the soil stirred.

NURSING NERVES.

How to Control Temper and Preserve Presence of Mind.

A term of less than half a year as attendant in an insane asylum teaches a person how to control temper, apply tact and preserve presence of mind to such an extent as to give that person great command over one whose nervous system is broken down, although the sanity be unimpaired, and whose condition requires perhaps more care, and certainly induces about as much suffering as any other. Among the first things to be learned by one who has the care of such a person is the cultivation of cheerfulness, of never looking on the dark side of any thing, and of always being able to explain untoward incidents in a fortunate way. No matter how irritating the sufferer may be, it is always to be remembered that he *is* a sufferer, one as painfully diseased as if the disease were in a specific spot, and, like fever and rash and fractures, visible in its effects to the naked eye.

Thorough neatness is another requisite in the nurse, the sense of smell being more acute than ever with the nervous, and the eye also being pleased with cleanliness and order; and meanwhile every motion of the nurse should be as gentle and as noiseless as a cat's feet are among china. Absolute firmness combined with gentleness is always desirable, for the patient must yield where it is necessary; but the nurse, if possible, must act as if she, and not the patient, were yielding, although in matters not vital to safety the idiosyncrasies, the fancies and dislikes, of the patient are to be regarded. Interest in the patient and sincere piety are excellently soothing to sick nerves; yet one must use discretion about it, and not go so far in the expression of pity as to arouse the patient's self-pity perceptibly. The sufferer, too, should always be encouraged to expect a favorable turn to illness and a definite recovery, for the expectation aids the cure. Always hope and never fear should be taught. So powerful is the will that, by holding it in play, it can even make death easier than it otherwise might be, although death seldom terminates nervous disease. The sufferer should always be entertained as pleasantly as possible in any way that is not exciting, but never should be treated to recitals of any thing sad, the bright side of the world being always kept in view, since darkness comes only too often and too surely to the worn-out nerves, and the duty of every one brought into contact with them is to give at least no occasion for gloom. It is, indeed, less exhausting to nurse a bad case of typhoid fever than a case of disordered nerves; the exertion is scarcely more, and it is over in a fixed time; but the exertion necessary in nursing nerves is everlasting and all the time, since it is often the work of years.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

Particularly Recommended to Bashful Lovers With Heavy Tongues.

It was early morning in the pretty little village of Werchobistritzkiol; and Solovitch was but an hour high in the glowing heavens; the dew was still sparkling on the grass. Early as it was, the villagers were astir. Michaelvonovitch Pandalenrikio, the village baker, had taken down his wooden shutters, and had given morning greeting to Nicholiskkizovitch Disukskikiskoff, the grocer across the street, who was sweeping the pavement in front of his little shop.

Simeonskiovitch, the butcher, and Mandalzizziokoffski, the milkman, were merrily joking with old Dietwosmikiskafto Mediariovitch, the cobbler, before his little shop.

The door of a vine-clad little cottage opened suddenly, and a maiden clad in white appeared and walked toward the thick, dark, cool forest back of the village. She was Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch, daughter of the wealthiest man in the village. By her side gamboled her little white dog Fidovelovitch. He ran barking from her side in mad pursuit of a golden butterfly; returning, he jumped up before his mistress, soiling her pretty white gown with his wet and dirty paws.

"Down, Fidovelovitch!" she said chidingly: "down, sir, you—ah, is it thou, Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonovel Volenkiskiskiovonovitch?"

"It is I, Alexievonamagdra Lesschneiffovitch," said the young man; for it was a young man who had come suddenly from the forest.

"Why art thou sad, my Dimitredistovelokoff?" asked the maiden, noting his gloomy face.

"Ah, Alexievonamagdra, if I could only know that I was indeed *thy* Dimitredistovelokoff," he replied sadly.

"What meanest thou, Dimmy?" she said tenderly.

"Ha! dost thou not know? Thy father hast not told thee? Last night I spoke to him about our marriage. He spurned me, and said thou wert to wed old Simoenovkolokoffskivitch, the rich vineyard owner."

"Simoenovkolokoffskivitch!" gasped the maiden: "*I* marry *him*? Never! I would sooner wed with old Zokosokesokoff, the one-legged serf!"

"My darling!" cried Nicholasonoval Volenkitkiskiovonovitch, clasping her to his breast: "Come! Let us fly! My little yacht, the white-winged Delovonoskiffidiuk, lies there on the bosom of the Fritchedelogaffodasski Lake; let us fly to Szastoserskaiaotoff, or to beautiful Komorovogetzki, on the banks of the Dinovilvaddleskinkio—come, love; come!"

"*My* Dimitredistovelokoff Nicholasonoval Volenkiskiskiovonovitch!" she cried, sinking wearily into his arms, after speaking his full name twice: "I am thine!" THE END.—*Zenas Dane, in Puck.*

BATTLE WITH PIRATES.

How the British Ship Punjaub Captured the Crew of a Slaver.

As the vessels closed, broadside after broadside was exchanged, and Captain Dallas, seeing that her metal was heavy, determined on boarding. The Punjaub steered close alongside the bark, and, having grappled her, the first lieutenant, with two-thirds of the seamen and marines, boarded. On reaching her decks they met with determined opposition from about as fierce a set of desperadoes as ever were banded together for purposes of crime. Renegade Portugese, savage Malays, lithe, cruel-looking Manila men, and Chinese, all fought alike desperately, for they knew that they fought with halters round their necks. But they fought in vain. No men ever yet could stand against British sailors at sea. The Lascars emulated the valor of their shipmates, and as for the men of the Bombay Marine battalion, they were Sepoys—that is as much as to say they behaved as well as their European confreres could. Steady courage and perfect discipline prevailed over mere desperation, and in spite of the wolfish ferocity with which they struggled, the motley crew of the pirate began to give way before the cruiser's people. Their captain was cut down by Mr. Brownson, the first lieutenant, and his men dropped fast before the volleys of the marines, while the cutlasses and boarding pikes of the seamen and Lascars did deadly work. Part of the pirate crew ran below, where a couple of their own guns, loaded with grape and pointed down the hatchways, soon compelled them to surrender. The remainder barricaded themselves in the forecastle, but a few volleys reduced them also to submission. Mr. Brownson having overcome the resistance of the pirates, was about to haul down the black flag, when a signal from Captain Dallas warned him not to do so, but to get his prisoners into irons without delay.

One by one they were brought up, shackled and made to lie down. The reason of the Captain's order was soon obvious. The Arab dhows, though disabled for sailing, had got out long sweeps, and were coming to the assistance of the bark. As they did so the cruiser was cast loose from her opponent, and yawing, so as to get a chance with her long gun, raked the nearest from stern to stern with grape. Great was the slaughter, and greater still the consternation, especially, when the slavers saw the black flag fall to the deck of their ally and the British union jack hoisted in its place. They shouted "Amaum! Amaum!" and waved their turbans in token of submission. The steamer cruised alongside each in turn and allowed the slaver crews to come on board, having first dropped their arms. They were then ironed and placed in rows on the deck under a guard of marines. The bark was searched throughout and ample evidence of her character found. The fettered pirates were placed in safe confinement; a prize crew, under a lieutenant, was put on board, with orders for her to be got under way to accompany the Punjaub; the dead of both vessels were committed to the deep and the wounded to the care of the surgeon and his assistants. Then came the work of liberating the slaves and transferring them to the hold of the bark—a tedious and disgusting business, and dangerous withal, as many of the poor creatures were frantic from confinement and want of water, in a horrible state of filth, and so infuriated by their sufferings that they knew not friend from foe.—*Chambers' Journal.*

SANITARY PLUMBING.

Gross Ignorance Displayed by Designing Architects Everywhere.

Several prominent writers of the day call earnest and emphatic attention in the columns of popular magazines, scientific and trade papers, to the gross ignorance of the plainest principles of house drainage on the part of designing architects, in the construction of modern buildings. Whether the fault arises from ignorance or negligence, or whether the architect is hampered by instructions from the owner, he is equally to blame in accepting as a finished job a house into which sewer gas can find its way. St. Louis has such a favorable site for first-class public sewers, and such a superb system already built, that the cases are comparatively rare in which sewer gas can find its way into dwellings. But in a city built upon a level plain, where the danger is far greater, the precautions taken are far more ample and far more efficient. There are stone front residences in St. Louis to-day wherein the waste pipe leading from the sink to the sewer has not even an "S" trap between the two places, to say nothing of a proper system of ventilation, which is the only means outside of the use of chemicals for perfect protection.

Leading physicians say that their practice warrants the assertion, that the class of diseases known as malarial is on the increase, and that the type is rapidly becoming more pronounced. However this may be, the public have a right to demand from architects, builders and house owners the fullest protection the resources of modern knowledge and modern science can furnish. An incompetent architect or plumber is a deadly foe to the community.—*Stoves and Hardware.*

Not a Bit Frightened.

Texas man—I wonder if it is true that there are lots of gambling houses and dives running right near City Hall.

New Yorker—Guess not. Why should they run? They ain't afraid of the police. What is there to make them run?—*Texas Siftings.*

FACTS ABOUT PEARLS.

Where the Finest Are Found and How Their Growth May Be Stimulated.

"As far back as we have a history for any gems," said an old-time pearl fancier, "we have a record of pearls, and, not even excepting the diamond, is there a jewel so often spoken of in history, sacred and profane, as the pearl. There is scarcely a country on the face of the globe where pearls have not at some period been found, though at the present day the principal fisheries are confined to the coasts of Ceylon, Japan, Java, Sumatra, Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, and the islands in the vicinity of Panama.

"The best pearls are obtained in the Persian Gulf. They excel in color, size, purity and that translucency which gives this gem its greatest value. The pearl fisheries in the Persian Gulf are said to yield upward of $1,500,000 annually. Those of Panama reach about the same figure. Pearls have also been found in the waters of the United States, and in 1858 considerable excitement was occasioned by the discovery of large pearls near Salem, in New Jersey. A New Jersey pearl, over an inch in diameter, found near Paterson, was sent to Paris, where it was purchased by the Empress Eugenie for $2,500, and when the crown jewels were sold last year by order of the Ferry Government it was resold for $3,700, and is now the property of a wealthy woman of New York.

"The pearl is simply carbonate of lime, with the addition of films of animal membrane between the many layers of mineral matter that, when dry, gives the pearl its hardness. Several species of bivalve mollusks secrete pearls, especially the true pearl oyster, and among fresh water species those sometimes found near Baltimore.

"Can pearls be produced at the will of man, or can they be multiplied by manipulation? It is asserted by oyster fishermen, and can be accepted as true, that the pearl oyster has the power of covering with additional layers such portions of its shell as need strengthening, as well as objects introduced by accident or design. The Chinese and Japanese, taking advantage of this, have long practiced the art of stimulating the secretion by introducing beads made of spar or powdered glass and varnish, or sometimes turned from mother-of-pearl, and thus do they actually succeed in forcing the animal to produce pearls at their will, though of an inferior quality.

"One of the curious circumstances connected with the New Jersey 'pearl fever' of 1858 was the discovery of a few shells showing that many years before some one had experimented upon the pearl-bearing oyster by dropping small mother-of-pearl buttons inside the shell, hoping that the animal would, in course of time, cover them with its secretion. The experiments proved a failure however, the result being that the buttons became fastened to the shells by the action of the secretion, but did not develop into pearls."

Some time ago a number of small pearls of the kind known in commerce as "seed pearls" were sent from Borneo, under the name of "breeding pearls." These pearls are enclosed in a glass tube along with some grains of rice "to feed upon." The sender gravely asserted that it had long been known in Borneo that pearls when put up for some time in a box along with rice would reproduce their kind. Three or four months afterward the grains of rice enclosed with the pearls had the appearance of being partially eaten. It is now several years since this shipment of pearls and their food was received, but the rice does not seem to have diminished to any greater extent than when they arrived, and the pearls themselves are no greater in circumference than when first seen.—*N. Y. Letter.*

How to Obtain Nice Lawns.

The lawn mower is a great institution in many ways. In one respect, like many other modern inventions, it is a valuable device when properly used. Unfortunately it is generally operated without any other idea or purpose than to keep the grass cut short. This it is expected, will make a soft, velvet sward; but it doesn't, unless the lawn can be deluged with water, which is not often the case. It should be borne in mind by all persons desiring to have a rich full, soft and thickly set sward, that if the roots are exposed to the sun they will be burned, and if not partially destroyed, produce a thin, straggling crop. In order to avoid this the roots should never be exposed, but sheltered by the young grass they produce. The lawn mower should not be used until the grass has attained a length of at least four inches, then it should not be cut more than two inches in well set grass, leaving at least two inches to protect the roots. This applies only to properly graded lawns and a luxuriant growth. If the soil is poor and the sward new, a longer growth should be kept cultivated. A beautiful, well-kept lawn requires intelligent treatment to become an ornamental adjunct to the family residence.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Call.*

The Effect of Association.

No two individuals can come into contact with each other without each being affected by that contact. An inferior may help or harm a superior; but as a superior may the more easily help an inferior, so the superior is in the greater danger of harming the inferior. It is generally a matter of more importance, ultimately, to grown people how they act in the presence of children, than how children act in their presence. In view of this truth, it is the duty of every one to study how he should act in the presence of those with whom he may be thrown.—*S. S. Times.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

HARMFUL COOKERY.

How the Natural Taste May Be Vitiated in Childhood—A Few Thoughts for Conscientious Mothers.

That luxurious living, "faring sumptuously every day," will generally prove promotive of habits of intemperance, can not well be doubted. It is equally true that what we may call artificial cookery will produce the same effect. The spices, pungents, and irritants in general, not only tend to deprave the taste, preparing the way for intemperance by producing morbid appetites, but create an unnatural thirst, a thirst which is the most naturally gratified by the use of intoxicants. Hence, we shall find that boys fed in this way during the early part of life more generally become intemperate than those who have been accustomed to a more abstemious living. The most unfavorable consequences follow such artificial cookery, added to the excessive use of animal food, pork more especially. After the tastes have been vitiated in this way, after the irritants have so blunted the sensibilities, that water—the natural drink of man and beasts—is insipid, unsatisfying, it is perfectly natural that some drink of a more fiery nature should be demanded. These drinks more generally contain a certain per cent. of alcohol, the way being prepared by the use of ginger ale, porter and the whole range of beers. While it is true that those who really relish plain and simple food, with no great display of rich gravies and irritating sauces, are in but little danger of becoming drunkards, it is unwise in mothers to so feed their children with spices and irritants, radishes and the like, as to destroy the keen relish for water, plain food like bread and the fruits. It should be remembered that such articles as mustard, capable of blistering the surface of the arm, can not but prove harmful to the sensitive coats of the stomach, producing a vitiated state of the digestive organs, preparing the way, as has been stated, for degrading habits.

If we add to this harmful cookery the use of intoxicants, as brandy in mince pies, sauces, cake, puddings, the training in the direction of drunkenness is carried still further. It is difficult to conceive how an intelligent and thoughtful Christian mother, after having taken the Temperance pledge, can use any of these intoxicants in her cookery. It is difficult to conceive of any valid reason for their use, since it will not be claimed by the intelligent that they add any element of valuable nourishment. It is certain that the pure woman who has never been accustomed to the fumes of tobacco, or the taste of the milder drinks, will not particularly relish the flavor given by these, while none will presume that the young child will admire the brandy taste. It is certain, however, that just to the extent that the taste of these is recognized and relished—after the training of a few months—the food being all the more appetizing on account of their presence, habits of intemperance will be naturally formed. Alcohol is a poison, an element foreign to the human constitution, will produce the same vitiating effects, whether taken as a drink, or as a food, the uniform tendency being to produce abnormal appetites. Conscientious and Christian mothers will do well to give this subject their prayerful attention.—*Dr. J. H. Hanaford, in Union Signal.*

AN ARCH FIEND.

His Caldron of Temptations—What He Has Accomplished in the World.

An arch fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into that caldron the forbidden fruit of paradise. Then he gathered for it distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron capsicum and copperas, and logwood and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty and death and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened and liquified, and so the arch fiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries, of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of 20,000 assassinations. And then the arch fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into the great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock, and boil and sputter, and hiss and smoke, and the nation gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I. Who has done more for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another—the smoke of torment that ascendeth forever and ever.

"I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more Senators than will gather next winter in the National councils. I have ruined more Lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson, because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my flowers is so made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the streets, because father has come home from carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I.—*T. De Witt Talmage.*

THE TREATING HABIT.

Some Excellent Advice to Young Commercial Travelers.

We want to say a few words about the habit of treating customers to drinks, and to caution the younger members of the fraternity especially against this practice. It has been our experience, and no doubt is that of every old commercial traveler on the road, that it don't pay; view it from whatever standpoint you may. We are lowering our own manhood when we do it and are stooping to mean and unbusinesslike methods to secure a customer. Besides a customer that can be induced to buy from us by a few glasses of liquor or a couple of schooners of beer will not prove much of an acquisition to the house, and ninety-nine chances out of a hundred will prove a "black eye" to them financially. A leading commercial traveler in the city of Philadelphia, some years ago made this remark, after a long experience in mercantile life: "I have never known a single customer that was secured and held by the practice of treating that did not in the end become a scourge to the house obtaining him." So don't do it. Every man that is really worth securing for a customer, and a paying one, will be insulted by the proposition and the insinuation contained therein, be the invitation clothed in language however cordial. Of course offering a customer, already secured by honorable means, a friendly cigar in good-fellowship does not come under this head, and is all right. But when liquor, or beer, or cigars even, are held out as a bribe, to induce a man to buy, the act is an insult to manhood, and all of the trade that are really men will resent it. The day for that sort of thing is past. The commercial traveler who depends on the "bar" for his inspiration is fast disappearing into the great unknown. People are being rapidly educated up to a higher idea of life, in the commercial world as in the social. The time was when a young man about going on the road said: "Good-bye, honesty; good-bye, decency; good-bye, sobriety; I am going to be a commercial traveler." But the time is fast approaching when he will say: "Good-bye, dishonesty; good-bye, dissipation; good-bye, deception; I am going on the road." It may be some time, but it is bound to come. Let the "boys" begin right here by dropping the treating "act," and by so doing lift the profession at least one notch higher in the estimation of the public.—*Merchant Traveler.*

Insanity from Drink.

An English magistrate has been setting himself up as an authority on the question of the causation of insanity by the habitual or excessive use of alcoholic liquor. During a recent inquiry into the sanity of a person alleged to be of unsound mind and addicted to the use of ardent spirits, he demurred to the answer of the expert who, asked "whether drink would of itself cause lunacy," unhesitatingly affirmed that it would. To this Justice Dogberry retorted with the query whether the witness did not know that "a man in a state of intoxication would do stupid things and then completely recover himself after being locked up for forty-eight hours," and would he "call that insanity?"

The matter is of quite enough importance to merit attention on this side the Atlantic, where questions of unsound mind are adjudicated by men having fully as vague notions as this English judge on the subject of mental diseases. It should be understood, not only by such men but by the public generally, that alcohol is an entirely sufficient cause of insanity.

Delirium tremens is a common result of excessive indulgence; hardening of the brain tissues with impairment of mental function (cerebral sclerosis) is frequently caused by the long-continued use of spirituous liquors; while not seldom acute alcoholic delirium may pass directly into absolute and confirmed insanity—often with suicidal or homicidal tendency.

There is absolutely no safety for the man addicted to drinking who allows his reason ever to become clouded by an overindulgence. For him there is no middle way. He must either "touch not, taste not, handle not," or run the risk of the most deplorable termination of his habit.—*Chicago News.*

THE various computations of the amount spent yearly in this country on liquor are very curious. One speaker at a Temperance meeting the other night asserted that from the sums spent every year on liquor a thousand one-dollar gold pieces might be put on each word in the Bible, and that even then there would be $50,000 to spare.

DRUNKENNESS is a flattering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whosoever hath, hath not himself; which whosoever doth commit doth not commit sin, but he himself is wholly sin.—*St. Augustine.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Of cabbages, cucumbers and turnips, the Londoner eats more than the Parisian, but with the exception of these, and also potatoes, onions and tomatoes, Paris is much the largest consumer of fruits and vegetables.

—Soprano (in organ loft)—"That was a lovely solo our new basso gave us." Tenor—"Yes, rather. But he shouldn't play ball every day in the week. It isn't right, you know." Alto—I'd like to know what you mean." Tenor—"Well, that lovely basso is catcher on week days and makes bass hits on Sundays."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

—It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter he was accosted by a policeman, who said: "What's the fun, stranger, eh?" "Fun! Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering cart) leaks; why, the man won't have a drop left when he gets home."—*New Haven News.*

—"A man in New York went before a judge for naturalization. "What is your nationality?" "I don't know. I wish you would tell me. My father was an Englishman, my mother was a Spaniard, and I was born at sea, on a French ship flying a Dutch flag. I want to become an American citizen and make the rest of the voyage under the Stars and Stripes."

—President Willits, of the Agricultural College, of Michigan, while he disputes the exercise of a direct influence of forests in promoting moisture—saying that all the trees in the world will not put it where it is not—believes that the moisture on the continent is advancing toward the west, and that the planting of forests and increased cultivation will cause the rainfall to advance farther west every year. Seven hundred thousand acres of forest have already been planted in Nebraska; the cottonwood and the willow first, and then the soft maple and the hard woods.

—Concerning lobsters, experts say that young crustaceans have to be put in the sea almost as soon as hatched, and they begin to feed voraciously. They are born with sense enough to know that lobsters make delicious food, and they attack one another savagely and hungrily. For a few days they swim on the surface, where they find the food suited to their early requirements. Here their destruction is enormous. In a few days the lobster's walking or crawling members are developed, and he sinks to the bottom, where he makes his home.

—In the vicarage garden at Evenly, says an English paper, is a lilac tree in which a pair of robins built their nest. A cat climbed the tree and killed Mrs. Robin. Mr. Robin, however, kept the eggs warm by sitting on them for several days, but a lady who watched him says that he used to go away somewhere for long intervals, but not long enough to let the eggs get cold. At last he returned from one of his tours with another Mrs. Robin, who immediately took the place of the deceased wife and in time hatched the eggs, and behaved just as if they were her own.

ABOUT UMBRELLAS.

Semi-Civilized Countries Where They Are Considered Marks of Honor.

It certainly is strange that in almost all nations and in all ages there should have been this same singular jealous regal monopoly of so useful an object as a portable sunshade, which was also available as a protection against rain. But so it has ever been, even in the highest civilizations of early ages. We find it depicted on some of the most ancient sculptures of Persepolis, and also on those of Babylon and Nineveh, but always as a distinctive mark of honor for the great men and rulers. The Assyrian bas-reliefs show slaves holding a richly-ornamented umbrella above the head of the monarch, not only in scenes of peace, but even in time of war. It appears to be fringed with tassels, and is provided on one side with an embroidered curtain. In these sculptures this mark of distinction is reserved exclusively for the monarch, and it never overshadows any other person, however eminent. The same thing is observed in the sculptures of Babylon and Nineveh, in which the King alone is thus distinguished. Of the ancient Mexican Emperors it is likewise recorded that not only were they borne by relays of great nobles, but also that four more nobles of high estate were appointed to uphold the sacred umbrella which added dignity to the imperial procession. Even in the beginning of the present century the Mohammedan rulers of Hindostan claimed a monopoly of the use of the sunshade, and no one was permitted to carry an umbrella in the imperial presence. Thus it is recorded that certain English merchants having been admitted to an audience with the King of Delhi, the ladies who were of the company were ordered to dispense with their parasols, as being an infringement of the great Mogul's prerogative. So they had to protect their heads as best they might from the sun's burning rays by heaping on heavy folds of drapery. The magnificence of the Indian state umbrellas was amazing. Some were of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold, and the heavy golden handles, which were eight feet high, were incrusted with diamonds. That of the Queen of Lucknow, which is now treasured in the South Kensington Museum, is of blue satin, embroidered with gold and seed pearls. Some were of cloth of gold, others only of gilt paper. Some were even covered with gay feathers, but all had (or have) long handles, either of beautifully inlaid wood or precious metals, or even of carved ivory. The state umbrella of Indore is shaped like a mushroom.—*English Illustrated Magazine.*

WORTHLESS MANUSCRIPTS.

How Publishers Dispose of Most of the Works Submitted to Them.

Of the vast multitude of manuscripts offered to book publishers every year, probably seventy-five per cent. are worthless, or, at least, are not worthy of publication in book form. It is astonishing how many people there are in the world who imagine they are capable of writing a book. It is still more astonishing how few ever discover the truth of the matter, and acknowledge themselves mistaken. Even though their manuscripts may have been rejected by half a score of publishers, they go down to their graves believing themselves the victims of a base conspiracy to crush aspiring genius. Such loyal self-confidence were almost sublime were it not so ridiculous.

There seems to be a widespread belief among would-be authors that publishers are their natural enemies, and they take a peculiar, not to say fiendish, delight in rejecting manuscripts and crushing the hopes of those who aspire to the honors of authorship. This is an altogether mistaken idea. Publishers are human, like the rest of us. They follow the business for the money there is in it, and they are quick to take up a good thing when they have the opportunity. Nothing please a publisher more than to secure a really valuable book for publication, especially if he thinks it will sell well. He is glad to recognize the ability of the author, though the latter may be utterly unknown to fame, for henceforth their interests are mutual, so far as that book is concerned. Neither will the author have any difficulty in securing recognition from other literary men. There is no "charmed circle" in literature which an author of genuine merit may not enter.

Publishers are generally correct in their judgment of manuscripts. Long experience enables them to see their merit or demerits almost at a glance. A page here and there will give them a key to the general style and character of the work and will reveal to them faults the existence of which the writer has never even suspected. The manuscript is returned with a polite note "regretting that the present depressed state of the book trade compels us to decline its publication," etc. This, with a few words commending the good points of the book (if there are any) serves to sugar-coat the bitter pill of disappointment. Publishers are kind-hearted as a rule, though their kindness is not always appreciated. In rejecting an unworthy book the publisher does the author a real favor, though the latter seldom has the perception to see it or the manliness to acknowledge it. What greater favor can one man do another than to prevent his making a fool of himself before the public? Very often a man's best friends are those who save him from himself over his own protest.

There are two essential points in writing a successful book—the writer must have something to tell and he must know how to tell it. As to the first, of course every one who undertakes to write a book thinks he has something worth telling. Nine times in ten this is not true; and this mistake on the part of authors accounts in a large measure for the failure of so many books. When the book fails to command the attention and respect of the reading public, it is useless for the writer to rail at the public for the fault is pretty sure to lie at his own door. The man who has something worth telling and knows how to tell it is sure of an audience.

A great deal depends on this second point—knowing how to tell a thing. There is a certain tact in the use of language that is indespensable. Usually this tact is gained only by years of experience, and by many it is never gained at all. Very few people have it intuitively. This tact teaches what not to say as well as what to say. It is a valuable accomplishment to be able to express one's thoughts both briefly and clearly. The gods favor but few mortals thus.

There is no royal road to successful authorship, unless one is born a king—that is to say, a genius. Is it any wonder that so many aspirants fail to secure the coveted recognition from publishers?

Unless you are very confident that you have something of great importance to tell, and that you know how to tell it, don't tempt the fates by putting your ideas between the covers of a book.

"If a man could be sure
That his life would endure
At least for a thousand years,"

you might possibly live to get over the disappointment; otherwise, not.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

She Was Merely Joking.

They were on their bridal tour, and she said, gaily:

"Now, Fred, we don't want everybody in the car to know that we are newly married, and have them all staring at us. Let us act like real old married people. It'll be such jolly fun.

"All right," said Fred, calmly. "You just let me have that end of the seat; it's lots pleasanter than this. I'll take the pillow, too, and I guess I'll go to sleep for three or four hours. You wake me when we come to the dinner station. Spread that shawl over me, and——"

"O, I don't care who knows that we're just married," she said. Sit where you are, dear, and hold my hand."—*Time.*

PRANKS OF MONKEYS.

Comical Sights Observed by a Bicycle Traveler in India.

I wheeled some fourteen hundred miles along the monkey-infested highways and saw some very curious sights. Sometimes the monkeys would file in long strings across the road, close behind one another, each one looking anxiously behind, evidently very much disturbed at the strange appearance of the bicycle. Shinning up the tall toddy palms or cocoanut trees, one after another, they would hastily ensconce themselves among the thick foliage, and peer curiously down at me as I wheeled past, giving vent to their perturbation in excited cries. One day I remember whiling away an hour or so beneath a grove of sacred peepul trees, watching the amusing antics of a troop of monkeys in the branches overhead.

Their marvelous activity was here displayed to perfection, as they quarreled and chased one another from tree to tree. The old ones seemed passively irritable, and decidedly averse to being bothered by the antics and mischievous activity of the youngsters. Taking possession of some particular branch, they warned away all would-be intruders with threatening grimaces and feints. The youthful members of the party were full of pranks, carried on to the great annoyance of their more aged and sedate relatives. These, in revenge, put in no small portion of their time punishing or pursuing them with angry cries for their deeds of wanton annoyance.

One monkey, that had very evidently been there many and many a time before on the same thieving errand, with an amusing secresy and roguishness, slipped quickly along a horizontal bough, and thrust his arm into a hole. His eyes wandered guiltily around, as though expectant of detection and punishment. This apprehension quickly justified itself in the shape of a blue-plumaged bird that fluttered angrily about the robber's head and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. Birds' eggs were the booty he expected to find, and methought, as I noted the number, mischievousness and activity of the freebooters to whom birds' eggs would be most toothsome morsels, watchful indeed must be the parent bird whose maternal ambition bore its legitimate fruit in this monkey-infested grove. In me these monkeys seemed to recognize a possible dangerous enemy, and at my first appearance they hastened to hide among the thickest foliage. Peering cautiously down, they yielded themselves up to excited chattering and broad grimaces. After awhile they became somewhat reassured, and regarded me with less apprehension. The wild monkeys and the natives seem to get along famously together, one often seeing them occupying the shade of the same tree.

In the valley of the Hooghly, down toward Calcutta, my road sometimes partook almost of the character of a tunnel, burrowing through a mass of dense tropical vegetation. Cocoanut and toddy palms mingled their feathery foliage with the dark green of the mango, the wild pomoln, giant bamboo, and other indigenous vegetation characteristic of a hot and humid climate, and big creepers swung from tree to tree and wound the mass inextricable confusion.

In this magnificent conservatory of nature big, black-faced monkeys, with tails four feet long, romp and revel through the trees, nimbly climb the creepers, and thoroughly enjoy their life amid the sylvan scenes about them. It was a curious sight to see those big anthropoids, almost as large as human beings, swing themselves deftly up the festooned creepers at my approach—to see their queer, impish black faces peering cautiously out of their hiding place, and to hear their peculiar squeak of surprise and alarm as they noted the strange character of my conveyance, the bicycle. Sometimes a gang of them would lope awkwardly along ahead of the bicycle, looking every inch like veritable imps of darkness, pursuing their silent course through the chastened twilight of green-grown subterranean passage ways, their ridiculously long tails raised aloft, and their faces most of the time looking over their shoulder.—*Nature.*

TWO GOOD REMEDIES.

How to Cure Gapes in Chicks and Prevent Lice in Their Nests.

For gapes in chicks there are several good remedies. Fumigating with carbolic acid, and the lime remedy, are probably the surest. The lime remedy is the handiest and the safest, and its effect on the gape worms causes them to loosen their hold on the lining membrane of the windpipe, sets the chicks to coughing and sneezing, and the worms are thrown up. I have never heard of a case that this treatment did not cure, provided it was applied at any time before the chick was too far gone to cough. In addition to this treatment scatter a little air-slaked lime in the coop, and when you move a coop that has no floor, scatter the lime freely over the old spot.

Sulphur is useful to kill and prevent lice in the nests of setting and laying hens, but I have entirely discarded its use on chickens, or on hens that are running with chickens. Carbolic powder, or insect powder, is much better. To use the powder for lice on chickens that are running with a hen, take the hen after she has gathered her brood under her for the night, and dust the powder thoroughly into her feathers. The chickens will get enough of the powder as they nestle under the hen, and it will have all night in which to do its work on hen and chickens.—*Fanny Field, in Ohio Journal.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Pure iron can not be made permanently a magnet, but its magnetism only lasts while a current of electricity is circulating around it, and hence it is called an electro-magnet.

—Careful experiments have shown that waste silk is the most effective of all non-conducting coverings for steam pipes, and the demand for this purpose promises to be great, notwithstanding the high price.

—Dr. C. Keller, of Zurich, claims from careful observation of their habits, that spiders by destroying aphides and insects perform a very important part in the preservation of forests.

—A London company is reported to have secured patents for the chemical production of aluminum, sodium and potassium; and to be able to manufacture aluminum at considerably less than one shilling per pound.

—It has been found in California that a cold-air blast dries fruit in the most satisfactory manner. Samples of fruit dried in this way—prunes, apricots and apples—two years ago, are still in a perfect state of preservation.

—In preparing chocolate, the powder is made into a paste by grinding between hot stones. Vanilla, cinnamon and other spices, with a certain amount of sugar, are added, and well mixed with paste. While still hot, this paste is put into molds to harden.

—The new gas engine, known as the silent engine, invented recently in England, is coming into use on account of its simplicity of construction and excellent results. It has an ignition at every revolution, instead of at every two or three revolutions, as in the Otto and other gas engines.

—The deleterious effect of arsenic on the skin was recently discussed in the Pathological Society of London. It seems that the skin is the tissue on which arsenic has the most marked influence, and the poison may spoil the complexion instead of improving it, by making it muddy and unsightly.

—Tea drinkers will welcome a new competitor in the tea-markets of the world. A few years ago an English settler in Natal planted a few acres there with tea. His first crop, produced in 1881, amounted to no more than 500 pounds, but the production has so increased since then that last year Natal put upon the market about 100,000 pounds of tea. The industry is spreading rapidly, and it seems likely that before long South Africa will become a serious rival to China and India in this trade.

—It has been proposed to do away with the use of explosives in mines where their use is attended with danger, and substitute the lately invented cartridge—one portion of which is filled with a mixture of finely divided zinc and zinc oxide, which collects in the condensers of the zinc retort, while the other part is filled with dilute sulphuric acid. According to the requirements in this case, the cartridge is put in its intended place, and then, by suitable mechanism, the acid is allowed to flow into the zinc. Hydrogen is then evolved, and, by its expansive force, the rock is broken down, without combustion or violent explosion.

THE MASCULINE HEAD.

A Hat Dealer Asserts That It Is Growing Larger in This Country.

"It is interesting," said a hat salesman yesterday, "to notice how the shape of a man's head gives away his nationality."

"Can you tell where a man was born by sizing up his head?"

"Certainly, but not before he tries a hat. Americans have long, narrow heads, and when an average American comes in for a hat the chances are that if it is long enough fore and aft it is too wide at the sides. If it fits exactly at the sides it has to be pulled out in front. Now, with Germans it is the reverse. The heads of Germans are wide at the temples, and if the hat is the exact length, in nine cases out of ten it has to be stretched sideways to fit."

"How about Englishmen's heads?"

"Englishmen's heads are not so pronounced in width. There is more of a sliding scale with them as to relative length and breadth. Irishmmen have oval heads and they are generally easily fitted.

"Some people with apparently small heads require large hats, and others who seem to have large heads wear a small hat. A man may have a large face, and yet the part which the hat covers may be comparatively small. Taken altogether, heads seem to be growing larger. I have been thirty years in business, and when I began to sell hats the average size ranged from 6¾ to 7. Now the average is from 7 to 7⅛."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

Thousands of Years Saved.

One may get some idea of what railways mean in the saving of time and money to passengers, by taking the case of London. It is estimated that about 500,000 persons, or about one-tenth of the population of the entire area of the metropolis, require to travel to and from their business every day all the year round. If we remember the distances, it is not too much to assume that the railway will economize for each at least two hours in the week, or, say five days per annum each. This over 500,000 of people means 2,500,000 days, or an economy of 8,300 years of 300 working days each. Suppose the average earnings of these 500,000 people to be £100 per annum each, not too high an average when we remember the number of millionaires included in the total, we shall see a total money saving, in the sense of time being money, of equal to £830,000 per annum. And this in London alone.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Here and There.

An infant industry—a bank that can't stand a loan.

It is when a boot is new that there is music in the sole.

What is it we often return but never borrow? Thanks.

"The good die young." This is especially true of chickens.

There is a great waste of 'rah material in a Presidential campaign.

The watched pot never boils; but then the unwatched pot boils over.

It is said that time flies, but there is one man who can beat it—the musician.

The gentleman who is painting his nose thinks that alcohol used in the arts should be free.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? Yes, unquestionably.

Why is money often moist? Because it is frequently dew (due) in the morning and mist (missed) at night.

We have at last found out why pretty things are called "knobby." It is because they are something to a door.

History Professor—Mr. Litelbranes how did Cæsar die? Mr. Litelbranes—Oh—er, too many Roman punches, I believe.

He (at a very late hour, with deep tenderness)—How can I leave thee? She—Really Mr. Stayer, I can't tell you. I wish to heaven I could.

A little boy was told there was no politics in Heaven. He thought for a moment, and then said, I guess that's because there are no politicians there.

Customer (to barber)—That is not the razor you usually shave me with, Rastus? Barber—No, sah. I wah out to er dancin' pahty last ebbenin' an' I don left dat razor home in my dress coat.

Dr. Talmage says that "the man who can sing and wont sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who *can't* sing and *will* sing who should be sent to Sing Sing.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple? Kind Old Gent (handing him some money)—Bless me, of course. How are crippled, my poor fellow? Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.

Johnny (whose father is an editor)—Say Mr. Storekeeper, do you keep sugar, coffee, tea, calico and things? Storekeeper—Certainly, my boy. Johnny—Yes, and pa says you will continue to keep 'em unless you advertise.

At Mrs. Trick Scored's reception. She—Did you manage to get me some supper in that awful crush around the table? He—Yes, I have three fried oysters in my vest pocket and some chicken salad in my handkerchief. She—Oh, how good of you!

A fat man was walking down the street the other day when the sun, directly in the South, was shooting his red-hot rays into both sides of the street. The clothes of the fat man, saturated with his perspiration, which ran down his legs and into his shoes, causing a swashing sound every time he took a step, clung to his body like wet rags. A thin man, dressed in a cool seersucker, walking the opposite way, met the fat man and accosted him with: "Is this hot enough for you?" By way of reply the fat man shot out his right, knocked the thin man down, jumped on his prostrate form a few times and then with a parting kick shouted: "Sic semper tyrannus," and walked off amid the huzzas of a crowd which had witnessed the insult and its prompt and well merited punishment. Who says that patriotism, or the love of it is dead?

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen setting have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

Little Girl—No'm, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' to lend us a hen that to set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we've got the nest ourselves.

"Tommy," said the old gentleman, sternly, "I understand that you were hanging about the ball park this afternoon instead of being at school. I won't have you wasting your time that way. What on earth could you see or hear peeking through a knot-hole in the fence?"

"I could see you, Pa, responded Tommy, "settin' on the grand stand and shoutin' 'Good boy, Kelly!"

"Why John," said his wife impatiently, as she opened the door and found him still in bed, "you promised faithfully last night that you would get up in time to go to church with me." "I meant in time for the evening service," explained John, turning over luxuriously.

Stray Sunbeams.

Lying rides on debt's back.

The right side of drinking saloons—the outside.

If a lady bids you take heart, you can probably take hers.

Home rule—Wipe yours feet before you come into the house.

Do store-keepers insult their clerks when they tell them to "shut up?"

He who preaches war is a fit chaplain for the devil.—Horace Mann.

One of the pleasantest kinds of husbandry is that of destroying a widow's weeds.

A young lady's first question is: "Is he married?"

Handle rough sided men carefully, it pays to take a little time when you are opening chestnut-burs.

A Norfolk man has invented a flying machine, and generously offers to let anybody try it from the court house cupola.

Carlyle says, "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal the less in the world.

The town of Boothbuy, Lincoln county, Me., with a population of three thousand, has not an Irishman, a negro, or a John Smith in it.

Billy Muggins, who is a single man, is generally considered honest, but says there are times when his fingers have itched to hook a dress. Well, Billy.

The Duke of Westminster has an income of $50 a minute. That is to say, he costs the country about a dollar every time he breathes. Dukes appear to be an expensive luxury.

The other day a boy said to a gentleman, "My father and mother had a daughter, but she was not my sister." Now how do you explain that? Why, it's simple enough—the boy lied.

John asked Julia if she would have him. "No," said she, "I will not have you," but before John could recover from the shock, she archly put in, "but you can have me!"

"Why don't you take a seat within the bar? asked a lawyer of his client the other day. "My father always advised me to keep out of bad company," replied the other.

The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at San Francisco writes that a neighbor of his has just laid in his winters provisions—a hind quarter of a horse and two barrels of bull dogs.

"Mr. Jones, I understand you said I sold you a barrel of cider that had water in it." "No, no," was the reply, "I only said that you sold me a barrel of water with a little cider in it."

He Saluted Our Flag and Paid $50.

When W. H. Perkins, who has recently returned from a European trip, was asked at the Hotel Oxford yesterday what he had noticed about free trade in Europe, he said:

"While in Brussels, Belgium, last Summer, I saw some skilled laborers making spiral steel car springs, such as we use on our freight cars. They receive sixty cents per day, while our blacksmiths receive $2 for the same work. I asked the Belgian proprietor why he didn't pay more. He said: "I am handicapped. When I get $100 worth of car springs into the New York harbor (for I sell my car springs in America) I have to salute your Yankee flag and give up $50.'"

"Where does that come from?" I asked.

"It comes off of my men's wages," he said.

"But suppose America had free trade?"

"Free trade!" he exclaimed, "Why, I would flood the Yankees with car springs. I would treble my works to-morrow."

"But wouldn't that break our steel car-spring makers up?" I asked.

"Yes, for a while."

"How long?"

"Why, till your men worked for sixty cents per day, as our men do."

"But there are politicians in America," I said, "who advise the laboring men to vote for this same free trade."

"And the men listen?"

"Some ignorant ones do."

"Well," said the Belgian manufacturer, "instead of listening to a demagogue who would decrease their high wages down to the wages of our poor people, your American laborers ought to drive such a demagogue out of the country."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The coast defence question—I am so glad said Miss Prettysweet, looking up from the paper, that the Government has at last become interested in our coast defence. Last winter there weren't half enough toboggan chutes to accommodate one half the people who wanted to coast.

"Oh, dear," sighed the Widow Jones, "if John had only made his will, I shouldn't be so pestered with those lawyers; I almost wish John hadn't died.

Scraps.

Many smile who bite.

A lover is never wrong.

Where pride begins love ends.

Tenderness is increased by pity.

Tears are the strength of women.

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.

He who flatters you is your enemy.

One is always a woman's first lover.

It is a manly act to forsake an error.

Fools never understand people of wit.

Audacity of thought is seldom forgiven.

Presumption is the daughter of ignorance.

We promise much that we may give little.

The ruses of women multiply with their years.

Man laughs and weeps at the same thing.

Anything serves as a pretext for the wicked.

The fire of vanity is fed by the fuel of flattery.

Charms strike the sight, bu merit wins the soul.

Set not too high a value o your own abilities.

Society welcomes only those who amuse or flatter.

Let us make no vows, but let us act as if we had.

Love makes time pass and time makes love pass.

Gratitude is a crossroad that leads quickly to love.

HOMŒOPATHY.—With a case of Homœopathic medicines and Domestic Physician in the house any form of disease may be intelligently treated. So much needless sickness and suffering could be avoided! Prices all the way from $3 to $23. Catalogue mailed free.

Homœopathic Veterinary Remedies. The legitimate ones under our labels, and all the standard books on the treatment of animals, at outpharmacies. Homœopathy applied to animals is marvelously successful, humane and economical.

Pure unfermented Grape Juice. Our grape juice is preserved without *salicy acid, sulphurous acid* or any chemicals and is the only brand we know that is so preserved. It will ferment when opened—proof positive of purity! 50 cents per bottle.

CREAM MILK from the Bavarian Mountains. A pure mountain milk rich in cream, highly condensed, and preserved without antiseptics, sugar, or anything being added to it. Among condensed milks it is without a peer. 25 cents per can. Dealers supplied on liberal terms, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœopathic Pharmaceutists, Importers and Publishers, 212 W. Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., 938 F. St. N. W. Washington, D. C., 1011 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa., also New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh. Established 1835.

Here are a few choice extracts from the Democratic creed as interpreted by the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

"The conflict between Free Trade and Protection is irrepressible."

"The Democrat who is not a Free-Trader should go elsewhere; he should join the Republicans."

"The Democratic party, except in the persons of imbeciles hardly worth mentioning, is not on the fence. It is a Free-Trade party or it is nothing."

This is Democratic doctrine from head-quarters. Democrats who don't like it should go elsewhere; they should join the Republicans.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns, Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts. a box.

Roger's Specific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts.

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER NISI.

John Swan, etal., vs. Willie Swan, etal. } No 372 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

ORDERED, This 30th day of July, 1888, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity, that the sale made and reported by William J. Read and David W. Sloan, trustees in the above entitled case be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the thirtieth (30th) day of August, 1888; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once in each of three successive weeks before the 29th day of August next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $45,055.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk Circuit Court.

True Copy,—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



It Saved my Child's Life.

"When my child was born, the doctor ordered one of the other Foods. She ate that until she nearly died. I had three doctors, who said the trouble was Indigestion, and ordered the food changed to Lactated Food. It saved my child's life, and I owe you many thanks for it. I regard your Food as invaluable, and superior to all other artificial food for babies.

Mrs. A. J. BENFIELD, Boston, Mass, 15 Indiana Place.

LACTATED FOOD

150 Meals for $1.00

FOR INFANTS and INVALIDS

THE PHYSICIAN'S FAVORITE.

Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.

BABIES CRY FOR IT. INVALIDS RELISH IT.

Perfectly Nourishes a Baby with or without the addition of milk. Three Sizes. 25c. 50c. $1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free.



It Has No Equal.

"We are using in our nursery (containing forty infants) your Lactated Food, and find it far superior to all other food which has been used during the past ten years that I have been visiting physician. The Sisters of Charity, who have charge of the institution, say it has no equal."

W. E. DE COURCY, M. D., St. Joseph's Foundling Asylum, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It's an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.

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FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Vegetable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings are from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland Maine.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M
No. 6	11.14 A. M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 5	1.49 A. M,
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 3	5.00 P. M.
No. 83—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.

C. K. LORD, General Passenger Agent.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 261, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb, 25, '88.

MASSEY HALL

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN, Principal.

7 7 td

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS, OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

VALUABLE

STOCK FARM

FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 465 acres. About 200 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned, citizens of Garrett county, will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to appoint examiners to view and locate a public road as follows: Commencing at or near Nutter's (District No. 8,) on the Wood road, and running thence through lands of S. J. Nutter, Peter Culpp, J. R. Rumbarger Lumber Co., and S. B. Elkins, to Dobbin, on the W. Va. C. & P. Railroad, a distance of about two miles, in the laying out of which road the Cooper log road will be utilized as far as practicable, making a good grade throughout.

JOHN BLAMBLE, JOS. M. CONEWAY, JOHN ROTH.

7 21 5

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

DEAF SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1888. NUMBER 27.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers,

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLANE, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building. Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CHEAP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

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Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate,

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas aand Shade Trees.

☞ Address: P. O. Box 113 623

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so. "Rev. James M. Rollins, "Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va.

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in *Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,* and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten. "OVID G. SPARKS, "Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ ONLY GENUINE ☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma;** soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces;** strengthens the **Vocal Organs;** allays soreness of the **Lungs;** prevents **Consumption,** and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert H. Foreman *Headlight,* Morrilton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS,
3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

HER UNCLE'S PET.

Old Mr. Brown stood in his private office, with his back to the fire and his coat-tails balanced in either hand. He was a baldheaded old gentleman with a ruddy complexion, keen black eyes, and leg-of-mutton whiskers which were white as snow. And Miss Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of the big armchair in which he had beckoned her to seat herself.

"So you are my cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin boxes, and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver safes.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please?"

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown.

Nelly glanced shyly up into his face, but she added with some spirit, "I am not asking for charity. I am willing to work for my bread!"

"You mean that you would like to daub canvass, or sew impossible yellow sunflowers on green plush screens," atirically observed the old gentlemat "I don't call that work!"

"Nor I, ither," retorted Nelly.

"Then, what do you mean?" said Mr. Brown

"I mean hat I shall be glad to undertake anysort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr. Brown. "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nell answered.

"I don't believe it!"

"But I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, releasing his coat-tails and sitting down at his desk as if the question were definitely disposed of. "My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see what you can do for me."

Mr. Brown fully expected that this young cousin would recoil indignantly from this proposal, but she did nothing of the sort. She simply said, "Yes, Cousin John," and asked him for his private address.

"Mind you're punctual—for I am punctual," he handed her the pencilled card.

"I am always punctual," calmly responded Nelly.

Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eyes.

"She won't come," he said to himself. "I've seen the last of my fine relation.

And Nelly Torrance went home to a little second-floor room, the cheapest which the widow and her daughters could possibly find.

Mrs. Adrian Torrance was dressed in black, a fair delicate piece of human china, who had been like the lilies of the field, in that she toiled not, neither did she spin, and Lucetta, the elder daughter, was trying, unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black crape bonnet by the window.

They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion to appeal, in their poverty, to this rich cousin of the dead father and husband, but none of them anticipated any very satisfactory results from the experiment.

"These rich people are always miserly," said Miss Lucetta.

"And I've understood," sighed the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor dear Adrian married me instead of Miss Goldbags, the rich pawnbroker's daughter."

"Well?" cried Mrs. Torrance eagerly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lucetta, dropping the crape which she was vainly endeavoring to fashion into what the fashion plate called "an oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, untying her bonnet-strings. "And I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this afternoon."

"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Torrance, with a spasmodic catching of her breath, "that he is going to—adopt you?"

"Not in the least," said Nelly. "Now, mamma darling, don't jump at conclusions. Just hear my plain, unvarnished tale. I went to Cousin John, I told him I wanted something to do. He asked me if I could cook. Thanks to that course of lessons I once took of Signor Silverspoon, I was able to answer yes. Then he told me that his cook was gone, and asked me if I would come to his house this afternoon and take her place."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance.

"I said yes—of course."

"Eleanor!" cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, perfectly scandalised! You will do nothing of the sort!"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance, developing strong hysterical symptons. "If your cousin Brown intends to insult us——"

"But he dosen't mean to insult us," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in all good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to degrad yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning cook—for any man living!"

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it is any more degrading to cook for Cousin John than it would be to embroider slippers for him, or read the newspaper aloud to him of an evening."

"Eleanor never had any proper pride," said Mrs. Torrance, wringing her hands.

"Never!" echoed Lucetta.

"And," added Nelly, "my cousin would have every right to believe me an impostor if I had told him I wanted work, and had then refused the first offer he made. It will be useless for you to remonstrate, Lucetta, and I hope mamma will not place any obstacles in my way. For I am quite determined to go to Grandover Park this afternoon."

And she adhered firmly to her resolution.

It was six exactly when Mr. Brown let himself into his house with the latch-key, which always depended from his watch chain. The gas jet burned softly behind the rose-colored shade in the hall, the fire clicked cheerfully in the grate of the parlor beyond a most inviting apartment.

"Humph!" he muttered, "She hasn't come. Thought so! There's no such thing as a practical woman now-a-day."

At the same moment a light, white-aproned little figure came out of the dining-room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered these words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a pleasant expression of the face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that [illegible] handsome man he was.

"Oh," said he you did come, then.

"Oh I always keep my engagements," said Nelly. "Punctuality is the soul of business, isn't it, Cousin John? At least that's what I used to write in my copy books at school."

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him off with his overcoat.

"You are a good girl," said he.

And in his secret mind he decided to put up with any deficiencies in the cooking of a girl who had such excellent business principles.

But, to his infinite amazement, there were no deficiencies to overlook. The soup was on the table as clear as water, flavored like a dream of Soyer's own.

The first course was baked trout, swimming in wine sauce, the second a pigeon on toast. A small and compact roast of beef ribs was flanked by a dainty giblet-pie, and the dessert was fruit, peach tarts, and Bavarian cream.

Mr. Brown ate, relished and wondered, by turns.

"My dear," said he at last, when the cloth was removed and the wine and walnuts brought on, "all is very nice. I'll concede that you are a tip-top housekeeper. But of course, you ordered all this from Moverato's restaurant?"

But of course I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly decidedly. "I cooked it all myself."

"What, that soup?"

"Yes, that soup."

"Did you prepare that trout sauce and broil that pigeon?"

"Yes, Cousin Brown."

"And the giblet-pie? Was that yours?"

"Yes, and the giblet-pie! Don't look so astonished, Cousin Brown," she added, laughing. "I may as well confess that I took a course of cooking lessons last summer. And I like it of all things, especially in a household like this, where one can command the very best material.

Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a mental calculation. His life had been "worried out of him," to use a mediocre expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks, and untrained servants. At last, was a gate-way out of all his tribulations?

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come here and live."

"As cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No—as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need some one to take the helm of affairs. By Jupiter! he added as he recollected the flavor of the giblet-pie. "I haven't eaten such a dinner in ten years,"

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor, "and my sister Lucetta?"

"Let them come, too," said Mr. Brown. "Bless your heart, my dear, there's plenty of room in the house. can they cook, too?"

"No, Cousin Brown," confessed Nelly.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well," said Mr. Brown. "There can't be more than one head to a household. I hope you have preserved the recipe of that giblet-pie. It certainly was something extraordinary."

So the Torrance family found a comfortable refuge for the soles of their feet, and Nelly's despised accomplishment proved the sword wherewith she opened the world's oyster.

And Lucetta sighed and wondered why she, too, had not taken cooking lessons.

"Nelly is the old man's first favorite," said she, "He'll leave her all his money when he dies. And all because she accepted his ridiculous offer of turning cook for a living."

Mr. Brown, however, looked at this matter in a different light.

"Nelly is a trump," he said "She is not like the typical young lady, who is too lazy to work, and too proud to beg. She is one who ennobles the humblest task, and does, with all her might, whatever her hands finds to do.

So the old proverb came true: "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Further than this our little story cannot go at present, but good-natured gossip does say that ere long Nelly will be more than Housekeeper to Mr. Brown.

The Democratic party makes strenuous claims of being an anti-monopoly party. Its organs howled at Chauncy M. Depew when he was talked of at Chicago as a candidate because he is a railway president. It seems, however, that the Democratic party is opposed to such men only when they are Republicans. When [illegible] they have not a word to say. Just look, for instance, at the make-up of the new Democratic campaign committee. It is composed of:

Wm. H. Barnum, iron master and railroad man,

Senator Gorman, of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

Senator Barbour, late of the Virginia Midland.

Mr. Calvin S. Brice, a railroad magnate of Tennessee, and builder of the Nickel plate in Ohio.

Mr. W. L. Scott, coal operator and railroad manager.

Mr. Arthur Sewell, of Maine, late president of the Eastern railroad of New England and the Mexican Central.

Mr. Niles Ross, one of New Jersey's coal barons.

Mr. Phelps, a rich merchant.

Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, a planter and lawyer, once a major-general in the Confederate army, who surendered at Appomattox.

Having carefully read the columns of several of our esteemed free trade contempararies, we admit that they prove satisfactorily (to themselves) that—

1.—Free trade would benefit the workingman by making food cheaper

2.—It would benefit the farmer by making food dearer and manufactured goods cheaper.

3.—It would benefit the manufacturer by making goods dearer.

This is equal, we submit to the borrower who declared to the lender that "the pot was cracked when I borrowed it; it was whole when I returned it; and I never had your confounded old pot anyway!"

There is nothing like candor; and the Democratic majority of the House committee on Invalid Pensions is quite candid when it recommends that if any soldier's pension is not sufficient for his support he shall "accept the charity of the local authorities," That is, rather than give him a sufficient pension to support him frugally, let him go to the poor house.

"Are we going to have a pic-nic this year?" inquired a youngster of a Sunday School teacher,

"Why, what do you want of a pic-nic?"

"Nothing much, but I can get six new scholars in a hurry if you are going to have one."

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

'Tis a saying trite, repeated ofttimes,
"A housekeeper's work is never done;"
The household wheels must be oiled each day
And the work go on from sun to sun.

There is washing, and ironing, and baking to do
While swift as a weaver's shuttle time goes,
And the small jobs sandwiched between these tasks
No one but a housekeeper guesses or knows.

The Johns of the household have their weak points,
Although for the most part good men and true;
Not faults that are glaring; oh, no; no, no!
But follies and foibles like me and like you.

Some Johns have a penchant for delicate bread,
And some for a mealy potato,
And some we have known covet polished shirt fronts,
And this, we must own, is but nature.

The children, too, must be coddled and fed,
Their bruises court-plastered, and each little sprite
Schooled, scolded, and guarded from perils by day,
And lovingly, tenderly cared for at night.

Wearisome, isn't it, sisters all?
Wearing alike to heart and brain.
No way to avoid it, no way to shirk
Doing the same things over again.

But would we exchange, for store, or shop,
Or the factory's busy, unceasing whirl,
The quiet home where we reign a queen,
And go back again and again be a girl?

No; we'll cherish our homes, and each pet her John,
And nurture with care the children dear,
Patiently, cheerfully filling our lives,
Doing the same things year after year.

—*James Buckham, in Harper's Weekly.*

ALL A MISTAKE.

But It Nearly Wrecked the Happiness of Two Lives.

There probably was not a brighter or a cozier room in any house in New York than the breakfast room in John Wheatleigh's house. It was somewhere in the 30's, just off of Fifth avenue, of which a glimpse could be caught through the east windows, which admitted a flood of sunlight on the glass and fine damask of the table, and brought out the golden lights in Mrs. Wheatleigh's brown hair.

There could not have been a more agreeable couple to look upon, either—he, tall, athletic, with an open, manly countenance—she, pretty, elegant and womanly. They were a happy pair, too, as happiness goes, and no heavier cloud darkened their matrimonial sky than the one which was now hovering over the breakfast table. For that there was a cloud this morning there could be no possible doubt. The fullness about Mrs. Wheatleigh's lips, the droop of her lids, and the elevation of her eyebrows formed an undeniable pout, while her husband's face expressed doubt, anxiety and annoyance in turn. Though the atmosphere was clear when the meal began, the doubt had been lurking in John Wheatleigh's eyes ever since he took his seat at the table. In his heart it expressed itself in the hesitation between "I will tell her" and "I won't tell it seemed unnecessary; there was no reason why he should, and perhaps Nettie would not understand it, which would be very awkward. Then he considered the affirmative side of the question; Nettie was a thoroughly sensible woman, she had never shown the least trace of jealousy; any thing that he would tell her about, honestly and openly, she would consider right, or if she did not she would tell him so gently and without any fuss.

He looked at her as she bent her pretty head over the morning paper, humming a little tune meanwhile. She seemed to feel his gaze, and glancing up at him, smiled. John's heart smote him. How could he think of keeping any thing from his sweet little wife! Of course he would tell her—he was half sorry he had promised to go; if she objected he wouldn't. "Just as soon as I finish this egg," thought he; "in the meantime I'll think of the best way to tell her."

That was a fatal egg for John. He was some time in disposing of it. When he had finished he cleared his throat, and had actually uttered the initial N of his wife's name when Mrs Wheatleigh cried: "O, John, they are going to play 'Cymbeline' to-night; won't you take me?"

That question was the death knell of John Wheatleigh's confession. He could never tell his wife, in excuse for not taking her to the theater, that he was going himself with another lady, or at least a party in which there were other ladies.

"To-night did you say, Nettie? I don't believe that I can go to-night."

"O, John, why not?"

"Won't to-morrow night do?"

"No," said Mrs. Wheatleigh, looking at the paper, "this is the only performance of 'Cymbeline.'"

"I am going to be out to-night, Nettie; I don't think I can take you very well; but any other night I will be glad to."

"You are going to the club, I suppose. I wish you did not spend so much time there. Is this something so important that it can't be put off? I do want to see 'Cymbeline' so much."

"See here, Nettie, it's like this," said John; Ed Wilson, a friend of mine from out of town, is going to be here to-night, and I want to show him around a little and—and take him to the club, perhaps; in fact, I've written to him promising to meet him. Now do be reasonable, Nettie."

The cloud lifted from Mrs. Wheatleigh's brow entirely. "I will be reasonable, John; of course if you are engaged with your friend, I shan't interfere. I'll tell you what I might do. If you will get the tickets, I'll send over to Cynthia Olds to go with me; she will be glad of the chance. We'll take a cab and drive to the theater, and it will be perfectly safe."

John was glad to have the matter settled so easily, but his wife's sharp speech still rankled a little, and he felt that he ought not to give in all at once.

"I don't like your going out at night without an escort, and I don't like your going with Cynthia Olds, anyhow. What you see in her to make you want to continue the intimacy, I can't imagine. She is a silly, simpering old girl, without an idea that she hasn't got from some yellow-backed novel, and a woman whose tongue runs as hers does is sure to be a dangerous companion."

"Cynthia is not so bad as you make her out, John; she is foolish about some things, I know, and exaggerates a good deal, but I never heard her say any thing ill-natured about anybody. It is a pleasure to take her out, she enjoys every thing so much. But as you evidently do not wish me to go to the theater, I shall say no more about it."

"There, my dear, you may do as you like," said John. "Ask Cynthia to go with you and I will bring the tickets to-night." And so all was serene.

When John Wheatleigh took his seat in the elevated train he drew a letter from his pocket—the letter which caused the little jar in his home that had so quickly subsided. He read it hastily:

"NEWARK, N. J., April 10.—Dear Wheatleigh: I am coming over to New York on Thursday with my wife and her sister—you remember Ethel, of course. We want to go somewhere in the evening, and would be delighted to have you join us at the Hoffman House at six for dinner, and make a partie carree. I hear the operetta of 'Madame Roquette' is very good; may I commission you to secure four places for our party and don't fail to meet us? My wife wishes to be remembered. Yours truly, E. H. WILSON."

"Confound it," he muttered, "I don't like it; I wish I hadn't been in such a hurry to accept his invitation."

He remembered Miss Ethel very well; a handsome girl she was, too, but not handsomer than her sister, Mrs. Wilson. "Of course they couldn't have asked Nettie; they don't know her. I'm hanged, though, if I think it's the thing to invite a married man without his wife. I wish I'd told her! However, I am in for it now, I suppose."

He left the train and went to a theatre where a great artist was playing Shakesperean dramas, and bought two places for "Cymbeline." Then he went on to his office. All morning, however, he was absent-minded and low-spirited; he let several good opportunities on the exchange pass unnoticed. About noon he made a sudden resolution. "I shan't dine with them at any rate; I'll go home and take dinner with Nettie; I'll compromise on that." He sat down and wrote:

"DEAR WILSON: I am very sorry, but I find it impossible to get away in time to take dinner with you this evening. I shall join you at the theater, though, and therefore enclose the three tickets for yourself and ladies, to whom please make my compliments and regrets at being obliged to forgo a part of the pleasure of the evening. Faithfully, WHEATLEIGH."

Comic opera was a form of entertainment which John Wheatland loathed, yet here he had consigned himself to enduring three hours of jingling music and prancing women, while refusing to go with his wife to witness a noble play.

He put the three tickets into the envelope with his note and sealed it, thinking to himself meanwhile: "I wish there was some way out of the whole business—I might say I was ill—poor little Nettie! 'Madame Rouquette,' indeed! Pshaw!"

Then he called a messenger, dispatched his letter, and in so doing laid the train to a pretty mine, which by evening might explode with a formidable result.

You will probably guess what John Wheatleigh did in his absent-minded, self-reproachful state of mind, so there need be no secret about it. He was reckoned one of the shrewdest and keenest-witted men on the cotton exchange, yet he did now what shrewd and keen-witted men sometimes do—committed an egregious blunder.

He had in his pocket six theater tickets. All were red, and of the same general appearance. He inclosed the two tickets he had bought for his wife, and one operetta ticket in the note to his friend Wilson, and thus the three tickets he retained, one for himself and two for Nettie, were all for "Madame Rouquette."

When he came home to dinner Nettie met him with a smile. "Could you get the tickets, John, dear? O, I'm so glad! Cynthia will go. How I wish, though, it was you!"

"Indeed, I wish it was, Nettie. I would break this engagement to-night if I could, but Wilson is an old friend and I would not like to offend him."

"And I wouldn't like to have you either, dear. I was cross this morning, wasn't I? I was sorry for it though, afterward. Please forgive me, John, dear—you are always good to me," and she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Aren't you well, John, quite well, Nettie; a little headache, that is all."

Mrs. Wheatleigh was not quite dressed when her husband came to bid her good-bye. "I'll try to be back as soon as you are, Nettie," he said, as he kissed her. He was on the stair when his wife called to him: "John, you haven't given me the tickets!—don't come back; I'll run down to you."

He fumbled hastily in his pocket and drew out the three tickets. "Madame Roquette—that's mine"—he heard Nettie on the stairs—these other two are hers—don't come down, dear; there they are."

"You foolish boy," said Nettie, "you are sure you are quite well, John? There—good night."

Cynthia was not quite ready when the cab stopped at her door. Her toilet was a matter requiring great preparation; presently, though, she came running out.

"How are you, dear Nettie?—so good of you to think of me so often! Isn't Mr. Wheatleigh going? Just we two? How nice! What is 'Cymbeline,' Nettie? Shakespeare, isn't it? I don't think I ever read it—is it a tragedy? How nice!"

"No, Mr. Wheatleigh couldn't go to-night," explained Nettie, "he had an important engagement with a business friend at the club."

Cynthia rattled on telling Nettie of all her comings, and goings since their last meeting until they reached the theater. They entered the house and Nettie handed her tickets to the man at the gate.

"You're in the wrong place, ladies," said he; "these tickets don't belong here."

"Dear me," said Nettie, "where are we? Did the cabman make a mistake? Aren't you playing 'Cymbeline'?"

"Yes ma'am, but these tickets are for 'Madame Roquette,' at an up-town house. The address is on your tickets—please step aside a moment, ladies."

"O, how provoking," said Nettie. "How could John have made a mistake! He knew it was 'Cymbeline' I wanted to see—we talked of it quite awhile."

"Perhaps they will exchange them at the box-office" suggested Cynthia.

"O, no, they won't do that," replied Nettie, taking out her purse: "we must buy new tickets. Dear me, I have only enough here to pay the cabman! Have you any money, Cynthia?"

Cynthia humbly acknowledged to not having a penny.

"Well, there is nothing to do, then, but to drive home," said Nettie. "O, I am so disappointed!" They found a cab and were rolling up-tawn when Cynthia said: "Nettie, so long as we have the tickets, why shouldn't we go to see 'Madame Roquette?' I hear it is splendid. Floria de Brassi sings in it, you know. If we don't like it we can come away in a little while."

"Very well, Cynthia," replied Nettie, apathetically. She was thinking how could he have been so careless, when he knew she wanted so much to see this play! But she had invited Cynthia to go with her and felt bound to make the best of the matter.

Cynthia hastily put her head out of the window and told the man where to drive, Secretly she was delighted at the change in the programme. Shakespeare was very nice, of course, but such a thing as "Madame Roquette" was not to be seen every day. "Bennie de Forrest was telling me all about it last night, Nettie," she said, "he says it is simply grand, and that Floria de Brassi is the loveliest, most bewitching thing! The men are all wild about her. She sings a 'topical song' or something, called 'Now He's a Married Man,' that brings down the house, Bennie says. I don't know that I approve of such things," she added, deprecatingly, "but it's well enough to go once in awhile, especially when everybody is talking about a thing; it makes one feel like going to see it in spite of one's self; don't you think so?"

"I suppose it does, Cynthia; I never heard any thing about it."

The operetta had begun when they entered the theater. A little man accompanied by two handsome ladies was raising a great commotion about something with an usher. Nettie just glanced at them as she passed. Their seats were in the orchestra, and the house seemed quite full, with the exception of one chair adjoining their own. Cynthia divested herself of her jacket at once and prepared to enjoy herself.

"We can put our things on that seat next to you, Nettie; if anybody comes we'll take them away again," she said.

Nettie placed Cynthia's coat in the vacant seat, and as she did so her eyes fell on the man beyond it; he was staring at her with wide open eyes and hanging jaw; he looked quite stupefied. The man was her husband.

"Why, John! how came you here? I thought—is this a surprise, or a joke—what does it mean, John?"

"Nettie," he said, hastily, "there has been a mistake; I found it out and came—I mean let us go quickly—quickly, Nettie!" He rose to his feet; Nettie was quite bewildered, while Cynthia stared—"Quick, Nettie—"

"Ah, Wheatleigh, I've found you, have I?" cried a little man bustling up; "such a deuce of a time I've had. What on earth did you mean by sending me one ticket for this place and two for somewhere else, Lord knows where! I've been having a fine row back there, and the girls are as mad as hornets. Maud didn't like it when you didn't come to dinner, anyhow. O, I could give you a jolly scolding. How did you get such a bull? Are these the seats here? The usher will try to straighten the thing out if these ladies will kindly let him see their coupons. May be——" His words were drowned in a burst of applause. Floria de Brassi, as the young Prince Faillard, had bounded on the stage—a glory of blonde hair and silk fleshings. Nettie had not an idea of what the trouble was about she looked at her husband, who was still standing. His face was white, his lips moved, but she could not hear the words The usher was saying something to Cynthia, who was helplessly fumbling at her box for the coupons Nettie had handed her when they came in; but what was this the woman on the stage was singing, her hands passed to her heart, and her eyes rolled up in mock agony!

"Ah sweet sequled one!
Ah, poor deluded one!
He'll fool yo if he can.
Now he's a married man,
Ha—ha!
Now he's a married man."

Nettie comprehend every thing in a flash. The little ma and the two handsome women standing back there belonged to her husband's party—through some mistake she and Cynthia were in their places, and they were trying to get them out. She rose to her feet and turned to her husband with indignant eyes. "Nettie, come with me," he said, in a lov voice. "I will explain every thing." Nettie felt a strong revulsion; she grasped Cynthia by the wrist and hurried her away. "One moment, ladies—I mean no offense," said the little man—"by Jove, Wheatleigh, they've gone!"

In the aisle they almost ran into a man staggering under a great basket of flowers; the odor made Nettie faint.

As for Cynthia she only knew that something dreadful had happened. Nettie was deathly pale and looked straight before her, not having uttered a word since they left the theater. Cynthia took her two hands and held them tight, not knowing what else to do. How terrible it all was, yet how wildly exciting! She recalled John Wheatleigh's haggard face, the excitable voice of the little man, the well-bred amusement with which the two women had regarded the [illegible] she had seen those women before, and [illegible] such an adventure that poor Cynthia found herself taking a kind of guilty joy in the situation. And Nettie—how stonily she stared before her; she didn't look like Nettie Wheatleigh at all. Would it be in the papers in the morning? Would Nettie get a divorce? Every body would know that she had been there and had seen it all, and would come to her for the particulars. Cynthia fairly grew giddy at the prospect of her coming importance. Now they were at Nettie's house, she must go in; she could not leave the poor girl while she looked like that. Then Nettie spoke for the first time.

"Come in the house," she said, hoarsely; "tell the man to wait."

She ran up-stairs and flung herself upon the bed, face downward. Cynthia gently took off her bonnet and would have bathed her face, but Nettie motioned her away. She did not cry or make a sound, but only buried her face in the pillows as though she felt a thousand eyes upon her and was ashamed.

There was a violent ring at the bell, and John Wheatleigh came rushing up the stairs. She sprang to her feet.

"Nettie, darling, where are you? O, Nettie, don't look at me like that—let me tell you! Miss Olds please go into the next room for a few moments; I must speak to my wife alone."

"Stop; remain where you are, Cynthia. Do you not see that whatever you have to say to me must be said before her—now?"

"Nettie, dearest, it was all a mistake. That was Ned Wilson, his wife and her sister. I was going with them, you see—to meet them, that is, and I mixed the tickets up—I gave you—I ought to have told you."

"It was shameful," she said, in a low, hard voice, "to humiliate me before all those people, before Cynthia, before"—she shuddered—"those two women."

"Nettie, I swear I meant to tell you at the table this morning, the words were on my very lips to tell you. I had written to Ned Wilson then, but I had made up my mind not to go if you didn't want me to, and just as I was going to speak you asked me to take you—then we had that silly little quarrel, and I foolishly went away without telling you. If you knew how miserable I had felt all day—it was that that made me send—O God! she doesn't believe me!" and the poor boy covered his face with his hands and gave a great sob. Then it was that the true and beautiful womanly instinct arose and showed itself in the despised Cynthia.

"Nettie," she said, firmly, you are making too much of this; your husband has done no wrong—look at him, Nettie. He concealed something from you because he was piqued—it was foolish, but not wicked, and he was sorry for it before it was made known to you in the way it was to-night. I know who Mrs. Wilson is, and who her sister is—he loves you and nobody else. You can trust me, can't you, when I promise never to speak of this to any one, and—and Nettie, I shall try to forget it myself."

"O, I did not deserve it, John; I did not, indeed!" and Nettie flung herself sobbing on her husband's neck, as Cynthia silently withdrew.

All his life John Wheatleigh loved Cynthia Olds for those words. The simper on her kindly face was as a beautiful smile to him ever after—her harmless twaddle as pleasant music.

The operetta of 'Madame Roquette' had a long run in the metropolis. The airs were played on hand organs, by street bands, and by energetic young ladies on the piano, but although Nettie forgave her husband freely, and restored him to her perfect confidence, she could never hear "Now He's a Married Man," without a spasm of the heart.—*The Epoch.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—An English physician has convinced himself that diphtheria has its origin in common mold fungi, which he thinks must acquire virulent properties under special conditions.

—A patented material said to have all the properties of good lignum vitæ is prepared in Leipsic, by M. Stockhardt, from ordinary soft wood. The wood is first impregnated with oil, then subjected to great pressure, causing a considerable increase in density.

—Tests of various kinds of coal have shown that only coke is a sufficiently good electric conductor to be used as an earth connection for lightning rods. Specimens of anthracite and bituminous coal and charcoal were mostly lacking in conductivity.

—Wax is a substance secreted by the bees, and is analagous to the fat of higher animals. To produce a single pound of wax, the bees must consume from fifteen to twenty pounds of honey. This expensive substance is used by the thrifty little insects with the greatest economy.

—A new method of preserving the colors of pressed flowers comes from Germany. It consists in dusting salicylic acid upon the fresh petals, or pressing the flowers between sheets of blotting paper impregnated with a solution of the acid in fourteen times its volume of alcohol. Red colors are particularly well preserved.

—Priceite is a borate of lime, and was named twenty years ago by Profs. Dana Silliman in honor of Prof. Thomas Price of San Francisco. Borax is made by boiling it with carbonate of soda. A discovery of Priceite in large quantity is just reported from Curry County, Oregon. Deposits of the same mineral are found in Turkey and shipped to London, where it sells as "Turkey borate."

—Anew tanning agent has been obtainedby digesting coal dust with caustic soda at a boil, and neutralizing the resulting liquor with hydrochrolic acid. The inventor calls it pyrofuscine, and considers that while the new process is more complicated than the usual tanning processes, it is fifty per cent. cheaper than the bark process, and twenty to thirty per cent. cheaper than the alum process.

—One of the chief difficulties with electric locomotives has been the trouble and danger of intrusting the delicate and easily disturbed mechanism of such a motor to fresh and unskilled hands. This, however, is believed to have been overcome, in a great measure, by providing a switch board, entirely enclosed, and in which a single motion of the lever causes the motor to move forward or backward, or remain stationary, and regulates the speed at which it shall run.

—A very good and sensitive barometer may be made by gluing together strips of red cedar and seasoned pine. A strip of cedar about thirty inches long, one and one-half inches wide and one-eighth of an inch thick, is cut with the grain, and to one side of it must be glued strips of pine of equal thickness, with the grain running across that of the cedar. This combination is set on end, and will, according to the state of the weather, be found to have bent over on one side or the other, and this may be determined by trial.—*Manufacturers' Gazette.*

SECRETS OF SUCCESS.

A Self-Made Man Tells How to Acquire Fame and Fortune.

Mr. O. W. Potter, President of the North Chicago Rolling Mills Company, said:

"In my experience good health is important to success. Next, get something to do, and do that something just as well as you know how, and try to know how to do it in the best possible manner, and then improve on that all the time. Make your employer feel that his business is your business, and do that by being always on hand and ready and willing to do your part, and don't wait to be told what your part is, but rather be hunting up work to do, instead of having somebody hunting you up to have you do your work, and when the time for your work to begin has arrived, be at your post and ready for your work, not ready to begin getting ready to work, and use up ten or fifteen minutes of your employer's time in the morning and then as much more at night, by getting ready to walk away at exactly the stroke of the clock; rather be ahead in the morning and behind in the evening than the reverse. Employers don't forget such persons when the time for promotion comes, and if one adopts the being late policy in the catching of trains they will get left, and the same is true in their business

"Live within your income *always*.

"What you save invest in something that will add to your income.

"Let liquor alone. Let tobacco alone. Let Sunday find you at church once during the day sure, and twice won't hurt you any.

"Work all the time and work with all the ability you have, and try to have all the ability there is to be had in the business in which you are engaged, and stick to your business. If it wants you at four o'clock in the morning be there; if at midnight go.

"Don't be too anxious to forget your business when you have closed the door of store, office or shop behind you; if you do, the business may forget you.

"There is no certainty the above prescriptions, however carefully prepared and faithfully complied with, will *always* insure success, but it is fairly certain that a general disregard of them will not add to one's happiness or prosperity."—*Chicago Journal.*

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Plausible Propositions in Regard to Ancient Society in Tennessee.

Patient and systematic research, a vast accumulation of valuable material, and a thorough analysis of facts and theories by competent authority, have finally unraveled nearly all the secrets of these works and graves, until their origin and the mysteries of their construction and of ancient domestic life in Tennessee—and, indeed, elsewhere in the Mississippi valley—represented by them are nearly as well known as the life and history of the modern Indians.

The conclusions reached (often unwillingly) as the result of these investigations in all departments of research, historic, ethnologic and traditional, may be briefly stated as follows:

1.—The progress made by these ancient tribes in the direction of civilization or semi-civilization has been over-estimated. The stone-grave race and the builders of ancient mounds and earth-works in Tennessee and probably in the Mississippi valley were Indians, North American Indians, probably the ancestors of the Southern red or copper-colored Indians found by the whites in this general section, a race formerly living under conditions of life somewhat different from that of the more nomadic hunting tribes of Indians, but not differing from them in the essential characteristics of the Indian race.

2.—The interesting collections of mounds, earth-works and stone-graves found in Tennessee and Southern Kentucky are simply the remains of ancient fortified towns, villages and settlements, once inhabited by tribes of Indians more devoted to agriculture and more stationary in their habits than the hunting tribes generally known to the whites.

3.—No single implement or article of manufacture or earth-work or defensive work has been found among their remains indicating intelligence or advancement in civilization beyond that of other Indians having intercourse with the whites within the historic period.

4.—The accumulation of dense population in favored localities, and progress made toward civilization, were probably the results of periods of repose and peace that enabled these tribes to collect in more permanent habitations, and to pursue for a time more peaceful modes of life than some of their neighbors and successors.

5.—These periods of peace and advancement were probably succeeded by years of wars, invasions, migrations, or changes which arrested the limited developement in the arts of peace and civilization, and left the native tribes in the status in which they were found by the whites.

These propositions I am satisfied can be successfully maintained, and will afford the most reasonable solution of archæological problems long in controversy.

If we could have been given a glimpse of the fair valley of the Cumberland in 1492, the date of America's discovery, there can scarcely be a doubt but that we would have found many of these ancient settlements full of busy life, and we could have learned the story of the mounds and graves from some of their own builders; but nearly three centuries elapsed before the pioneers of civilization reached the confines of Tennessee.—*General Thurston, in Magazine of American History.*

MAKE YOURSELF FELT.

Bob Burdette Gives Some Practical Advice to Young Men.

My son, you may not be missed a great deal by a very wide circle of people when you die. It won't be necessary for you to leave much money for a tombstone. The few people who love you, who tenderly and dearly and truly love you, will know which mound covers your sleeping figure, and they can find it just by the ferns and grasses that wave above it; and a monument ninety feet high won't make strangers care for you, or make them love you, or make them remember you. You may not be missed a great deal by very many people when you die, my boy; but that isn't what you want to think about. You want to make yourself felt and noticed while you are here. That's what you want to do. And that is more than most men do. Just run your eye over this paragraph again, if you have time, and think over it a little while you are waiting for morning service to begin. Now and then you will meet a man who actually rejoices, in a mean envious sort of a way, to think that in a few years his more popular, prosperous, successful neighbor will be dead and forgotten. It may be true. The big, wide world is so busy with the living, that she does seem to forget her children when they fall asleep. But you will notice that the man who rejoices in this is really a man whom she has forgotten while he yet lives; who is not felt or heard in the world at all. Now, do you go ahead, my boy, and don't stop to wonder if the world will remember you and miss you one hundred years from now. Little you'll care for this old world in a hundred years from now; Heaven grant it may be under your feet then! You just go ahead and make yourself felt now. When you are gone the world will get along without you, my boy; but while you are here do you make it understand that you are running part of this show yourself, if it is nothing more than standing at the tent-door, and directing the people to pass to the right, and move along in front of the cages. —*R. J. Burdette.*

—Much sickness in farmer's families in winter is due to keeping large quantities of potatoes and other vegetables stored under sleeping rooms.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It's a pity that the dude can't be allowed the woman's privilege of changing his mind. Perhaps if he were he might possibly make a swap for one that was occasionally good for something.—*Journal of Education.*

—The reason why so many old families die out is because the younger ones have not bee sense enough to swarm. They want to stay together and live on each other until they all starve.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—She—"Ralph, why did you send me a little red flag to-day!" Ralph (a rejected and dejected suitor)—"I beg you will wear it as a signal of danger. You know, I would not like to see the other fellows suffer as I do now."—*Life.*

—"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hic) think, sir," hic-coughed the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—With $500,000 represented in a single dog show this country has no reason to be discouraged. Twenty years from now we shall be worth many millions in dogs, though we may possibly lose a few sheep.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—An article is going the rounds of the papers headed: "How to Select a Wife." Its rules are very scientific and interesting, but when a young man falls in love he doesn't ponder over rules. He just shuts both his eyes tight and grabs frantically in the dark.—*Somerville Journal.*

—Prospective son-in-law—"Modern custom justifies me in asking you how much you are going to give your daughter in case we marry?" Prospective father-in-law—"Yes, and modern custom justifies me in asking you how many of your debts you expect to pay with my money."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mrs. Chilsley—"I see statistics show that forty-five per cent. of male criminals are unmarried." Mr. Chilsley—"Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony." And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect."—*Puck.*

—"Is it becoming to me?" she asked, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago before her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he, meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress in this fashion always?" "No, my dear; but I wish," he added musingly, "you had lived when that was the style."

—Lightning-rod agent (to boy): "Is that your father lying there in the shade, sonny?" Boy—"No, sir; pa's away, an' me and ma is the only ones at home; that's a dead book agent. D'ye want to sell ma any thing?" "Thunder, no!" said the lightning-rod man.

—The day will come in this country when the man who carries a cane under his arm and the man who carries an umbrella on his shoulder, will be taken out and hit with a squash, and hit hard enough to kill. Then the woman with the baby cart wants to look out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Long-haired Stranger.—"My friend, don't you believe in the grand old maxim that 'Honesty is the best policy?' Citizen—"Well, I didn't use to, sir; but now that I have accumulated a snug fortune and retired from business, I'm beginning to think there's something in it. An honest man, stranger, is a very noble work indeed."—*Time.*

—According to the *Republican*, a Springfield market man sent an order to a farmer in a neighboring town for some chickens, but neglected to state whether the fowls should be shipped alive or dressed. Not being "up" on current literature, he was rather surprised to receive a postal the next day, on which was written: "The quick or the dead?"

—"Why, Bilbeck," said Singleman to a friend in a restaurant, "I thought you went to housekeeping a week ago, and now I find you here taking your meals?" "Yes," said Bilbeck, garnishing a fried oyster with ketchup, "two days after we commenced housekeeping our cook was taken sick, and my wife has been filling her place, and you know she took lessons at a cooking school."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Toilet Recipes of Ancient Egypt.

Curious hair recipes occur on some of the papyri, some of which are very absurd. One to prevent the hair from turning gray directs that a salve should be made from the blood of a black calf cooked in oil; in another that of a black bull is preferred for the same object. Evidently the color of the animal was to pass through the salve into the hair. In another place we read of the tooth of a donkey dipped in honey being used for really strengthening the hair; and the ingredients for an ingenious compound are given for injuring the hair of a rival, and the counter-remedy to be used by those who think their hair-oil has been tampered with by a suspicious friend. Cakes of some composition which absorbed oil were always placed on the heads of the guests at least, and from them the oil gradually trickled down through the hair. A most disagreeable practice this may seem to us, but to them it appears to have given great pleasure; and with the Egyptians as well as with the Hebrews, oil was symbolical of joy and gladness. Rouge and other coloring substances were used by women of Egypt to enhance, as they thought, their beauty; the eyes had often a green line under them; the lashes and eyebrows were penciled in black; and, as in modern Egypt, the nails were always stained red with a preparation from the henna plant.—*Woman's World.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

"HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND!"

A little song for bedtime,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country,
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
'Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!

When the little ones get drowsy
And heavy lids droop down
To hide blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling:
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland;
And the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music
That the children only know
When they answer to the boatmen's
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"

Oh! take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland,
"For the Slumber Islands, ho!"
—*Eben E. Rexford, in St. Nicholas.*

LITTLE MARJORIE.

The Struggle Between Her Love for Her Dolls and Her Sense of Another's Need.

"Why, what is the matter with my little Marjorie?" said Aunt Sophie in surprise, as she entered the sitting-room one bright spring afternoon.

Marjorie was sitting on the floor in the corner, with a very unhappy face. Before her, ranged in a row, were her six dolls, the treasures of her heart, at whom she was gazing so mournfully it really seemed as if her dejection had communicated itself to them, and their very attitudes expressed misery.

"Why, it isn't a funeral, is it?" went on Aunt Sophie, coming up to the group in haste.

"Most as bad," answered Marjorie, lifting tearful brown eyes. "I'm trying to think which one to give away."

"To give away! Why I thought you loved your dollies far too well to think of such a thing!" cried Auntie.

"So I do. That's just what makes me feel so bad," answered the quivering lips. "Nobody loves them the way I do!"

"Well, tell me all about it, girlie," and Aunt Sophie sat down on the floor and put her arms around Majorie. "Why must you give away any of them?"

"Well, you know Hitty, don't you?", said Marjorie, nestling close to Auntie, and finding it a great relief to confide her troubles, like all the rest of us.

"That little Irish girl round the corner? the one with the queer eyes—yes."

"She's broke her leg," went on the child, with a great sigh. "An' she'll have to lie in bed a long time. An' she hasn't any dollies, Auntie; not a one, even. All little girls need dollies, you know, 'specially when they're sick. What could I do without Ethel' when I had the measles, don't you know?"

"Of course I do. She was a real comfort, wasn't she?" and Aunt Sophie regarded Ethel (who had seen her best days and was now rather dilapidated) with kindly amusement.

"So then," Marjorie went on, "I thought I ought to give her one of mine. 'Tisn't right for me to have six and her not have any, Auntie—"

"No," assented Auntie. "And then?"

"Then I got 'em out, and I—O, Auntie! I don't want to give away any of them! They're my own little children. How can I give them to some body else? Look at Ethel now," picking up the eldest of the flock and holding her tenderly. "She was the first one, an' she was so pretty once. An' she's lost the end of her nose, an' her cheeks are all washed off, and her hair's getting thin, an' one arm's loose. Nobody but me would love her now. I can't let her go."

"An' then there's the twins. You gave me those, an' the're named for you an' mamma. I couldn't separate them—they've always been together, an' 'twould break their hearts—I 'most know it would. And they're so cunning, Auntie. You couldn't give the twins away, could you, now?" entreatingly.

"And here's Josephine. She's such an invalid, it wouldn't ever be right to send her away—she's lost her leg, you know, where Beppo chewed it up—'specially to a little girl that's broke her's. And Hitty couldn't take care of her as I can. She needs lots of care, poor thing! I take her out every day; and I can't let her go.

"And Ned—he's my only boy"—looking at him lovingly. "I couldn't spare Ned."

"Well, how about Seraphina?" said Aunt Sophie, quietly.

Seraphina was the latest arrival among the dolls, a very charming young creature indeed, golden-haired and brown-eyed, with cheeks like a blush rose. She was exquisitely dressed, from the dainty bonnet to the pretty bronze boots, with a wonderful wardrobe in reserve. Aunt Sophie knew she was the pride of Marjorie's heart, and wondered what the child would say.

"Seraphina," repeated Marjorie, slowly. "Well, perhaps, Seraphina ought to be the one to go. She's well and strong, and she's so pretty, I know 'twould 'most stop Hitty's leg from aching just to look at her. And she hasn't lived here so long; so, perhaps, she wouldn't miss me so much—but I should miss her," poor Marjorie broke off suddenly. "Aunt Sophie, I love her dearly! Little girls can't give away their own dollies any more'n mothers their own little children."

And here Marjorie really began to cry a little.

Aunt Sophie didn't say any thing. She only held the little girl close, and stroked the soft hair gently, and presently the child said in a penitent little voice: "But I want Hitty to have one, Auntie—I truly do. Do you think it would be selfish if I keep all my six, and take my little gold dollar that Uncle Jack gave me, and buy her a new dolly for her own self? He said to buy any thing I wanted, Uncle Jack did, and I'd rather give it to Hitty than have any thing myself. Would that do, do you think?"

"That will do charmingly," said Aunt Sophie, kissing her. "Come, let's go up stairs and ask mamma this very minute, and we'll go down street and buy the young lady at once. Then we can dress her and take her down to Hitty directly. Let me see! suppose we measure Seraphina, and get one that can wear some of her clothes; she has so many. You're willing to sacrifice one of Seraphina's dresses, aren't you?"

"Oh, clothes!" cried Marjorie, eagerly; "she can have them all. Tisn't her clothes I care about, it's Seraphina."

"Well, we don't want them all," said Auntie, laughing. "There, now, here's just the thing—this blue sailor suit. Isn't there a hat for it? Yes, I thought so. Now get me the tape-measure and run and ask mamma while I see how tall she is."

So in a few minutes Aunt Sophie and her little niece were in the car on their way down town. They had a great hunt for the new dolly to find one just tall enough and plump enough, but not too plump. At last appeared a fair one, with golden locks, a big, blue-eyed creature that Marjorie called Ethelinda on the spot, and when they took her home, Seraphina's clothes fitted her perfectly, and she was soon arrayed in a pretty set of under-clothing complete, with a pair of boots on, and then the dainty sailor dress, with broad white collar, pretty red tie and jaunty hat, and was pronounced quite charming.

Then they took her down to little Hitty's house, not forgetting some good things for the sick child to eat. And very pretty it was to see the rapture with which Ethelinda was received, and Marjorie's own delight in it when they came away and left little Hitty hugging the doll closely to her, and smiling down at Ethelinda like a little mother.

That night, when all the dollies had been undressed and laid in their own little beds, with an extra kiss for poor Josephine, who could never be like the rest any more, Marjorie went up-stairs to her own little room, carrying the faithful Ethel, who always slept with her, and whispering to her softly: "Ethelinda's a great deal handsomer than you, you poor old thing; but she's Hitty's, and I love you a thousand times better because you're mine!"—*N. Y. Observer.*

MINNIE DID IT.

The Reason Why She Could Not Sleep—How Mamma Knew.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her.

"You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the daytime. Besides I am going to sleep."

She lay down, and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I-know, I-know, I-know."

"You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! you were up-stairs."

Her loud noise awoke the parrot. He took his head from under his wing, and cried out: "Polly did!"

"That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!"

Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did, when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "O, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped up on the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, and then began to "pur-r-r-r, pur-r-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said: "I-know, I-know."

"Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck and cried bitterly. "And—I guess—I want—to—see—my—mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story.

"I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard-pie so bad, and so I ate it up, 'most a whole pie, and then, I—I—O, I don't want to tell, but I 'spect I must—I shut kitty in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma."

Then mamma told Minnie that she had known all about it. But she had hoped that the little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself.

"But, mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?"

"Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.—*Little Men and Women.*

—Some message boys around the New York Stock Exchange, who are known to be quick and trustworthy, make on the average twenty dollars a week from the brokers.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The farmer who carries a note book in his pocket and jots down his mistakes as well as his successes in his farm work, will have a very interesting and profitable book for reference next season.

—By good management of the pastures it is possible to secure a supply of grass until late in the fall, and then with a patch of rye sown early in the fall, it is possible to have a supply very early in the spring.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

—An hour and a half nooning is none too much for the farmer and his laborers in the long days. A little later in the evening, when harvest work is pressing, is better than hard work in the middle of day.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A long-handled brush, long enough to reach the ceilings, is as important to a good housekeeper as a good broom; if the walls and ceilings are lightly brushed before the room is swept, the paper will keep clean and fresh much longer.

—It is utter folly to say "farming don't pay, but it is a fact that profits are not as large as they would be with more acute intelligence employed in the business, and, withal, liberal preparation, which is a condition precedent to full success.

—Tapioca Cream: Two tablespoonfuls of tapioca soaked over night in warm water, one quart of milk; boil ten minutes with the tapioca, two-thirds cup of sugar, yelks of three eggs, salt and flavor to taste. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top and brown.

—That habit of throwing every tool down, any how, in any way, or any place, is one of the most detestable habits a man can possibly get into. It is only a matter of habit to correct this. Make it an inflexible end of your life to "have a place for every thing and every thing in its place."—*Rural New Yorker.*

—What the horse eats he can and will digest inside of four hours, therefore he should be fed often and have rich material in his stomach in small bulk. The chances of many a good race horse have been spoiled by starvation. A horse or a man with an empty stomach can never put forth his best feats of strength or speed. It has taken trotting-horse trainers to learn this, but those who win have learned it.—*Field and Farm.*

—The best authorities have settled upon a few staple products which contain food in a high degree. First and foremost is milk. It is no economy to scant the supply of milk used by a family. It often takes the place of other food to a large extent. Butter is wholesome fat, and cream a palatable form in which to take fat when it is especially needed by the system. Cheese is very nutritious. The cereal foods have varying values. They are numerous in variety, and, by making the different preparations of oat, wheat, barley and corn the staple breakfast foods, a housewife can scarcely go amiss.—*Christian at Work.*

SLEEPING AFTER MEALS.

The Natural Way of Aiding Digestion and Strengthening the Brain.

There is a widespread superstition, cherished by the great majority of the people; that to sleep immediately after they have taken food is to endanger health, to favor the onset of apoplexy, etc.—a superstition based on the assumption that during sleep the brain is normally congested. There is, no doubt, such a thing as congestive sleep, but during normal sleep the brain is anæmic. When a person has taken a fairly abundant lunch or dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion; no organ can more easily comply with that demand than the brain, which, when in full activity, is suffused with a maximum amount of the vital fluid. But a derivation of blood from the brain to the stomach can only take place, except in exceptionally full-blooded and vigorous persons, on the condition that the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence many people after taking dinner feel indisposed for mental action, and not a few long for sleep. The already partially anæmic brain would fain yield up to the stomach a still further supply of blood and yeild itself up to refreshing sleep. Doing so it gains new strength; meanwhile digestion proceeds energetically; and, soon, body and mind are again equipped to continue in full force the battle of life. But superstition, the child of ignorance, intervenes, declares that sleep during digestion is dangerous, admonishes the would-be sleepers to struggle against their perilous inclination, and, though telling them that after dinner they may sit awhile, assures them of the adage, "After supper walk a mile." The millions of its victims continue, therefore, the strife to which it condemns them, and ignore the suggestions offered to them by the lower animals, who have always practiced the lessons of sound physiology by sleeping after feeding whenever they are allowed to do so. Hence the human brain and human stomach of such victims contend with each other during the digestive process; the brain, impelled by superstition, strives to work and demands blood to work with, while the stomach, stimulated by its contents, strives to carry on its marvelous chemistry, and demands an ample supply of blood for the purpose. The result of the struggle is that neither is able to do its work well; the brain is enfeebled by being denied its natural rest during the digestive process, and the healthy function of the stomach degenerates into dyspepsia.—*Westminster Review.*

—In view of the scarcity of coal in San Francisco, the adoption of crude petroleum as a fuel is being very generally talked of there.

Safe and Effective.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for them.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

THE police court records in any big city show that Sunday is also a day of arrest.—*Journal of Education.*

The Pilgrim's Progress

Toward health and vigor is often painfully penitential. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters smooths the path, however, and removes such obstacles in the way as liver complaint, dyspepsia, disturbance of the bowels, colic, fever and ague and kidney complaints. Physicians, after thirty years of trial, accord it their unqualified approval. It is purely botanic and safe. It improves both sleep and appetite.

"THAT settles it! I am opposed to trusts!" said the editor when the mucilage formed a "pool" on his table.

SAPOLIO, the great substitute for Sulphur baths, Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hall's Hair Dye, Black or Brown, 50c.

WHEN the grocer retires from business he weighs less than he did before.—*American Hebrew.*

IN Ireland, at least, a potato patch is seldom successful in covering a rent.—*New Haven News.*

A BAKER seldom does any kneadless work.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A NOTE in bnk is like a rose, because it matures by fading dew.

TAKE

Tutt's Pills

The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind and

Bouyancy of Body

to which he was before a stranger. They give appetite,

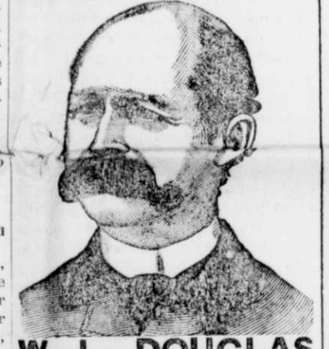
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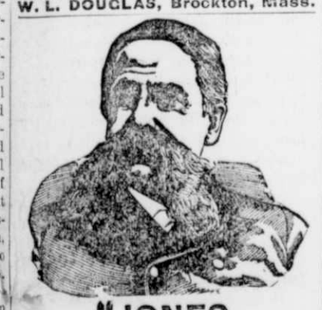
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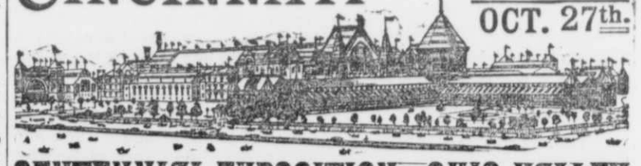
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TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

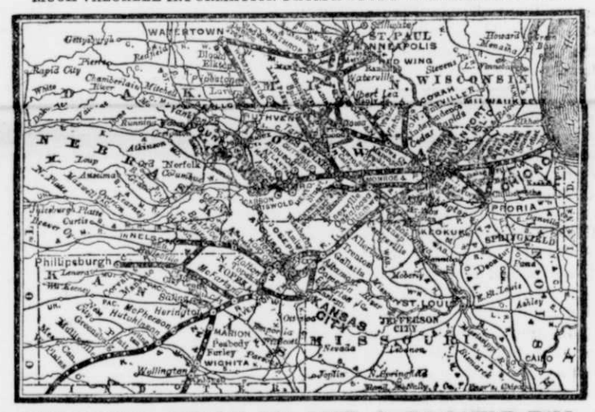
My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try for inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS, Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

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BENJAMIN H. HARRISON,
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
LEVI P. MORTON,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR CONGRESS,
Sixth Congressional District,
LEWIS E. McCOMAS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1888.

Gen. Kelly's sojourn in the mountains has been the means of restoring his health sufficiently to enable him to attend the Reunion of the Society of the Army of West Virginia, at Columbus, Ohio, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of September. He will leave here probably on Saturday, the 8th. inst., spend Sunday in Wheeling and reach Columbus Monday evening, the 10th. He will be accompanied by his wife and grand-daughter and Mrs. Genl. Crook, who will meet the General at Columbus.

The Baltimore *Sun*, commenting editorially on Mr. McComas' renomination says: "Notwithstanding his partisan course on the issue between the two great parties, the *Sun* has frequently had occasion to commend the energy, ability and zeal with which Mr. McComas has discharged the duties of his important position and his untiring efforts to promote the interests not only of his immediate constituents, but of the State at large. He has deservedly occupied a prominent place on the Republican side of the House and is one of the most active and useful of the Republican members."

The ... to say, will not soon be tried in Garrett county. It was thought it would just transfix the country voter two years ago and cause a grand stampede to Baughman. It turned out to be a grand fizzle as a campaign dodge. Thousands came, saw but failed to be conquered. The sky-rockets went up and so did a pretty fair sized pile of greenbacks with it; a little bit bigger pile than we will soon see again, and we feel pretty safe in saying that there will be a very hungry and a very thirsty set of boys this fall. Western Maryland has been abandoned to its idols and it is generally conceded that Mr. Douglass will have a very lonesome time this fall.

Spiked Guns.

Four years ago the cry on the streets was, "turn the rascals out." We had it dinned into our ears from every source. At night on the way home from gatherings of any kind men and boys made night hideous with the cry. That gun is spiked, and effectually. Twenty-five years of Republican rule, with its twenty-five years of bitter opposition from Democratic newspapers and campaign orators, led people to believe that widespread corruption would be found, that Republican office-holders were all scoundrels and thieves, and that the country was fast going to the "demnition-bowwows." So oft repeated were these cries that Republicans by thousand concluded that it was time for a change, and by voting for Cleveland elected him. They have had a change, and have had enough of it. That gun is spiked for this campaign.

The Great Backbone Act.

Four years ago Cleveland was to be the coming Reformer with a big R. The vetoing of pension bills, with messages to Congress reciting the people's grievances, and every now and then a veto message of the "sky-rocket order," had prepared the gazing admirer of the great "I" to look for the culminatory act of all when it came to the veto of the immense River and Harbor bill. That bill has extinguished both the surplus and the great cry of the Democratic party for free trade at one fell swoop. With eyes open and mouth agape we watched for the great backbone act of the present administration that was to electrify the country and cast all previous "Backbone acts" into the shade. We looked in vain. Something surely is wrong. Has the great "Backbone," of which we have heard so much got tired? Possibly in trying to beat the record in vetoing pensions the "Back" has got sprained. Who knows. Privately we are of the opinion that the great "I" is preparing for a new role of bareback-riding, and as such we suggest it be called on the show-bills "Straddling the Tariff." To prepare wating admirers for the forthcoming letter of acceptance for what is in store for them, we take the great liberty to say that we have been privately informed that the chief actor will appear in the usual tights, with immense capital "I's" emblazoned fore and aft, the porous plaster properly concealed. The steed "Tariff," frequently straddled heretofore, but never successfully ridden the entire circuit of the ring, will be brilliantly comparisoned, emblazoned on one side "Free Trade," and on the other "Protection." The free trade side will be led by Scott and Brice, the off side by Gorman and Barnum. It is thought the horse will thus be got into the ring safely, and the entertaidment finished amid the blasts of trumpets and acclamations of the crowd. This performance, it is thought, will eclipse all former acts of this nature, and it is confidently predicted that it will finish up once for all the Republican crowd who have treated the great performer of the age with ridicule.

The Farmers and the Tariff.

It is often asserted by "revenue reformers" that the farmers are taxed by a protective tariff for the sole benefit of the manufacturers, while they themselves have no protection at all. The assertion is false. The farmer as well as the factory operative and the miner is a beneficiary of the protective system. This false statement about the farmer has been so often made by the free traders that it is time to counteract it with facts. Let us see in what respects the farmer is protected. His stock is protected by a duty of 20 per cent. His barley is protected by a duty of 10 cents a bushel, and his bran and mill-feed by a duty of 20 per cent. The following table shows what other protection he receives:

Buckwheat	10 per cent.
Corn	10 cents a bushel
Oats	10 cents a bushel
Rye	10 cents a bushel
Wheat	20 cents a bushel
Bark for tanning	20 per cent.
Flowers	10 per cent.
Flax, hackled	$40 per ton
Flax, not hackled	$20 a ton.
Flax, straw	$25 per ton.
Flax, tow	$10 per ton
Hemp, tow	$10 per ton
Manilla and other like substitutes for hemp	30 per ton
Jute	20 per cent.
Jute butts	8 per ton
Sisal grass	$15 per ton
Other vegetable substances not specially enumerated	$15 per ton
Fruits (average)	30 per cent.
Glucose or grape sugar	20 per cent.
Hair curled (except of hogs)	25 per cent.
Hay	$2 a ton
Honey	20 cents per gallon
Hops	8 cents per pound
Vegetable oils (average)	25 per cent.
Provisions (meat and dairy products average	24-44 per cent.
Rice (average)	61 per cent.
Seeds (average)	20-36 per cent.
Sugar (average)	82 per cent.
Sugar cane	10 per cent.
Tobacco leaf for wrappers, not stemmed	75c. per lb.
Tobacco leaf, for wrappers, stemmed	$1 per lb.
Tobacco leaf, all other, not stemmed	35c. per lb.
Tobacco leaf, stemmed	40c. per lb.
Tobacco stems	15c. per lb.
Tobacco not specially enumerated	30 per cent.
Vegetables (average)	24 per cent.
Wools (average)	36 per cent.

This table is a complete answer to the assertions made so frequently by the free traders that the farmer is not protected by the tariff. As a matter of fact the farmer is quite as carefully considered as the manufacturers and the workingmen. The Mills bill attacks some of the most important agricultural interests of the country, and interests that flourish in all sections.

A Political Dodge.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 24.—The message of the President asking for authority to declare further retaliatory measures than those given him by the act of March 31, 1887, against Canada in the matter of transporting goods in hand to and from Canadian ports, and in the transportation of Canadian goods on American canals, created a sensation at the Capitol.

There was a general expression of Republican opinion that the President already had all the authority he needed to declare retaliatory measures Canada in the act passed by last Congress, but certain Democrats denied this, saying that the law gave him authority in certain contingencies, such as continued outrages on American vessels, but it did not give him the power he now asked to prohibit the transportation of Canadian goods in bond through the United States, nor to charge tolls on American canals similar to those charged Americans on the Welland Canal.

The paper is regarded as a political document pure and simple. It is a bold effort to regain the prestige lost by the Democrats in the new England and Northwestern States, and to divert the attention of the people at large from the discouraging features of Mills free trade bill.

Democratic Desperation.

ED. REPUBLICAN:—Eight years ago the Democracy seeing defeat staring them full in the face had resort to a desperate method. A letter was procured to be written to imitate Garfield's hand writing, wherein he was made to say that he was in favor of unlimited Chinese immigration, and of thus forcing down the wages of labor to the lowest possible scale. Having made the letter say what they desired it to say, they procured a villian to swear to it, and the Democratic speakers and Democratic papers all over the country declared that the letter was genuine, and to give all possible countenance and responsibility to the lie, the Democratic National Committee telegraphed it all over the county, declared it authentic, had reams and tons of large hand bills struck off, and had all the public places in the county, especially in the large cities and on the Pacific Coast, placarded with this perjured villian's lies, and sought to carry the election by it.

So, also, four years ago, every malicious publication that could be invented about Blaine was fully indulged in, and generally circulated until by dint of bare, persistant, systematic lying, a great many people were made believe that Blaine was the worst scoundrel that went unhung, and by a campaign of vituperation and slander they succeeded in getting their man count in.

And now in the beginning of the present canvasss, realizing, no doubt, Cleveland's vulnerable record, the Democrats begun by saying that this was to be a clean canvass, there was to be no mud-slinging or villifying of candidates. It was to be a battle of principle, conducted on a high plane. But the average Democratic politician can no more conduct a clean canvass than he can be clean himself.

The first thing they did was to go back to their old characteristic methods. They told a lie and swore to it, and are trying to elect their man by regulation methods.

As in the Morey forgery in 1880 they made Garfield say what they wished he had said, so now they make Harrison say that a dollar a day is enough for a laboring man, and that if he is not satisfied with that he ought to be shot down.

Now anybody with sense enough to come in when it rains must know that no public man would make such a declaration, even if it could in any way be to his interest to reduce the working people's wages. But the absurdity of the charge does not seem to make any difference.

The Democratic campaign ... his party to be as false on general principles as anything he can utter, and acting on the theory that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth, he depends on the ignorance of his dupes and continues to reiterate the the charge. Harrison promptly offers a thousand dollars for the proof, but with the Democratic politician that makes no sort of differeuce; they stick to the lie though proven.

Now there are among the Democratic voters a great many good and honest citizens who would scorn to stoop to crooked methods, much less to lying and perjury, and yet strange as it may seem, they go on voting the Democratic ticket. If they could believe but for a moment that there is honor or integrity among the Democratic leaders, or that they are controlled by honorable motives, or that they care anything for the common people only as a means to get a living, let them take a casual glance at the condition of Garrett county today. Let them take a retrospect of what Democratic legislation in Maryland, and especially for Garrett county, has done for their material welfare; and let them take that as an example of what it would do for the county at large.

Let us look at the result of Democratic management in our school board; in our "Legislative" road system, and in the convenience of the political divisions of the county, so as to accommodate the voters of the county, for it is by the contemplation of familiar examples that we learn our most important and valuable lessons.

The writer will endeavor to elucidate some of these things, known of all men, in succeeding communications.

Yours truly,

W.

The Rockville Convention.

Baltimore American.

Hon. Louis E. McComas was renominated by Republicans at Rockville Thursday of last week for Congress. The convention was held in the town hall. Benjamin H. Miller, of Montgomery, called the convention to order. On motion of E. E. Gettinger, of Frederick, David W. Sloan, of Allegany, was elected temporary chairman, B. F. Noyes was elected temporary secretary.

Messrs. George W. Snyder, of Allegany, A. P. Beatty, of Frederick, Jonas Gnagey, of Garrett, Arthur Stadler, of Montgomery, and Dr. Charles D. Baker, of Washington, were named as the committee on credentials. Messrs. J. W. Shuck, of Allegany, E. A. Gettinger, of Frederick, Dr. H. M. Kemp, of Garrett, Captain John McDonald, of Montgomery, and Raleigh Sherman, of Washington, were named as the committee on resolutions.

There being no contested delegation, the Committee on Credentials, through its chairman, Dr. Baker, reported very promptly, admitting the sitting delegates, and recommending the election of the temporary officers as permanent. The report was adopted.

THE RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Mr. Gettinger, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted:

Resolved by the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, in convention assembled, That we reaffirm our devotion to the principles of the Republican party as expressed in the platform of the National Republican Convention at Chicago.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the nomination of Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, and Levi P. Morton, of New York, for President of the United States, and that we hail with pleasure the indications from all sections of our country of the triumphant election of these loyal exponents of the doctrine of protection to American labor and industries.

Resolved, That we heartily commend the record of our present Congressman, who fought as successfully for the life of an American citizen in Equador as for the education of children in Alaska; who spoke for the eight-hour law for those in government employ, and amended the Contract Labor law to prevent the importation of foreign contract labor; who had coal stricken from the free list; who had passed the only pension bill over the President's veto; who secured to Western Maryland the fast mail system, and who faithfully stood at his post through the long struggle against the Mills bill, in behalf of American home markets and wages.

The preliminary conventionalities being thus disposed of, the convention now settled down to its real work, and the call of counties was begun for nomination. George A. Pearre, of Allegany, was the first speaker. He paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Blaine as a true American, and after touching upon other points nominated George L. Wellington, of Allegany county. Robert W. McMichael, of Allegany county, seconded the nomination.

The nomination speeches for Mr. McComas followed. They were brief, his friends seeming to consider it unnecessary. Frederick, when called, asked to be passed over. Dr. Kemp, of Garrett, said simply: "Garrett has the honor to present a gentleman who needs no eulogy. Garrett has the honor to name Louis E. McComas."

Capt. McDonald, on behalf of Montgomery, seconded Mr. McComas' nomination.

Raliegh Sherman, of Washington, said: "At this, the threshold of the campaign, it becomes us to be wise in our action. We cannot but share the enthusiasm of the delegates of Allegany, but this is the time of all times when we should select the man who is the most available, and who is sure to carry us to victory."

But one ballot was necessary. Allegany gave her five votes for Wellington, and the other counties voted solidly for McComas, giving him eighteen votes. Messrs. George A. Pearre, of Allegany, Peter Lugenbeel, of Frederick; Jonas Gnagey of Garrett; F. B. Noyes, of Montgomery, and J. W. Cable, of Washington, were appointed a committee to inform Mr. McComas of his nomination, and the convention then took a recess.

THE SPEECH OF THE NOMINEE.

About three o'clock the meeting reassembled, and the appearance of Mr. McComas, Gen. David B. Henderson, of Iowa, and Hon. J. G. Hopkins, of Illinois, was greeted with hearty applause. Mr. McComas was conducted to the platform. After thanking the convention for the honor conferred on him, he continued.

"We have learned to fight odds, and terrible odds at that, and we feel willing to fight them again, and we are confident of success. I will be confined to my duties in Washington, and will be but seldom to meet you personally. Fighting against Mr. Gorman and his complete organization, and against the Bourbon Democracy of Maryland, we will want to work in all earnest. We are going to carry every county in the district except Montgomery. I believe the day is coming when we are going to have a great improvement in Montgomery. Along the southern borders of the county, we are trying to have an influx of earnest Republicans, and by and by the Whig county of Montgomery, which voted for the older Harrison will at least be sorry she didn't vote for the younger Harrison."

THE RATIFICATION NEETING

was next organized with Mr. Columbus Purden as chairman, and a number of prominent citizens as vice-president and secretaries.

General Henderson was the first speaker. "You all seem to be a happy-looking set of fellows," he said, pleasantly, "and McComas looks happy, too. And you have reason to be, sir. It is a great compliment to be chosen to the greatest legislative body on earth. Mac's happy, you're happy, and I'm happy. We're all happy, except the Democrats. They're not happy."

General Henderson then talked to the meeting in an easy, colloquial way. He spoke of his first acquaintance with Mr. McComas, and of their continued service with him on the Appropriation Committee. He referred to the unusual compliment paid Mr. McComas in his appointment to that committee in his second term.

Mr. Hopkins endorsed all the kind things said of Mr. McComas, and he spoke, too, of the promptness with which Mr. McComas responded to all the calls of his constituents.

It is an interesting coincidence that three Republican members of the Appropriations Committee—Messrs. McComas, Henderson and Butterworth—were all three nominated yesterday.

Telegrams were received from the nominating conventions at Cincinnati and Waterloo, Iowa, congratulating the convention on its nomination of Mr. McComas and similar dispatches were sent to each convention.

Mrs. Arthur Stabler and Mrs. B. H. Miller sent some very beautiful bouquets of flowers, which were presented to the speakers.

Allegany, though feeling a little sore over the defeat of its own Mr. Wellington, is expected to fall into line and give Mr. McComas her biggest majority.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27, 1888.—Cleveland's message on the rejection of the fisheries treaty is still the all absorbing topic of conversation here. It is a most remarkable document; remarkable for the complete somersault which he has taken on this Canadian question; remarkable for its tone of belligerence, and remarkable for pure unadulterated gall (no other word expresses it so well.) He has suddenly discovered that the Republicans were on the popular side of the question, and forthwith he proceeds to try and get a step in advance of the Senate. This would be all very good, if it were not for the damaging fact that what is known as the "Retaliation act" has been on our statute books for eighteen months; this act places unlimited power in the hands of the President for the protection of American interests, and while in his message he acknowledges that he has known of a number of instances in which Americans have been unjustly treated by Canadians, he has done nothing, has not even protested against such treatment. Now he asks for additional power to retaliate, and this is just where he has made a miscalculation. He has no intention of of retaliating, he only wants to make a little political capital, but he will find that the Republican Senate will not be one whit behind the Democratic House in giving him all the authority he wants, notwithstanding the fact that he has lacked the necessary courage to make use of the power unanimously given him by Congress a year and a half ago. When it comes to protecting American interests, the Republicans are always in the lead, now as in the past. If Cleveland and the Democrats want to join the ranks, even at this, the eleventh hour, and add their mite to the good cause, the Republican veterans will give them a cordial welcome, but they cannot rule the campaign.

The House is now in a deadlock on the Deficiency Appropriation bill, for want of a quorum, owing to the large number of Democrats absent from the city. The House has passed a resolution revoking all leaves, except those granted for sickness, and it is hoped to have a quorum present by the middle of the week.

Among the other regular appropriation bills still unsettled, are the Sundry Civil bill, which is still in Conference: the Army bill, which is in the same condition, the House having refused to accept the report of the conference committee, and ordered a new one. The fortification bill has passed the House, and is now in the hands of the Senate committee. If all these bills are not passed by Friday, another joint resolution extending the old appropriations, will have to be passed.

The nomination of Representative Goff for Governor of West Virginia by the Republicans has created a small panic among Democrats here. They acknowled e that the State is now a doubtful one. Mr. Goff is a very popular candidate, and deserves to be the next governor of his State.

The House committee on pensions has reduced the amount of the pension which it proposed to give Mrs. Sheridan to $3,500 a year. Representative Matson, of Indiana, voted against giving her any pension. The bill has also been reduced to the same amount by the Senate pension committee.

Senator Hoar has offered a resolution requesting the President to send to the Senate copies of all communications remonstrating with the British government against the conduct of Canada in regard to the canals; also copies of all demands made by the President for the redress of wrongs done to our fisherman. This is only a little bit of fine sarcasm on the part of the Massachusetts Senator. He knows very well that no such remonstrance or demand is in existence.

Senator Chandler used a part of two days last week in telling how the Democrats carry elections in Louisiana and Florida. The practices resorted to are enough to cause every American citizen to blush for shame; but southern Senators are always ready to defend them.

The Senate finance committee are still working on the substitute for the Mills bill, but owing to so many other important bills being before the Senate just now, the members of the committee have had little time to spare in preparing the bill.

The Democratic party never willingly assumes the responsibility for anything, so it is not at all surprising to find them denying that they are to blame for the present disgraceful state of affairs in the house. If the majority is not to blame I should like to know who is. The majority could have put a stop to granting leaves of absence at any time had they been so disposed.

Brice says, "we have all the money we need this year." Certainly. With Jay Gould, the king bee; Havemeyer, the head of the sugar trust, Scott, the leader of the coal ring; Whitney and the Standard Oil crowd; and with all the other trusts, rings and monopolies eager for Cleveland's re-election, there will be no alck of money.

Speaking of the item that the Standard Oil monopoly supports Cleveland, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

"Certainly it does. The Standard is not going to work against the sugar trust, the coal pool, the whiskey ring, and the other "combines." All the trusts support Cleveland.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Reqistration Notice.

(SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER SITTINGS, 1888.)

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the second Monday of September, that is to say on the

10th, 11th and 12th days of September,

and for five successive days in the month of October, commencing and including the first Monday of October, that is to say on the

1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of October,

in the year 1888, from the hour of 8 o'clock A. M. to the hour of 6 o'clock P. M., on each of said days, for the purpose of registering in the proper registries of voters and poll books, all persons qualified to vote in their respective election districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and completing the registry of voters and poll books of their said respective election districts, as provided by Chapter 22 of the Acts of 1882, as amended by Chapter 155 of the Acts of 1888.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective election districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

Election District No. 1, at Swanton.
" " " 2, at Friendsville.
" " " 3, at Grantsville.
" " " 4, at Bloomington.
" " " 5, at Accident.
" " " 6, at McHenry.
" " " 7, at Oakland.
" " " 8, Sept. at Elkins. Oct. at Red House.
" " " 9, at Johnsons.
" " " 10, at Deer Park.
" " " 11, at Gregg's Mill.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of registration.

Signed.

H. O. HAMILL,
Officer of Registration 1st Election District.
R. E. FRIEND,
Officer of Registration 2d, Election District.
ISAIAH FULLER,
Officer of Registration 3d Election District.
JOHN COLLINS,
Officer of Registration 4th Election District.
HENRY F. LININGER,
Officer of Registration 5th Election District.
N. C. BROWNING,
Officer of Registration 6th Election District.
P. A. CHISHOLM,
Officer of Registration 7th Election District.
HENRY A. SHAFFER,
Officer of Registration 8th Election District.
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Officer of Registration 9th Election District.
MICHAEL T. BRADY,
Officer of Registration 10th Election District.
JOHN C. CHANEY,
Officer of Registration 11th Election District.

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LOCAL NEWS.

LODGE MEETINGS.

OAKLAND LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets in Sturgiss' Hall every Tuesday night.

LOCAL BRANCH, No. 85, of the Iron Hall, meets in same Hall 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month.

ALTA LODGE, No. 574, K. of H., meets in same Hall 2d and 4th Thursday nights of each month.

SHEALTIEL LODGE, No. 122, I. O. O. F., meets in Legge's Hall every Monday night.

PATMOS COUNCIL, No. 386, A. L. of H., meets in same Hall 1st and 2d Thursday nights of each month.

The Y. M. C. A. of Oakland meets in the Pritchard Building Friday night of each week

NOTICE!

W. H. Hagans, Clerk to County Commissioners, will be in his office Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

—The brick-layers are at work on the new bank building.

—Miss Fannie Pritchard is visiting friends in West Virginia.

—Mr. John Shartzer was with his family in Oakland last Sunday.

—If you wish to secure bargains in ready made clothing, go to S. P. Specht's.

—Died, August 25th, 1888, Simon, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Klink, aged 16 years and 8 months.

—Don't fail to call and see the splendid line of Ladies' Cloth, at S. P. Specht's.

—Died, at Pittsburg, Pa., on Monday, August 27th, 1888, Russell R. Beachy, son of Dr. G. J. Beachy, of Cumberland, aged 24 years.

—Do not forget the closing out sales of Hats, Boots, Shoes and ready-made clothing while you are attending court. A rare chance for bargains at Correll's, Oakland, Md.

—Mr. Joseph Spiker left a bunch of oats at our office, raised on his farm this season, which measured six feet in length. Not quite up to Mr. Andrew Shartzer. His measured six feet 2 inches.

—We received a letter for publication from Mr. J. A. Grant, who left here several weeks since, and is now in Oakland California. The letter came too late for publication this week, but will appear in our next issue.

—Call and be convinced that I mean just what I say when I tell you I am selling Hats Shoes and clothing at prices below competition.

W. C. L. CORRELL.

—Dr. J. W. Joyce and his excellent lady, who have spent several weeks in Oakland, left for their home in Washington City last Sunday. They deservedly made many warm friends here during their short stay, who will give them a warm welcome next summer, if they should be spared to be with us again.

—We have been asked whether persons heretofore registered will be required to register again this fall in order to vote. There is no general registration this fall. All previously registered voters can vote at the coming election without a re-registration.

—The corner-stone of the rectory of St. Matthew's Protestant Episcopal parish, Oakland, was laid with appropriate ceremonies by the rector, Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Friday of last week. The new rectory is located on Alder street, in a very desirable part of the town, and will be a fine structure. Capt. J. M. Jarboe will superintend the work.

—Thursday and Friday of last week there were prize shootings by the celebrated Haymaker team, on the Bishop range. These were what are called "rifle runs," the firing being done at short intervals, when the marksmen were allowed to fire in any position they chose to select. On Thursday Wm. Steyer won the first prize, and James Painter the Second. On Friday Milroy Chisholm secured first prize and Wm. Mason the second.

—Just received, at S. P. Specht's, a full line of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Call early and secure bargains.

Church Services--Sunday.

M. E. Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. J. W. W. Bolton.

Garrett Memorial (Pres.) Church—Preaching at 7½ P. M., by Rev. John S. Foulk.

Ev. Lutheran Church—Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., by Rev. G. W. W. Amick.

St. Mathew's Church—Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M., by Rev. F. S. Hipkins, Rector in charge.

St. Peter's, Catholic—Preaching every Sunday at 10½ o'clock A. M., except the second Sunday of each month.

For Sale.

A good Seven Octave Rosewood Piano. Enquire at this office. 4t

For Sale!

At a bargain. Two well-bred mares Three years old last April. Of a nice bay color. For particulars enquire at this office. 2t

Grand Hop.

There will be a Grand Hop at the Oakland Hotel on Friday evening, August 31st, Exhibition of Fancy Dancing by Prof. Sheldon and pupil. Tickets 50 cents each to be had at the office of hotel.

Massey Hall.

Pupils for ensuing year will report personally or by letter from parent or guardian to the Principal for registration, &c., on or before Sept. 1st—12 days before commencement of studies. No pupils admitted into any class after Sept. 12, except by examination class work.

J. NEWMAN,
Principal.

A Sunday School Pic-Nic.

There will be a Sunday School picnic at Lindale School House, near John Moon's and the U. B. Parsonage, September 8th, 1888, to begin at 8:30 A. M. Everybody invited to attend. We anticipate a good time. Come one and all.

W. H. ALBERT.

Special Meeting.

There will be a meeting in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. held in Sturgiss' Hall, over drug store, Oakland, Md., commencing September 7th, (Friday evening at 7½ o'clock,) and to continue over Sunday. Miss Jennie Smith and Miss Sherman will be there and other workers in the Y. M. C. A cordial invitation is extended to the Pastors of the town and surrounding country to be present and take part in these services. Everybody come and encourage us by your presence, and hear the earnest and interesting addresses that will be delivered from time to time.

Free Sleeping Car.

To passengers purchasing second class tickets to Pacific Coast points via. Baltimore and Ohio, R. R. for trains leaving Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore and Washington, D. C., Sept. 11th and 25th, October 9th and 23rd. The number of tickets on each trip is limited to twenty-five. So that passengers should make application at once to D. Bride, Passenger Agent B. & O. R. R., Central Building, Baltimore, Md., H. A. Miller, Ticket agent, B. & O. R. R. Wilmington, Del., or to Agent Delawder, Oakland, Md.

September Jurors.

On Saturday last Judge Hoffman was here and drew the jury for the September term of the Circuit Court, which commences on September 10th, as follows:

District No. 1.—John McFadden, John C. Beckman, Richard Custer, John T. Harvey, A. F. George, Frank R. Sharpless, David Wilson

No. 2.—Wm. H. H. Friend, James Guard, Geo. D. Frantz, Isaac Myers, Geo. E. Bishoff, Lieutellas Frazee, Wm. H. Frazee.

No. 3.—Charles W. Boucher, David A. Durst, Phillip A. McAndrews, Eli Stanton, Samuel Baker, Richard Garlitz.

No. 4.—James T. Eagan, Aden C. Duckworth, Joshua Tichinell.

No. 5.—Geo. W. Griffith, Edward Margroff, Adam Fox, Joseph A. Beeghly, Aaron Boyer, Emanuel Custer.

No. 6.—Wm Dewitt, Levi Echard.

No. 7.—Wm. R. Jarboe, Geo. M. Mason, Adrian Glotfelty, Geo. P. White, David H. Loar, Charles Thompson, John W. Hart, Wm. F. Roth, Owen Hart.

No. 8.—Geo. L. Mosser, Geo. W. Blamble, John, G. C. Riley.

No. 9.—Dan'l B. Layman, Thos. J. Johnson, Michael W. Durst.

No. 10.—Frank R. Nethkin, Columbus Paugh.

List of Letters.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the month ending August 31, 1888:

Anderson, Mrs.	Johnson, L. R.
Armstrong, Lara,	Jennings, Ella,
Burton, Mrs. M.	Jinkins, Catharine,
Brocky, C. F.	Kneeland, Mary H.
Bolden, Mary E.	Ken, Mary,
Baily, Ann,	Keys, Mrs.
Boswell, Mr.	Laner, Andrew,
Cooper, Mary A.	Loar, P.
Caney, J.	Matthews, Annie,
Clark, Soi,	Matthews, Laura (2)
Carter, Leah,	May, Lillie,
Chartain, Wm.	McCleary, Martha,
Deal, C. H.	Moore, G. W. & Co.
Dursdorf, Gustav,	Moon, Ida,
Dayton, Ida E.	McCord, Mr. & Mrs.
Dent, Frank,	McIntosh, Bessie,
Edwards, B.	O'Brian, Mrs.
Elchorn, Edith,	Pendergast, Mary,
Engle, E. M. L.	Porter, I. E.
Grant, Edward,	Robinson, Lizzie,
Gipson, J. P.	Richardson, Minnie,
Gaft, Samuel H.	Randolph, Mary J.
Goner, Mary S.	Stokes, Nanie, J.
Giberson, E. H.	Swvoll, Susie,
Haddix, Sally B. (4)	Short, Maggie,
Hamilton, Lewis,	Shaffer, Charles, J.
Howell, N. P.	Turner, John,
Hutson, Freddie G.	Wall, Agustus,
Hoye, John,	White, Sarah,
Highman, J. F.	Walker, Geo.
Hengerford, Thomas,	Wolfe, Jno. E.
Haight, P. R.	Williams, O. B.
Hall Della,	Willson, Jno.

These letters are chargable with one cent due on delivery.

Persons calling for them will please say they are advertised.

P. HAMILL, P. M.

Mountain Lake Park.

The rain continued to fall plentifully on Tuesday evening, yet there were several more in attendance at the meeting than in the morning. Rev. B. Ison gave us a splendid talk, as he styled it, on the Christian's duty. At 10:30 Wednesday morning, the rain having ceased, there were a larger number in attendance. Rev. George Elliott, of Washington, D. C., preached one of the ablest sermons we had the pleasure of listening to for a long time. His theme was the Christian's possession. In the afternoon Rev. Murra, of Atlanta, Georgia, conducted a praise meeting. In the evening Rev. Stuard, of Moundsville, W. Va., preached a good, earnest sermon. After a short testimony meeting the services closed for the evening. Thursday morning Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Rowlesburg, preached for us. Then at two in the afternoon Miss Jennie Smith conducted a very interesting children's meeting. In the evening Rev. Calahan, of Kentucky, preached. There was one at the altar. Friday morning at the close of a very interesting praise meeting, Dr. Masden preached a very able sermon. All were then invited to surround the altar where they felt a conscious need. The altar was filled and many were kneeling at the chairs in front. Another very interesting meeting was held for the children by Miss Jennie Smith at two. At three Rev. Orr preached. The altar was again filled. In the evening Rev. Stuard preached for us again. When the invitation was given for persons to come forward some who had not been there during the day accepted the invitation. Saturday morning found quite a number of new faces present. Dr. Boyl, from near McKeesport, and several others who came with him, added greatly to the interest of the meeting. The regular meetings were held during the day. The last quarterly conference was held at two o'clock. Sabbath morning the people began coming in from different parts of the country at an early hour. Many were there for the early morning service. By half-past ten the Auditorium was filled almost entirely full, while many were sitting around on chairs and seats on the outside. Many others were walking around the grounds. Dr. Boyl preached a powerful sermon, which was highly appreciated by the large audience. At two Miss Jennie Smith, assisted by others, conducted a very profitable meeting for the young people. Then at three Rev. Shope, of Baltimore, preached a very earnest and eloquent sermon. At seven-thirty Dr. Boyle preached in his earnest, pleading manner.

By taking up four collections during the entire meeting all the expenses were fully met without the gate fees.

After a very good morning meeting Monday Dr. Goucher preached. At the close of this the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. The morning meeting was closed with so much reluctance that it was taken up again at two by Miss Jennie Smith. The interest of the meeting seemed to be intensifying, from the first to its close. In the evening Dr. Boyl preached with unusual earnestness and tenderness. Then the last invitation came to come to Jesus. There was but one responded, but she was greatly helped.

After the meeting was closed, which was certainly the best one of all, there lingered a young man just outside of the Auditorium who Miss Jennie found in a very anxious state to be saved. After some persuasion he went back into the building where singing and prayer was engaged in for some time. Before leaving for his home, near Grantsville, he felt that he could trust all his interests in the hands of God.

There were only two or three conversions as far as we can tell, yet this was a sufficient reward, not saying anything of the great number who were so wonderfully helped.

The strong probabilities are that there will be another similar meeting next year. J. A. E.

Flatwoods.

Mr. Martin Fresh and family were visiting friends in this vicinity Friday, Saturday and Sunday last. All were glad to see Mr. Fresh back again.

Mrs. Alexander and daughter expect to take a trip to W. Va.

Mr. Henry Felk is dangerously ill.

Miss Addie Pysell and her brother expect to take a trip to Pennsylvania soon.

There is a very interesting Sunday School in this place. Quite a number of scholars.

We had a delightful singing school here on Sunday last, conducted by Mr. Jake Mosser.

For Sale.

Several tons of superior hay. Enquire at this office, 2t.

Florida Letter.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

MY GOOD FRIEND HAYDEN:—During all the months that have passed since my last letter to the REPUBLICAN, I have not failed to think of you, at least once every week; for every week we have enjoyed your friendly visits, bringing us always something of interest from the "old, old home." And have you wondered sometimes whether indeed Florida had finally "gone under," or whether her climate has a tendency to make one oblivious to promises given? Well, we are still some 15 feet above high tide at Switzerland, and there seems no immediate prospect of our being overwhelmed by the aqueous catastrophe foreshadowed by the learned assertion of one of your neighbors, to the effect that our whole Peninsula is surrounded by a threatening mass of water, *elevated some 15 feet above the land, and kept out only by a range of unstable sand hills!* Indeed, a few years residence here, banishes from one's mind all apprehension of harmful visitation by storm or flood. Do you not think it must be a delightfully quieting sensation, to gaze daily upon this, in (some respects, grandest river on the globe, in the consciousness that a rise of eve, so much as three inches, aside from tidal variation, is never to be feared? Compare this quiet feeling of assurance with that possessing the thousands of robbed, ruined, homeless and begard souls along the grand but fierce Monongahela and its tributaries, and tell me, is there not *something* sweet about life in far-away Florida? How dreadful are the reports of sudden, devastating storms and floods over all the North and West! And the Old World is faring no better. Life has its hardships and drawbacks here; this no honest Floridian will deny but *how many* of the hard experiences common to your clime, are we not delivered from? I conceive that country-life in the Northern portion of our state, can be made about as quiet, comfortable, and danger free, as anywhere else in all the wide world. Winds we have, as constant and refreshing as any land; but no destructive storms: rains, too, we have, in quantity considerably above the average for the whole country, through the year; floods we know nothing of, as a ruinous visitation; though indeed a large portion of the land is submerged during the rainy season. Sicknesses also visit our homes; but how many of the sudden, acute, alarming and fatal types of disease common in higher latitudes, are here unknown, or robbed of their alarming and fatal character. City life I would neither venture upon, nor commend to a friend, coming from the North; it is for obvious reasons, so very difficult to maintain perfect sanitary conditions in our towns. But country life!—well, pity I *know* it to be that very many Northern sufferers are unwilling to try it.

Do you know for one thing, that the death rate of Florida is considerably lower, in proportion to population, than of any other state or territory? Figures in the Statistical Bureau at Washington will prove this. But what we now rejoice over, is this fact, namely: *Florida outdoes all the world* in healing or curing the afflicted, coming as health-seekers from other and sterner climes. This is our glory and boast; and it is enough! What better could the world ask?—what better could we give? For fortune-seekers Florida is not much; but for health-seekers, *par excellence!* A tour through the country portions of the newly-settled counties of the state, will afford to any one the pleasing fact that at least half of our population is made up of restored or partically restored invalids from the North. Many of these people are not in very comfortable circumstances, it is to be admitted; but I fancy *few* of them indeed, would prefer to be in Northern *graves*, rather than in their even indifferent Florida homes!

And, while we have room for a million more afflicted households, I trow there are as many who would, in a sanitary point of view, be wise to come.

The question frequently arises:—can a man, or family, without incurring guilt, continne to face a condition of things that must inevitably hurry him or them to premature death, while God, in His wise goodness puts it into any one's power to find a home of comfort and prolonged life through restoration from various prevalent chronic and fatal diseases, by a change of climate? So fully am I convinced that the Maker of all things has mercifully designed this singular American Peninsula to be a blessing to the world's afflicted, that, had I means, I should regard it a sacred duty to publish more fully all these, the sanitary merits of our State. And let me add this: To many a dear friend in Garrett county I should like to say, are you doing right in God's sight by denying to yourself or your suffering wife or child the blessings of restored health and prolonged life for what it will cost in money or effort to sojourn awhile or find a new home in Florida! The time is gone by when any one can say, "I know nothing about Florida." Such a confession would shame any one; for all the world has heard of the goodliness of this land. Before this reaches you the report of yellow fever in Jacksonville and all over Northern Florida will have reached you. We have had a big scare; more than half the citizens of several towns have run away, and reports of numbers sick and dead from this scourge are sent out over the land. With all this it is not quite certain that there has been a single case of yellow fever in Jacksonville. People are like sheep—easily frightened, and prone to run in one direction. Some of my neighbors have spent days in devising means to keep the plague away from Switzerland. I have remained quiet, hoeing my sweet-potatoes and planting straw-berries. We shall see whose the right to laugh will be, when a few weeks are gone. *Leben sie wohl.*

Fraternally,
SHOUP.

Switzerland, Fla., Aug. 17, 1888.

A Sunday Evening Adventure.

Two young girls, members of the giddy crowd staying at "Woodland," were seen wandering through the streets of Oakland last Sunday evening. They strolled along until they came to "Thayer's Tavern," where quite a collection of old maids and bachelors were assembled on the porch. To these people the girls announced the fact that they had walked in from "Woodland," and would like some of the party to escort them back. One old bachelor, "Brother Shoestrings," said that he did not believe their story, but a handsome young widow kindly consented to go part of the way home with them, not feeling able to walk all the way to "Woodland." So they all started off together, but before they had gotten half way out of town the girls persuaded their companion to go into a drug store and have a glass of soda-water. While they were thus refreshing themselves, two of the party from "Woodland" walked into the store and said that they had come to take the fugitives home. On hearing this the handsome young widow told the girls "good-bye" and went on her way to "Thayer's Tavern," while the rest of the party set out for "Woodland." Before they had gone a great distance they were met by a vehicle sent to take them home, and into which they all climbed and were so driven back in fine style. It was after nine o'clock when they reached the house, but they prevented the well-deserved scolding by presenting their irate parents with some very nice pearhes and then hastily retiring to their respective rooms.

EVE AND VIRGIE.

Accident.

Great rains.

Esq. Hinebaugh visited our normal.

A good normal reported at Selbysport.

Josiah Beeghley is slowly recovering from a severe spell of sickness.

Many people have oats out in the rain in the sheaf.

Word has been received from Mr. George Kolb in San Francisco. He is well.

Miss Ella Butler, who is stopping at Dr. Glotfelty's, is instructing the Sunday School children in singing, two or three times a week, gratis.

Dr. Glotfelty's house is full of summer boarders.

The primary meeting was very slimly attended, owing to the tremendous down-pour of rain. The following were present: Jno. E. Gnagy, Jos. Beeghley, Jacob Beeghley, Jonas Feik, Geo. Beeghley, John Harmon, Leonard Shartzer and Dr. Glotfelty.

The roads around Accident have been much injured by the heavy rains.

A number of our young folks visited Bittinger Saturday, to take part in the pic-nic.

Over forty scholars are attending the Accident Normal. Accident furnishes a large quota.

What this community needs is good roads and a telegraph line to connect the two branches of the railroad.

Our mail facilities are now excellent. Daily mail to and from Oakland. Daily to and from Petersburg, and a daily to and from Grantsville.

A good road from Oakland to Grantsville via Accident, and a stage run over the road every day would be a great improvement.

A railroad along the Youghioghenny would bring it within speaking distance as it were.

The disease among domestic animals very prevalent here is aphthe. Epizootic sore mouth. The remedy is astringents—alum, tannin, &c., with plenty finely ground oats, rye, wheat, slippery-elm water, barley water, Finely ground grain, fed dry, is one of the best of remedies, being medicine and nutriment.

Pic-Nic.

At Mason's school house on Saturday, Sept, 1st, 1888, there will be a pic-nic and harvest-home, held by Cherry Creek school. Good speaking and music. Come one, come all, bring your baskets and spend the day. Proceeds for benefit of Sunday School.

C. A. COMBS,
Secretary of School.

Excursions to Cincinnati.

Every Thursday until August 30th, inclusive, the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Cincinnati from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, at rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip. Tickets will be valid for return passage for 15 days, including day of alse.

Normal Items.

GRANTSVILLE, Aug. 28th, 1888.

The Literary Society organized in the beginning of the term, held its regular meeting on Friday, 24th inst., discussing the question: "Is Capital Punishment right?" Affirmative, Messrs. Warnick and Stanton, and Miss Miller. Negative, Mr. Engle, Misses Getty and Augustine. The former winning the decision. Readings and recitations were rendered by Misses Keller, McKenzie, Frantz and Blocher; also by Messrs. Ryland, Custer, Stanton and Hamill.

On Friday, 31st inst., interesting exercises will conclude the school work of the present term, which will close a few weeks earlier, much to the regret of teacher and student. This is caused by repeated demands for Mr. Long's service on Sept. 3d, in Easton High School, which will require his immediate departure.

This is not caused by any circumstances or situation here; he is merely yielding to the request to work elsewhere, requiring the acceptance at once.

The students here are obedient, courteous, and energetic; the teacher, competent, willing and enthusiastic; both are mutually pleased with the work done, and both are sorry it may not longer be continued.

STUDENT.

Cumberland News.

An Allegany Convert to Republicanism.

The following was yesteraday received from C. C. Willison, a young lawyer residing in Flintstone district, who has been a life-long Democrat:

RUSH, August 27, 1888.

EDITOR NEWS:—*Sir:* Not presuming that anyone cares, but having always been a Democrat, I desire to announce publicly that I am no longer one, but belong to that ubiquitous class of individuals known as the "floppers." In other words shall support the Republican ticket. My reasons for so doing could be given were it necessary.

Respectfully,
C. C. WILLISON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby warned from Hunting or Driving on the lands under my charge.

J. H. SANDERS.

FARMERS!



and any one producing from the mother earth, such as grain, hay, vegetables or flowers, should see that an equivalent food is returned to the soil, in order to get the best results. We have found the

STANDARD BONE FERTILIZERS

of H. S. Miller & Co., to be as good as any we can get, as it does not stimulate the soil too much for one crop and exhaust it for the next, as most guanos do. Being the agent for Garrett county, we can sell them at reasonable prices. A supply constantly on hand. Terms to suit customers.

FLOWERS!

A very fine and large assortment of all kinds of flowering plants on hand. Prices satisfactory.

Vegetables & Ve etable Plants

of all kinds in season. Any of our customers can get what they want of H. Felty & Bro., near the Depot, if they cannot come to our gardens, which are located on the B. & O. R. R., between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. WEBER,
4 28 tf P. O. Box 6, Oakland, M

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 21 '87

The Republican.

JAS. A. HAYDEN, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SONG OF THE SCYTHE.

Far up on the mountain-side,
Where swiftly, like phantoms, glide
The cloud-land shadows,
I hear a mower's scythe,
With a busy sound and blithe,
In the rocky meadows.

Hark!—on the breeze conveyed
The rhythmic rush of the blade,
By strong arms whirled!
It sings, in a murmurous tone,
Of work to be bravely done
In this busy world.

Sometimes, with a jangling tone,
The bright blade strikes a stone,
But seems to cry:
"'Tis naught! Let the worries pass.
There needs must be stones in the grass
For all who try."

Thus, wind-borne all day long,
You may hear the scythe's brave song
On the mountain farms.
But the mower little knows
Of the song that comes and goes
As he swings his arms.

—*Mrs. M. W. Blacker, in Good Housekeeping.*

"HELD UP."

An Englishman's Experiance in This Country.

From time to time there have appeared accounts in the American newspapers of the robbery of railway trains. These robberies have generally taken place in remote and outlying parts of the States, into which the railway system has but lately penetrated. For a train to be what the Americans called "held up," was, during the last year, rather a frequent occurrence, and the process of "holding up" was done in a manner so skillful as to be generally attended with success. There were cases reported in which the robbers got the worst of it, but they, too, often made good their escape, not only with their lives, but with considerable booty, leaving the train they had plundered to go on its way minus its mails and the passengers stripped of their money and valuables. Last November, on my way from San Francisco to New York, the train in which I crossed the Rocky Mountains fell into the hands of these marauding gentlemen; and as my experiences may be interesting I venture to give them here, though they may not be so startling as those of some other travelers who have fallen among thieves.

I left Salt Lake City on the forenoon of a beautiful day in the fall of the year, and after skirting the river "Jordan and the "Lake of Tiberias," names which the Mormons have transferred from Palestine to their own territory, the train began to enter a wild and rugged country, and to cross the great mountain rampart by which the plain of the Salt Lake is environed. All the afternoon we slowly ascended, and it was evening before we reached the Castle Gate, formed by two enormous steep rocky walls, between which the railway passes. There were a good many carriages in the train, and the "Pullman" in which I traveled had about twenty passengers. We were very sociable and time passed quickly. As soon as it was dark the berths on each side of the car were made up by the negro attendant, the heavy curtains drawn, and we all went to bed. I had been sleeping soundly when I was wakened at two in the morning by the train being brought suddenly to a stand-still. Being in the lower berth I had the advantage of having a window to look out of. I drew up the blind; a bright moon was shining and every object outside was perfectly clear and distinct. The place looked wild and lonely enough. Huge boulders of rock were strewn about, and the hillsides rose seamed and bare. As there was no railway station visible, and the train showed no sign of going on, I became convinced that something was wrong and wakened my traveling companion in the opposite berth. As he was partially dressed he said he would go and see "what was up," and made his way to the open platform of the car. On his appearing outside, he was asked by a man standing near the track, what he wanted. He replied that he merely wished to know what had stopped the train, when he received the not very reassuring answer, emphasized by a gun pointed at him. "Go back, you fool, or I'll drill a hole through you!"

The occupants of the car were now wide-awake, and popping their heads out from behind the curtains of their berths, discussed the situation in a lively manner. It was now evident that we were "held up," and the conversation turned on what was likely to be the upshot. I was particularly struck by the good humor with which every one seemed to regard the occurrence. It apparently was regarded by them as a very amusing experience, and by none more than by the ladies of our party, who joined freely in the conversation. No one could at all have imagined that they were expecting every moment a summons to march out in *deshabille* and take their stand in a row on the railway bank. Shouts of laughter abounded as one Yankee after another made dry observations as to what was likely to happen, and how the robbers would make hay of the beds while we stood shivering in the moonlight. Amid the merriment, however, there was evidently an effort by the passengers to make their money as safe as circumstances would permit. From all parts of the compartment there resounded the clink of coin. One person opposite me put his watch into a boot.

"Where have you put your money?" I heard a passenger in the next berth say to another.

"I have ripped up my mattress and put it there."

"Put it all in?"

"Yaas."

"Well then, I guess you had better take some out. Them boys knows you warn't traveling this line without a cent."

Then there was more clinking heard, as a reasonable sum was transferred from the mattress to the owner's purse. From an opposite berth I saw a lady emerge, robed in a dressing gown. She marched down the compartment to the door, where there stood a large tin cistern for holding iced water. The lid of this she opened and dropped in some hundred dollars. Replacing the lid she went back to her couch triumphantly.

"Guess they won't look there," she said to me as she passed by.

A long, thin man, who was by profession a "drummer," or commercial traveler, now said he would "pull on his pants and go out and prospect." In a few minutes he returned, and standing in the doorway, gave forth his information for the benefit of the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said: "the state of matters is this. They are now in the mail-car, trying to force the safe, and when they've done, we may expect the pleasure of their company here." So saying he made a graceful bow and retired.

The black attendant then locked the doors at each end of the car and went to bed.

"I'se hopes," he said, "they get enough to content them without a-coming here—plenty of shiners in dat safe."

Looking out of the window again I saw a curious sight. By the side of the truck stood the engine-driver and two others in a row with their hands up above their heads. They appeared like so many boys at school. I saw no one else, but a stout middle-aged man in a huge cowboy hat, with a gun in his hand. He looked like a well-to-do farmer. While I was watching, the engine-driver and his mates got up on the train, the engine gave a sharp snort, and to our great astonishment on we went. Sambo, the attendant, rushed out, and said we were fairly off. We passed the camp fire, beside which the robbers had waited for our arrival, and some logs of wood which had been laid across the track. The "drummer" now valiantly emerged on the platform armed with a shot-gun which he said was loaded with swan shot.

"I see one of them there behind that big stone," he cried; "guess I'll give him a stringing up."

The other passengers would not allow him to fire.

"They have got Lancaster rifles, you fool," said one roughly, and they'll go popping off sixteen shots apiece at the cars, and one of them may be 'll go through your darned old head." So the "drummer" restrained himself.

At the first station we stopped and the telegraph was set to work sending the news of what had happened up and down the line. We then got information as to what had really occurred. The engine-driver had seen a light set on the middle of the track. This was the usual signal to stop, and he pulled up. He found five men dressed like cowboys, and with blackened faces, waiting for him, who told him and his mates to come down and hold up their hands. Each of the robbers carried pistols and a rifle. Having placed a guard over the three men they proceeded to the mail car. This they left in a state of inexpressible confusion. Mail bags were ripped up, letters and newspapers lay scattered about. The bags, I think thirty-six in number, containing registered letters they took possession of. They then went to the car where the safe was kept, and ordered the man inside to open it. He had rolled all the heavy baggage against the door, and was slow in obeying their command. They told him to be quick or it would be worse for him. On entering, one of the robbers presented a pistol at his head, and told him to open the safe. He said he could not do that as it opened by an arrangement of letters composing a word. The word had been telegraphed on ahead, and he did not know it.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the other, "and if you don't open it, guess you'll have to die.

When the ten minutes had elapsed he was going to execute his threat, but one of his comrades interfered, saying be believed the man was telling the truth. They then worked at the safe for some time, but after many attempts had to give up hopes of opening it. Afterwards they held a consultation as to whether they should go through the cars, but decided there were too many passengers for them to cope with. Going down to the track they removed two logs of wood they had placed across the rails.

"Get up," said the leader politely to the engine-driver. "Now you may go on—good-night!"

The whole booty was thus only the mail bags with the registered letters, the value of which it was impossible to tell. They did not even take the watches and money of the engine-driver and his comrades. The object of their expedition had evidently been the safe, which contained a considerable amount of gold.

In the smoking compartment of the train, I listened to a lively discussion as to the likelihood of the robbers being caught. The general opinion was that "the sheriff would nab them," though one "guessed they would skip out of that territory pretty quick."

"You see, stranger," said a fine open-faced man, from San Francisco, who from the number of wild adventures he related we called "the Scalper," "Uncle Sam don't care a dime for you and me being robbed, but its a cussedly different thing, touching the mails. You bet! they'll be nabbed." I asked him whether if they had come to our car, there would have been any resistance.

"Guess," he said, taking out of his pocket a neat little pistol, "there 'ud be some shootin' goin' on around. I wouldn't give them my money without pulling on them."

Then followed some California yarns, well worthy of Mayne Reid, how a train had lately been stopped at Kansas, how the guard shot four robbers, and the rest fled. The State gave him one thousand dollars and the company two thousand.

"He has now changed his trade," added the narrator.

"What for?" I inquired.

"O, he has been on the drunk ever since," was the reply, given as gravely as if "being on the drunk" was a well-known and honorable profession.

Then the "drummer" told how at Bucharist, he had waked one night, and found a man at work on the lock of his trunk, and getting out his pistol, had shot him through the arm and disabled him. And a ranchman, [illegible] West, from near Los Angeles, had a curious story, how the only time he was ever out without his pisto he had been robbed. After a series of similar tales, a grave man, who had been silently smoking his cigar, struck in.

"Well boys," he said, "I am glad them robbers got none of our plunder. but don't you go, any of you, and take the blood of a fellow-crittur. Its an awful thing to do sure-ly There was a friend of mine onst shot a man. He saw him put his hand behind his back, and thought he was going to draw, and pulled on him. The sheriff was after him, and he came up to my ranche, and I kept him dark, I did. But he was miserable. He said he could always hear the groans of the dying man. He saw him staring at him awful with all his eyes when he lay down in bed. He didn't live long after that. It's my ophion that business killed him. Don't you boys, go and take the life of a fellow-crittur if you can help it!"

So ended my adventure in the Rocky Mountains. I may add that I never heard while in America whether the robbers were captured. I do not know yet whether they are still at large. I saw, however, in a telegram lately that a train on the same line had been "held up," and "that the robbers had got off with a rich booty." Possibly they were my old friends of the Rockies still pursuing their calling.—*J. Cameron Lees, D. D., in Good Words.*

PURITAN WRITINGS.

What the Earliest American Literature Teaches Its Students.

The writings of all those early New-Englanders have an Elizabethan [illegible] ness of dictation which one tastes alike in the quaintness of Bradford's and Winslow's records of Plymouth, in the seriousness, sincerity and credulity of Higginson, and in the ribaldry of the ungodly and unruly Thomas Morton, of Merry Mount. One fond of tracing the origin of national traits and customs will find a pleasure in following to its far source in some of the New England and Virginia Englishmen of the seventeenth century the modern American fashion of booming a new country. The Rev. Francis Higginson does this in pleasing prose, and the good William Morcell in deadly verse, for Massachusetts Bay; John Smith blows the trumpet for Jamestown, and for all Virginia Colonel Norwood, in his voyages, sounds repeated blasts, while Master R. Rich praises the new land in as woful a ballad as any made to a mistress' eyebrow. Norwood has more than gleams of gayety, if one may not quite call it humor; his work has unquestionably literary quality, and we wish we could say as much for John Rolfe's wordy and scattering apology for marrying Pocahontas; but that has chiefly the quality of a very disagreeable self-righteousness.

The most valuable fact about the earliest American literature, which is not yet American of course, is that it so fully reflects the life of the time and place—the objective life of daring and adventure and hardship, and the subjective life tormented and maddened by abominable beliefs, with its struggles to escape from them. In Virginia these are not felt; there is a delightful freedom from them, but for this very reason the literature of that colony has a more superficial character; it lacks the depth as well as the gloom which characterizes the sermons and memoirs of New England.

Whether life more influences literatnre, or literature life, is a question we need not stop to dispute about here; they probably have a perfect balance of interaction at all times; but what one might certainly infer from this anthology of the Puritan literature is the Puritan life. If there were no other records of the state of the civilization which produced these writings, the general complexion of that life might be inferred here, and this gives an historical importance to the compilation which might be easily underrated. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Puritan life in New England was all psalms and sermons; enough is given to show that it had its reliefs, and to let the reader perceive that these were something of the nature and the general pleasurable effect of dancing in chains. —*W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.*

—A German chemist has found that chloroform may be detected in the lungs of animals four weeks after death.

A BOOMERANG BOYCOTT.

Some Racy Extracts From a Late Issue of the Arizona "Kicker."

THEY BOYCOTT US.—The fact that we have been running the *Kicker* pretty much as we pleased since the first number was issued has given mortal offense to certain people in this neighborhood. We have been kicked, licked, pounded, threatened, shot at and bluffed right along, and have grown fat on it.

We came to stay.

Fact is, we've got to. We haven't any thing to go on.

Having tried all other measures to make us let go, and having failed ingloriously in each instance, it was determined to boycott us in a social way. We have been chuck-a-luck with the very cream of society since our advent. In fact, we have been most of the cream.

It was decided a few days ago by a syndicate of the high-toned that we must be socially snubbed and crushed. Accordingly Mrs. Major Bazoo, of Grizzly Hights, announced a recherche affair and invited everybody in the set but us. It was given out that she feared our manners would disgrace the occasion, and if they didn't our clothes would.

We weren't saying a word. We saw the bluff and went one better. On the night of the party the sheriff made a haul of three high-toned prisoners at the house of Major Bazoo, while half a dozen others broke for the woods. We have got one great advantage over the other creams of society. We left the East by daylight and shook hands with the sheriff as we started. We are neither a bigamist, eloper, embezzler, horse thief, jailbird or gambler. We don't want to work this lever unless some one jumps on our collar. We have reluced tony society over half since wecame here by giving the sheriff pointers. We can run the other half out of town in a week. Mrs Major Bazoo hascalled to beg our pardon and express her deep disgust with herself. We have fergiven her, knowing it will not happen again. As for Judge Cahoots, who inspired the boycott and set the crushing machine at work, we bear him no animosity. We will simply remark that he is a bigamist, incendiary, embezzler, forger, perjurer and highway robber, and we have dispatched Pinkerton to come and get him.

WE SHAN'T WORRY.—Our amiable and gentlemanly sheriff entered our office day before yesterday in his usual urbane manner and announced that he must serve papers on us. It was a notice of a breach-of-promise suit against us by the widow Clixby, who alleges that we have been toying with her heart-strings, and that it will take $5,000 of our cash to settle her thoughts back in the old channel.

It is another move on the part of our enemies to down us.

We first met the widow Clixby twenty-eight days ago in Carter's grocery. She asked our opinion of herrings and we asked her's of soap. She invited us to call at the house and see some poetry she had written on the rise and fall of the mastodon. We complied. We called there three or four times afterwards, but only as a friend. On one occasion the widow showed us a clipping from an Eastern paper to the effect that it was better for man who had passed the age of twenty-three to marry a widow, if he was to marry, but we didn't bite.

We know our gait. If the widow Clixby can prove to the world that we have toyed with her affections we'll cheerfully go to jail. We are not on the toy. The widow will find us no jack-rabbit, and the enemies who have encouraged this new move may hear something drop before the trial is over.

A SAD MOOD.—Wednesday evening, as we put on our Mother Hubbard and sat down by the open window to get a breath of air before retiring, a sadness suddenly stole over us and in a few minutes we found tears in our eyes. The query came to us over and over and over again: "Is life worth the living?" and as we thought of the old homestead—the days of boyhood—the many graves—the changes of thirty years—the fountains of the deep were broken up and we wept.

Such moods do a man good. They bring him nearer Heaven's gate. We don't know whether they come from a disordered liver or the near presence of a guardian angel, but we always feel a heap better afterwards. We no longer feel a spirit of revenge. We have no greed. We feel charity for all.

And as the bright beams of the harvest moon steal into our office window and throw a flood of silver light upon the dead ads on the imposing stone—as the south wind comes sighing around the corner of Jackass Hill and whispers to us the story of household graves—as the whip-poor-will wakes from his sweet sleep in the rear of Stevens' disreputable dance house to call to us to press onward and upward and be not discouraged, we take down the office towel, wipe the falling tears away, and seek our couch with the determination to secure a pass from here to Omaha and return or make it so hot for the railroads that they will have to keep every tie wet all the year round. —*Detroit Free Press.*

—The *Youth's Companion* has much admiration for girls and women who learn to swim. It says: "Those of our readers who frequent the seaside resorts do not need to be told that many of the accomplished swimmers are young ladies. This is but natural. As their bones are generally lighter than those of men, and their flesh more buoyant, they have less difficulty to overcome in acquiring the art."

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE AND HEALTH.

The Experience of Daniel and His Three Companions — What Total Abstinence Did For Them.

"And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the King's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse."—*Daniel i, 15, 16.*

When Nebuchadnezzar had carried the children of Judah captive to Babylon, he determined by a wise policy to incorporate them among his own people as far as practicable. So he gave orders to select the most promising youths, and have them trained and educated to become officers in his government. He desired them to have the best possible development, both physically and mentally; so he ordered them to have such food and drink as he himself used, and probably their teachers and studies were ordered with equal care. Many were selected, the most of whom appeared to have complied at once with the directions given. We hear nothing more of them. But Daniel and three other youths, his companions, chose a simple, nutritious diet, and no wine. He may have done this principally to avoid ceremonial defilement, but he evidently knew that this diet was also fitted to secure good physical and mental development. He therefore with confidence proposed the experiment of the pulse to eat and the water to drink. The pulse was peas and beans, with probably other seeds and grains. The result justified the choice. It was no more a miracle than we can accomplish in this day by similar means. For—

1. Temperance is principally a question of health. In its broadest sense it means keeping these bodies in their best condition for serving God, ourselves, and our fellow-men. Daniel wanted to keep his body in its best condition for such service. Its importance is implied in the first command given to the race in Paradise. It may be paraphrased thus: "Partake only of that which is good for you. That which is bad will sow in you the seeds of disease and death." This healthful temperance is, in its highest sense, that self-preservation which is the first law of nature.

2. Daniel's intelligent care for his health kept him from all danger of intemperance. Much oftener than we take into account, intemperance in all its degrees is due to the ignorance and indifference of the people about its effect upon their health. If they *knew* that the alcohol in these intoxicating drinks was a violent narcotic poison, and did them positive injury every time they took it, they would abstain far more than they do. It is this ignorance which prepares them to become the dupes of wine, the mocker.

3. It was by means of Daniel's Temperance that he kept and improved a healthful brain, and therefore his mental ability. He soon stood first among the princes and governors. We have also many examples in modern times where only the abstinent members of a college class came to honor. Of Daniel's classmates we hear again from only the three who were his messmates. That was when they withstood the command of the King to fall down and worship the idol which he had set up. Their faith delivered them from the fiery furnace, and covered them with lasting honor. Daniel's healthful body and brain not only served him well in early manhood, but carried him through a long and well-sustained career under four Kings. The wine he seems to have drank in his later years may not have been intoxicating wine.

4. Alcohol is a brain and nerve poison. Its action on the brain and nerves seems to be mainly through its greediness for water, which it sucks up from those moist and delicate tissues and disturbs their normal action, and thus the entire government of the body is deranged. This greediness of alcohol for water may be illustrated by the action of alcohol on the white of an egg, which it hardens by drawing from it a portion of its moisture. The action of alcohol on the nerves and brain may not proceed to the extent of hardening, but it destroys their normal action. Other derangements follow in diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, etc., till the drunkard becomes literally a mass of disease—physical, mental and spiritual.

5. The matter of a proper diet has much to do with both health and Temperance. Careful eating would often prevent the thirst that leads to drinking. The subject is well worthy of our careful attention, and is daily occupying more and more of the public consideration. It will more naturally follow the progress of intelligent abstinence from intoxicating drinks, for it is scarcely to be expected that people who do not know or care enough to prevent the downright poisoning of themselves with alcohol should exercise nice discrimination and self-denial about their foods.

PRACTICAL INFERENCES.

Self-interest should lead us to practice the strictest total abstinence. In Daniel's case it seems to have made all the difference between success and failure in life.

Permanent success in Temperance work would lead us to give freely the most thorough teaching of the principles of total abstinence. It is those people who most intelligently understand the action of alcohol that hate it the most intensely and devise the most effective measures against it.

If the conscientious convictions of the individual be secured he will help to make and enforce right laws; he will practice total abstinence both at home and abroad, both for his own sake and the sake of others.—*Julia Coleman, in National Temperance Advocate.*

GOOD AND FRUITFUL SEED.

The Temperance Work of an "Old-Fashioned," Thoughtful Little Girl, and the Reformation That Followed.

Gladys Hayden was a little English girl whom every body called very "old-fashioned," which was queer, because she was quite *new*, being only nine years old. Perhaps living and talking with her grandfather, the village curate, she had caught "old" fashions from him. One day they were sowing seed together in a little field by the pretty river, and he had preached her a nice sermon about great results from little deeds, like harvest from tiny seeds. It was not a dull sermon, for birds sang hymns before and after, and no church was ever so beautifully frescoed as was the spring sky with glorious clouds. Gladys remembered the talk, and used after that to think much of what was to grow out of little acts. Near her home was one of those magnificent great castles built hundreds of years ago, and which are now the wonder and pride of visitors and villagers. A noble family had lived there for centuries, its members once fierce warriors, but now peaceful, kindly people, interested in helping their neighbors and respected by them. Nothing delighted Gladys like a visit to the castle. The curate's housekeeper was a sister of a maid in the grand mansion, and several times, when the "family" were in London, the little girl had been all over the great dining-hall, hung with old banners over portraits of men in armor. Yes, and in corners were whole suits of armor that once were worn by fighters in historic battles. Then there were galleries full of wonderful curiosities, a chapel with dark oak carvings of queer beasts and birds and half-angelic, half-demoniac creatures, bedrooms with silk embroidery, and furniture that had been once in Queens' chambers. Outside were endless gardens with fountains, and parks where deer rested unmolested under huge, old trees. Oh! it was all, as Gladys thought, most beautiful.

The present owner of the castle was an earl who had a fine young son, not quite come of age, a great favorite with all the common people. Gladys knew the old earl by sight, but never had seen the young man, who was at Oxford studying. One day the housekeeper took her to the castle, and the two friends, the maid and Mrs. Phillips, gossiped and drank tea, and told their various aches and ails until Gladys grew pretty tired.

"You are such a quiet child, you may go look about the dining-hall, dear," said the maid at last; "only run right back to us if the earl should bring friends there. I fancy he is far away though.

Gladys gladly went to the great room and stood long at the window looking down at the river and into the tops of old cedar trees planted by a Crusader from slips brought from the Holy Land. All at once she saw what looked like a homely brass kettle, and going near, wondered what such an ugly thing was kept there for."

"Could you eat all the porridge that could hold, little one?" asked a very pleasant "boy," as she innocently thought him when she glanced up.

"I might in a year, perhaps, eat as much."

The young man, smiling, lifted her lightly into the huge vessel, where she nestled like a queer bird in a queerer nest.

"What is it here for?" she asked, when he took her out.

"It has stood here hundreds of years. They say the old earls were so much like giants they emptied it of beer at one draught. We don't believe that, do we? But every time an heir comes of age this pot is filled with wine and emptied—many times over, if there are many guests."

"And out on the lawn, and in the parks, casks and casks of beer," added Gladys, thoughtfully. "Grandpapa told me all about it, I remember." Then she gazed fixedly into the vast bowl, with her little hand on the rim, and the young man asked at last:

"What are you thinking about?"

"That I would not do it if I were the *next heir*."

"Did you ever see him?"

"No; but he is a very fine, brave, handsome young gentleman."

"Indeed! Well, what would you do?"

"I would scour it out," and she gave a funny little frown, "then I would fill it with sweets for all the children," then she laughed, "and out on the lawn I would have tea, and coffee, and gifts—flannel petticoats for old women." Here her auditor gave a shout; but she calmly went on. "Flannel is far warmer to last than beer, and Mrs. Phillips says, when men drink beer, babies and grandmothers lack the flannel. I would be a Temperance heir, and try to lessen drunkenness among my people, not make them drink more."

Greatly amused, the future earl put little Gladys through a long history of the village poor, the suffering, the sick and the care the curate took of his flock. Then he sent her away with a bright half-crown in her hand, and it was not until six months later that she knew the "pleasant boy" was the heir whose grand birthday festivities she attended.

There was wine and beer, but less of it than at any similar occasion for three hundred years, and before the curate died he saw a great reform in the town and county, which began at the castle. Gladys sowed seed that bore fruit.—*Temperance Banner.*

SABBATH-DAY READING.

A PRAYER OF FAITH.

Our hearts to Thee we raise,
O God, to whom be praise,
And endless love.
While we before Thee bow,
O hear and bless us now
From Heaven above.

See how we need Thy grace;
Turn not away Thy face;
But give us light.
Guide Thou our wand'ring feet
Near to Thy mercy-seat,
By Thy great might.

Cleanse Thou our mind and heart,
So shall we ne'er depart
From Him who died,
O keep us there, we pray,
And may we never stray
From His dear side.

Fill us with fervent hope,
While we to Thee look up,
O Lord of all!
May we rejoice in Thee,
From every sin made free,
No more to fall.

Keep us from day to day:
Be, Lord, our constant stay,
For we are Thine.
May we in Thee abide,
And then be satisfied
With peace divine.

—*Rev. Dr. Burrows, in N. Y. Observer.*

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.

Living by Rule and Living by Principle—The Former Helps One to Do Right, the Latter to Be Right.

A rule is a measure or standard by which something is tested. The primary meaning of the word "rule" *(regular)* is a straight piece of wood by which the divergence of any thing to which it may be applied may be determined. Then, again, it means a maxim or precept, to which action or conduct is to be conformed. A principle *(principium)*, on the other hand, is a beginning, a starting-point. As applied to any process, a principle denotes something which regulates it from the start. It is something initial, underlying, fundamental. As applied to conduct or character, a rule is something which seeks to conform it from without; a principle is something which tends to determine it from within. The rule is laid on with a view to straightening what is crooked, or tending to become so; a principle operates upon the wrong tendency at its seat and starting-point, with a view to overcoming the cause which produces the trouble. Rules of life may be likened to the splints and plaster forms which are put upon a broken arm to hold it to its place; principles are like the vital forces which are silently knitting together the fractured bones, healing the bruised flesh and restoring all the former vigor and freedom of the injured member. Good rules are like the thongs which held Ulysses firmly bound to the mast of his ship, and prevented him from landing at the Siren's isle; good principles are like the sweet music in Orpheus' soul, which enabled him to pass by disdaining the notes of the enchantresses. The pledges by which men bind themselves to abstinence from sinful indulgence are rules; the free resolves by which the soul chooses for itself a different range of pleasures which gradually work a revolution in the desires and tastes, so that the evil indulgence is no longer craved, are principles.

The difference between rules and principles is an important one. Rules are external; principles internal. Rules warn and restrain; principles guide and inspire. Rules tell you that you are wrong; principles enable you to get right. Rules help you to *do* right; principles help you to *be* right. Rules relate more to conduct; principles more to character.

There are two ways of trying to live a good life which correspond to these distinctions. Many excelent persons live chiefly by rule. They are regular, faithful, systematic and punctual in the performance of their duties. They look upon duty as what is due from them to their fellows and to society. They have certain obligations, and they will pay the debt. This is certainly excelent, and seems to be all that society can demand. And yet in such lives there is lacking a subtle and important thing. Right doing is too much a matter of debit and credit. The spirit of free helpfulness and spontaneous service has not transformed the life, and made its labor no mere doing of what is due, but a natural and almost inevitable expression of principles which are within it. Duty is done too much from the negative motive, as debts are often paid because the debtor dare not leave them longer unpaid. It is true that it is a thousand-fold better to do duty for any reason than not to do it at all, and that if we can not do it for the highest reason, we must do it nevertheless. But there is a better reason for doing it than simply because we shall be guilty and uncomfortable if we do not, and we shall only do duty in a way most helpful to others and to ourselves when we come upon the plane of that reason. The reason is that it is God's will, and that therefore our highest usefulness, influence, growth and happiness can only be attained by its performance. As sooon as we get this view of it, the light of new motives shines in upon it. The impulse to do it is no longer imparted from without, but springs from within. We do not longer goad ourselves to do it; it has grown easy and natural, because no longer done by rule, but from principle.

The whole plan of God in the education of the race illustrates these distinctions. The Old Testament is chiefly a dispensation of rules; the New Testament, of principles. It is in this fact that the fulfilment of the Old by the New is seen. It brought into clear view the principles of obedience and love, manifested them perfectly in a life, and enforced them by the highest motives. How natural is it, then, that he who takes up the life of right-doing from principle should, as Paul so often shows, be free from the law of the outward rules of life. No one can be free from moral rules and laws except by attaining and possessing corresponding moral principles; and when he has done this, he can not be "under law" any longer.

To possess good maxims and to obey good rules is worthy of much praise; but to live a life of free right-doing and right-thinking from impulses springing from right principles within is a far higher and nobler thing. Let none be contented short of this best attachment.—*S. S. Times.*

CHURCH STATISTICS.

Christianity Still Increasing Her Churches, Her Ministers and Her Communicants—Gains During the Past Year.

We publish this week a page of statistics of the Christian churches of the United States. It is the exhibit which we gave in May, 1887, revised according to the returns for the present year. It is less complete and less accurate than we could wish; but it is no fault of ours that some of the denominations have no official returns and that the estimates in some instances are open to the suspicion of being too liberal. Where official statistics are available we have used them; in other cases we have procured estimates from the most competent persons. In not a few instances the figures given are for former years. We are glad to say, however, that the churches are taking more trouble to secure correct yearly returns. The Disciples of Christ, for example, have begun the publication of a "Year Book;" so have the Christians and the Church of God. For some denominations, such as the branches of Plymouth Brethren, it is not possible even to get estimates; they refuse to give information. There are some thousands of Christians, therefore, who are not represented in our tables. We shall hope in time to be able to include them.

Our summary shows that there are 138,885 churches, 94,457 ministers and 19,790,323 members in this country. These totals, which are rather under than over the exact figures, are big with meaning. One hundred and thirty-nine thousand churches founded and maintained for the worship of God! More than ninety-four thousand ministers set apart for the declaration and exposition of the doctrines of Christianity! Almost twenty millions of souls baptized in the faith of Christianity! These are eloquent facts. They are witnesses of a living faith, an earnest spirit, and a consecrated life. For these facts tell of sacrifice and effort and costly endowment, which are not the symptoms of unbelief and godlessness. Unbelief has been in the world longer than Christianity; it came to this country more than a century ago; but it has no facts like these to speak for it.

The net gains for the year were 6,434 churches, 4,505 ministers and 774,861 communicants. These facts are eloquent, too. They show that the long-predicted decline of Christianity has not yet set in. Christianity is still increasing her churches, her ministers and her communicants. Every year many thousands of her communicants and hundreds of her ministers are swept away by death; but her numbers do not fail. She gathers in converts and educates ministers, and fills all the gaps and has a large excess. The excess this year is 4,500 ministers and 775,000 communicants. This means an addition to the force of the ministers of about 87, and to the number of communicants of 14,904 every week. More than seventeen new churches were organized every day of the year.

Every day saw 17 churches, 12 ministers and 2,129 communicants added to the forces of Christianity in the United States. This is the story which our statistics tell. Is it not a sublime story? Who can read it and lose heart and faith? Who can read it and not be glad and grateful?

And yet this is not the measure of the power and opportunity of the Church of Christ in this land. Leaving out the Roman Catholics, the net increase was 574,861 communicants. This is at the rate of 4.35 to each church, 6.6 to each minister and 1 to every 21 communicants. An average of 10 to each church would by no means be an extravagant expectation. That would give a net increase for the Protestant churches of 1,320,000. This is the number we might have had this year; it is the number we may have for the year to come.—*N. Y. Independent.*

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

—We are taught, and we teach, by something about us that never goes into language at all.—*Bishop Huntington.*

—We may as well attempt to bring pleasure out of pain as to unite indulgence in sin with the enjoyment of happiness.—*Hodge.*

—A distinguished writer upon the earthly life of Christ forcibly says that "the evangelists, instead of embodying a conception of their own minds, *must* have witnessed the life which they describe, never *could* have conceived it unless they had first witnessed it and were able to represent it in the manner they have done, only because it had passed under their immediate and frequent observation." To suppose that they invented the life of Christ as a pure fiction is to suppose what is to the last degree improbable.—*N. Y. Independent.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

—You never hear the bee complain,
Nor hear it weep nor wail;
But if it wish, it can unfold
A very painful tail.
—*Washington Critic.*

—The bright boy in a Burlington, Vt., Sunday-school, who said that a Free Will Baptist was one who went into the tank of his own accord, was sent down to the foot of the class in theology.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The sum of $100, which was deposited in a Hartford bank in 1824, has grown to $2,621, and the person who placed it there has been dead for several years, while the rightful heirs only learned their good luck a few weeks ago.

—More than three hundred Italian laborers sailed from New York for home the other day, being unable to obtain employment. Two brigands, who had been confined ever since their arrival, were sent back by the same steamer.

—The famous cattle trail between Texas and the North will soon be wiped out. It was 600 miles long and one mile wide, and when the original survey of Colorado was made this strip was left for the use of the cattle men. The railroads have now rendered it useless.

—A two-year-old child died at Atlanta, Ga., over a year ago. A short time before its death the child's [illegible] was cut off and a curl placed in a box with some of the child's playthings. The other day, when the box was opened, the hair was found to have grown over two feet.

—A Paris tradesman one night recently asked the old woman who came around every morning to clean up his store if she liked to see people hanging, and when she said no, told her she had better not come around the next morning, then. She supposed it was a joke until the next morning, when she pushed open the door and found the dead body of a man hanging in the passage. He had put up on the shutters the notice: "Closed on account of death in the family."

—There is a man in Palatka, Fla., who imagines that he is a teapot. He is perfectly sane on every other subject, but nothing can convince him that he is not a teapot, and an earthen one at that. He sticks out one arm to represent the spout, bends the other to represent the handle, makes a hissing noise to represent the escaping steam, and then, if any one comes near him, is very uneasy lest they hit him and break off either his handle or his spout.

—Canadian girls, it is said, allow their lovers six months to made a decision. If the youth is particularly bashful and the young lady is indulgent she may give him a place on the sofa and accept contributions of the sap of the maple with which he comes laden to her fresh from the forest for another three months. But unless somewhere in that time he asks her to be his own he must seek other firesides. She doesn't weep at the parting or make any time over it. There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, she argues, and in that reason she finds consolation for the misspent time. Canadian girls are not only pretty, but they are all trained to make good housekeepers.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Queen Victoria's Coronation in Westminster Abbey June 28, 1838.

Fifty years ago, on the 28th of June, 1838, the crown of these realms was placed upon the head of Queen Victoria. On the morning of that memorable day the sky was overcast for a time, and between seven and eight rain fell. The procession, which a vast multitude had gathered to see, would have been shorn of half its splendor and attraction if the weather were unfavorable. Happily the sky cleared and the sun shone forth brightly before the procession left Buckingham palace at ten o'clock. The beauty of the day was one of the charms of a spectacle which had not been equaled since the entry into London of the allied sovereigns in 1814. An incident occurred before the end of the ceremony at Westminster abbey which in the days of antiquity would have been hailed as a good omen and which, in fact, has proved emblematic of the brilliancy of a reign that is not only one of the longest but is one of the most memorable in our history. After the royal robe had been thrown over her Majesty's shoulders, after the orb had been placed in her hand and the ring upon her finger, after the Holy Bible had been presented to her and the Archbishop of Canterbury had pronounced a solemn blessing, then, to use the words of our reporter, "a gleam of sunshine which now broke through the great south rose window lighted right on her Majesty's crown, which sparkled like a galaxy and lent a still more dazzling brilliancy to the scene." There are men still living who were present not only at the coronation of the Queen but at that of her two predecessors on the throne. Yet the vast majority of the people have no acquaintance with such a ceremony now except at second hand, and it is our fervent hope that many years may elapse before another coronation takes place at Westminster Abbey. When the Queen was crowned there were some old men whose memories might stretch back to the time when George III. ascended the throne, yet there were many more to whom such an event as a coronation was not extraordinary and who had been present at that of George IV. seventeen years and that of William IV. seven years before. With the exception of the coronation of George III., no event of that kind was more noteworthy than that of her Majesty since the succession to the crown of these realms was settled by act of Parliament in the house of Brunswick.—*London Times.*

TOO MUCH WORK.

Why Americans Need the Gospel of Recreation Preached to Them.

If ever people needed to have preached to them a gospel of recreation, the Americans need it now. We work too hard, and too fast, and with too much friction, and, above all, too constantly. We are proud of our speed. We believe in "push" and "go." We are careless of the fact that haste makes waste, because we have plenty to waste. We do not understand nor practice, nor care any thing about economy, because we have not felt, as most peoples have, the need of economy. Our business man hurries from his home in the morning on the fastest train he can get, reads the newspaper all the way to his office, and grumbles at a delay of two minutes. He rushes through his business at a breakneck rate, snatches a lunch at midday, dictates letters to his type-writer, leaves himself just time enough to catch his train, and rushes home at the same pace. Once there, he enjoys himself by taking a ride behind the fastest horse he can afford to own. After dinner he plays a game of whist, or, as that is generally two slow for him, of poker, until after what ought to be his bed-time. If he lives in the city his evenings are spent at the club or the theater, or in the hotel corridors talking business. Rest he has none, except, perhaps, on Sunday, when he spends most of the morning looking through the papers, and most of the afternoon dozing, or perhaps taking another ride behind his trotters. Americans do everything fast, especially in New York. They take their drinks standing and at a gulp. They eat one meal a day in about the same fashion. They walk fast, talk fast, make and lose money fast, ride fast, sail fast, eat fast, drink fast, and if a way could be discovered of sleeping fast, they would do that.

After one gets into it there is a swing and a movement in all this that is fascinating. It is contagious, and we all catch it. There is the same sort of pleasure in doing business fast that there is in driving a fast horse or sailing a fast boat. That is one reason why New York is the most fascinating of American cities. After its "go" others seem a little tame. One becomes use to excitement, and wants to keep strung up to concert pitch all the time. Beyond doubt, too, there is something good and admirable in this rapidity. It enables us to accomplish marvels. We have come nearer than any other people to annihilating time and space.

But, after all, when one thinks it over calmly—if perchance he can ever find time to think calmly—is this hurry worth our while? Or, to put it from the American point of view, does it pay? The answer to that question depends upon the goal we have in view. Most men are making all this haste in order to get rich; but when they get rich do they "take things easy," and enjoy life? Possibly a few of them may, but the vast majority do not. When they get an income of $10,000 they want $20,000; when they have got that they want $40,000. Not one in a million of us ever gets rich enough, and the few who do leave off business generally find that they have lost, from disuse, whatever faculty of enjoyment they once had, aside from the hurry and push of the business world. The capacity for enjoyment has to be cultivated, like any other capacity; and it will not grow except by constant use.—*Epoch.*

DOZENS OF DEFINITIONS.

Read Them, and Then You Will Know What Constitutes a Lady.

To answer this qustion, we will again have recourse to the dictionaries. Johnson defines a lady as a woman of high rank; an illustrious or eminent woman; a woman—one of the fair sex; a mistress, importing power and dominion, as lady of the manor. This is broad enough, it would seem.

Stormonth gives these definitions: A woman of distinction or rank; the wife of a titled gentleman; the title of daughters of peers of the first three grades; a familiar term applied to the mistress or female head of a house of the better class; a woman in any station of life who is possessed of refined manners and kindness of heart, and generally whose character is adorned with those Christian and social virtues which men most love and esteem in women; a term of courtesy applied to any respectable female. The fifth of the above definitions is a remarkably good one, if it were not narrowed by the idea that Christianity alone comprised all the higher virtues.

Webster's definitions may be next considered. A lady, he tells us, is a woman who looks after the domestic affairs of a family; a mistress, the female head of a household; a woman of social distinction or position; the feminine corresponding to lord. In England, he further says, it is a title prefixed to the name of any woman whose husband is not of a lower rank than a knight, or whose father was a nobleman not lower than an earl; also, a woman of gentle and refined manners; the feminine corresponding to gentleman; a wife or spouse.

Worcester is more setisfactory, it would seem, in his definition, at least to the American notion of what constitutes a lady. Only one of his definitions need be quoted. He says a lady is a term of complaisance applied to almost any well-dressed woman, but appropriately to one of refined manners and education.—*Boston Herald.*

—Work the cabbage plants often during dry weather. Keep the surface stirred and the top soil as loose as possible.

BUDDING STATESMEN.

The Little Fellows Who Wait on the Great Law-Makers of the Senate.

The Senate page corps numbers fifteen as bright and quick boys as can be found anywhere. They receive appointments on the recommendation of Senators, and come from all sections of the country. There is the elongated and dark-hued Southerner and the ruddy-cheeked and chunky Western boy, the quick Northerner and the spectacled New Englander. They are paid $75 a month each during the session of Congress, which generally lasts about eight months for the long and three months for the short session, and at the close of the latter it is customary to vote them an extra month's pay in order that they may return to their homes. In addition to their salary the pages make quite a goodly-sized sum by selling autograph albums containing the signatures of the Senators and prominent people whom they buttonhole for their autographs. Their period of butterfly life is rather short, however, as it generally does not extend beyond two Congresses, the age limit being between ten and sixteen. After they reach the age of sixteen they are compelled to leave.

The pages are very neat in their dress and pay great attention to style. They wear tunic coats and knee pants, generally of some dark material, and affect dark black silk stockings. Their work begins at nine a. m., when they assemble in the Senate chamber and get the desks of the Senators in order for the day, arranging the several bills, petitions, etc., on them, after which, unless there are errands to run, they can amuse themselves until twelve o'clock, when the Senate convenes, at which time they station themselves on either side of the President's platform. After the chaplain's prayer the work begins in earnest, and they are constantly on the run, answering the snap of the fingers of the Senators, carrying bills and papers to the President's desk and executing the multitudinous demands of the Senators.

The Senate usually is in session till four o'clock, when it goes into Executive session, releasing the pages from duty. As it is customary for the Senate to adjourn on Thursday evening until Monday morning, there is nothing for the pages to do in the interim, and they amuse themselves in various ways. Some are continually poring over novels of "The White Eagle, the Trapper" order, but the greater number are enthusiastic bicyclers, those who are not fortunate enough to own a wheel not begrudging paying sixty cents an hour for the rent of one, and many are the amusing squabbles among them as to how many minutes one has to ride it before another takes it, they having hired it on shares. It can not be denied, also, that some are confirmed gum chewers. The wide marble bannisters on either side of the stairs leading to the upper floors offer a great temptation to them to slide down them head first, rather than walk down, and the velocity with which they go (when a fall to the tassellated floor below means certain death) would terrify their mothers.

They are all young politicians, take a deep interest in the debates and are thoroughly posted on all topics that come before the Senate, and religiously defend the position and merits of their respective Senatorial favorites. It is no uncommon thing, after adjournment over some heated debate, for them to take sides and debate the arguments pro and con that they have heard. And they go at it with a vim, defying parliamentary law and grammar alike, and just as much in earnest as though they received $5,000 a year for it. But it is in their playroom, the awful mysteries of which they allow no other mortal eyes to penetrate, where the pages kick up high jinks. For good and sufficient reasons, apparent to the most casual observer, this room is located in a distant and secluded portion of the Capitol building, and there they shout, laugh and play to their heart's content. It is very seldom that quarrels among them ever result in blows, as it means a summons to appear before that awful tribunal, in the mind of a page, the sergeant-at-arms, to be followed by a suspension of two weeks or more with loss of pay.

The pages are under the charge and direction of old Captain Bassett, who has occupied the position, it is said, ever since the memory of man. He started in as a page himself and is now a hale, bald-headed and white-bearded old gentleman. His post of duty is to the left of the President and behind his youthful charges, where he can keep an eye on them. It would seem to take some ingenuity for a fourteen-year-old boy to dispose of $75 monthly, but some of them rise quite equal to the occasion. Others again have quite a good-sized bank account. Those who are so fortunate as to have relatives in Washington of course are well looked after, but those who have to trust to the tender mercies of the typical boarding-house keepers become after a time more or less reckless. Taken as a whole, they are a very gentlemanly, well-meaning lot of boys, and are said to be a great improvement on the force of former sessions. Senator German was once a page, and the story is that he frequently had his ears pulled by Captain Bassett on occasions when he lapsed from grace.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A most remarkable coincidence in connection with a Berks County (Penn.) family, Shilling by name, is that both parents were born on February 22, their marriage took place on February 22, and all of their six children (which includes two sets of twins) were born on February 22.

JOE BRANT'S WATCH.

The History of a Time-Piece Sent to America by George III.

An ancient silver time-piece, valuable for its historical associations no less than for its antiquity, is owned by Mr. Daniel Minthorn, of Watertown, N. Y. It weighs five and a quarter ounces, and is 250 years old; yet it keeps good time when wound, and has not been repaired since 1847. The watch is of the pattern known as the "British bulls-eye," and is an inch and a half thick. The face is of silver, roughly chased, and has a double row of figures, both the Arabic and Roman numerals appearing. It bears the mark of the maker, Thomas Linhard, of London, and the number 110. A search through ancient directories of the city of London, made by Mr. Minthorn at the Centennial Exposition, revealed the fact that this jeweler did business on Fleet street, between the years 1638 and 1658. The works look as substantial as though turned out yesterday. A tiny chain that winds around a drum takes the place of the spring in modern watches, and the cog-wheels and pivots are all large and heavy. The silver cases are very thick. The works can be removed from the case or box, and when inside are retained in place by a thick crystal that would flatten a bullet.

When Sir William Johnson owned Johnsontown, in Montgomery County, this State, and laid claim to considerable other land, he was a great favorite with King George III. As a mark of his favor the King sent this watch across the water to the nobleman. That was just before the war of the Revolution, and when Joseph Brant, the Indian leader, started on his death-spreading expedition up the Cherry valley, Sir William gave him the time-piece as an incentive to deeds of violence and pillage against the colonists. Thayendanega, as Brant was termed in the Indian tongue, promised to bring back forty white scalps in return for the gift. Settlers were massacred by the score, but Brant's expedition suffered too, and in one of the dashes the patriots made against his rear this watch was captured.

One of the few women who escaped the Indians was Mrs. Mabie, who fled by the light of the burning stacks and barns of her homestead to the woods. She had her two babies under her arms, and all hid under a huge root in the forest on the banks of Orris Kill Creek. While the Indians were near the heroic mother choked her infants' cries and was forced to throw water in their faces to revive them. After the savages had departed she walked eighteen miles to Schohaire with the babies. One of these was afterward the mother of Daniel Minthorn, the present owner of the watch. The time-piece fell into the hands of Evart Van Epps, a revolutionary officer, and by marriage into the Minthorn family, where it has remained ever since. Two years ago a big monument was unveiled at Brantford, Ont., to the memory of the old Thayendenega. The residents invited Mr. Minthorn to come with his watch and take part in the exercises and offered him $100. The old gentleman refused very indignantly, and wrote to the Monument Committee: "Do you suppose I would assist in a celebration to do honor to a man whose only good deed that I know of was his neglect to scalp my mother?"—*N. Y. World*

PERFECT MANNERS.

Rules Which Will Make Those Who Observe Them Popular Favorites.

Never try to outshine, but to please.

Never press a favor where it seems undesired.

Never intrude ill-health, pains, losses or misfortunes.

Never unavoidably wound the feelings of a human being.

Never talk or laugh aloud in public places or upon the street.

Never forget that vulgarity has its origin in ignorance or selfishness.

Never urge another to do any thing against his desire unless you see danger before him.

Do not ask another to do what you would not be glad to do under similar circumstances.

Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion.

Never needlessly wound the vanity of another or dilate unnecessarily upon disagreeable subjects.

Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourself.

Remember that good manners are thoughts filled with kindness and refinement and then translated into behavior.

Be not ostentatious in dress and deportment; nothing can be more vulgar. See that costumes fit the time and occasion.

Be rude to none; rudeness harms not even the humblest and poorest to whom it is directed but it injures the exhibitors.

Never treat superiors with servility or inferiors with arrogance. Speak as kindly to a day laborer as one occupying a high position.

Always give precedence to elders, visitors and superiors. Offer them the best seat at the table, the best place by the fire and the first of every thing. Go further than mere form and see that they are comfortable and happy.—*Des Moines Register.*

—Panama Pudding: Make a pint of thin boiled custard and place on ice to become cold; when cold line a pretty dish with thin slices of sponge cake and fill with alternate layers of cake and thinly sliced bananas, pour over it the custard and whip a half cupful of cream and heap over the whole, place on ice a few minutes and serve.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Another Tariff Talk.

New York Press.

Our tariff talk to-day is with Mr. Jas. W. Birkett of 68 Myrtle avenue and 67 Smith street, Brooklyn, who is the largest manufacturer of steam heating apparatus and steam fitters engineers' supplies in that city, and who has accumulated a competency with his own head and hands.

"Of course I shall vote for Harrison and Morton, not because I am a Republican, but for the reason that I am for Protection to home industries, and they stand on that platform, and so they will get my vote. If they stood on the platform made for Grover Cleveland I would cut my right hand off before it should deposit a ballot for them.

"I employ a great many men, and their wages average $21 a week. In Europe they could not earn half of it. I would be better off if the Democratic theory of taking the duty off raw material was put into practice, but I am not so selfish as to favor so pernicious a doctrine because it would benefit me and a few others. I take a higher view of it, and do not squint at it from that point alone. A great deal of arrant humbug finds its way into the columns of the Democratic newspapers to the effect that the manufacturers are the greatest beneficiaries from a protective tariff. Of course they are benefitted.

"If they were not they could not maintain the high rate of wages which our mechanics and working people receive. It is the latter who get the greater benefit from the tariff, not the manufacturers. Why, we pay on an average more than twice as much to our working people as they could get in any free trade country on the face of the earth. If protection doesn't enable us to do this what does? There is no comparison between the workingman's condition here and abroad,

"In Italy, Belgium and Austria forty or fifty cents a day is big pay for skilled mechanics, and thousands of them live, sleep and eat in the streets because they have no homes. I only wish every workingman could take a trip to Europe before he votes, to see for himself the degradation and misery of the working people there. He would come back for protection and for Harrison and Morton. My men are able to bring their families up in good style, and to educate their children. If they lived in Europe they could do neither. I tell you, the government of the United States is the greatest one in the world. Why? Because the working people, who are mainspring of any nation, are better housed, better fed, and better clothed and better educated than those of any other nation.

"Let Grover Cleveland and his free trade lieutenants from the South have their way and in ten years all this will be changed. Instead of building manufactories, churches and school houses, our ingenuity and purses will be taxed to the utmost to build almshouses fast enough to meet the demand for shelter from our workingmen and women whose occupations will be gone when the products of the pauper labor of European countries flood our market.

"'Oh, no,' says the Democrat, 'I am not a free trader, I am only for the reduction of war taxes.' What humbug. It is an insult to a man's intelligence. Reducing import duty will increase the revenue, because of the increased demand for the cheapess productions, and the only way the revenue from imports can be reduced is to take the duty off altogether.

"On many things we have a prohibitory duty now; reduce it and our workshops will be closed, but the revenue will be increased, not reduced. Competition here makes the price here as low as it can be for the welfare of the nation and the people. Take off the duties and swamp our manufacturers with pauper labor produced goods and financial ruin will stalk throughout the land. How careful the Democrats are not to hurt their fire eating brethren in Louisiana and the low lands where sugar and rice are grown, and yet these same fire eaters were absolute free traders when they had the power to be. One of the cardinal principles embodied in the Constitution of the late Confederate States was in these words, 'Nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of home industry.' And now these hypocrites say they do not mean free trade. I wish they could be induced to stop lying just long enough to tell me what in the name of heaven they do mean, if it is not free trade."

The London, England, *Echo*, speaking of the Democratic caucus of the House of Representatives, says:

Mr. Randall, if the American papers to hand this morning be correct, has left no stone unturned to defeat the free Trade policy. * * * * But the Democratic conference has resulted in his defeat, and it is now seen that the party has resolved to support the reduction of the tariff. This is good news for England.

Questions and Answers.

Question—How many miles of railway in the United States?

Answer—150,000 miles, about half the mileage of the world.

Q. How much have they cost?

A. $9,000,000,000.

Q. How many people are employed in them?

A. More than 1,000,000.

Q. What is the fastest time made by a train?

A. 92 miles in 93 minutes, one mile being in 46 seconds, on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad.

Q. What is the cost of a high classs eight wheel passenger locomotive?

A. About $8,500.

Q. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system?

A. Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system.—about 8,000 miles.

Q. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car?

A. About $16,000 or $17,000 if "vestibuled."

Q. What is the longest railway bridge span in the United States?

A. Centilever span in Poughkeepsie Bridge—548 feet.

Q. What is the highest railway bridge in the United States?

A. Kinzua Viaduct on Erie road—405 feet high.

Q. Who built the first locomotive in the United States?

A. Peter Cooper.

Q. What road carries the largest number of passengers?

A. Manhattan Elevated Railroad in New York—525,000 a day or 191,615,000 yearly.

Q. What is the average daily earnings of an American locomotive.

A. About $100,

Q. What is the longest American railway tunnel?

A. Hoosac Tunnel on the Fitchburg Railway—4¾ miles.

Q. What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad?

A. At the present time about $30,000.

Q. What is the highest railroad in the United States?

A. Denver and Rio Grande—Marshall Pass, 10,652 feet,

Q. What are the chances of fatal accident in railroad travel?

A. One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents,

Q. What line of railroad extends furthest East and West?

A. Canadian Pacific Railway running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.

Q. How long does a steel rail last with average wear?

A. About eighteen years.

Q. What road carries the largest number of commuters?

A. Illinois Central—4,828,128 in 1887.

Q. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco?

A. 3 days, 4 hours, 39 minutes and 16 seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1886.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Remarkable Reception.

ATLANTA, GA., August 22.—Mr. McKinley's reception at the Georgia Chautauqua yesterday was something remarkable. Mr. McKinley was led to the stand by Henry W. Grady, and introduced in a speech of hearty welcome by Judge Howard Van Epps, of Atlanta, one of Georgia's most brilliant young men. A significant fact is, that Van Epps is a revenue tariff man, yet no welcome could have been heartier. In the course of his remarks Judge Van Epps said; "The truth is, the intelligent men of the South are growing impatient of the suggestion that it is political treason to listen to the other side of the argument of a great industrial question, and when in the Chicago convention this honorable gentleman (McKinley) put aside a tempting and brilliant chance to be President and ruler of 60,000,000 of people, saying in substance, 'I cannot accept the nomination without violating my own self-respect or abusing my sense of personal loyalty and friendship to Mr. Sherman,' he fixed public opinion as to his lofty character and shed a glory around American citizenship. Differ as we may on party questions, we share a national pride in him, which is irrespective of party affiliations, the same which we do not hesitate te avow of such men as Lincoln, Grant and Conkling and other kingly men who have illustrated the dignity and glory of American manhood." These and similar sentiments were loudly applauded. A more attentive audience was never gathered together, and judging by the applause the people were in sympathy with the speaker.

The Fatal Door.

The Chevalier Gerard De Kampsis was a very rich and a very proud man. Soon after the completion of his magnificent castle he wished to have a house-warming, and accordingly all his great neighbors were invited to a great feast. At the conclusion of a sumptuous repast his guests made speech after speech, in which the host was lauded to the skies, and told that he was the most fortunate man alive. As the chevalier loved flattery, we can imagine how proud and delighted he was.

One among the guests, however, said nothing for a time. When each man had made his speech, he uttered the following singular observation upon the happiness of the host:

"Sir Knight, in order that your felicity should be complete, you require but one thing; but this is a very important item."

"And what thing is that?" demanded the knight, opening wide his eyes.

"One of your doors must be walled up," replied his guest.

At this strange rejoinder several of the guests began to laugh, and Gerard himself looked as much as to say "This man has gone mad." Pondering, however, to have the clue to the enigma, he continued:

'But which door do you mean?"

"I mean that through which you will *one day be carried to your grave*," replied the other.

HOMOEOPATHY.—One cause of the steady spread of Homoeopathy is the *Family Medicine Case*, with its accompanying book, for the treatment of various diseases and to meet sudden emergencies. The posessor of one of these cases realizes its great usefullness, tells his friends and sometimes convinces them by curing them and thus Homœpathy spreads. We mail a price list and catalogue of our goods free, BOERICKE & TAFEL, Homœpathic Pharmacists and Publishers. *Established in* 1835. Baltimore, Md., 223 North Howard St, Washington, D. C., 938 F. St., N. W. Philadelphia, Pa., 1011 Arch St., and 1035 Walnut St. New York, 145 Grand St., and 7, W. 42nd St. Pittsburgh, Pa., 627 Smithfield St. Chicago, Ill., 35 Madison St, Cor, Wabash Avenue. *Our medicines by the vial are sold by leading druggists.*

Stray Sunbeams.

Lost—the buttons from a coat of paint.

Hard money—money you can't collect.

What a barber mustn't do—lather his wife.

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

We often find that an eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

The dresses of engaged young ladies wear out soonest about the waist.

A lady has been found so kind-hearted and lazy that she will never beat an egg.

"After pleasure follows payin'," sighed the old timer as he laid down fifteen cents for a drink.

The lion and the lamb may lie together, but they can't hold a candle to a couple of lawyers.

One should endeavor to eat soft boiled eggs without publishing the fact on his shirt bosom.

An old negro declared that he did love to stump his toe, because it felt so good when it quit hurting.

An Iowa farmer cut open an old hornet's nest, just to examine the inside arrangements. He says he thinks he will be able to see his barn in about two weeks.

At a country fair in Iowa recently a vote was taken as to the prettiest girl present. When the news was carried to the successful candidate she fainted away three times. A different man caught her each time.

"Excuse this bit of irony" said Smith to Jones, "but I must say that you are an infamous liar and scoundrel." "Pardon this bit of irony," said Jones to Smith, as he knocked him over with the poker.

If You Have a Trifling Cough

Don't neglect it. Use Roger's Specific Cough Cure. It is a sure and speedy cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, &c. 25 cts. a bottle.

For Sprains, Burns, Bruises, &c.

Use Roger's Specific Liniment. It has no equal as a cure for Sprains, Burns Bruises, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentary, Rheumatism, &c. 25 cts.

Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation

Speedily cured by a few doses of Appetite, the Great Stomach, Kidney and Liver Remedy. Price 50 cts.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Roger's Specific Cocaine Pile Remedy will cure in a short time the most aggravated case of Itching, protruding, Bleeding, or any other form of Piles. Price 50 cts, a box.

Roger's Sp cific Worm Syrup

Is Pleasant, Safe and efficient. Price 25 cts,

For Chapped Hands, Face, &c.,

Use Frangipane Curative Balm, a delightful toilet article for the Hands, Face, Roughness of Skin, Face and Sunburn, Tetter, Pimples, Blotches and Skin Diseases. Price 15 cts.

All the above preparations are for sale at A. G. Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland, and by druggists and country merchants in all parts of Garrett and adjoining counties.



Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair, in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Ray, children of Mrs. A. K. Dart, Hamburgh, N. Y. She writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and as I could get no other food that would agree with them, I commenced the use of Lactated Food. It helped them immediately, and they were soon as well as ever, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lactated Food is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1.00. At druggists. Cabinet photo. of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year.
Address WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

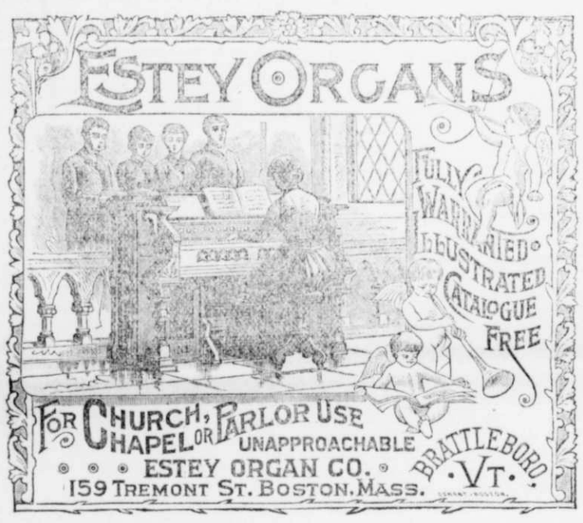
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., New York.

They are Growing More Popular Every Day.

WHO?



MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,

OF CUMBERLAND, MD.,

The Acknowledged Largest Dealers in Western Maryland,

Who, by their many years' experience in the music business, together with honest and fair dealing, have placed the World Renowned

ESTEY AND CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN

in the leading ranks of all other Organs manufactured. The Estey Organ is well enough known to be appreciated when seen. The Chicago Cottage Organ is gaining a reputation that ere long will place it at the head of the list. It is elegant in finish, exquisite in design. In tone superlatively fine. Standard in construction. Highly ornamented and heavy volume. It is an Organ whose action speaks lowder than words, and after one sees and trys this lovely instrument, it always pleases and gives entire satisfaction to the purchaser. We also sell the celebrated

DECKER BROS., WEBER, FISHER BROS., AND ESTEY PIANOS,

—AND THE—

New Home Sewing Machine.

This machine has *no* superior. The cabinet work is of the finest and most artistic made. Its construction is the best and guaranteed not to get out of order. Its attachments are the simplest as well as the most perfect made, and a child can operate it with ease. The attachments are self-setting, requiring no screw driver, not even a thumb screw. No home is complete without this, the grandest, best and most perfect machine made.

Our terms are made in every instance to suit purchaser, and prices the lowest ever offered for first-class goods in this section. We buy for cash in large quantities from the factories direct, thus enabling us to save the purchaser the ordinary agents commission. A word to the wise is sufficient.

For purchasing write or send for illustrated catalogues, prices, terms, &c., to

MESSRS. MORRELL & SHAFENBERG,
Main Office, MEYERSDALE, PA.
Branch Office, CUMBERLAND, MD.
9 17 '87—1y

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read this and then act; they will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person, many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It is easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day, who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you. Everything new. No special ability required; you, reader, can do it as well as any one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

NOTICE.

All persons are warned against cutting down any of the timber on my land on the Hooppole Road, adjoining the land of Bowie Johnson, about three miles from Deer Park and six miles from Oakland. The penalty for cutting down timber in Garrett county, Md., without permission of the owner of the land, is the same, under the Act of 1880, ch 284, as for feloniously *stealing* goods or chattels to the value of the tree or trees" so cut down.

THEOS. B. HORWITZ

E. F. STANSBERRY.

—Manufacturer of—

Boots and Shoes,

Wagner's old stand, Railroad street,

OAKLAND, MD.

☞ Repairing neatly and promtly done.
Nov, 21, 85.—1 y.

VALUABLE STOCK FARM FOR SALE.

I am authorized to sell the valuable stock farm, commonly known as the "Willink Farm," situated about four miles from Oakland, and containing 165 acres. About 100 acres are cleared and under a good state of cultivation. The improvements consist of

LARGE DWELLING HOUSE,

Tenant House, Barn and other out-buildings, and a young orchard.

There is also a five-foot vein of excellent coal on the tract. The farm will be sold for $10,000 dollars, in easy payments.

The improvements cost more than the price Asked. This is considered to be one of the best stock farms in the county.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Oakland, Md.

TOWN PROPERTY

FOR SALE!

I am authorized to receive bids for a valuable town property, situated in the Western part of Oakland. Good Dwelling House and stable. Large lot. Terms moderate.

J. A. HAYDEN.

FARM FOR SALE!

For sale cheap, a farm of 305 acres, about 90 acres of which is cleared, and on which are erected a

Two-Story Frame House, Two Stables

and other outbuildings. About 75 acres of the woodland is covered with EXCELLENT TIMBER. The farm is situated two miles from Swanton, B. & O. R. R. About 250 acres is under fence. A young orchard was put out four years ago, and will soon come into bearing.

For particulars and terms, apply to or address

RICHARD CUSTER,
8 25 Swanton, Md

MASSEY HALL PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

School year commences

September 12th, 1888.

Regular and elective courses in all Preparatory Studies. Special attention to English and Commercial branches. The number of pupils is strictly limited, in order to insure the most thorough training and individual advancement.

For terms, hours of study, &c., apply to

REV. J. NEWMAN,
7 7 td Principal.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE OAKLAND WOOLEN MILLS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1st, 1888.

TO THE PUBLIC:

Having bought the above mill, we are prepared to contract for and purchase Wool, either for cash or exchange for Flannels, Yarns, Blankets, Cassimere, Satinet and Jeans.

Highest Market Price Will be Paid for Wool!

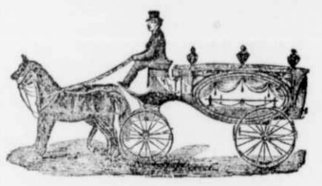
One of the firm will be at Oakland on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY of each week during the wool season. On other days apply to the Foreman, Mr. John C. Trenton, at the Factory.

☞ A liberal patronage is respectfully solicited.

5 A. C. SCHERR & BRO.

D. E. BOLDEN & CO..

UNDERTAKERS



AND FUNERAL DIRECTORS,

OAKLAND, MD.

Keeps constantly on hand a full line of

COFFINS, CASKETS

—AND—

BURIAL FURNISHING GOODS!

—Also a full line of—

FURNITURE,

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloth, and Window Blinds,

And everything usually kept in a First-Class Furniture Establishment

Furniture Rented on easy Terms

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

REPAIR WORK,

PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.

☞ Also make Furniture to order.

D. E. BOLDEN, & CO.

Feb, 25, '88.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following is the new time-table on the B. & O. R. R., which went into effect April 29th, 1888:

GOING EAST.

No. 2	7.41 A. M
No. 38—Accommodation	10.30 A. M.
No. 6	11.14 A.M.
No. 82—Accommodation	5.05 P. M.
No. 4	11.43 P. M.

GOING WEST

No. 3	4.49 A. M.
No. 81—Accommodation	9.40 A. M.
No. 5	5.00 P. M.
No. 65—Accommodation	5.41 P. M.
No. 1	9.15 P. M.

The fast trains, with the exception of those mentioned, make stoppages only at the First Class Stations. Tickets should always be procured before taking the cars, passengers saving thereby from 10 to 25 cents.

WM. M. CLEMENTS,
Manager.

C. K. LORD,
General Passenger Agent.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes; all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out; if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HARTLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. 12 24 '87

JOHN A. WOLF,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
2 88 East End Oak St., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 12. OAKLAND, MD., SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1888. NUMBER 28.

NEW ADVRETISEMENTS.

KIRK'S

WHITE CLOUD



FLOATING SOAP

—IS—

THE CHIEF

For the Bath, Toilet and Laundry.

Snow White and Absolutely Pure.

If your dealer does not keep White Cloud Soap, send 10 cents for sample cake to the makers.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO.,

CHICAGO.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

THOMAS J. PEDDICORD,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

☞ Office over Casteel's Drug Store on Main street, Oakland, Md. 2 26 '87.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

J. B. FAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHNACERY

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett, Allegany and the Court of Appeals Also in adjoining counties of West Va.

☞ Special attention given to Investigation of Land Titles, Conveyancing and Collection of Claims, including claims against United States. Real estate bought and sold on commission.

Office, Nydegger building, Main St., above drug store. 6 5 '86 tf.

FRED. A. THAYER. EDWARD H. SINCELL.

THAYER & SINCELL,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in all the Courts of Maryland and adjoining States. Will also Negotiate loans and sales of real estate. All collections remitted as soon as made. 7 '87.

J. W. VEITCH. W. P. TOWNSHEND

VEITCH & TOWNSHEND,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND
SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY,
OAKLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett County and the adjoining Counties of West Virginia, and in the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

☞ Office in the Court House.

July 3-tf.

A. B. GONDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Office, Liberty street, Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, and the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

v3n47.

DR. W. H. RAVENSCRAFT,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OAKLAND, MD.

OFFICE IN NYDEGGER BUILDING.

☞ Residence in Dr. Keller Building.

Sept. 9, 1885.—1y.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OAKLAND, MD.,

offers his professional services to the people of Oakland and vicinity. 5 5 '88

☞ Office with Dr. J. Lee McComas.

DR. S. TOWNSHEND,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office and residence on Oak street, between First and Second.

Particular attention paid to cleaning and filling the natural teeth.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. v3n48

A Rare Chance to Secure a Home.

FOR SALE,

Several Tracts of Land on the Hooppole Road, 3 miles from Deer Park and 6 miles from Oakland, Md.

These lands are of excellent quality, each tract has a stream of water running through for cattle, and springs of excellent water, and a quantity of valuable timber. The Hooppole road passes through the lands and the Deer Park road quite near them. They adjoin the farms of John L. Browning, Frank R. Nethkin, Wm. Schooley, Joseph Spiker, Ralph Browning, Jacob Sell, W. M. Rhodeheaver and others.

These lands will be sold CH&AP and on the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS: One fourth cash and the balance in three or four equal yearly payments, with interest and security to the satisfaction of the owner.

For further information apply to.

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican Office, Oakland, Md.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dr. Seth Arnold's

COUGH KILLER

CURES

Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and Asthma.

PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

Price 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle.

Sold by A. G. Sturgiss, druggist, Oakland, Md. 11 '86 1y

PLANING MILLS.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.,

ALDERSON & ROBINSON, PROPS

C. M. RATHBUN, Manager.

Manufacturers of and dealers in

Sash, glazed and open, Doors, Blinds, Window and Door Frames, Brackets, Mouldings, Stair Balusters and Newels, Weatherboarding Flooring, Ceiling, Pickets and Palings.

Scroll Sawing, Turning, Planing and Matching done to order at the lowest rates.

☞ Estimates cheerfully given on all kinds of mill work. 1 29, '87.

PATENTS!

Caveats, and Trade Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE. We have no sub-agencies, all business direct, hence can transact patent business in less time and at LESS COST than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing, or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A book, "How to Obtain Patents," with references to actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property.

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FARM FOR SALE.

A RARE CHANCE TO INVEST!

A farm containing 161 acres, 3½ miles from Oakland, on the West Union Road is offered for sale at a bargain. This is known as the Christian Yutzy farm, has good buildings, is well watered, 100 acres under cultivation and a good ghrist and saw mill on adjoining land.

TERMS.—One-third cash, the balance in two equal annual payments.

For price and particulars apply to or address

JAS. A. HAYDEN,
Republican office, Oakland, Md.

7 21 6m

Dr. I. D. Newman,

OAKLAND, MD.

CHRONIC CASES A SPECIALTY.

Office and residence on Mill street, opposite the Helbig bridge

Calls day or night promptly attended to. 3 15 1y.

Store Room for Rent.

The Store Room lately occupied by O. Hart & Son, on the corner of Second and Oak streets, is for rent. This is one of the best stands in Oakland. Terms moderate.

Apply to

MRS. H. A. RASCHE,
2 11 3t Oakland, Md.

COLLECTION OFFICE!

Having opened an office for the collection of notes, bills, &c., I will collect all bills placed in my hands with dispatch, and make prompt return of all moneys collected. Special inducements offered to parties having property to rent and the collection of rents. Can be found at Harne & Lawton's store. Reference given when required.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

Oakland, May 19th 1885.—1 y

BLACKSMITHING.

I am prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing. Farmers' work a specialty. Prices as low as can be had for first class work. Shop near "Browning House."

ft 24 DAVID LITTLE.

INVENTION has revolutionized the last half century. Not least, among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world *Grand outfit free.* Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

SOME PLEASANT ROOMS AT

VIRGINIA COTTAGE!

Pure Water, Verandas and Shade Trees.

☞ Address: P. O. Box 113 62 3

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



Unfailing Specific for Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; sour stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

(PURELY VEGETABLE)

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.

It acts with extraordinary efficacy on the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, AND BOWELS.

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR

Malaria, Bowel Complaints, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Kidney Affections, Jaundice, Mental Depression, Colic.

Endorsed by the use of 7 Millions of Bottles, as

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

for Children, for Adults, and for the Aged.

ONLY GENUINE

has our Z Stamp in red on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS. Price, $1.00.

Constipation

Demands prompt treatment. The results of neglect may be serious. Avoid all harsh and drastic purgatives, the tendency of which is to weaken the bowels. **The best remedy is Ayer's Pills.** Being purely vegetable, their action is prompt and their effect always beneficial. They are an admirable Liver and After-dinner pill, and everywhere endorsed by the profession.

"Ayer's Pills are highly and universally spoken of by the people about here. I make daily use of them in my practice."—Dr. I. E. Fowler, Bridgeport, Conn.

"I can recommend Ayer's Pills above all others, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."—J. T. Hess, Leithsville, Pa.

"For several years Ayer's Pills have been used in my family. We find them an

Effective Remedy

for constipation and indigestion, and are never without them in the house."—Moses Grenier, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Pills, for liver troubles and indigestion, during many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action."—L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y.

"I suffered from constipation which assumed such an obstinate form that I feared it would cause a stoppage of the bowels. Two boxes of Ayer's Pills effected a complete cure."—D. Burke, Saco, Me.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."—James Quinn, 90 Middle st., Hartford, Conn.

"Having been troubled with costiveness, which seems inevitable with persons of sedentary habits, I have tried Ayer's Pills, hoping for relief. I am glad to say that they have served me better than any other medicine. I arrive at this conclusion only after a faithful trial of their merits."—Samuel T. Jones, Oak st., Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

A. LOEWENSTEIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Cor. Water and Third streets

OAKLAND, - MD.

I take pleasure in informing my old friends and customers that I have opened up a new

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

in Oakland, and am prepared to do

All Kinds of Work

in my line, at

Reasonable Prices!

☞ All work Guaranteed.

A. LOEWENSTEIN.

Oakland, Nov

J. F. LEWIS,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

LUMBER, SHINGLES AND PLASTERING LATH!

SHINGLES A SPECIALTY.

Having had Fourteen years practice and experience as a SHINGLE SAWYER, I am confident that I can sell you a better shingle than can be bought any where else in the State for the same price.

J. F. LEWIS.

3 3 '88 1y Cranesville, W. Va.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER.

OAKLAND, CAL., Aug. 22d, 1888.

As my friends will see from the above, I am still in "Oakland," though a very different Oakland from the one you all know so well. But it seems strange that we should cross the continent and settle down in a place with the same name as the one we came from. In name only are the two places alike, and towards the close of my letter I will give you a faint idea of what this Oakland is.

After leaving Oakland our first resting place was Chicago, where we spent two days with a friend, and they were days full of pleasure. Chicago is a world's wonder, and it would take weeks to see its many attractions. The buildings are good, and no where in the East, even New York, can such blocks of fine buildings be found, and the great wholesale houses look like solid fortresses. The streets are crowded day and night with throngs of people, and the roar and din is deafening. Chicago has nice fine depots than any other city in the Union. They are scattered all over the city, and it must have taken millions to have built them. The B. & O. has a wretched old brick shed which is a disgrace to the city and the company, which answers the purpose of a depot. But so far the B. & O. have not been granted any privileges by the city, and doubtless when they are, they will build something to be proud of. To-day Chicago is far ahead of New York in fine buildings, cable cars and fine streets, and she has a park that is the finest I have ever seen. In this park you find a very fine collection of animals. The view from the park is lovely, and thousands of people wend their way through it, enjoying its beauty.

From Chicago we went to Kansas City, where we had four hours. It was on Sunday morning, and nearly every business place was closed. We saw what we could of the city, and while rough-looking and built on bluffs, it is a wonderful place. This was our last stop until we reached Los Angeles and Pasadena. The journey from Chicago to Kansas City was through a lovely farming country, and the corn-fields stretched away for miles and miles, and we passed through lovely towns, and past beautiful homes; in fact such a country as California with all its *boasted* beauty, *cannot* compare with. For hundreds of miles west of Kansas City we saw nothing but corn-fields; fields containing from one hundred to five thousand acres, and covered with corn from four to six feet high, and remember that was about the 18th of July. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, are all fine states, but Eastern Kansas beats them all. The great prairies (which are now corn-fields) sweep away for hundred of miles, and are as level as a garden. Houses are seen everywhere, and towns and hamlets every few miles. Everything speaks of prosperity and happiness, and here people *live*, don't simply exist.

Leaving Kansas City at noon on Sunday, we settled down for a three and a-half days' ride, having two large baskets full of lunch, and some books and papers, and thus prepared, we were ready to enjoy the changing scene as we sat in a splendid Pulman Palace car, and spun away toward the sitting sun and the "Golden State." Through Kansas we saw vast field stretching away in every direction, covered with corn, and great pasture fields where thousands and tens of thousands of cattle were feeding. The change is quite marked in crossing out of Kansas into Colorado. The Southeastern corner of Colorado through which we passed, being very much like the "Glades" country of Maryland, only as we approached the Rockies the great level glades and timber-covered lands stretched away for miles and miles, and great mountains rose up thousands of feet, many of the peaks being 13,000 to 14,000 feet high. We saw gleams of the "eternal snow" on some of them glittering in the bright July sun. All through Colorado we saw great herds of fine cattle and horses, and "cow-boys" by the hundreds; and we saw them do some fine shooting. After crossing the Rockies we went "down grade" and passed through a wild country of level lands covered with great hills and cliffs of rocks, and cut through with great canons (pronounced "canyon") some two thousand feet deep. The cause of these rents in the earth is a mystery, and they look as though at some time the earth had opened and remained so. New Mexico is full of great mountains and piles on piles of rock, and every mile revealed new wonders. Here we saw Indians and Mexicans in great numbers, and bought some small articles from them. We saw plenty of Mexican Towns, the houses being built of "adob" bricks (sun-dried mud bricks). New Mexico would be a charming place for homes if rid of Indians and Mexicans. The green valleys at the foot of the great mountains are lovely, and stereams of pure water are seen every where, and beautiful flowers grow in every direction. From New Mexico we passed into Arizona, the land of sand, rocks, extinct volcanoes and lava. Hour after hour we passed through great desserts of sand, without a green leaf or a drop of water, while the lava beds extended for miles, and far away we could see great ranges of mountains, which are rich in gold and silver, and where the great mining camps are scattered, and to which provisions are hauled by wagon for one and two hundred miles.

The boundary line between Arizona and California is the great Colorado river, and early Wednesday morning we crossed it and were in the "land of promise"—Southern California. For some distance it was dry and arid like Arizona, but soon we came to green fields and fruit orchards and vineyards. Here we had our first California fruits, and they were fine and refreshing after our long journey over the desert. We reached Pasadena at 9 P. M. and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Gearhart, who were expecting us, and with whom we spent two days at their lovely home, surrounded with all the comforts of an Eastern home (they are from Indiana) and the tropical luxuries of Southern California. Here we found Miss Lillie Brown had left that morning for San Francisco, to attend the great State convention of teachers, and to meet us there. The two days there we spent very pleasantly, and enjoyed the good milk and butter and oranges of our kind friends. We visited Los Angeles and on Friday night we started for San Francisco. The ride from Los Angeles to San Francisco was the worst part of our entire journey, as the heat and dust was terrible. We had a washout and did not reach San Francisco until 12 o'clock Saturday night. We spent Sunday and Monday here and on Tuesday moved over to Oakland.

San Francisco is a great city, and being the great port of the Western coast, and furnishing supplies for the far Western and Northern states, it has an immense business. The stores are packed with the greatest quanities and varieties of goods, and the window displayes are very fine. Market street is the great thoroughfare and has four cable and car lines. As many as forty cable and horse cars can be counted at one time from any of the corners. All other streets run into Market, and the ferries are at its foot. In this city you see people from every part of the world, and its port is full of ships from every quarter of the globe. Twenty to twenty-five vessels arrive every day. The bay between San Francisco and Oakland is about five miles wide, and ferry steamers cross every fifteen minutes. About 20,000 people cross each and every 24 hours, and freight by the tons.

Oakland is a lovely city of 50,000, extending along the bay for some three miles. Here are lovely homes and green parks, while the streets are full of well dressed people and splendid carriages. Broadway, its great business street, is full of fine stores and you can buy anything you mention. Nearly all the business men are wealthy and most of them are Jews. Here you will find a fruit store doing a business of eight thousand dollars a day, and crowded for more room. Rents are very high. Stores one hundred feet deep rent at from three to eight hundred dollars per month, while small candy and tobacco stands rent at from fifty to two hundred per month. Houses two miles out, with eight or ten rooms, rent at forty to fifty dollars per month, while cottages of four and five rooms are from twenty to forty per month. Living is high, as meats and butter and milk cost double what they do in the East. But fruits and vegetables are very cheap, and no fires are required. A family need not burn more than three quarters to one ton of coal in a year, and many only use oil stoves.

The climate of Oakland is not what Californians say it is, but it is far better than that of San Francisco. Here the mornings are damp and cool, and the days bright and sunny, with cool nights. In San Francisco the trade winds blow constantly and are bitter cold, while the streets are full of clouds of sand and dust, and great banks of fog blow in from the Pacific constantly. San Francisco requires heavy flannels and overcoats all the time. Sometimes they have a bright sunny day, but not often. This is the reason why some fifteen thousand people live in Oakland, who do business in San Francisco.

There are many beautiful places near San Francisco. The Cliff house and seal rocks, the Golden Gate, the Golden Gate Park, &c., &c., are full of interest to strangers.

In the "Golden Gate Park" there is a beautiful monument to "Francis Key," the author of the "Star spangled banner." The monument is very fine, and Key is sitting under a canopy, with a roll of paper in his hand, looking away towards the Golden Gate. The whole monument stands about 25 feet high, and on the base a figure of Liberty is seated extending a crown. On the sides of the pedestal, sunk in the granite, in gold letters are the lines of his immortal poem. Thus, three thousand miles away from the scene of its composition, the Golden State has paid him the tribute he so well deserved. The work is very fine, and the grand and noble face is finely cut. Our Baltimore friends would be proud of it as they are of his memory.

The great wharves, piled up with shipping of all kinds, and the loading and unloading of ships, the rush and roar of trade, the din of factories all are matters of interest, and tell the story of this great exporting and importing city. China town is a strange place, and is well worth a visit. Here are 60,000 Chinamen engaged in trade of all kinds, and in all kinds of wrong doing. There are many churches and some public buildings. The city is full of strangers and adventurers and fortune seekers. But fortunes cannot be made here as easily as formerly. The people here are too fast for Eastern people, and everything is done with a rush. I saw seventy-four thousand dollars worth of building lots in San Francisco, sold in less than one hour and saw the purchasers pay cash down. This is an every day occurrence. Sales of all kinds are made in the shortest possible time. Even in the stores it is the same, and people buy in half the time they do in the East.

Everything in business lines is done on a large scale, and all lines are over done. So many are now engaged in business that I wonder how they all exist. New men have no chance here, as there are thousands ahead of them. Business men even go so far as to say, "We don't want Eastern men; we have enough of our own, and Eastern people are too *slow* for *us*." Even working men have a hard time to get employment, and hundreds of the best workmen can't get a days work. The great trouble with California is every device possible has been used to induce people to come here from the East and spend their money, and the result is, there is nothing for them, and the thing has been over done. For the benefit of some of my good old Garrett county friends I would say, do not believe any of the printed matter you may receive, and be satisfied with dear old Maryland. If you have plenty of money, you can do well here, but without money, you will not succeed. It takes a fortune to buy a farm. No *good* land can be bought near any town, *unimproved*, for less than $500 to $1000 per acre, and when you go back from the railroads twenty or thirty miles, land will cost from $75 to $100. True, big crops are raised, but it takes plenty of money to do it. Men in the business tell me the fruit business does *not* pay as the reports state. Only *some* places and some farms and fruit growers make much out of their lands. Any man who can come here with from $5,000 to $10,000 dollars can make money farming, but with less, I don't think he could. So many things are different from what we had in Garrett, that our good old Garrett farmers would be disappointed.

This *is* a grand country and a fine climate, but I don't think (unless on account of health) that it would be worth the trouble, expense and loss, to sell a good home in the East to come here. So if any one wants to come, come *alone* first and look around and then decide. Still I like the State very much, and if I succeed, I expect to be very happy.

(*Continued on 8th page.*)

The Republican.

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THE FRIEND OF AGES AGO.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
—Yes, if you'd just as lief as not.
JOHN PAUL.

There are several things that trouble one's age,
And work for a man much woe,
Such as gout—and doubt—debts that *will* run,
And rhyme that will not flow.
But when all has been said, do we not most dread,
Of the many bores that we know,
That ubiquitious ban, the woman or man,
Who knew one "ages ago?"

In youth—you were young; and foolish perhaps;
You flirted with high and with low,
Had one love on the hill and one down by the mill—
Yet never were wicked, ah, no!
And this friend knew you in a far-away way,
In a way that was only so, so—
Just enough to give hue to the cry about you:
"O, I knew him ages ago!"

You are married now and quite circumspect,
Your pace, like your speech, is slow;
You tell in a bank, keep silent in church—
Are one it is proper to know;
But this vigilant friend will never consent
That your virtues unchallenged shall go—
Though she never demurs, but only avers
That she knew you "ages ago."

And sure I am that if ever I win
To the place where I hope to go—
To sit among saints—perhaps the chief—
In raiment as white as snow,
Before me and busy among the blest—
Perhaps in the self-same row—
I shall find my ban, this woman or man,
Who knew me "ages ago."

And shall hear the voice I so oft have heard—
Do you think it is sweet and low?—
As it whispers still with accent shrill
The refrain that so well I know:
"O, you needn't be setting much store by *him*,
This new angel's not much of a show,
He may fool some saint who isn't acquaint—
But *I* knew him "ages ago!"

Charles Henry Webb, in Century.

BOB AND ALICE.

The Story of Mr. Heath's Last Ten Thousand Pounds.

PART I.

On a wet, gloomy afternoon in the April of 187- Mr. James Heath sat in a house in Adam street, Strand, and in the curiously furnished apartment which he called his office. The very dirty window curtains of the room were of the richest silk. The costly Turkey carpet was covered with dust and littered with bundles of old law papers and newspapers, besides letters and other documents which, having been torn up, had evidently lain on the floor untouched for weeks or months. On the walls of the room were hung a number of valuable oil paintings, water colors and engravings. Madonnas and Holy Families of the early Spanish and Italian schools, pets of the ballet and the prize ring, Dutch boors, landscapes, portraits and racing scenes—mingled as they were without the least regard to style or subject, the general effect was altogether novel and surprising. About the chamber were a numbbr of chairs and couches, mostly of antique patterns, but all of them made of the most costly materials, and covered, like the carpet, with dust. In the corners of the room were piles of well-bound volumes, and two massive side-boards—one of oak, the other of ebony—were piled with miscellaneous heaps of books, glasses and silver plate. Every thing about the chamber, in short, was dirty, costly and incongruous.

Finally, muffled up in a thick overcoat, and with his back to the fire-place, in which there was no fire, sat Mr. Heath. He was a rather stout man of about sixty, with keen, gray eyes, white hair and a very rubicund complexion. On the table before him stood among a number of papers, a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, and he was engaged in reading a long letter, which was written in a rather sprawling, boyish hand.

"Dear Sir," the letter ran, "I must have £500 by Monday, and I want at least £500 besides. This, with what I owe you at present, will make £4,000. I propose, in consideration of that £1,000 which I now ask you to advance, to assign to you the whole of my life interest in the £15,000 3 per cent. consols, together with the whole interest under the policy of assurance for the £3,000. The premiums on the policy only amount to £200 per annum, so that the £450 odd which accrues from the consols will leave a balance of about 250 per cent. interest on the £4,000 until the policy falls in. In other words, for £4,000 you get an absolute reversion in £10,000, together with £250 a year until the reversion is realized. I am aware that I could do better than this, but I want the money at once and I am ready to submit to the sacrifice for immediate payment. I shall call on you to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, when I hope you will let me have a check. Yours, faithfully,

"ROBERT OSWALD."

Mr. Heath read the letter very carefully through two or three times, after which he laid it on the table and poured out nearly half a tumbler of brandy. Having mixed this with a very little water, he drank it off and leaned back in his chair, while he indulged in a soliloquy which he muttered half aloud.

"Yes," he said, "the terms are good enough. The young fool is in consumption already, though he's barely twenty-three, and this season will kill him. Chapman says his right lung is nearly gone—lucky I got him to insure for the big sum at once. Wants the money, I suppose, to meet his losses on the City and Suburban. What's he going to do, I wonder, when he has parted with his interest in the £15,000? Fall back on his mother, I suppose. She's supposed to be wealthy, but her money is all in American stocks, they say, and if report is true she knows how to keep it. The widow of a Scotchman, who made a fortune in America, they came back to England about five years since to get into society and put young hopeful through Oxford. The father died three years ago, and the mother has been leading a rather retired life since, so they say. But, nonsense, what has all this to do with me? Young Mr. Oswald, who has got himself into consumption through dissipation, is practically offering me £10,000 for a further advance of £1,000. Even if I had to wait a few years it's good enough. But he hasn't twelve months' life in him. Three months more, at the rate he is going at present, ought to finish him! And then!"

Mr. Heath poured some more brandy into his tumbler. Having drunk it, he continued almost aloud, and in an excited manner:

"Then I have made the £100,000 which it has been the ambition of my life to be worth. This is the last ten thousand. With this I shall be worth almost exactly one hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash, besides the good will of this accursed business, and all the things connected with it, which I shall dispose of at once. Why, I ought to have nearly one hundred and ten thousand pounds; but never mind, once I have a hundred thousand pounds in hard cash, I shall give up. To that I have made up my mind. And then? Well, I shall go on the continent for a time. I'd be pretty well forgotten in the course of two or three years, and my name is not in particularly good odor just now—hasn't been for years past. Never mind that—when a man has four or five thousand a year, people are not too particular about his antecedents. I may take a place a little way out of London—be a sort of county magnate for a bit—and work my way into a decent club. Let them say what they like behind my back, they'd be bound to be civil to my face, and that's all that any one need care. Half the peers in England would go crazy if they only knew what their servants were saying about them. Fools, we're all, more or less, tarred with the same brush, thinking vermin as we are, if this new theory of evolution, or whatever it's called be true. No, if I once get foot into a good club, they could not get it out again, if I can only afford to act respectably. Let them whisper what they like behind my back, all that I have to deal with is what is said or done before my face, and the hounds would be silent, for they can prove nothing. If the brutes have to lick me what do I care if they would like to bite. 'Heavens, what a contemptible thing is human nature!' the great Napoleon used to say when he was a young man starving in Paris. Contemptible is not the word. Worthless—indifferent—unworthy of even contempt—poor wretched puppets. You band together, and club your wretched selfishness into what you call respectability. Respect? Why you will have more real respect for me, who'll force my way, and walk alone among you, than you have for the sleekest creature of your pack. Yes, 'Lions walk alone, jackals herd together,' as Pitt used to say, and one can play the Pitt or the Napoleon in private, as well as in public life, if need be. Yes, I have only to wait now till Mr. Oswald smashes up the little that's left of his constitution. Not many months at the furthest. Strange that the last 10,000 should come altogether in this way; I might have been three or four years getting it together. Perhaps longer. Who can tell? We make more bad debts than people think, and, like the snail crawling up the post, I might, now and then, have slipped down at night twice as far as I had crawled during the day.

"But here, the whole thing is done. The last ten thousand made, as the saying is by a stroke of my pen. And yet it's curious how I have had a suspicion from the first moment I set eyes upon this brat that he'd be at once my making and my ruin. Tush! such nonsense; the thing is perfectly legal, and the money is perfectly safe. Even if I lost it, I'd be very far from ruined; but it is quite safe. So, Mr. Oswald, you shall have your thousand pounds, more especially as you are pretty certain to kill yourself with it. Still I have a strange liking for the lad. He has good qualities with all his folly. But oh, humbug! what have I to do with these feelings! If I had any one to leave my money to—a child of my own to inherit my wealth—I might wish to leave it a little cleaner than it is. Yes, it's hard to think that the riches for which I have toiled will go to people who curse my name—if I don't leave them to the nation, or turn them into cash and fling it into the sea before I die. Come in!"

The last two words were in answer to a knock at the door.

"Mr. Oswald, sir," said a boy who acted as a sort of clerk to Mr. Heath.

"Show him in," said the latter as he resumed his seat at the table.

A tall, handsome, but very delicate young man entered the room.

"Well, young sir, what can I do for you?" said Heath in a gruff voice, which was intended to be pleasant and assuring.

One of Mr. Heath's peculiarities was that he seemed to take a delight in making his clients state their business as often as possible, however well he might be acquainted with it.

"You can offer me a chair if you want to be civil, and a glass of brandy if you're inclined to be friendly," replied Oswald, in a languidly familiar manner, which just bordered on being contemptuous.

"O, please be seated, my dear sir, if you insist on ceremony," said Heath, pushing the bottle and a glass toward his visitor as he spoke. "And now, besides offering you a chair and a little brandy, what else can I do for you?"

"Well, confound it! you know what I have come about. You have had my letter. What's the use of asking such a question?" was the impatient rejoinder.

"Yes, I have had your letter, but I don't like the business. I tell you frankly, I don't like to see a young man ruining himself as you are doing——"

"O, curse it all! I have not come here to be lectured," interrupted Oswald, angrily. "Will you do the thing or not? This is Thursday. I must have the money by Saturday night."

"I would have to give notice to the trustees of this fresh charge, and there is barely time to get the thing through. I would rather you took the matter somewhere else," replied Heath, dubiously.

"But is impossible, and I must meet my engagements on Monday," was the answer.

The result of some further conversation was that Mr. Heath, with a great show of reluctance, suffered himself to be persuaded to have every thing ready to make this further and final advance on Saturday.

"You will have twenty pounds in gold, eight ten-pound notes, and the remaining nine hundred pounds 'short,'" said Oswald as he was leaving the room.

"Yes, I hope you will take care of it," replied Heath.

"I shall win twenty thousand over the Guineas. Good evening," was the answer, and Mr. Oswald took his departure.

On Saturday Oswald duly received the £1,000 after he had executed a deed, by which he assigned the policy of assurance and his life interest in the £15,000 consols to Mr. Heath. According to the will of the late Mr. Oswald, the £15,000 was, if Robert Oswald died without issue, to be paid to a distant relative who lived in America.

Mrs. Oswald, I may add, derived her income from certain investments in American railway stocks. She was supposed to be very well off, but it was a curious thing that, though she went a good deal into society, nobody seemed to know much about either her or her late husband. They had come from America about five years before and taken a house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater.

The late Mr. Oswald brought very satisfactory references from Chicago, kept a very good balance at his bank, and entertained, as did Mrs. Oswald, in a very hospitable manner. This, however, was really all that was known about them. As to their son, Robert, he had unluckily taken to betting, and got into the clutches of Mr. Heath, with what result, so far, we have seen above.

It is not necessary to say more than that Robert Oswald lost his money, and brought himself to his death-bed during the next two months. As Mr. Heath knew, he was in consumption when he sold his annunity, and the effect of his losses and constant dissipation precipitated the collapse of his system. "When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions." On the morning after the race for the "Two Thousand Guineas," when Robert was left utterly penniless, and in debt to a number of bookmakers, Mrs. Oswald received a letter from her stock broker, saying that he would like to see her at her earliest convenience. Accordingly she went at once to the City, where she learned that the two American railways in which nearly all her money was invested had ceased to pay dividends. That, in short, the shares were almost unsalable, as it was highly probable that the concerns would be sold under foreclosure of mortgages. Mrs. Oswald did all she could under the circumstances. She gave up her house in Portchester Terrace, and took lodgings in St. Paul's road, Camden Town, where she devoted herself to the task of nursing her son, who was now fast sinking in consumption.

PART II.

In the second week of the following June, Mr. Heath, who had a small house in Notting Hill, was sitting in his parlor at a little after eight o'clock in the evening, when the servant came in to say that a Mr. Bailey wished to see him.

"Show him in at once," said Heath, who rose from his seat and went to the door to meet him.

A shabbily-dressed little man, who looked something like a lawyer's clerk out of employment, came into the room.

"Well," said Heath, in his usual gruff way, when he had closed the door, which he did very carefully as if he were afraid that somebody might be listening outside,

"Mr. Oswald's dead, sir. Died at five o'clock this evening. I only heard of it within the last hour, and I came on at once to tell you."

For a moment there was silence, during which the little man stood twirling his hat in his hands.

At last Heath said: "Are you quite certain of this?"

"Quite certain, sir," was the answer. "I have it from the servant in the house. I had been expecting the news all day and directly Mrs. Wilmot told me I thought I'd make assurance doubly sure by seeing the servant myself. As I told you, I knew her before she went to live in St. Paul's road. I told you how I heard from Mrs. Wilmot every thing that went on in the house."

"Well, well, that will do. Here is a sovereign for your trouble in coming here. Look into my office next week, and I shall pay you what we have arranged, when I have the formal proofs of his death. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir, thank you," said Bailey, as he left the room.

Bailey was a nondescript character who was occasionally employed by Heath, sometimes as a broker, sometimes as a private detective. In the present instance, by virtue of his having some relatives living in St. Paul's road, he had been engaged to bring Mr. Heath the earliest intelligence of Robert Oswald's death. When he had gone Heath walked up and down the room for some minutes in silence. At length he muttered to himself:

"One hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash made at last! I shall sell every thing I own within a fortnight's time—furniture, bills, pictures, all. They will fetch another six thousand; but, whatever they bring, they shall be sold at once. I am determined to enjoy my wealth while I have time, and to do that I must cut the life I have been leading at once. Yes, my 'pile' is made. I have at last what, years ago, I said I would make, and I shall be out of England this day fortnight. What may I not do yet with over a hundred thousand pounds and the brains and knowledge which I possess! Good heavens, how suddenly the last ten thousand has come! What a lucky chance it was that threw the young fool into my clutches! I managed him properly, there's no doubt. But yet it was a lucky chance that brought him to me. Still it's strange the presentiment I have always had about him. O, bother such nonsense! What have I to do with presentiments! I shall be believing in ghosts and hobgoblins next! Yet I seem to be sorry in a sort of glad, and there is that fear of some impending evil which I seemed to have every time I saw him. What on earth can this be!"

The last question was caused by a sharp knock and ring at the hall door. In a few seconds the servant came in with a telegram. Mr. Heath looked at the envelope nervously before he opened it. At last he took out the telegram, which he read two or three times over, as if he doubted the evidence of his eyesight. Then he put the telegram in his pocket, whispering to himself in a trembling voice as he did so:

"What can it be! What can it be!"

The telegram which evidently caused him so much uneasiness was as follows:

"Mrs. Oswald, To James Heath, Esq.,
St. Paul's Road, Stanhope Terrace,
Camden Town. Notting Hill.

"It is of great importance that I should see you to-night. Robert Oswald died at five o'clock this evening. Please come here at once on receiving this telegram."

"Could it be some conspiracy to get me into the house and murder me!" thought Mr. Heath, as he walked about the room with the telegram in his pocket. "O, nonsense! I need not be afraid of that. They are very respectable people in the house. No, depend upon it, it is either that the mother wants to beg or borrow from me, or that there is some screw loose about the policy of assurance. Curse it! Like my usual luck. But I had better be off there at once. What a curious authoritative way she telegraphs in, though."

He left the house, and, hailing the first hansom he met, was driven raidily to St. Paul's road. A servant opened the hall door before he could knock, and, having asked if he was Mr. Heath, conducted him up stairs to the drawing room. Though it was just 9:30 o'clock, and getting rather dark, no lamp or candle was lighted in the room, and as Mr. Heath entered he could just discern through the deep twilight the figure of a tall woman who was sitting by one of the windows, dressed in black. She rose as he entered and asked him to take a chair which was a few yards from where she was sitting. From the position in which she sat, and the darkness of the room, Mr. Heath could not discern her features very clearly, and to tell the truth he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He was pretty well case-hardened of course; few men had had more curious experiences, and some of the scenes he had witnessed in the pursuit of his vocation were not a little appalling. But just as one of the first things that is taught to every medical student is that he must disregard the pain which he has to inflict on his patients, so, from the very outset of his career, Mr. Heath had trained himself to be perfectly callous about the feelings and interests of the people with whom he was brought in contact. Still, all the teaching in the world can not make a surgeon insensible to pain which is inflicted on himself and it was just because he was apprehensive that some calamity was about to fall upon him that Mr. Heath felt on the present occasion a sense of fear which almost amounted to terror.

"You have been prompt in responding to my telegram," said the lady in a hard, defiant voice. "My son, as I told you, is dead. You have stripped him of his little property. He died a pauper. You make £10,000 by his death. I have lately lost nearly all that I was worth. I have spent pretty nearly the rest in nursing him through his last illness. I want twenty pounds in ready money to pay his funeral expenses. You are the proper person to give it to me. Do you refuse?"

I dare say that Mr. Heath would gladly have paid twenty pounds, or more, for the relief he experienced when he heard this speech. So it was only a begging appeal after all. "Thank heavens!" he muttered to himself, and for the first time since he heard of Robert Oswald's death he felt really easy in his mind.

"My good madam," he said, in his usual tone of gruff determination, "your son sought me voluntarily. He had ample value for what he sold me. I have nothing more to say on the matter, and I must wish you good-night."

"But I have something more to say to you," said the lady, who rose from her chair at the same time that he did. "Had you given me the twenty pounds I would have been content to let you go in peace. As it is you must hear why you are the proper person to pay for the funeral of my son. Come here; I have something to tell you which you will remember to the last day of your life. See——"

She threw open the folding doors that separated the drawing-room from a bedroom which was brilliantly lighted with candles. On the bed lay the body of Robert Oswald. His mother went round and stood at the far side of the bed, facing Heath, who advanced a little way into the inner room as if he were drawn by a spell.

"Now, sir, she exclaimed, "do you recognize me?"

"I can't say I do, madam," said Heath, whose eyes were fixed on the face of the corpse, and who hardly looked at her.

"Twenty-two years make a difference, no doubt," she said, as she removed a scarf which was tied round her head and let her long auburn hair fall about her shoulders. "Now, Philip Arnott, look at me again and see if you recognize the face of the wife whom you forced to leave you. Look on that bed and see if you recognize your own features in the face of your dead son."

"My son!" exclaimed Heath—or Arnott, as he really was.

"Yes," said his wife, "it is not many days since, by an accident, I found out that you, whom I knew to have ruined him and from whom I tried to save him, were also his father. When you forced me to fly from you twenty-two years ago I found a protector for myself and child. We went to America, where we lived for years as man and wife. In an evil hour we came back to England. God or fate brought your son and you together—the little darling child whom you used to nurse on your lap—the little child who used to pull your whiskers and throw his arms around your neck. You loved him, though you did not love me; but, oh, see—there is the result!"

For a moment Arnott, who was deadly pale, looked in her face and uttered one word, "Alice." Then he looked at the corpse again, and said mechanically, as his eyes were riveted on it: "Bob."

"Yes, Bob and Alice," cried his wife. "You recognize us now; but what is the matter——?"

Philip Arnott was swaying from side to side. Suddenly he fell senseless on the floor. It was many hours before he showed any signs of returning consciousness, but when he did so he was in a state of idiocy, in which condition he remained until he died, about three months afterward. As he had made no will his property was divided under the statute of distributions. I have only to add that Alice Arnott succeeded, as his widow, to her share of the property, and returned to America shortly after his death.—*Belgravia.*

SMALL-FRUIT CULTURE.

Following Nature's Methods of Manuring and Mulching.

To preserve moisture and coolness in the soil is a prime necessity in small-fruit culture. In my experience I find manure and soil-stirring of decidedly secondary importance. These fruits do not draw hard on those manurial elements which are necessary for full crops of cereals, and they don't require and don't like to be pushed into rapid, succulent, tender growth, like most vegetables. I have, for several years, looked rather to Natures' own process of culture than to any theories of man's device; for these are continually tripping while Nature's growths are everywhere healthful and strong where not interfered with by man or his domestic animals. Nature does not plow except by means of the frost, nor manure except with the leaves and other wastes of growth, and with the slow weatherings of the rocks.

I have been imitating this simple course. The raspberry rows that have been kept mulched for five or six years, mostly with their own prunnings, sheared off in lengths straight enough to lie close and flat, have done admirably well without any tillage, more than now and then here and there to scuffle out incipient weeds, of which there are almost none, and redundant suckers which are rubbed out as soon as they show their noses. Quite a layer of black mold has already accumulated on the surface, and, without any digging or soil-stirring at all, the growth is so strong that Cuthberts become top-heavy, and many canes grow too large to mature well, and I am giving precedence to the trim, erect, clean, well-ripening Marlboro.

I treat strawberry beds quite similarly, using no raw stable manure. I introduce no weed seeds and I take care to grow none of my own. I mulch well before Christmas with tan or saw-dust which, remaining on the top, does not sour but in one year becomes so carbonized as to do no apparent harm if dug into the soil. One bed of Cumberland has not been dug or replanted for eight years, and is now as well set with strong, healthy-looking plants as most others. As soon as practicable after picking is over, the old exhausted plants are chopped out and their runners thinned to eighteen or twenty inches apart. This is heroic work, and seems to leave nothing but devastation, but it is rapidly done, and when the autumn rains come strong, new growth sets in, and I take care that there is no competing growth. The soil is mostly clay, some of it heavy, but this, compact as it gets under this system of little tillage, yields quite as well as any of the mellower loam. This method of culture is well suited for female fruit growers, as there is very little heavy labor attending it, but there is never any lack of something to do, except just in the hottest of the summer and the dead of the winter.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

—A fact not very well known is that in theaters lighted by electricity the managers are by law required to keep gas always in first-class order and oil lamps ready for immediate lighting.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest marble quarry in the world is that of the Georgia Marble Company in Pickens County.

—A negro farmer in Dougherty county, Ga., has succeeded in making excellent sirup from watermelons, and thus a new use is devised for the surplus crop.

—Hard wood cut in June, July or August, and left untrimmed until the leaves have drawn the sap from the trees, makes the most solid and lasting timber.

—Among the recent mechanical inventions is a nail machine which cuts either a wire or a cut nail with equal facility. The construction of this apparatus is quite simple, as compared with ordinary wire nail machines. With it, cut nails of square section, with either a diamond or a chisel point, may be produced as easily as the common nail, and the change from wire to cut nails may be accomplished in a few minutes.

—Extended observations at Paris and at Munich indicate that the sanitary condition of a locality depends on the amount of water contained in the ground. The years in which there has been a large quantity of ground-water present have invariably been the healthiest years, while those in which there has been smaller quantity have invariably been the unhealthiest periods.

—The *Lancet* defines the disease which is known as "The Sightseer's Headache" as "nature's tax levied on the comfort of that great body of busy idlers to which we all at some time or other belong. It is endemic among the frequenters of museums, picture galleries, and exhibitions, varying somewhat perhaps in different cases in its precise causation, but associated always in a manner significant of its origin with the habits of the observant loiterer."

—It is claimed to be proven, beyond all doubt, that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels, not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the mental, the result of this being generally lead carbonate. According to the most eminent authorities in this line, minute quantities of lead thus introduced into and accumulating in the system, must rank among the causes of anæmia and defective nutrition in large towns.

—"It can not be too widely known," writes a medical man, "that cream separated by machinery from pure new milk, before it has cooled, is a full substitute for cod liver oil and that if, during the cold weather, those who have delicate constitutions which need concentrated nutrition but who can not overcome the nausea associated with cod-liver oil, will take this description of cream they will find in most cases, immense and lasting benefit. In several hospitals it has already quite superseded the nauseous oil.

—Some remarkable changes have recently been noted by M. Perrotin on the planet Mars. In a letter to the Academie des Sciences, he reports that the tract of land on both sides of the equator, which has been named Lybia, seems to have been submerged by the sea. It was distinctly seen by him two years ago, when it was bounded on two sides by a sea, and on the others by one of the streaks to which M. Schiaparelli gave the name of canals, but now does not exist. A drawing made by him in 1882 shows the same appearance, which leads him to the conclusion that the inundation, if it be such, is periodic.

DOES WEALTH CORRUPT?

Walter Scott's Theory That Saving, Not Getting, Is the Mother of Riches.

Wealth is said to corrupt our species. We do not believe it. Wealth is one of the great civilizers of man. Wealth corrupts when it is suddenly got, or unjustly distributed; when, owing to monopolies or entails, or some other barbarous system, it is prevented from diffusing itself naturally and justly. But where all have an equal chance; where all start nearly even; where all have a certain degree of instruction to begin with; where superior skill and virtue alone give one man an advantage over another, there wealth is an unmixed blessing.

We ought to rejoice that the desire of wealth is so universal and so strong. It keeps the vast machinery of the world going. It has suggested the most beneficent enterprises and the most useful improvements. We owe to it the fact that a man who can earn one dollar a day can be better lodged, better fed, better clothed, better taught, than kings and nobles could five hundred years ago.

Sir Walter Scott truly says that saving, not getting, is the mother of riches. This truth is wonderfully illustrated in the history of some families once poor but now noted for their wealth.

John Jacob Astor had a brother, not so well known as himself, but who possessed in an eminent degree the peculiar characteristic of the family—the art of saving money. It is told of him by an old New Yorker, that intending to operate upon the feelings of an acquaintance of whom he was about to make some purchases, he gave to the son of the latter, who was playing about the store entrance, a bright penny. The trade having been concluded, the thrifty Astor said to the little fellow: "Johnny, you've played mit the penny long enough; give it back to me."

Johnny, much surprised and not a little disheartened, handed over the penny, and Astor, depositing it in his pocket, walked off. He became a very rich man.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A man is judged by the clothes that he wears at business and a woman by the clothes that she does not wear in the ball room.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—It takes philosophy to make a man happy in this world. If he can't get philosophy a couple of hundred thousand dollars will generally do.—*Journal of Education.*

—A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.—*Texas Siftings.*

—It is said that in some parts of Africa there are birds with bills a yard in length. Those who believe in the transmigration of souls will at once jump to the conclusion that they are plumbers in transit.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Employe—"Square & Co. of Peoria write that a mistake of $20 was made in the footing of their last bill, and they inclose a check for the amount." Employer—"All right, send a receipt; but we must look out for that firm hereafter. They're too honest."—*Epoch.*

—Joseph Cook writes that every man should spend one dollar on missions for every five dollars that he spends on himself. Fogg says that this is the strongest argument for economy in one's personal expenses that he remembers ever to have seen.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"What in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?" "Can-opener, of course," he growled; "what do you s'pose I opened it with?" "I thought, from the language you used, you were opening it with prayer."—*Life.*

—Mr. McDude—"What a wonderful thing is space, Miss Ethel! The immensity of it quite fills my brain." Miss Ethel (sarcastically)—"So I should imagine, Mr. McDude, from the nature of your conversation." And a blizzard stood between them during the remainder of the voyage.—*Ocean.*

—"What this country wants," said the man who talks politics on the street car, "is men who are not afraid to meet their obligations." Then he noticed that in the crowd the conductor had overlooked him, and he dropped off the car a block away from his destination for fear the error would be discovered.—*Buffalo Express.*

—A Waterbury woman missed $1,000 her husband sent her to put in a safe place, and instead of advertising her loss in the local papers she went to bed and dreamed where her money was concealed. This may be cheaper than advertising, but if everybody was to resort to dreaming for the recovery of lost articles it would be pretty rough on the newspapers.—*Norristville Herald.*

—"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother. "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."—*Christian Advocate.*

Enormous Palm Trees.

The huge palm trees on the Saunder's place on San Pedro street have long been a source of admiration to thousands of people. They were there long before the present occupant took possession, and are estimated to be from sixty-five to seventy-five years old. The diameter of the largest is fully four feet and the height over sixty feet, while the bodies of all rise like well-rounded pillars symmetrically formed for forty feet or more to the well proportioned but not wide-spreading tops. Recently Mr. Saunders disposed of three of them to the Southern Pacific Company for ornamentation of their spacious grounds surrounding the Wolfskill station. The work of removing the first of these stately trees has been successfully accomplished, requiring the carrying along of a body of earth ten feet square and six feet deep, attached to and surrounding the roots. The apparatus for removal is similar to that used in transferring buildings, and when the tree was properly placed upon it in an upright position it was moved along without the use of guy ropes to steady it until its place of deposit was reached. A well is situated between where this tree stood and two others known as the twins, and the roots of the trees penetrated the well at a depth of twenty feet or more.—*Los Angeles Express.*

Curiosities of Plant Life.

In some parts of Nevada is a curious plant called the "Angry tree." It is a native of Australia, and somewhat resembles the century plant. Its name is due to its apparent vexation at being disturbed. When transplanted each separate leaf stands up in a different direction, like quills on a porcupine or hairs on the tail of an angry cat. At such times it gives forth an unpleasant odor, like that of a rattlesnake when teased, and sometimes it is fully an hour before its leaves resume their natural condition. Another curiosity in the plant world is a peculiar kind of weed which grows in the Arkansas valley. It is shaped like a bell, and varies in size from one foot or less in diameter to five or six feet, some specimens being as tall as a man. When ripe these balls snap off their stems and go tumbling over the prairies with every gust of wind. They present a very strange appearance, and in the distance hunters have mistaken them for bisons. Often they come bounding along in hundreds upon the hunters, who are compelled to crowd upon the ground to escape being hurt.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*